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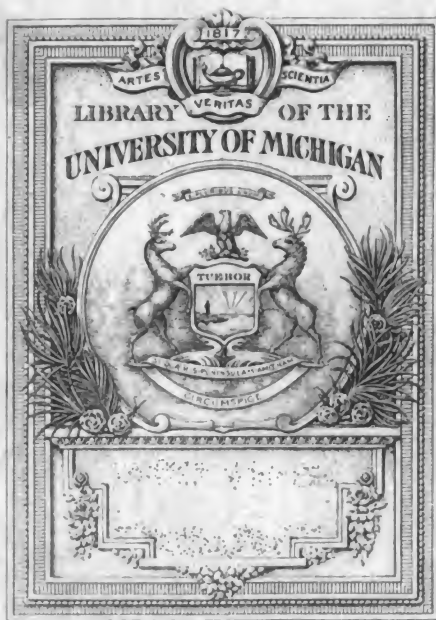
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THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *The Bubble of the Age; or the Fallacies of Railway Investment, Railway Accounts, and Railway Dividends.* By Arthur Smith. 1848.  
2. *Herepath's Railway and Commercial Journal.* 1848.  
3. *Rules and Regulations for the Conduct of the Traffic and for the Guidance of the Officers and Men in the Service of the London and North-Western Railway Company.* London. 1847.

A good many years ago, one of the toughest and hardest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire undertook to perform a feat which, just for the moment, attracted the general attention not only of the country, but of the sporting world. His bet was, that if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough-bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride 200 miles in ten hours!!!

The newspapers of the day described exactly how "the Squire" was dressed—what he had been living on—how he looked—how, at the word "*Away!*" he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Tranby, his favourite racer, stretched himself in his gallop—how on arriving at his second horse he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible, faster than before—and how, to the astonishment and amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in . . . a winner!

Now, if at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow—his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his horse, which his friends at each side of the bridge were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepit old woman had hobbled forward, and in the

name of Science had told the assembled multitude, that before she became a skeleton she and her husband would undertake instead of 200 miles in ten hours to go 500—that is to say, that, for every mile "the Squire" had just ridden, she and her old man would go two miles and a half—that she would moreover knit all the way, and that he should take his medicine every hour and read to her just as if they were at home; lastly that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, "in thunder, lightning, or in rain;"—who, we ask, would have listened to the poor maniac?—and yet how wonderfully would her prediction have been now fulfilled! Nay, waggons of coals and heavy luggage now-a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and farther than Mr. Osbaldestone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.

When railways were first established, every living being gazed at a passing train with astonishment and fear; ploughmen held their breath; the loose horse galloped from it, and then, suddenly stopping, turned round, stared at it, and at last snorted aloud. But the 'nine days' wonder' soon came to an end. As the train now flies through our verdant fields, the cattle grazing on each side do not even raise their heads to look at it; the timid sheep fears it no more than the wind; indeed, the hen-partridge, running with her brood along the embankment of a deep cutting, does not now even crouch as it passes close by her. It is the same with mankind. On entering a railway station we merely mutter to a clerk in a box where we want to go—say "*How much?*"—see him horizontally poke a card into a little machine that pinches it—receive our ticket—take our place—read our news-

paper—on reaching our terminus, drive away perfectly careless of all or of any one of the innumerable arrangements necessary for the astonishing luxury we have enjoyed.

On the practical working of a railway there is no book extant, nor any means open to the public of obtaining correct information on the subject.

Unwilling therefore to remain in this state of ignorance respecting the details of the greatest blessing which science has ever imparted to mankind, we determined to make a short inspection of the practical machinery of one of our largest railways; and having, on application to the Secretary, as also to the Secretary of the Post-Office, been favoured with the slight authorities we required, without companion or attendant we effected our object; and although under such circumstances our unbiassed observations were necessarily superficial, we propose by a few rough sketches rapidly to pass in review before our readers some of the scenes illustrative of the practical working of a railway, which we witnessed at the principal stations of the London and North-Western Railway—say EUSTON, CAMDEN, WOLVERTON, and CREWE.

EUSTON—*The Down Train*.—On arriving in a cab at the Euston Station, the old-fashioned traveller is at first disposed to be exceedingly pleased at the new-born civility with which, the instant the vehicle stops, a porter, opening its door with surprising alacrity, most obligingly takes out every article of his luggage; but so soon as he suddenly finds out that the officious green, straight-buttoned-up official's object has been solely to get the cab off the premises, in order to allow the string of variegated carriages that are slowly following to advance—in short, that, while he has been paying to the driver, say only two shining shillings, his favourite great-coat—his umbrella, portmanteau, carpet-bag, Russia leather writing-case, secured by Chubb's patent lock, have all vanished—he poignantly feels, like poor Johnson, that his 'patron has encumbered him with help;' and it having been the golden maxim of his life never to lose sight of his luggage, it gravels and dyspepsias him beyond description to be civilly told that on no account can he be allowed to follow it, but that '*he will find it on the platform*;' and truly enough the prophecy is fulfilled; for there he does find it on a barrow in charge of the very harlequin who whipped it away, and who, as its guardian angel, hastily muttering the words '*Now, then, Sir!*' stands beckoning him to advance.

The picture of the departure of one of the large trains from the station of Euston Square, however often it may have been witnessed, is worthy of a few moments' contemplation.

On that great covered platform, which with others adjoining it, is lighted from above by 8797 square yards (upwards of an acre and three-quarters) of plate glass, are to be seen congregated and moving to and fro in all directions, in a sort of Babel confusion, people of all countries, of all religions, and of all languages. People of high character, of low character, of no character at all. Infants just beginning life—old people just ending it. Many desirous to be noticed—many, from innumerable reasons, good, bad, and indifferent, anxious to escape notice. Some are looking for their friends—some, suddenly turning upon their heels, are evidently avoiding their acquaintance.

Contrasted with that variety of free and easy well-worn costumes in which quiet-minded people usually travel, are occasionally to be seen a young couple—each, like a new-born baby, dressed from head to foot in everything perfectly new—hurrying towards a coupé, on whose door there negligently hangs a black board—upon which there is printed, not unappropriately, in white bridal letters, the word '*ENGAGED*.'

Across this mass of human beings a number of porters are to be seen carrying and tortuously wheeling, in contrary directions, baggage and property of all shapes and sizes. One is carrying over his right shoulder a matted parcel, 12 or 15 feet long, of young trees, which the owner, who has just purchased them for his garden, is following with almost parental solicitude. Another porter, leaning as well as walking backwards, is attempting with his whole strength to drag towards the luggage-van a leash of pointer-dogs, whose tails, like certain other 'tails' that we know of, are obstinately radiating from the couples that bind together their heads; while a number of newspaper-vendors, 'fleet-footed Mercuries,' are worming their way through the crowd.

Within the long and apparently endless straight line of railway carriages which bound the platform, are soon seen the faces and caps of various travellers, especially old ones, who with due precaution have taken possession of their seats; and while most of these, each of them with their newspapers unfolded on their knees, are slowly wiping their spectacles, several of the younger inmates are either talking to other idlers leaning on their carriage win-

dows, or, half-kissing and half waving their hands, are bidding 'farewell' to the kind friends who had accompanied them to the station.

Some months ago, at a crisis similar to that just mentioned, we happened to be ensconced in the far corner of a railway carriage, when he heard a well-known clergyman from Brighton suddenly observe to his next neighbour who sat between us, '*There must surely be something very remarkable in that scene!*' His friend, who was busily cutting open his *Record*, made no reply, but as we chanced to witness the trifling occurrence alluded to, we will very briefly describe it. A young man of about twenty-two, of very ordinary height, dress, and appearance, was standing opposite to a first-class carriage just as the driver's whistle shrilly announced the immediate departure of the train. At this signal, without any theatrical movement, or affectation of any sort, he quietly reeled backwards upon a baggage-truck which happened to be immediately behind him. Two elderly ladies beside him instantly set to work, first of all, most vigorously to rub with their lean fingers the palms of his hands—they might just as well have scrubbed the soles of his boots;—they then untied his neck-cloth; but their affectionate kindness was of no avail. The train was probably separating him from something, or from some one. The movement however he had not witnessed, for the mere whistle of the engine had caused him to swoon! What corresponding effect of fainting or sobbing it may have produced on any inmate in that carriage before which he had long been standing, and which had just left him, we have no power to divine. It is impossible, however, to help reflecting what emotions must every day be excited within the train as well as on the platform at Euston Station by the scream or parting whistle which we have just described. From the murderer flying from the terrors of justice down to the poor broken-hearted creditor absconding from his misfortunes;—from our careworn Prime Minister down to the most indolent member of either House of Parliament—each simultaneously escaping after a long-protracted session;—from people of all classes going from or to laborious occupation, down to the schoolboy reluctantly returning to, or joyfully leaving, his school;—from our Governor-General proceeding to embark for India down to the poor emigrant about to sail from the same port to Australia—the railway-whistle, however unheeded by the multitude, must oftentimes have ex-

cited a variety of feelings which it would be utterly impossible to describe.

While the travellers of a train are peacefully taking their seats, artillery-men, horses, and cannon, on a contiguous set of rails, are occasionally as quietly embarking in carriages, horse-boxes, and trucks, which are subsequently hooked on to a mass of passengers perfectly unconscious of the elements of war which are accompanying them.

As a departing railway-train, like a vessel sailing out of harbour, proceeds on its course, its rate rapidly increases, until, in a very short time, it has attained its full speed, and men of business are then intently reading the 'City news,' and men of pleasure the leading article of their respective newspapers, when this runaway street of passengers—men, women, and children—unexpectedly find themselves in sudden darkness, visible only by a feeble and hitherto unappreciated lamp, which, like the pale moon after a fiery sunset, modestly shines over their head. By this time the boarded platform at Euston Station, but a few minutes ago so densely thronged with passengers, is completely deserted. The lonely guard on duty, every footstep resounding as he walks, paces along it like a sentinel. The newspaper-vendors, sick unto death of the news they had been vaunting, are indolently reclining at their stalls; even the boy who sells 'Punch' is half asleep; and there is nothing to break the sober dullness of the scene but a few clerks and messengers, who, like rabbits popping from one hole of their warren into another, enter upon the platform from the door of one office to hurry into that of the next. In a few minutes, however, the loud puffing of an engine announces the approach towards the platform of a string of empty carriages, which are scarcely formed into the next departure train, when vehicles of all descriptions are again to be seen in our most public thoroughfares concentrating upon the focus of Euston Square; and thus, with a certain alleviation on Sundays, this strange feverish admixture of confusion and quietness, of society and solitude, continues intermittently from quarter past 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. during every day in the week, every week in the month, and every month in the year.

*The Up Train.*—The out-train having been despatched, we must now beg our readers to be so good as to walk, or rather to scramble, with us from the scene of its departure across five sets of rails, on which are lying, like vessels at anchor in a har-



bour, crowds of railway-carriages preparing to depart, to the opposite platform, in order to witness the arrival of an incoming train. This platform, for reasons which will shortly appear, is infinitely longer than that for the departure trains. It is a curve 900 feet in length, lighted by day from above with plate-glass, and at night by 67 large gas-lamps suspended from above, or affixed to the iron pillars that support the metallic net-worked roof. Upon this extensive platform scarcely a human being is now to be seen; nevertheless along its whole length it is bounded on the off-side by an interminable line of cabs, intermixed with private carriages of all shapes, gigs, dog-carts, and omnibuses, the latter standing opposite to little ugly black-faced projecting boards, which by night as well as by day are always monotonously exclaiming, '*Holborn!—Fleet Street and Cheapside!—Oxford Street!—Regent Street!—Charing Cross!*' &c.

In this motley range of vehicles, smart coachmen, tall pale powdered footmen, and splendid horses are strangely contrasted with the humble but infinitely faster conveyance—the common cab. Most of the drivers of these useful machines, strange to say, are absent; the remainder are either lolling on benches, or, in various attitudes, dosing on their boxes. Their horses, which are generally well-bred, and whose bent knees and fired hocks proclaim the good services they have performed, stand ruminating with a piece of sacking across their loins, or with nose-bags, often empty—until for some reason a carriage before them leaves their line: in which case, notwithstanding the absence of their drivers and regardless of all noises, they quietly advance along the edge of the little precipice which bounds the rails. They know quite well what they are waiting for, and have no desire to move. Indeed, it is a Pickwickian fact, well known to cab-drivers, that their horses travel unwillingly from the station, but always pull hard coming back, simply because it is during the waiting-time at Euston Station that their nose-bags are put on—or, in other words, that they are fed.

We may here observe that there are sixty-five selected cab-men who have the *entrée* to the platform, and who, *quandiu se bene gesserint*, are allowed exclusively to work for the Company, whose name is painted on their cabs. If more than these are required, a porter calls them from a line of supplicant cabs standing in the adjacent street. Close to each departure-gate there is stationed a person whose duty it is to

write down in a book the number of each cabman carrying away a passenger, as well as the place to which he is conveying him, which each driver is required to exclaim as he trots by; and thus any traveller desirous to complain of a cabman, or who may have left any property in a carriage from Euston Station, has only to state on what day and by what train he arrived, also whither he was conveyed, and from these data the driver's name can at any lapse of time be readily ascertained.

But our attention is suddenly claimed by something of infinitely more importance than a passenger's luggage: for that low unearthly whine within the small signal-office behind the line of cabs and carriages requires immediate explanation.

The variety of unforeseen accidents that might occur by the unwelcome arrival of an unexpected or even of an expected passenger-train at the great terminus of the London and North-Western Railway are so obvious that it has been deemed necessary to take the following precautions.

As soon as the reeking engine-funnel of an up-train is seen darting out of the tunnel at Primrose-Hill, one of the Company's servants stationed there, who deals solely in compressed air,—or rather, who has an hydraulic machine for condensing it—allows a portion to rush through an inch iron pipe; and he thus instantaneously produces in the little signal-office on the up-platform of Euston Station, where there is always a signal-man watching by night as well as by day, that loud melancholy whine which has just arrested our attention, and which will continue to moan uninterruptedly for five minutes:—

'Hic vasto rex Æolus antro  
Luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras  
Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere frenat.  
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure fremunt.'

The moment this doleful intimation arrives, the signal-man, emerging from his little office, touches the trigger of a bell outside his door, which immediately in two loud hurried notes announces to all whom it may concern the arrival at Camden Station of the expected up-train; and at this moment it is interesting to watch the poor cab-horses, who, by various small muscular movements, which any one acquainted with horses can readily interpret, clearly indicate that they are perfectly sensible of what has just occurred, and quite as clearly foresee what will very shortly happen to them.

As soon as the green signal-man has created this sensation among bipeds and quadrupeds, taking with him the three flags, of

danger (red), caution (green), and security (white), he proceeds down the line a few yards to a point from which he can plainly see his brother signal-man stationed at the mouth of the Euston tunnel. If any obstructions exists in that direction, the waving of the red flag informs him of it; and it is not until the white one from the tunnel as well as that from the station-master on the platform have reported to him that 'all is clear' that he returns to his important but humble office (12 feet in length by 9 in breadth) to announce, by means of his compressed-air apparatus, this intelligence to the ticket-collector at Camden Station, whose strict orders are, on no account whatever to allow a train to leave his platform until he has received through the air-pipes, from the signal-office at Euston Station, the Company's lugubrious authority to do so.

In the latter office there are also the dial and wires of an electric telegraph, at present inoperative. The signal-man, however, mentioned to us the following trifling anecdote, as illustrative of the practical utility of that wonderful invention, which has so justly immortalized the names of Cooke and Wheatstone. An old general officer, who had come up to Euston Station from his residence some miles beyond Manchester, on an invitation from the East-India Directors to be present at the dinner to be given by them to Lord Hardinge, found on his arrival that it would be necessary he should appear in regimentals: and the veteran, nothing daunted, was proposing to return to Manchester, when the signal-man at Euston advised him to apply for them by electric telegraph. He did so. The application, at the ordinary rate of 230,000 miles (about twelve times the circumference of the earth) *per second*, flew to Manchester; in obedience to its commands a porter was instantly despatched into the country for the clothes, which, being forwarded by the express train, arrived in abundant time for the dinner. The charge for telegraph and porter was 13s. 8d.

About four minutes after the up-train has been authorized by the air-pipe to leave Camden Station, the guard, who stands listening for it at the Euston tunnel, just as a deaf man puts his ear to a trumpet, announces by his flag its immediate approach; on which the signal-man at the little office on Euston platform again touches his trigger, which violently convulsing his bell as before, the cab-horses begin to move their feet, raise their jaded heads, prick up their ears, and champ their bits; the servants in livery turn their powdered heads round;

the Company's porters, emerging from various points, quickly advance to their respective stations; and this suspense continues until in a second or two there is seen darting out of the tunnel, like a serpent from its hole, the long dark-coloured dusty train, which, by a tortuous movement, is apparently advancing at its full speed. But the bank-riders, by applying their breaks—without which the engineless train merely by its own gravity would have descended the incline from Camden Station at the rate of forty miles an hour—soon slacken its speed, until the Company's porters are enabled at a brisk walk to unfasten one after another the doors of all the carriages.

While they are performing this popular duty, numerous salutations, and kissings of hands of all colours and sizes, are seen to pass between several of the inmates of the passing train and those seated in or on the motely line of conveyances standing stock still which have been awaiting their arrival. A wife suddenly recognises her husband, a mother her four children, a sister her two dear brothers; Lord A. B. politely bows to Lady C. D.; John, from his remote coach-box, grins with honest joy as faithful Susan glides by; while Sally bashfully smiles at 'a gentleman' in plush breeches reclining in the rumble of the barouche behind it.

As soon as the train stops, a general 'sauve qui peut' movement takes place, and our readers have now an opportunity of observing that, just as it is hard to *make* money, easy to spend it, so, although it requires at least twenty minutes to fill and despatch a long train, it scarcely requires as many seconds to empty one. Indeed, in less than that short space of time the greater number of the railway carriages are often empty!

When every person has succeeded in liberating himself or herself from the train, it is amusing to observe how cleverly, from long practice, the Company's porters understand the apparent confusion which exists. To people wishing to embrace their friends—to gentlemen and servants darting in various directions straight across the platform to secure a cab or in search of private carriages—they offer no assistance whatever, well knowing that none is required. But to every passenger whom they perceive to be either restlessly moving backwards and forwards, or standing still, looking upwards in despair, they civilly say 'This way, Sir!' 'Here it is, Ma'am!'—and thus, knowing what they want before they ask, they conduct them either to the particular carriage on whose roof their baggage has been placed, or to the luggage-van in front of the train,

from which it has already been unloaded on to the platform; and thus, in a very few minutes after the convulsive shaking of hands and the feverish distribution of baggage have subsided, all the cabs and carriages have radiated away—the parti-coloured omnibuses have followed them—even the horses, which in different clothing have been disembarked, have been led or ridden away—and, the foot-passengers having also disappeared, the long platform of the incoming train of the Euston Station remains once more solely occupied by one or two servants of the Company, hemmed in by a new line of expectant cabs and omnibuses. Indeed, at various periods of the day a very few minutes only elapse before at the instigation of compressed air the faithful signal-bell is again heard hysterically announcing the arrival of another train at Camden Station.

In a clear winter's night the arrival of an up-train at the platform before us forms a very interesting picture.

No sound is heard in the cold air but the hissing of a pilot engine, which, like a restless spirit advancing and retrograding, is stealing along the intermediate rails, waiting to carry off the next down-train; its course being marked by white steam meandering above it and by red-hot coals of different sizes which are continually falling from beneath it. In this obscure scene the Company's interminable lines of gas-lights (there are 232 at the Euston Station), economically screwed down to the minimum of existence, are feebly illuminating the damp varnished panels of the line of carriages in waiting, the brass doorhandles of the cabs, the shining haims, brass browbands, and other ornaments on the drooping heads and motionless backs of the cab-horses; and while the blood-red signal lamp is glaring near the tunnel to deter unauthorised intrusion, the stars of heaven cast a faint silvery light through the long strips of plate-glass in the roof above the platform. On a sudden is heard—the stranger hardly knows whence—the mysterious moan of compressed air, followed by the violent ringing of a bell. That instant every gaslight on and above a curve of 900 feet suddenly bursts into full power. The carriages, cabs, &c., appear, comparatively speaking, in broad daylight, and the beautiful iron reticulation which sustains the glazed roof appears like fairy work.

*The Railway Carriages.*—We will now proceed to detail a few circumstances respecting the railway carriages, about which our readers have probably never cared to inquire.—And, *firstly*, as soon as an up-train arrives at the commencement of the

Euston platform, while it is still in motion, and before its guard—distinguished by a silver-buckled black shiny patent-leather belt, hanging diagonally across the white buttons of his green uniform-coat—has ventured with practised skill to spring from the sideboard of the train to the platform, two greasy-faced men in canvas jackets, with an oil-can in each of their right hands and with something like a mophead of dirty cotton hugged under each of their left arms, are to be seen running on each side of the rails below in pursuit of the train; and while the porters, holding the handles of the carriage doors, to prevent any traveller from escaping, are still advancing at a brisk walk, these two oilmen, who have now overtaken the train, diligently wipe as they proceed the dust and perspiration from the buffer-rods of the last carriage. As soon as these irons are perfectly clean and dry rubbed, they oil them from their can; and then—crawling beneath the open doors of the carriages and beneath the feet and ankles of a crowd of exuding travellers of all ages, who care no more for oilmen than the oilmen of this world care for them—they hurry to the buffer-rods of the next carriage—and so rapidly do they proceed, that before the last omnibus has driven off the buffer-rods of the whole train are as bright as when new. But, *secondly*, these two men have been closely followed by two others in green jackets—one on each side of the carriage—who deal solely in a yellow composition of tallow and palm-oil. Carrying a wooden box full of this ointment in one hand and a sort of short flat-salve knife in the other, they open with the latter the small iron trap-doors which cover the receptacles for greasing the axles, restore whatever quantity has been exhausted, and then, closing with a dexterous snap the little unctuous chamber over which they preside, they proceed to the next tallow-box; and thus, while the buffer-rods of the whole train are being comfortably cleaned and greased, the glistening axles of the carriages are simultaneously fed with luxurious fat. *Thirdly*, while these two operations are proceeding in the lower region, at about the same rate two others are progressing, one inside the carriages and the other on their roofs; for on the arrival of every passenger-train, the carriage 'searcher,' also 'beginning at the end,' enters every carriage, lifts up first all the stuffed blue seats, next the carpet, which he drops in a heap in the middle of the carriage, and then, inquisitively peeping under the two seats, he leaves the carriage laden with whatever article or articles may have been

left in it, to continue his search throughout the train. The inconceivable number and variety of the articles which he collects we shall shortly have occasion to notice. *Fourthly*, above the searcher's head, on the roof, and following him very closely in his course, there 'sits up aloft' a man called a '*strapper*,' whose sole duty it is, on the arrival of every train, to inspect, clean, shampoo, and refresh with cold-drawn neat's-foot oil the luggage-straps, which, in consequence of several serious accidents that have occurred from their breaking, are now lined inside with strong iron wire. It is the especial duty of this inquisitor to condemn any straps that may be faulty, in order that they may be immediately replaced.

As soon as these four simultaneous operations are concluded, directions are given by the station-master to remove the up-carriages from their position, that the rails may be clear for the arrival of the next train. At this word of command a pilot-engine, darting from its lurking place like a spider from its hole, occasionally hisses up to the rear of the train, and drags it off bodily into a siding. The usual mode, however, of getting an in-train out of the way is by the assistance of various unnoticed turntables, upon which portions of it are standing. By these simple contrivances the carriages, after being unhooked from each other, are rapidly carried off into the sidings, where they are arranged, according as they may afterwards be required, among the five sets of rails which lie between the opposite platforms of the arrival and departure trains. No sooner, however, do they reach this haven, than a large gang of strong he-housemaids, clattering towards them in wooden shoes and in leather leggings rising above their bony knees, are seen advancing; some with mops in their hands, others with large chamois leathers, while others are carrying on their shoulders a yoke, from which are suspended *in equilibrio* two pails. From pipes on each side of these five sets of rails water is immediately drawn off, and the busy operation of washing then begins. Half a dozen dusty, dirty-faced, or rather dirty-bodied, carriages are simultaneously assailed on each of their sides by wet mops flying up, down, and around in all directions. The wielders of these, be it noticed, are so skillful in their vocation, that while they are talking to their '*pailers*' they with great velocity continue to mop round the wood-work of the various-shaped plate-glass windows just as vigorously and as accurately as if they were looking at them; indeed, it is evident that they know the position of railway-carriage doors,

windows of all forms, handles, steps, &c., so accurately, that they could mop a coach clean in the dark;—and probably they often go through these motions when they are asleep, just as King Richard III. in his dream called for his horse and for linen bandages—just as the sleeping orator ejaculates portions of his last speech—and just as an equally tired out-stretched fox-hound during the night occasionally convulsively kicks with his uppermost hind leg and yelps aloud when he thinks of the view he got of Renard as he first gallantly broke away from—gorse. It may possibly not be known to some of the most fashionable of our readers that among '*moppers*' there exist the same gradations which so distinctly separate other classes of society. A '*first-class mopper*' would on no account demean himself by mopping a second-class carriage, and in like manner a '*second-class mopper*' only attains that distinction after he has for a sufficient length of time been commissioned to mop horse-boxes and common luggage-trains.

After the passenger-carriages are all washed and dried, they are minutely examined by one or more of the foremen of the coach department, who order off to their adjoining establishment any that may require repair. Those that remain are then visited, lastly, by '*the duster*,' who enters each carriage with a cloth, a leather, a brush, and a dust-pan, with which apparatus he cleans the windows, wipes the wood-work, brushes the blue cloth seats, sides, and backs—and when this operation is concluded the carriages are reported fit to depart, and accordingly are then marshalled into trains for that purpose.

*Lost Luggage Office.*—At a short distance from the terminus of the up-trains there is a foundling-office, termed the Lost Luggage Office, in which are received all articles which the passengers leave behind them, and which on the arrival of every train are brought by the company's '*searcher*' to this office. The superintendent on receiving them records in a book a description of each article, stating on what day, by what train, in what carriage it arrived, and by whom found. All luggage bearing an address is kept about forty-eight hours, and, if during that time no one calls for it, it is then forwarded by rail or other conveyance to its owner. In case it bears no address, if not inquired after, it is after a month opened; and if any clue to the owner can be found, within, a letter is addressed to him. If no clue be found, the property is kept about two years, and has hitherto been then sold by auction in the large coach-factory to the

Company's servants—a portion of the proceeds being handed over to the sick-fund for persons who have been hurt in the service, and the remainder to 'the Friendly Society' among the men. It having, however, been ascertained that a few of the Railway men who had spare cash purchased the greater portion of these articles, it has, we understand, very lately been determined henceforward to sell the whole of this property by auction *exclusively to the public*; and as the Company's servants are not allowed to be purchasers, they can no longer derive any benefit whatever from lost property, which must often be of inestimable value to its owner, and which they therefore should have no interest, direct or indirect, in concealing from him.

A second ledger, entitled '*Luggage Inquiry Book*,' is kept in this office, and, if the articles therein inquired after have not been brought in by the searcher, copies of the description are forwarded to each of the offices where the lost luggage is kept; for by the Company's orders all luggage found between Wolverton and London is without delay forwarded to the latter station, all between Wolverton and Birmingham to Birmingham, and so on.

It is possible, however, that the above orders may not have been attended to, and therefore, as a last resource, the superintendent of the Lost Luggage Office at Euston Station writes to 310 stations on forty-two lines of rails to inquire after a lost article, be it ever so small, and if it be at none of these stations a letter is then addressed to the owner, informing him that his lost property is *not on the railway*.

In the office in which these ledgers and letter-books are made up are to be seen on shelves and in compartments the innumerable articles which have been left in the trains during the last two months, each being ticketed and numbered with a figure corresponding with the entry-book in which the article is defined. Without, however, describing in detail this property we will at once proceed to a large pitch-dark subterranean vaulted chamber, warmed by hot-air iron pipes, in which are deposited the flock of lost sheep, or, without metaphor, the lost luggage of the last two years.

Suspended from the roof there hangs horizontally in this chamber a gas-pipe about eight feet long, and as soon as the brilliant burners at each end were lighted the scene was feally astounding. It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not than what there is, in the forty compartments like great wine-bins in which all this lost property is arranged. One is choke-full

of men's hats, another of parasols, umbrellas and sticks of every possible description. One would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained, we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan-plaids, and red scarfs piled up in one corner, it was we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages who wear red cloaks, &c., must in some mysterious way or other be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends—in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston Station; for else how, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red heap before us?

Of course, in this Rolando-looking cave there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, portmanteaus, writing-desks, books, bibles, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus-excitement which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to elope from their red shawls—in short, to be all of a sudden not only in "a bustle" behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions.

One gentleman had left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another his boot-jack! A soldier of the 22nd regiment had left his knapsack containing his kit! Another soldier of the 10th, poor fellow, had left his scarlet regimental coat! Some cripple, probably overjoyed at the sight of his family, had left behind him his crutches!! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably in the extasy of suddenly seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful *Jeante*, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bag-pipes!!!

Some little time ago the superintendent, on breaking open, previous to a general sale, a locked leather hat-box, which had lain in this dungeon two years, found in it, under the hat, 65*l.* in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner, who, it turned out, had been so

positive that he had left his hat-box at an hotel at Birmingham that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway-office.

**Parcel-Delivery Office.**—Besides what is termed 'the goods traffic,' or the conveyance of heavy goods in luggage-trains, the London and North-Western Railway Company have for some time undertaken to forward by their passenger-trains, to the various stations on as well as beyond their lines, light parcels, for the conveyance and delivery of which, charges, of which the following are a sample, are made :—

For parcels under 12lbs. weight :—	s.	d.
From London to any part of Birmingham and <i>vice versa</i> . . . . .	1	0
For distances under 160 miles . . . . .	1	6
" " 210 miles . . . . .	2	0
From London to Durham, Carlisle, or Newcastle . . . . .	3	0
From London to Edinburgh or Glasgow . . . . .	4	0

The above charges include portorage and delivery of the parcels. In London, however, the delivery is limited to within three miles of the General Post-office, or say six miles from Euston Square.

The mode in which the business of this department is conducted at Euston Station is briefly as follows :—

The superintendent of the department sits in an elevated room, the sides of which being glazed enable him to look down on his right and left into two offices, both of which communicate on the south with the street by which parcels arrive from or depart to various parts of the metropolis, and on the north side with a branch railway leading into the main line. The floor of one of these two offices is generally covered with articles which have just arrived by rail from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland ; that of the other with parcels to be despatched by rail to similar destinations. In the daytime the down parcels are despatched from the office in the break-waggons of various passenger-trains, and the following locked-up vans laden with small parcels are also forwarded every night :—

2 vans for Birmingham,	1 van for Newcastle,
1 " Manchester,	1 " Derby,
1 " Liverpool,	1 " Nottingham.
1 " Carlisle and Lancaster,	

The number of parcels thus conveyed to and from London and the North during the year 1847 amounted to 787,969. The manner in which all these little parcels are circulated throughout the country is as follows :—

As soon as the empty railway vans arrive

by the branch-rail close to the north side of the parcels-office, a porter, who, assisted by his comrades, has for some time previously been arranging the parcels into heaps according to their respective destinations, commencing with one set of them and rapidly taking up parcel after parcel, exclaims in a loud monotonous tone, easily enough set to music, inasmuch as it is exactly the middle note of a stout porter's voice, and which never varies for a moment during the whole operation—

'Now *Leighton*.

'A paper for Hancock, of —, light.

'A basket for Wagstaff, of —, out 8d. light.

'A box for Tomkins, of —, weighs (he puts it into an index scale at his right hand, and in about three seconds adds) 26 pounds.

'A paper for Jones, of —, out 4d.

Now *Leamington*.

'A paper for S. on Avon (the porter never says *Stratford*) for —, light," &c. &c.

As fast as this chanting porter draws out his facts the chief clerk records them, convulsively snatching up at each change of station the particular book of entry which belongs to it. Another clerk at each exclamation hands over to a porter a bill for the cost of conveyance, which he pastes to every parcel. For all articles declared by the first porter to be '*light*,' by which he means that they do not exceed twelve pounds weight—(by far the greater number are of this description)—the charge on the paper to be affixed is ready printed, which effectually prevents fraud ; but where the weight *exceeds* twelve pounds, or where any sum has been paid out, the charges are unavoidably inserted in ink. The velocity with which all these little parcels are booked, weigh-billed, placed into hand-trucks, wheeled off to their respective vans, packed, locked up, and then dispatched down the little branch-rail to the main line, on which is the train ready to convey them, is very surprising. While witnessing the operation, however, we could not help observing that the Company's porters took about as much notice of the words 'Keep this side uppermost,' 'With care,' 'Glass,' 'To be kept very dry,' &c., as the Admiralty would to an intimation from some dowager-duchess that her nephew, who is about to join the Thunderer as a midshipman, 'has rather a *peculiar constitution*, and will therefore require for some years *very particular care*.'

**Coach Department.**—The new carriages for the southern division of the London and North-Western Railway are principally built by contract in the city by Mr. Wright, who also supplies carriages for other Eng-



lish railways, as well as a great number for Germany. The Company's establishment at Euston Station, which is therefore principally for the maintenance of carriages of various descriptions running between London and Birmingham, consists of a large area termed 'the Fieldt,' where, under a covering almost entirely of plate-glass, are no less than fourteen sets of rails, upon which wounded or spare carriages lie until doctored or required. Immediately adjoining are various workshops, the largest of which is 260 feet in length by 132 in breadth, roofed with plate-glass, lighted by gas, and warmed by hot air. In this edifice, in which there is a strong smell of varnish, and in the corner of which we found men busily employed in grinding beautiful colours, while others were emblazoning arms on panels, are to be seen carriages highly finished as well as in different stages of repair. Among the latter there stood a severely wounded second-class carriage. Both its sides were in ruins, and its front had been so effectively smashed that not a vestige of it remained. The iron-work of the guard's step was bent completely upwards, and a tender behind was nearly filled with the confused *débris* of its splendid wood-work—and yet, strange to say, a man, his wife, and their little child, who had been in this carriage during its accident, had providentially sustained no injury! Close to this immense warehouse we found a blacksmith's shop seventy-five feet square, lighted from the roof with plate-glass, containing in the centre a large chimney, around which there were simultaneously at work fourteen forges, blown by a steam-engine of seventeen-horse power, which works machinery in two other shops. As, however, we shall have occasion to describe the Company's coaching establishment at Crewe, we will abruptly take leave of the details before us.

CAMDEN.—*The Locomotive Engine.*—Considering how many fine feelings and good feelings adorn the interior of the human heart, it is curious to observe with what facility we can put them all to sleep, or, if they won't sleep, stupefy ourselves, at any moment when it becomes inconvenient to us to listen to their friendly admonitions. All the while mailing, coaching, and posting were the fashion, every man's countenance beamed—every person's tongue gabbled freely as it described not only 'the splendid rate' (say ten miles an hour) at which he had travelled, but the celerity with which no sooner had the words 'First turn out!' been exclaimed by the scout, who vanished as soon as he had uttered them, than four horses in shining harness

had appeared half hobbling half trotting from under the archway of the Red Lion, the Crown, or the Three Bells, before which the traveller had from a canter been almost suddenly pulled up, to receive various bows, scrapes, and curtsies from the landlord and his rosy-faced cap-beribboned wife. But, although we could all accurately describe our own enjoyments, and, like Johnson, expatiate on 'the delightful sensation' we experienced in what we called *fast travelling*, who among us ever cared to ascertain, or even for a single moment to think of, the various arrangements necessary for watering, feeding, cleaning, and shoulder-healing all the poor horses whose 'brilliant' performances we had so much admired? Whether they slept on straw or on stones—indeed, whether they slept at all—what was their diet—what, if any, were their enjoyments—what were their sufferings—and, lastly, how and where they eventually died—it would have been deemed exceedingly vulgar to inquire; and so, after with palpitating flanks and panting nostrils they had once been unhooked from our splinter-bars,

'Where they went, and how they fared,  
No man knew, and no man cared!'

In a similar way we now chloroform all kindly feelings of inquiry respecting the treatment of the poor engine-drivers, firemen, and even of the engine that has safely conveyed us through tunnels and through storms at the rate of thirty, forty, and occasionally even fifty miles an hour—

'Oh no! we never mention them!'

and in fact scarcely do we even deign to look at them. Indeed even while in the train, and especially after we had left it, we should feel bored to death by being asked to reflect for a moment on any point or any person connected with it. We have therefore, we feel, to apologise at least to some of our readers for intruding upon them, in bringing 'betwixt the wind and their nobility' the following uninteresting details.

As soon as an engine has safely dragged a passenger-train to the top of the incline at Camden Station, at which point the coupling-chains which connected it with its load are instantly unhooked, it is enabled by the switchman to get from the main line upon a pair of almost parallel side rails, along which, while the tickets are being collected, it may be seen and heard retrograding and hissing past its train. After a difficult and intricate passage from one set of rails to another, advancing or 'shunting' backwards as occasion may require, it proceeds to the fire-pit,

over which it stops. The fireman here opens the door of his furnace, which by a very curious process is made to void the red-hot contents of its stomach into the pit purposely constructed to receive them, where the fire is instantly extinguished by cold water ready laid on by the side. Before, however, dropping their fire, the drivers are directed occasionally to blow off their steam to clean; and we may further add that once a-week the boiler of every engine is washed out to get rid of sediment or scale, the operation being registered in a book kept in the office. After dropping his fire, the driver, carefully taking his fire-bars with him, conducts his engine into an immense shed or engine-stable 400 feet in length by 90 in breadth, generally half full of locomotives, where he examines it all over, reporting in a book what repairs are wanting, or, if none (which is not often the case), he reports it '*correct*.' He then takes his lamps to the lamp-house to be cleaned and trimmed by workmen solely employed to do so, after which he fetches them away himself. Being now off duty, he and his satellite firemen go either to their homes or to a sort of club-room containing a fire to keep them warm, a series of cupboards to hold their clothes, and wooden benches on which they may sit, sleep, or ruminate until their services are again required; and here it is pleasing to see these fine fellows in various attitudes enjoying rest and stillness after the incessant noise, excitement, and occasional tempests of wind and rain, to which—we will say nothing of greater dangers—they have been exposed.

The duties which the engine-driver has to perform are not only of vital importance, but of a nature which peculiarly illustrates the calm, unpretending, bull-dog courage, indigenous to the moist healthy climate of the British Isles. Even in bright sunshine, to stand—like the figure-head of a ship—foremost on a train of enormous weight, which, with fearful momentum, is rushing forward faster than any race-horse can gallop, requires a cool head and a calm heart; but to proceed at this place in dark or foggy weather into tunnels, along embankments, and through deep cuttings, where it is impossible to foresee any obstruction, is an amount of responsibility which scarcely any other situation in life can exceed; for not only is a driver severely, and occasionally without mercy, punished for any negligence he himself may commit, but he is invariably sentenced personally to suffer on the spot for any accident that from the negligence of others may suddenly

befall the road along which he travels, but over which he has not the smallest control. The greatest hardship he has to endure, however, is from cold, especially that produced in winter by evaporation from his drenched clothes passing rapidly through the air. Indeed, when a gale of wind and rain from the north-west, triumphantly sweeping over the surface of the earth at its ordinary rate of say sixty miles an hour, suddenly meets the driver of the London and North Western, who has not only to withstand such an antagonist, but to dash through him, and in spite of him to proceed in an opposite direction at the rate of say forty miles an hour—the conflict between the wet Englishman and Æolus, tilting by each other at the combined speed of a hundred miles an hour, forms a tournament of extraordinary interest.

As the engine is proceeding, the driver, who has not very many inches of standing-room, remains upon its narrow platform, while his fireman, on about the same space, stands close beside him on the tender. We tried the position. Everything, however, proved to be so hard, not excepting the engine which was both hard and hot, that we found it necessary to travel with one foot on the tender and the other on the engine, and as the motion of each was very different, we felt as if each leg were galloping at a different stride. Nevertheless the Company's drivers and firemen usually travel from 100 to 120 miles per day, performing six of these trips per week; nay, a few run 166 miles per day—for which they are paid eight days' wages for six trips.

But to return to the engine which we just left in the engine-house. As soon as the driver has carefully examined it, and has recorded in a book the report we have described, 'the foreman of the fitters' comes to it, and examines it all over again; and if anything is found out of order, which, on reference to the book, the driver has not reported, the latter is reported by the former for his negligence. A third examination is made by Mr. Walker, the chief superintending engineer of the station, a highly intelligent and valuable servant of the Company, who has charge of the repairs of the locomotive department between Camden and Tring. If he detects any defect that has escaped the notice not only of the driver, but of the foreman of the fitters, woe betide them both!

While the engine, with several workmen screwing and hammering at it, is undergoing the necessary repairs, we will consider for a moment a subject to which Englishmen always attach considerable importance,

namely, its victuals and drink, or, in other words, its coke and water. There is at Camden Station a coke-factory composed of eighteen ovens, nine on each side, in which coal after being burnt for about fifty hours gives nearly two-thirds of its quantity of coke. These ovens produce about 20 tons of coke per day; but, as 50 tons per day are required for the Camden Station alone, the remaining 30 tons are brought by rail all the way from Newcastle. Indeed, with the exception of fifty ovens at Peterborough, the whole of the coke required annually for the London and North-Western Railway, amounting to 112,500 tons of an average value of 1*l.* per ton, comes from the Northern Coal Fields. For some time there were continual quarrels between the coke suppliers and receivers, the former declaring that the Company's waggons had been despatched from the North as soon as loaded, and the latter complaining that they had been unnecessarily delayed. A robin-redbreast settled the dispute, for, on unloading one of the waggons immediately on its arrival at Camden Station, her tiny nest with three eggs in it minutely explained that the wagon had *not* been despatched as soon as loaded.

In order to obtain an ample supply of water for their engines, the Company at considerable expense sank at Camden an Artesian well 10 feet in diameter and 140 feet deep. The produce of this well, pumped by a high-pressure steam-engine of 27 horse-power into two immense cisterns 110 feet above the rails at Euston Square, supplies all the Camden Station, all the Company's houses adjoining, the whole of Euston Station, as well as the Victoria and Euston Hotels, with most beautiful clear water; and yet—though every man who drinks it or who shaves with it admires it, and though every lady who makes tea with it certifies that it is particularly well adapted for that purpose—strange to say, it disagrees so dreadfully with the stomachs of the locomotive engines—(who would ever suspect *them* to be more delicate than our own?)—that the Company have been obliged, at great inconvenience and cost, to obtain water for them elsewhere. The boilers of the locomotives were not only chemically liable to be encrusted with a deposition of the unusual quantity of soda contained in the Artesian-well water at Camden Station—but, not even waiting for this inconvenience, the engine without metaphor spit it out—ejecting it from the boiler with the steam through the funnel-pipe, a well-known misfortune termed by engineers '*priming*.'

As much time would be required for each travelling engine to get 'up its steam *ab initio*, a coke-furnace has been constructed at Camden Station to hasten the operation. Here nine men during the day, and the same number throughout the night, are continually employed to heat coke, which by means of iron shovels is to be delivered red-hot into the engines' furnaces.

These preparations having been made, the driver's duties are as follows:—

On leaving the shed in the morning the engine, after having been heated at the coke-furnace, is conducted on to a great turn-table 40 feet in diameter, which twists it toward a set of rails leading to the water-crane, where it imbibes at one draught about a thousand gallons of cold water, which, under ordinary circumstances, will enable it to draw its train about 40 miles; although in slippery weather, when the wheels revolve *on*, instead of *along*, the rails, it of course would not carry it so far. It then proceeds to the coke-shed, an enclosure 210 feet by 45 feet, capable of holding 1500 tons, for its proper supply of coke, namely 1 ton—a goods-engine usually devouring 2½ tons.

The driver, leaving his engine in charge of his fireman, now proceeds to the office, where he signs his name in a book, the object being that it may be observed whether or not he is perfectly sober. From the chief clerk he receives his coke and time ticket, upon which, at every station, he has to record whatever time he may have lost up to that point; and when his chronometer is wound up, and set to the proper time, he is then considered to be ready for his journey.

The gigantic power of the locomotive engines hourly committed to the charge of these drivers was lately strangely exemplified in the large engine-stable at the Camden Station. A passenger-engine, whose furnace-fire had but shortly been lighted, was standing in this huge building surrounded by a number of artificers, who, in presence of the chief superintendent, were working in various directions around it. While they were all busily occupied, the fire in the furnace, by burning up faster than was expected, suddenly imparted to the engine the breath of life; and no sooner had the minimum of steam necessary to move it been thus created, than this infant Hercules not only walked *off*, but without the smallest embarrassment walked *through* the 14-inch brick wall of the great building which contained it, to the terror of the superintendent and workmen, who expected every instant that the roof above their heads would fall in

and extinguish them! In consequence of the spindle of the regulator having got out of its socket, the very same accident occurred shortly afterwards with another engine, which, in like manner, walked through another portion of this 14-inch wall of the stable that contained it, just as a thoroughbred horse would have walked out of the door. And if such be the irresistible power of the locomotive engine when feebly walking in its new-born state, unattended or unassisted even by its tender, is it not appalling to reflect what must be its momentum when, in the full vigor of its life, it is flying down a steep gradient at the rate of 50 miles an hour, backed up by say 30 passenger-carriages, each weighing on an average 5½ tons? If ordinary houses could suddenly be placed on its path, it would, passengers and all, run through them, as a musket-ball goes through a keg of butter; but what would be the result, if, at this full speed, the engine by any accident were to be diverted against a mass of solid rock, such as sometimes is to be seen at the entrance of a tunnel, it is almost impossible to calculate, or even to conjecture. It is stated by the Company's superintendent, who witnessed the occurrence, that some time ago, an ordinary accident happening to a luggage-train near Loughborough, the waggons overrode each other until the uppermost one was found piled 40 feet above the rails!

At Camden Station there are every day five spare or pilot engines, with their steam up, ready for assisting a train up the incline, or for any special purposes that may be required.

The average cost of the locomotive engines and tenders, which, for the rails between London and Birmingham, are usually purchased by the Company from makers at Manchester, Warrington, and Liverpool, is,—

Cylinder 15-inch diameter . .	£1,950	0	0
„ 16 „ . .	2,113	10	0
„ 18 „ . .	2,500	0	0

The tenders cost £500 each.

**Goods Department.**—The duties of this department, which forms one of the most important establishments at Camden Station, may very briefly be elucidated. It appears from returns lying before us, that during the six months ending the 26th of August last, there entered and departed from Camden Station alone 73,732 railway waggon-loads of goods! Now in the annals of political economy there can perhaps scarcely exist a more striking exemplification of the extraordinary extent to which the latent re-

sources of a great country may be developed by diminishing the friction, or, without metaphor, by lowering the tolls of its goods-traffic, than the fact that, notwithstanding the enormous amount thus conveyed along the London and North-Western rails, the quantity carried along the Grand Junction Canal, which meanders alongside its powerful antagonist, instead of having been drained, as might have been expected, to zero, has, from the opening of the railway in 1836 up to the present period, actually increased as follows:—

	Tons.
Average amount of goods annually moved on the Grand Junction Canal during the three years prior to the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway in 1836 . . . . .	756,894
Average amount of ditto annually moved during the twelve years subsequent to 1836 . . . . .	1,039,333
Amount moved in 1847 . . . . .	1,163,466

Besides the innumerable arrangements necessary for the conveyance along their rails of the number of waggon-loads of goods we have stated, the Company undertake the vexatious and intricate business of collecting and delivering these goods from and to all parts of London, as also throughout the various towns on their line, excepting Liverpool, where the collection and delivery of goods is otherwise arranged. The number of letters on business received by the branch of this department at Camden Station only amounts to 300 per day.

For the collection, loading, unloading, and delivery of a certain portion of the merchandise conveyed by the Company on their rails, the Board of Directors, who had no practical knowledge of these details, have, we think with great prudence, availed themselves of the experience of Messrs. Pickford and of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, whom they have engaged as their agents at Camden Station—the Company's superintendent there marshalling and despatching all luggage-trains, arranging the signals, and making out the weigh-bills, &c. The undertaking is one of enormous magnitude; for besides immense cargoes of goods in large packages, an inconceivable number of small parcels are sent from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Sheffield, &c., to numberless little retail shopkeepers in London, who are constantly requiring, say a few saucepans, kettles, cutlery, &c.; and when it is considered that for the collection, conveyance, and delivery of most of these light parcels 1s. only is charged, and, moreover, that for the conveyance of a small parcel by the Company's goods-trains from say Watford

to Camden Station, to be there unloaded into store, thence reloaded into and transported by a spring waggon to almost any street and house in London, or to the terminus of any railway-station to which it may be addressed, the charge is only 6d., it is evident that a great deal of attention and skill are necessary to squeeze a profit from charges which competition has reduced to so low a figure.

At, and for some time after, the commencement of railway traffic, it was considered dangerous to convey goods by night. They are now, however, despatched from Birmingham at 8.45 P.M., to arrive at Camden Station at 3½ in the morning. Goods from London are despatched at 9 in the evening, at midnight, at 12½, at ¼ before 1, at 3, and at 5 in the morning. In the day they are despatched at 12.40, at 1.15, at 2.6, and at 6½; and such regularity is attained, that packs of cotton, linen, and woollen goods from Manchester are usually delivered in London almost with the regularity of letters. An immense quantity of fish from Billingsgate, and occasionally as much as 20 tons of fruit from Covent Garden market, are injected into the country by the midday train: indeed the London wholesale dealers in these articles do not now fear receiving too great a supply, as, whatever may be their surplus, the railway is ready to carry it off to the manufacturing districts—Manchester alone swallowing almost any quantity; besides which, large quantities of fruit are conveyed by rail as far as Glasgow. Many tons of meat in hampers, and oftentimes a flock of a hundred dead sheep, wrapped up only in cloths, are also despatched from the country to the London market.

Without tiring our readers with minute details, the following is a rough outline of the mode in which the goods-traffic is conducted.

As soon as an up luggage-train arrives at Camden Station, its loaded waggons of merchandise, which are placed under the care of the Goods-department Superintendent as soon as they arrive, are, under his directions, drawn by horses along a variety of branch-rails to a certain point, where they are left by the superintendent in the open air, from which moment Messrs. Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, to whom the different waggons are respectively addressed, and between whom a wholesome competition exists, highly advantageous to the public, are held responsible by the Company for fire or accident of any sort; in short, for their safe delivery. The waggons thus deposited by the superintendent, solely under the canopy of heaven, are instantly

approached by drivers and horses belonging to the two competing agents, who with great cleverness, by repeatedly twisting them on turn-tables, and then by drawing them along an apparent labyrinth of rails, conduct each species of goods to its own store, where, by experienced porters, it is immediately unloaded and despatched by spring waggons to its destination.

As regards the down-trade, the business transacted in this department, although apparently complicated, is very admirably arranged. The spring waggons and carts of the Company's agents, like bees in search of honey, with extraordinary intelligence migrate in all directions to the various localities of the metropolis in search, piece-meal, of that enormous traffic, large and small, which, by every diurnal pulsation of the heart of London, is projected into our manufacturing districts, which in return send back to the metropolis very nearly the same amount. Every waggon-load of merchandise thus obtained, as well as every boat-load of goods (for the Company have also at Camden Station a branch water-communication leading into the Regent's Canal), is either carted at once to the particular storehouse to which it belongs, to be thence reloaded into railway vans, or it is brought to '*The General Receiving-Shed*' either of Messrs. Pickford or of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne; and to prevent mistakes, all invoice-forms and truck-labels for the former firm are printed in black, those for the latter in red. In these enormous receptacles goods '*coming in*' are arranged on one side, those '*going out*' on the other. In Messrs. Pickford's receiving-shed, which is 300 feet in length by 217 in breadth, there are in operation, for the purpose of rapidly loading and unloading goods—

24 steam cranes, 1 steam-doller or lift,  
21 wooden cranes, 1 travelling-crane on the roof,  
1 steam-capstan for hauling trucks along rails  
to the various loading bays.

We observed also at work 4 steam hay-cutters, which cut 200 trusses in four hours, and 1 steam hay-cleaner. The above machines are worked simultaneously by an engine of 16-horse power, which also raises from an Artesian well, 380 feet deep, water, which is given warm to 222 horses in adjoining stables. These horses are all named, and branded with a number on their hoofs. In the general receiving-shed of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne, there are also a series of cranes, with large stables full of horses that work about twelve hours a-day; the '*Weights of Goods* allowed to be taken by them in each Vehicle' being as follows:—

		From Camden.			
		Tons. cwt.		Tons. cwt.	
4 Horses.	5	0	Not to exceed	6	0 waggons.
3 Do.	4	0		4	10 vans.
2 Do.	3	0		3	5 do.
1 Do.	1	10		1	15 carts.

By the very great powers committed by the Company to their two agents, 50 waggon-loads of merchandise, collected and brought by spring-waggons to Camden Station, have often, within two hours, been despatched by the superintendent to the manufacturing districts. During the day, as fast as the spring-waggons arrive their contents are unloaded, and either left on the covered platform of the building or ranged around the walls in large compartments, labelled 'Glasgow,' 'Birmingham,' 'Manchester,' 'Nottingham,' 'Coventry,' &c.; and as on the great square of Valetta at Malta one sees congregated the costumes of almost every merchant upon earth, so do these receiving-sheds display goods and chattels of almost every description. Here lies a waggon-load of beer from Chester, there another of sugar-loaves, in blue paper, for Northampton—of groceries for Buckingham—cheeses, millinery, and gas-pipes for Peterborough—a van-load of empty hosiery-skips (baskets) to return to Leicester—empties for Glasgow—filberts for Birmingham, &c.; and as the goods are coming in as fast as they are going out, the colours of this kaleidoscopic scene are constantly changing. Indeed, during the short time we were ruminating on the strange chance-medley of objects before us, fourteen truck-loads of goods were unladen, and eight spring-waggons loaded and despatched.

The amount of business transacted in each of these great receiving-sheds every evening, from seven till about ten o'clock, is quite astonishing. On Messrs. Pickford's great elevated platform, which at that time is laden with goods of all descriptions, several clerks, each protected by a sort of rough arbour of iron rods, and lighted by gas, are seen, in various localities, sitting before little desks, towards which porters from all directions are wheeling, on trucks, different articles which have just been unloaded from a series of spring-vans, the bottoms of which are nearly on a level with the platform. The drivers of these carriages, entering the building at a large gate, twist, turn, and then back their horses with a dexterity which an unpractised person would think it impossible for men and horses to attain: 'Now then!' and 'All right!' being almost the only vociferations to be heard. As fast as the goods can be unladen from the spring-waggons to the platform, a porter lustily calls out the ad-

dress on each bale or parcel, which is actively registered by a clerk. These invoices are then briskly sent across to the other side of the platform, in order that each article enumerated therein, when reloaded—as it almost immediately is, into railway waggons—may be ticketed off, to ascertain whether every package taken in at the receiving side of the platform has *bona fide* been safely despatched from the other.

Until the visitor has had some time first to recover his composure, and then to observe, analyse, and reflect on the various arrangements simultaneously in operation before him, the picture altogether is really astounding. For from one side of the platform a set of active porters are centripetally wheeling from different spring-waggons innumerable packages to the recording clerks, as eagerly as from these clerks (whose duty it is to record the weight of every article, and to affix to it the Company's printed charge for conveyance to its address) other porters, equally active, are centrifugally wheeling other packages to various railway vans, which, as fast as they can be filled, are drawn away from the despatching side of the platform, and immediately replaced by empty ones. One set of porters are wheeling to a recording clerk a waggon-load of raw silk, valued at £9000, from China, which, *via* the South-Western Railway, has just arrived from Southampton to go to Macclesfield to be manufactured: another set, Russia tallow, in casks; others draperies; another set, yarns for Gloucester; one porter has on his truck a very small but heavy load of iron or lead; another, with comparative ease, is wheeling through the crowd a huge wool-bag, large enough to contain, if properly packed, a special jury. Here comes a truck of mustard, in small casks, followed by another full of coffee; there goes a barrow-load of drugs—preceding a cask of spirits, which, to prevent fraud, has just been weighed, tapped, gauged, and sampled; also several trucks full of household furniture; the family warming-pan being tacked round the body of the eight-day clock, &c. This extraordinary whirl of business, set to music by the various noises proceeding from the working of the steam-cranes, steam-doller, steam-capstan, common cranes, and other machinery above the platform—from the arrival, turning, backing, and departure of spring-waggons beneath it—from the rumbling of the porters' trucks crossing the platform, as also of the railway vans as, laden with goods, they are successively rolled away—forms altogether, we repeat, a scene which, though rarely

visited, is astounding to witness, and which, we are sensible, we have but very faintly described. But, besides the amount of business above mentioned daily transacted in each of the agents' 'receiving-sheds,' there are nine other sheds, in which throughout the day, and especially at night, the same process on a smaller scale is going on. Close to these stores there is also a water-dock for iron and heavy goods to be shipped for the Thames. The carting establishments of Messrs. Pickford and Chaplin for the collection and delivery of their share only of the goods-traffic—for the Company have establishments of their own for loading and unloading at every station except London—would appear to any foreigner unacquainted with the modest and unassuming powers with which the mercantile business of England is quietly transacted, to be incomprehensible and almost incredible. For instance—

Messrs. Pickford's establishment, on account of the London and North-Western Railway, is as follows :—

Clerks.	Porters.	Horses.	Vans.	Waggons.	Drays.
234	538	396	82	57	25

The weights carted by Messrs. Pickford, on account of the Company, for the year ending the 30th of June last, amounted to—

	Tons.	cwts.	qrs.	lbs.
Collected . . . .	133,437	18	0	15
Delivered . . . .	139,898	19	0	5

Making a gross total of 273,336 17 0 20

Or rather more than 481 tons per day.

As soon as the two agents, at their respective receiving-sheds, have loaded their trucks, and have securely covered them with water-proof and fire-proof tarpaulins, they turn them out, labelled, into the open air, from which moment they are considered to be in the hands of the Company's superintendent of the goods-department. Accordingly, under his direction, they are immediately drawn by horses first over a weigh-bridge to receive their weigh-bills, and thence to a series of ten turn-tables, by which they are scattered among thirteen sets of rails, where they are marshalled into trains for their respective destinations. In this operation, it is alarming to see the superintendent's horses dragging the various luggage-vans, for not only are the rails as well as the pavement between them exceedingly slippery, but as the carriages have no shafts, the poor horse has not power to stop his load, and accordingly affixed to it by his traces he

trots away before it, until it appears as if he must inevitably be smashed to a sandwich between it and the carriage at rest which he is approaching; however, just before the collision between the buffers of each vehicle takes place, the dull-looking animal jumps aside, and very dexterously saves himself from annihilation. The luggage-trains thus formed are composed sometimes of 90 or 100 waggons, weighing when empty about three tons each, and averaging when laden about six tons. At the rear of each of these trains there sits a guard. The Company's goods-waggons of all descriptions amount in number to 6236.

*Engine Stable.*—In order to prevent the locomotive engines which draw these luggage-trains from crossing, or otherwise periling the main passenger-line at Camden Station, there has been constructed an immense rotunda, 160 feet in diameter, lighted from the top by plates of glass nine feet in length by half an inch thick, and capable of containing twenty-four of the largest-class engines. In the centre of this great brick building there is a turn-table 40 feet in diameter, from whence the engines radiate to their twenty-four stalls, which on a large scale much resemble those constructed in a stable for hunters. The majority of these locomotives are capable of drawing 600 tons at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Each, when supplied with coke and water, with steam up ready for its journey, weighs about 50 tons. At the entrance of this building there is a pit into which, after their journey, they may drop their fire, and between the rails in each of the twenty-four stalls we observed a smaller pit to enable artificers to work beneath any engine that may require reparation. The drivers of these huge locomotives, after every journey, inspect and report in a book, as in the passenger-trains, any repairs that may be required, and the engines are thoroughly cleaned every time they come in.

At a short distance from this rotunda we observed a platform about 300 yards long, constructed for the landing of cattle, which arrive there generally on Thursdays and Saturdays from 2 P. M. till midnight. Fifty waggon-loads of bullocks, sheep, or pigs can here be unloaded at a time, and then driven into strong pens or pounds, constructed in the rear. The Company's cattle and merchandise waggons are usually painted blue, their sheep-waggons green. On the arrival of a train of cattle it is interesting to see such a quantity of polished horns, bright eyes, streams of white breath, and healthy black wet noses projecting above the upper rail of their respective waggons, and fatal as



is the object of their visit to John Bull's metropolis, it is some consolation to reflect that—poor things—they are, at all events, in ignorance of the fate that awaits them. In disembarking the cattle, in spite of every precaution, an infuriated Welsh or a wild Irish bullock, will occasionally escape from this platform, and by roaring, jumping, and galloping, with depressed head and upstretched tail—

'Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,  
Who would be free, himself must strike the  
blow!'

create no small consternation as well as confusion among the green-coated pointsmen, porters, and policemen in charge of the various sets of tributary rails which flow from the waggon department into the main line. Instead, however, of attempting, as in the case of Mr. Smith O'Brien, to capture the fugitive by force, this object is effected by the simple stratagem of instantly turning loose several other black-nosed bullocks, which he no sooner sees, than running and galloping towards the herd, he is quietly driven with them into a pen, where he appears quite to enjoy 'the Union' which a few minutes ago he had so violently and so vociferously attempted to 'repale.'

*Waggon Hospital.*—Among the large establishments at Camden Station is one for the maintenance and repair of the luggage-trucks and goods-carriages of the Southern District, namely, from London to Birmingham—in which alone are 2000 luggage waggons with a proportionate number of trucks. The construction-shop for this department, in which 129 men were at work, is 437 feet in length by 64 in breadth. With its sideways it is capable of containing and of repairing at one time 100 carriages; the average number in hospital being, however, from 60 to 70. In the smiths' shop we observed working at once 14 common forges blown by steam, also four portable ones. In locked-up vaulted stores adjoining there was lying, besides deals and Memel planks, 4000*l.* worth of oak timber in scantlings of the various sizes required, each lot ticketed with its dimensions. It is surprising to observe the quantity of iron and oak timber used in the construction of the Company's luggage-trucks. Nevertheless, although they are built infinitely stronger in proportion than any ship (for their oak stanchions, being straight instead of curved, when they come in collision strike end foremost), yet we witnessed results of accidents which were really appalling; in many cases the largest of these timbers had been splintered;

indeed, in a railway smash the British oak usually either stands the shock without flinching, or, if it *does* give, shivers into atoms. Barring, however, accidents, a luggage-truck or waggon will last about twelve years.

Among the Company's goods-carriages we observed eight powder-magazines, constructed under a patent invention of the superintendent, Mr. Henson. They were covered outside with sheet iron, lined with wood, had leaden floors, and the axles were cased with hornbeam to prevent vibration. With these precautions they each safely convey  $4\frac{1}{2}$  tons of gunpowder through and over the sparks of fire and red-hot coals that are continually, during the progress of a train, flying from the funnel-pipe or dropping from the furnace of the engine.

As soon as a luggage-train has been unloaded at Camden Station all the wheels of the waggons are gauged to see that there are no bent axles, and that none of the 'journals,' or working ends of the axles, have been heated, for they sometimes get red-hot; and we may here remark, that under heavy loads the tremendous vibration of the axles of goods-carriages during their journeys materially alters the composition of the iron, and that when the axles have once been red-hot, although after cooling they are as strong as ever, they are always particularly liable to get red-hot again, and the brass boxes amalgamating with the iron, the ends of the largest axles are occasionally wrenched off as one would break a carrot. The luggage-waggons are minutely inspected on arriving and on departing from Camden, Wolverton, and Rugby; besides which the guard hastily examines them at every station, where they are also greased if required.

*The Pointsmen.*—Among the servants of a railway company, or rather we should say of the public, there is no one who, in his secluded station, has more important duties to attend to than 'the pointsman,' in charge of the switches for diverting a train from one set of rails to another. As it is of course necessary that these switches should be carefully worked and guarded by night as well as by day, there are usually appointed to each station two pointsmen, each of whom remains on duty twelve hours at a time, taking the night and day work week about. At Camden Station one of these men has fourteen switches to attend to, and at Wolverton thirteen pairs. At the latter place, to prevent intrusion and to increase precaution, the pointsman has always the signal of danger on, but on perceiving an up-train about a mile off, he shows a green flag to



the Station signal-man, and does not avert that of danger until he has received answer that 'all is right.' In thick weather he himself works a subterranean auxiliary signal 500 yards off, showing lamps of different colours. In a fog, to prevent any train running into the Station, a man is sent down the line about a mile, to affix upon the rails, every 200 yards, one of Toy and Hansom's patent fog-signals, which, exploding under the engine with the report of a small cannon, warn the driver to stop and remain where he is, until some one comes to give him orders. At Crewe Station, from whence radiate three important lines of rails, namely, on the right to Manchester, straight on to Liverpool, and on the left to Chester, there are constantly on duty three pointsmen, one of whom has seventeen pairs of points to attend to, namely, five belonging to the Chester line, one to the Liverpool, eleven to the workshops. His box stands between the Liverpool and Chester lines.

Nothing can apparently be more cheerless than the existence of these poor fellows, who, cut off from society, in all weathers and in all seasons, have, in solitude, to perform duties for which no passing traveller ever thanks them, and which he probably does not even know that they perform. It is, however, providentially decreed that the human heart warms under almost every description of responsibility; and, accordingly, we invariably found these pointsmen not only contented, but apparently intently interested in their important duties; indeed the flowers which we observed blooming around their little wooden habitations were not, we felt, inappropriate emblems of the happiness which naturally springs up in the heart of every man who will honestly perform the duties of his station. The Company's pointsmen have nominally not very high wages:—a gratuity, however, every twelve months is given to them, provided they cause no accident; but should one occur from their switches, no matter how small, they forfeit it—an arrangement, we think, very cleverly conceived.

WOLVERTON.—Flying by rail through green fields below Harrow Hill and thence to Watford,—stopping for a moment in a deep cutting to hear a man cry '*Tring!*' and a bell say '*Ring!*' until the passenger gets so confused with the paltry squabble that he scarcely knows which of the two competitors is vociferating the substantive and which the verb,—we will now conduct our readers to the Station and little town of Wolverton.

As every city, village, or hamlet on the surface of the globe is usually inhabited by people of peculiar opinions, professions,

character, tastes, fashions, follies, whims, and oddities, so there is always to be witnessed a corresponding variety in the alinement and architecture of their dwellings—the forms and excrescences of each often giving to the passing traveller a sort of phrenological insight into the character of the inmates. One street, inhabited by poor people, is as crooked as if it had been traced out by the drunken Irishman who, on being kindly questioned, in a very narrow lane across which he was reeling, as to the length of road he had travelled, replied, '*Faith! it's not so much the length of it as the BREADTH of it that has tired me!*' Another—a rich street—is quite straight. Here is a palace—there are hovels. The hotel is of one shape—the stock-exchange of another. There are private houses of every form—shops of every colour—columns, steeples, fountains, obelisks *ad infinitum*. Conspicuous over one door there is to be seen a golden pestle and mortar—from another boldly projects a barber's pole—a hatchment decorates a third—the Royal Arms a fourth—in short, it would be endless to enumerate the circumstantial evidence which in every direction proves the truth of the old saying, '*Many men, many minds.*'

To all general rules, however, there are exceptions; and certainly it would be impossible for our most popular auctioneer, if he wished ever so much to puff off the appearance of Wolverton, to say more of it than that it is a little red-brick town composed of 242 little red-brick houses—all running either this way or that way at right angles—two tall red-brick engine-chimneys, a number of very large red-brick workshops, six red houses for officers—one red beer-shop, two red public-houses, and, we are glad to add, a substantial red school-room and a neat red-brick church, the whole lately built by order of a Railway Board, at a railway station, by a railway contractor, for railway men, railway women, and railway children; in short, the round cast-iron plate over the door of every house, bearing the letters L. N. W. R., is the generic symbol of the town. The population is 1405, of whom 638 are below sixteen years of age. All look for support to 'the Company,' and not only their services and their thoughts but their parts of speech are more or less devoted to it:—for instance, the pronoun '*she*' almost invariably alludes to some locomotive engine; '*he*' to 'the chairman'; '*it*' to the London Board. At Wolverton the progress of time itself is marked by the hissing of the various arrival and departure trains. The driver's wife, with a sleeping infant at her side, lies watch-

ful in her bed until she has blessed the passing whistle of 'the down mail.' With equal anxiety her daughter long before daylight listens for the rumbling of 'the 3½ A.M. goods up,' on the tender of which lives the ruddy but smutty-faced young fireman to whom she is engaged. The blacksmith as he plies at his anvil—the turner as he works at his lathe, as well as their children at school, listen with pleasure to certain well-known sounds on the rails which tell them of approaching rest.

The workshops at Wolverton, taken altogether, form, generally speaking, an immense hospital or 'Hôtel des Invalides' for the sick and wounded locomotive engines of the Southern District. We witnessed sixty of them undergoing various operations, more or less severe, at the same time. Among them was Crampton's new six-wheel engine, the hind wheels of which are eight feet high, weighing thirty-eight tons, and with its tender sixty tons. It is capable of drawing at the usual speed twelve carriages laden with passengers. The workshops at this station are so extensive, that it would be tedious and indeed almost impracticable to describe them in detail; we will therefore merely mention that in one of them we saw working at once by the power of an 18-horse steam-engine twelve turning-lathes, five planing-machines, three slotting-machines, two screw-bolt ditto—and, as a trifling example of the undeviating accuracy with which these contrivances work, we may state that from a turning-lathe a shaving from cold iron will sometimes continue to flow for forty feet without breaking. There are a large cast-iron foundry, a brass foundry, machines for grinding, and also for polishing; sheers for cutting, and stamps for punching cold iron as if it were paste-board; an immense oven for heating tires of wheels; a smith's shop containing twenty-four forges, all of which were in operation at once. Two steam-engines—one for machinery, the other for pumping water for the town and offices only, for the Company's well-water here, as at Camden Station, disagrees with the locomotives. A large finishing store, in which were working by steam fifteen turning-lathes, five slotting machines, five planing ditto, one screwing ditto, two drilling ditto, two shaving ditto. Beneath the above we entered another workshop containing sixteen turning-lathes, two drilling-machines, one slotting ditto, one screwing ditto, one nut ditto, one cylinder-boring ditto, one shaping ditto. In the great store-yard there is an hydraulic press of a power of 200 tons for squeezing wheels on to their axles, or wrenching them off. Ano-

ther workshop is filled with engines undergoing repair, and adjoining it there is a large store or pharmacopœia, containing, in the form of oil, tallow, nuts, bars, bolts, &c., all the medicine which sick locomotives occasionally require.

At a short distance towards the south we entered a beautiful building, lighted during the day by plate-glass in the roof, by gas at night, and warmed by steam. In its centre there stands a narrow elevated platform, whereon travels a small locomotive, which brings into the building, and deposits on thirteen sets of rails on each side, twenty-six locomotive engines for examination and repair. On the outside, in the open air, we found at work what is called 'a scrap drum,' which by revolving cleans scraps of old rusty iron, just as a public school improves awkward boys by hardly rubbing them one against another. The scrap iron, after having been by this discipline divested of its rust, is piled on a small wooden board for further schooling, and when sufficiently hot the glowing mass is placed under a steam-hammer alongside, whose blows, each equal to about ten tons, very shortly belabour to 'equality and fraternity' the broken bolts, bars, nuts, nails, screw-pins, bits of plate-iron, &c., which are thus economically welded into a solid mass or commonwealth. In another smelting-shop, 150 feet in length, we saw at work fourteen forges, six turning-lathes, one drilling-machine, and one iron-shaving machine. Lastly, there are gas-works for supplying the whole of the Company's establishment with about seventy or eighty thousand cubic feet of gas per day.

The above is but a faint outline of the Company's hospital at Wolverton for the repair and maintenance merely of their locomotive engines running between London and Birmingham.

The magnitude of the establishment will best speak for itself; but as our readers, like ourselves, are no doubt tired almost to death of the clanking of anvils—of the whizzing of machinery—of the disagreeable noises created by the cutting, shaving, turning, and planing of iron—of the suffocating fumes in the brass-foundry, in the smelting-houses, in the gas-works—and lastly of the stunning blows of the great steam-hammer—we beg leave to offer them a cup of black tea at the Company's public refreshment-room, in order that, while they are blowing, sipping, and enjoying the beverage, we may briefly explain to them the nature of this beautiful little oasis in the desert.

*Wolverton Refreshment Room.*—In dealing with the British nation, it is an axiom

among those who have most deeply studied our noble character, that to keep John Bull in beaming good-humour it is absolutely necessary to keep him always *quite full*. The operation is very delicately called '*refreshing him*;' and the London and North-Western Railway Company having, as in duty bound, made due arrangements for affording him, once in about every two hours, this support, their arrangements not only constitute a curious feature in the history of railway management, but the *dramatis personæ* we are about to introduce form, we think, rather a strange contrast to the bare arms, muscular frames, heated brows, and begrimed faces of the sturdy workmen we have just left.

The refreshment establishment at Wolverton is composed of—

1. A matron or generallissima.
  2. Seven very young ladies to wait upon the passengers.
  3. Four men and three boys do. do.
  4. One man-cook, his kitchen-maid, and his two scullery-maids.
  5. Two house-maids.
  6. One still-room-maid, employed solely in the liquid duty of making tea and coffee.
  7. Two laundry-maids.
  8. One baker and one baker's-boy.
  9. One garden-boy.
- And lastly, what is most significantly described in the books of the establishment—
10. 'An odd-man.'

'Homo sum, humani nihil à me alienum puto.'

There are also eighty-five pigs and piglings, of whom hereafter.

The manner in which the above list of persons, in the routine of their duty, diurnally revolve in 'the scrap-drum' of their worthy matron, is as follows:—Very early in the morning—in cold winter long before sunrise—the 'odd-man' wakens the two house-maids, to one of whom is intrusted the confidential duty of awakening the seven young ladies exactly at seven o'clock, in order that their '*première toilette*' may be concluded in time for them to receive the passengers of the first train, which reaches Wolverton at 7h. 30m. A.M. From that time until the departure of the passengers by the York Mail train, which arrives opposite to the refreshment-room at about eleven o'clock at night, these young persons remain on duty, continually vibrating, at the ringing of a bell, across the rails—(they have a covered passage high above them, but they never use it)—from the North refreshment-room for down passengers, to the South refreshment-room constructed for hungry up-ones. By about midnight, after having

philosophically divested themselves of the various little bustles of the day, they all are enabled once again to lay their heads on their pillows, with the exception of one, who, in her turn, assisted by one man and one boy of the establishment, remains on duty receiving the money, &c., till four in the morning for the up-mail. The young person, however, who in her weekly turn performs this extra task, instead of rising with the others at seven, is allowed to sleep on till noon, when she is expected to take her place behind the long table with the rest.

The scene in the refreshment-room at Wolverton, on the arrival of every train, has so often been witnessed by our readers, that it need hardly be described. As these youthful handmaidens stand in a row behind bright silver urns, silver coffee-pots, silver tea-pots, cups, saucers, cakes, sugar, milk, with other delicacies over which they preside, the confused crowd of passengers simultaneously liberated from the train hurry towards them with a velocity exactly proportionate to their appetites. The hungriest face first enters the door, '*magnâ comitante catervâ*,' followed by a crowd very much resembling in eagerness and joyous independence the rush at the prorogation of Parliament of a certain body following their leader from one House to the bar of what they mysteriously call '*another place*.' Considering that the row of young persons have among them all only seven right hands, with but very little fingers at the end of each, it is really astonishing how, with such slender assistance, they can in the short space of a few minutes manage to extend and withdraw them so often—sometimes to give a cup of tea—sometimes to receive half-a-crown, of which they have to return two shillings—then to give an old gentleman a plate of warm soup—then to drop another lump of sugar into his nephew's coffee-cup—then to receive a penny for a bun, and then again threepence for four '*lady's fingers*.' It is their rule as well as their desire never, if they can possibly prevent it, to speak to any one; and although sometimes, when thunder has turned the milk, or the kitchen-maid over-peppered the soup, it may occasionally be necessary to soothe the fastidious complaints of some beardless ensign by an infinitesimal appeal to the generous feelings of his nature—we mean, by the hundred-thousandth part of a smile—yet they endeavour on no account ever to exceed that harmless dose. But while they are thus occupied at the centre of the refreshment-table, at its two ends, each close to a warm stove, a very plain matter-of-fact business is going on,

which consists of the rapid uncorking of, and then emptying into large tumblers, innumerable black bottles of what is not unappropriately called '*Stout*,' inasmuch as all the persons who are drinking the dark foaming mixture wear heavy great coats, with large wrappers round their necks—in fact, are *very stout*. We regret to have to add, that among these thirsty customers are to be seen, quite in the corner, several silently tossing off glasses of brandy, rum, and gin; and although the refreshment-room of the Wolverton Station is not adapted for a lecture, we cannot help submitting to the managers of the Company, that considering not only the serious accidents that may occur to individual passengers from intoxication, but the violence and insolence which drunken men may inflict upon travellers of both sexes, whose misfortune it may be to be shut up with them; considering moreover the ruin which a glass or two of brandy may bring upon a young non-commissioned officer in the army, as also the heavy punishment it may entail upon an old soldier, it would be well for them peremptorily to forbid, at all their refreshment-rooms, the sale by any of their servants, to the public, of ardent spirits.

But the bell is violently calling the passengers to 'Come! come away!'—and as they have all paid their fares, and as the engine is loudly hissing—attracted by their pockets as well as by their engagements, they soon, like the swallows of summer, congregate together and then fly away.

It appears from the books that the annual consumption at the Wolverton refreshment-rooms averages—

182,500	Banbury cakes.
56,940	Queen cakes.
29,200	patés.
36,500	lbs. of flour.
13,140	" butter.
2,920	" coffee.
43,800	" meat.
5,110	" currants.
1,277	" tea.
5,840	" loaf sugar,
5,110	lbs. of moist sugar.
16,425	quarts of milk.
1,095	" cream.
17,520	bottles of lemonade.
35,040	" soda-water.
70,080	" stout.
35,040	" ale.
17,520	" ginger-beer.
730	" port.
3,650	" sherry.

And we regret to add,

730	bottles of gin.
731	" rum.
3,660	" brandy.

To the eatables are to be added, or driven, the 85 pigs, who after having been from their birth most kindly treated and most luxuriously fed, are impartially promoted, by seniority, one after another, into an infinite number of pork pies.

Having, in the refreshment sketch which we have just concluded, partially detailed, at some length, the duties of the seven young persons at Wolverton, we feel it due to them, as well as to those of our readers who, we perceive, have not yet quite finished their tea, by a very few words to complete their history. It is never considered quite fair to pry into the private conduct of any one who performs his duty to the public with zeal and assiduity. The warrior and the statesman are not always immaculate; and although at the Opera ladies certainly sing very high, and in the ballet kick very high, it is possible that their voices and feet may sometimes reach rather higher than their characters. Considering, then, the difficult duties which our seven young attendants have to perform—considering the temptations to which they are constantly exposed, in offering to the public attentions which are ever to simmer and yet never to boil—it might be expected that our inquiries should considerably go no further than the arrival at 11 P.M. of 'the up York mail.' The excellent matron, however, who has charge of these young people—who always dine and live at her table—with honest pride declares, that the breath of slander has never ventured to sully the reputation of any of those who have been committed to her charge; and as this testimony is corroborated by persons residing in the neighborhood and very capable of observation, we cannot take leave of the establishment without expressing our approbation of the good sense and attention with which it is conducted; and while we give credit to the young for the character they have maintained, we hope they will be gratefully sensible of the protection they have received.

*Postscript.*—We quite forgot to mention that, notwithstanding the everlasting hurry at this establishment, four of the young attendants have managed to make excellent marriages, and are now very well off in the world.

*Gardens, Libraries, and Schools.*—Before leaving Wolverton Station our readers will no doubt be desirous to ascertain what arrangements, if any, are made by the Company for the comfort, education, and religious instruction of the number of artificers and other servants whom we have lately seen hard at work. On the western boundary of

the town we visited 130 plots of ground, containing about 324 square yards each, which are let by the Company at a very trifling rent to those who wish for a garden; and, accordingly, whenever one of these plots is given up, it is leased to him whose name stands first on the list of applicants. A reading-room and library lighted by gas are also supplied free of charge by the Company. In the latter there are about 700 volumes, which have mostly been given; and the list of papers, &c. in the reading-room was as follows:—*Times*, *Daily News*, *Bell's Life*, *Illustrated News*, *Punch*, *Weekly Dispatch*, *Liverpool Albion*, *Glasgow Post*, *Railway Record*, *Airs' Birmingham Gazette*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *Chambers' Information*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Chambers' Shilling Volume*, *Practical Mechanic's Journal*, *Mechanic's Magazine*.

Besides the above there is a flying library of about 600 volumes for the clerks, porters, police, as also for their wives and families, residing at the various stations, consisting of books of all kinds, excepting on politics and religious controversies. They are despatched to the various stations, carriage free, in nineteen boxes, given by the Company, each of which can contain from twenty to fifty volumes. For the education of the children of the Company's servants, a school-house, which we had much pleasure in visiting, has been constructed on a healthy eminence, surrounded by a small court and garden. In the centre there is a room for girls, who from nine till five are instructed by a governess in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, and needlework. Engaged at these occupations we counted fifty-five clean, healthy faces. In the east wing we found about ninety fine, stout, athletic boys, of various ages, employed in the studies above-mentioned (excepting the last), and learning, moreover, mathematics and drawing. One boy we saw solving a quadratic equation—another was engaged with Euclid—others were studying land-surveying, leveling, trigonometry, and one had reached conic sections.

At the western extremity of the building, on entering the infant-school, which is under the superintendence of an intelligent-looking young person of about nineteen years of age, we were struck by the regular segments in which the little creatures were standing in groups around a tiny monitor occupying the centre of each chord. We soon, however, detected that this regularity of their attitudes was caused by the insertion in the floor of various chords of hoop iron, the outer rims of which they all touched with their toes. A finer set of little

children we have seldom beheld; but what particularly attracted our attention was three rows of beautiful babies sitting as solemn as judges on three steps one above another, the lowest being a step higher than the floor of the room. They were learning the first hard lesson of this world—namely, to sit still; and certainly the occupation seemed to be particularly well-adapted to their outlines; indeed their pinafores were so round, and their cheeks so red, that altogether they resembled three rows of white dumplings, with a rosy-faced apple on each. The picture was most interesting; and we studied their cheerful features until we almost fancied that we could analyze and distinguish which were little fire-flies—which small stokers—tiny pokers—infant artificers, &c.

On leaving the three rooms-full of children, to whom, whatever may be the religion of the parents, the Rector, the Rev. G. Weight, is apparently devoting very praiseworthy attention, we proceeded eastward about 100 yards to the church, the interior of which is appropriately fitted up with plain oak-coloured open seats, all alike. In the churchyard, which is of very considerable area, there are, under the north wall, a row of fraternal mounds side by side, with a solitary shrub or a few flowers at the foot of each, showing that those who had there reached their earthly terminus were kindly recollected by a few still travelling on the rails of life. With the exception, however, of the grave of one poor fellow, whose death under amputation, rendered necessary from severe fractures, has been commemorated on a tombstone by his comrades, there exists no other epitaph. Besides this church, a room in the library is used, when required, as a Wesleyan Chapel; at which on Sundays there are regular preachers both morning and night—and on Tuesdays and Fridays about 100 of the Company's servants attend extempore prayers by one of their brother artificers.

*Letters and Newspapers.*—Among the manifold arrangements which characterise the interior of the British hive there is, we believe, no one which offers to an intelligent observer a more important moral than the respect which is everywhere paid by us to the correspondence of the nation. Prior to the introduction of railways our post-office establishment was the admiration of every foreigner who visited us. But although our light mail-coaches, high-bred horses, glittering harness, skillful coachmen, resolute guards, and macadamised road were undeniably of the very best description, yet the moral basis on which the whole fa-

bric rested, or rather the power which gave vitality to its movements, evidently was a patriotic desire indigenous in the minds of people of all classes to protect, as their commonwealth, the correspondence of the country; and accordingly it mattered not whether on our public thoroughfares were to be seen a butcher's cart, a brewer's dray, a bishop's coach, a nobleman's landau, the squire's chariot or his tenant's waggon;—it mattered not what quantity of vehicles were assembled for purposes good, bad, or indifferent, for church, for race-course, or for theatre;—it mattered not for what party of pleasure or what political purpose a crowd or mob might have assembled; for at a single blast through a long tin horn people of all ranks and conditions, however they might be disposed to dispute on all other subjects, were ready from all quarters to join together in exclaiming, 'MAKE WAY FOR THE MAIL!'

At the magic whistle of the locomotive engine the whole of the extremely slow, dull, little-bag system we have just referred to suddenly fell to pieces. Nevertheless, the spirit that had animated it flew from the road to the rails, and although our penny-postal arrangements, notwithstanding their rapid growth, are less conspicuous, there exists throughout the country the same honest anxiety that our letter-bags should be circulated over the surface of the United Kingdom with the utmost possible care and despatch. In order, however, to fulfil this general desire the duties which our Postmaster-General is now required to perform are most extraordinary.

The difficulty of transmitting from London to every part of the United Kingdom, and *vice versa*, the innumerable quantity of letters which, like mushrooms springing up from a bed of spawn, have arisen from our sudden adoption of a penny-postage, would alone require minute calculations, involving an infinity of details; but when it is considered that besides this circulation from and to the heart of the metropolis—(the average weight of letters and newspapers carried daily by the London and North-Western Railway is seventeen tons)—there exists simultaneously a cross circulation, not only from and to every great city and town, but from every little post-office to every part of the United Kingdom and *vice versa*, and moreover to every region of the globe, the eccentric zig-zag courses of all these letters to their respective destinations may justly be compared to the fiery tracks and sparks created by the sudden ignition of a sackful of fireworks of all descriptions; of rockets, Catherine wheels, Roman candles,

squibs, stars, crackers, flower-pots, some flying straight away, while others are revolving, twisting, radiating, bouncing, exploding in every possible direction and in all ways at once.

To explain the mode in which all our postal arrangements are conducted would not only exceed our limits, but be foreign to our subject; we will therefore only attempt to supply our readers with a slight sketch of a very small portion of this business, namely, the transmission of letters from the metropolis by the London and North-Western Railway's night mail.

While the passengers by the Lancashire mail-train are taking their seats and making other preparations for their departure, two or three Post-office vans are seen to enter the main carriage-gate of the Euston Station, and then to drive close to their tenders on the railway, which form the last carriages of the train. The servants of the Post-office, rapidly unloading their vans, remove a portion of the bags they contained into the travelling-office and the remainder into two large tenders, which, as soon as they are filled, are locked up by the guard, who then takes his place in the flying office, in which we propose to leave him to his flight for 132½ miles—only observing, however, that no sooner has he started than another flying post-office, which had been lying in ambush, advances (with its tender), and, after being loaded in a similar manner, in a quarter of an hour they are despatched to Yorkshire and the East of Scotland.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been raining for upwards of twenty-four hours, and it was still pouring when, at about half-past one o'clock of a dark winter's night, we reached the railway platform at Stafford, to await there the arrival from Euston Station of the night-mail, whose loading and departure we have just described. At that lonely hour, excepting a scarlet-coated guard, who, watching over a pile of letter-bags just arrived from Birmingham by a branch-train, was also waiting for the down-mail, there were no other passengers on the platform; and save the unceasing pattering of the rain there appeared nothing to attract the attention but the glaring lamps of three or four servants of the Company. One with his lantern in his left hand was writing in a small memorandum-book placed on a desk before him. Two others with lights suspended round their necks were greasing the axles of some carriage whose form could not be distinguished, while the station-man on duty with his lamp in his hand was pacing up and down the boarded platform. At this

moment the signal-man had scarcely announced the approach of an up-train when there rapidly rushed by a very long, low, dark, solid mass protected by some sort of wet black-looking covering which here and there glistened as it rolled past the four lamps that were turned towards it; in short, it was a common luggage-train. The whole line of waggons, their various contents, as well as the powerful puffing engine that was dragging them through utter darkness, were all inanimate; and it was almost appalling to reflect that, in case of any accident to the drivers, the great train with two red eyes shining in front as well as in rear would proceed alone on its dark iron path—lifeless—senseless—reckless of human life—unconscious of the agonies it might cause or the mischief it might create. It was the work of man—and yet it was ignorant of his power, or even of his name. Devoid of reason or of instinct, it knew nothing—saw nothing—heard nothing—loved nothing—hated nothing—cared for nothing—had no pleasures—no pains—nothing to fear—nothing to hope for; it knew not whence it came,—it rushed forwards it knew not why,—to go it knew not where; it had substance, it had motion, it produced loud sounds, and yet it was as lonely and as destitute of life as the heavens and the earth when in chaos they were without form and void, and when darkness was upon the face of the deep! But these reflections were agreeably interrupted by the arrival of a down-train, swarming alive with passengers, whose busy feet were very shortly to be heard trampling in all directions along or across the platform. At the same time the conductor of the train was delivering over to the Post-office-guard, who had so patiently been awaiting their arrival, a quantity of leather bags of all sizes—white, brown, or black, according to their ages—and which remained in a large heap on the platform, until in about eight minutes the signal-bell announced first the approach and then the arrival of 'the down London mail.' As soon as this train, which we had been awaiting, stopped, the door of the Flying Post-office was opened, and the bags which had been lying on the platform were no sooner packed either into it or into its tender behind, than the engine-driver's whistle announcing the departure of the train, we without delay presented an order which we had obtained to travel in the post-office from Stafford to Crewe, and we were scarcely seated in a corner on some letter-bags to witness the operations of its inmates, when the train started and away we went!

*The flying Post-office.*—This office, which

every evening flies away from London to Glasgow, and wherein Government clerks are busily employed in receiving, delivering, and sorting letters all the way, is a narrow carpeted room, twenty-one feet in length by about seven in breadth, lighted by four large reflecting lamps inserted in the roof, and by another in a corner of the guard. Along about two-thirds of the length of this chamber there is affixed to the side wall a narrow table, or counter, covered with green cloth, beneath which various letter-bags are stowed away, and above which the space up to the roof is divided into six shelves fourteen feet in length, each containing thirty-five pigeon-holes of about the size of the little compartments in a dove-cote. At this table, and immediately fronting these pigeon-holes, there were standing as we flew along, three Post-office clerks intently occupied in snatching up from the green-cloth counter, and in dexterously inserting into the various pigeon-holes, a mass of letters which lay before them, and which, when exhausted, were instantly replaced from bags which the senior clerk cut open, and which the guard who had presented them then shook out for assortment. On the right of the chief clerk the remaining one-third of the carriage was filled nearly to the roof with letter-bags of all sorts and sizes, and which an able-bodied Post-office guard, dressed in his shirt-sleeves and laced waistcoat, was hauling at and adjusting according to their respective brass-labels. At this laborious occupation the clerks continue standing for about four hours and a half; that is to say, the first set sort letters from London to Tamworth, the second from Tamworth to Preston, the third from Preston to Carlisle, and the fourth letters from Carlisle to Glasgow. The clerks employed in this duty do not permanently reside at any of the above stations, but are usually removed from one to the other about every three months.

As we sat reclining and ruminating in the corner, the scene was as interesting as it was extraordinary. In consequence of the rapid rate at which we were travelling, the bags which were hanging from the thirty brass pegs on the sides of the office had a tremulous motion, which at every jerk of the train was changed for a moment or two into a slight rolling or pendulous movement, like towels, &c., hanging in a cabin at sea. While the guard's face, besides glistening with perspiration, was—from the labour of stooping and hauling at large letter-bags—as red as his scarlet coat which was hanging before the wall on a little peg, until at last his cheeks appeared as if they were shining



at the lamp immediately above them almost as ruddily as the lamp shone upon them—the three clerks were actively moving their right hands in all directions, working vertically with the same dexterity with which compositors in a printing-office horizontally restore their type into the various small compartments to which each letter belongs. Sometimes a clerk was seen to throw into various pigeon-holes a batch of mourning letters, all directed in the same handwriting, and evidently announcing some death; then one or two registered letters wrapped in green covers. For some time another clerk was solely employed in stuffing into bags newspapers for various destinations. Occasionally the guard, leaving his bags, was seen to poke his burly head out of a large window behind him into pitch darkness, enlivened by the occasional passage of bright sparks from the funnel-pipe of the engine, to ascertain by the flashing of the lamps as he passed them, the precise moment of the train clearing certain stations, in order that he might record it in his 'time-bill.' Then again a strong smell of burning sealing-wax announced that he was sealing up and stamping with the Post-office seal, bags three or four of which he then firmly strapped together for delivery. All of a sudden, the flying chamber received a sharp blow, which resounded exactly as if a cannon-shot had struck it. This noise, however, merely announced that a station-post we were at that moment passing, but which was already far behind us, had just been safely delivered of four letter-bags, which on putting our head out of the window we saw quietly lying in the far end of a large strong iron-bound sort of landing-net or cradle, which the guard a few minutes before had by a simple movement lowered on purpose to receive them. But not only had we received four bags, but at the same moment, and apparently by the same blow, we had, as we flew by, dropped at the same station three bags which a Post-office authority had been waiting there to receive. The blow that the pendant bag of letters, moving at the rate say of forty miles an hour, receives in being suddenly snatched away, must be rather greater than that which the flying one receives on being suddenly at that rate dropped on the road. Both operations, however, are effected by a projecting apparatus from the flying post-office coming suddenly into contact with that protruding from the post.

As fast as the clerks could fill the pigeon-holes before them, the letters were quickly taken therefrom, tied up into a bundle, and then by the guard deposited into the leather

bag to which they belonged. On very closely observing the clerks as they worked, we discovered that instead of sorting their letters into the pigeon-holes according to their superscriptions, they placed them into compartments of their own arrangement, and which were only correctly labelled in their own minds; but as every clerk is held answerable for the accuracy of his assortment, he is very properly allowed to execute it in whatever way may be most convenient to his mind or hand.

Besides lame writing and awkward spelling, it was curious to observe what a quantity of irrelevant nonsense is superscribed upon many letters, as if the writer's object was purposely to conceal from the sorting clerk the only fact he ever cares to ascertain, namely, *the post town*. Their patience and intelligence, however, are really beyond all praise; and although sometimes they stand for eight or ten seconds holding a letter close to their lamp, turning sometimes their head and then it, yet it rarely happens that they fail to decipher it. In opening one bag, a lady's pasteboard work-box appeared all in shivers. It had been packed in the thinnest description of whitey-brown paper. The clerk spent nearly two minutes in searching among the fragments for the direction, which he at last discovered in very pale ink, written apparently through a microscope with the point of a needle. The letters sorted in the flying post-office are, excepting a few 'late letters,' principally cross-post letters, which, although packed into one bag, are for various localities. For instance, at Stafford, the mail takes up a bag made up for Birmingham, Wolverhampton and intermediate places, the letters for which, being intermixed, are sorted by the way, and left at the several stations.

The bags have also to be stowed away in compartments according to their respective destinations. One lot for Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin; one for Chester; a bundle of bags for Newcastle-under-Lyne, Market-Drayton, Eccleshall, Stone, Crewe, Rhuabon; a quantity of empty bags to be filled coming back; a lot for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Carlisle; and one great open bag contained all the letter-bags for Dublin taken upon the road.

The minute arrangements necessary for the transaction of all this important business at midnight, while the train is flying through the dark, it would be quite impossible to describe. The occupation is not only highly confidential, but it requires unceasing attention, exhausting to body and mind. Some time ago, while the three clerks, with their right elbows moving in all directions, were



vigorously engaged in sorting their letters, and while the guard, with the light of his lamp shining on the gilt buttons and gold lace which emblazoned the pockets of his waistcoat, was busily sealing a letter-bag, a collision took place, which, besides killing four men, at the same moment chucked the sorting clerks from their pigeon-holes to the letter-bags in the guard's compartment. In due time the chief clerk recovered from the shock; but what had happened—why he was lying on the letter-bags—why nobody was sorting—until he recovered from his stupor he could not imagine!

CREWE.—We have now reached the most important station on the London and North-Western Railway; indeed the works here are on a scale which strikingly exemplifies the magnitude of the arrangements necessary for the maintenance of an arterial railway.

The Company's workshops at Crewe consist of a Locomotive and of a Coach department. In the manufactories of the former are constructed as well as repaired the whole of the engines and tenders required for the Northern Division, namely, from Birmingham to Liverpool; Rugby to Stafford; Crewe to Holyhead; Liverpool to Manchester; Liverpool, Manchester, and Warrington to Preston; Preston to Carlisle. The total number of miles is at present 360, but the distance of course increases with the completion of every new branch line. In this division there are 220 engines and tenders (each averaging in value nearly £2000), of which at least 100 are at work every day. Besides repairing all these, the establishment has turned out a new engine and tender on every Monday morning since the 1st of January, 1848. The number of workmen employed in the above department is 1600, their wages averaging £3800 a fortnight. The accounts of these expenses, as also a book of 'casualties,' in which every accident to, as well as every delay of, a train is reported, are examined once a fortnight by a special committee of directors.

Without attempting to detail the various establishments, we will briefly describe a few of their most interesting features.

Close to the entrance of the Locomotive Department stands as its *primum mobile* the tall chimney of a steam-pump, which, besides supplying the engine that propels the machinery of the workshops, gives an abundance of water to the locomotives at the station, as also to the new railway town of Crewe, containing at present about 8000 inhabitants. This pump lifts about eighty or ninety thousand gallons of water per day from a brook below into filtering beds, whence it is again raised about forty feet

into a large cistern, where it is a second time filtered through charcoal for the supply of the town. On entering the great gate of the department, the office of which is up a small staircase on the left hand, the first object of attention is the great engine-stable into which the hot dusty locomotives are conducted after their journeys to be cleaned, examined, repaired, or if sound to be greased and otherwise prepared for their departure; the last operation being to get up their steam, which is here effected by coal, instead of coke, in about two hours. After passing through a workshop containing thirty-four planing and slotting machines in busy but almost silent operation, we entered a smith's shop, 260 feet long, containing forty forges all at work. At several of the anvils there were three and sometimes four strikers, and the quantity of sparks that more or less were exploding from each, the number of sledge-hammers revolving in the air, with the sinewy frames, bare throats, and arms of the fine pale men who wielded them, formed altogether a scene well worthy of a few moments' contemplation. As the heavy work of the department is principally executed in this shop, in which iron is first enlisted and then rather roughly drilled into the service of the Company, it might be conceived that the music of the forty anvils at work would altogether be rather noisy in concert. The grave itself, however, could scarcely be more silent than this workshop, in comparison with the one that adjoins it, in which the boilers of the locomotives are constructed. As for asking questions of or receiving explanations from the guide, who with motionless lips conducts the stranger through this chamber, such an effort would be utterly hopeless, for the deafening noise proceeding from the riveting of the bolts and plates of so many boilers is distracting beyond description. We almost fancied that the workmen must be aware of this effect upon a stranger, and that on seeing us enter they therefore welcomed our visit by a charivari sufficient to awaken the dead. As we hurried through the din we could not, however, help pausing for a moment before a boiler of copper inside and iron outside, within which there sat crouched up—like a negro between the decks of a slave-ship—an intelligent-looking workman holding with both hands a hammer against a bolt, on the upper end of which, within a few inches of his ears, two lusty comrades on the outside were hammering with surprising strength and quickness. The noise which reverberated within this boiler, in addition to that which was resounding without, formed altogether a dose which it is astonishing

the tympanum of the human ear can receive uninjured; at all events we could not help thinking that if there should happen to exist on earth any man ungallant enough to complain of the occasional admonition of a female tongue, if he will only go by rail to Crewe, and sit in that boiler for half an hour, he will most surely never again complain of that 'cricket on his hearth'—the whispering curtain lectures of his *dulce domum*. The adjoining shop contains a brass and also an iron foundry, in which were at work seven brass moulders and five iron moulders. In the corner of this room we stood for a few moments looking over the head and shoulders of a fine little boy who was practically exemplifying the properties of the most wonderful of the mineral productions of nature,—the loadstone. Among the mass brought into this workshop to be recast are occasionally a quantity of brass shavings and other sweepings, among which there is a small proportion of iron filings, &c. The little boy's occupation consisted in constantly stirring up the mass or mess before him with a magnet, which, as often as it came out bristling with resplendent particles of iron of various sizes, he swept clean, and then continued his work until the investigator came out of the heap as clear of iron as it went in. Close to this shop is one in which the models and patterns of the castings are constructed. From a spacious open yard covered with stacks of old scrap-iron, much of which was of the size of common buttons, a door opens into a large shop containing twelve forges solely used for the construction of engine-wheels, which are forced on as well as off their axles by an ingenious machine of extraordinary power. Adjoining the open yard we saw in operation Nasmyth's great steam-hammer, on the summit of which there sat perched up a man who could regulate its blow from say twenty-five tons to a little tap sufficient only to drive a common-sized nail. As soon as the furnace-door on one side of this hammer was opened, a large lump of scrap-iron at a white heat was lifted and then conducted by a crane on to the anvil beneath. At the same moment from an opposite furnace a long iron bar, heated only at one extremity, was by a gentle blow of the hammer no sooner welded to the mass than the head smith, using it as a handle, turned and re-turned the lump on the anvil so as to enable the steam-hammer to weld its contents into proper form. Of course there has been selected for this extremely heavy work the strongest man that could be obtained. He is about the height and bulk of the celebrated Italian

singer Signor Lablache, with apparently the strength of Hercules, or rather of Vulcan himself—and certainly nothing could be a finer display of muscular power than the various attitudes which this heavy man assumed, as, regardless of the sparks which flew at him, or of the white heat of the lump of iron he was forging, he turned it on one side and then on the other, until at a given signal a small smith in attendance placed a sort of heavy chisel on the iron handle, which by a single blow of the hammer was at once severed from it, in order that it might be piled away and another mass lifted from the fiery furnace to the anvil.

Close to this Cyclopean scene there is a shop solely for turning wheels and axles, which, brought here rough from the smiths' forges we have described, never leave this place until they are ready to go under the engine for which they have been made.

After passing through a grinding shop and a copper-smith's shop, which we must leave without comment, we entered a most important and interesting workshop, 330 feet in length by 60 feet in breadth, termed 'the fitting-shop,' because the work brought here in various states is all finally finished and fitted for its object. Besides 11 planing-machines, 26 shaping and slotting machines, and 30 turning lathes, all working by steam-power, we observed, running nearly the whole length of the building, five sets of tables, at which were busily employed in filing, rasping, hammering, &c., eight rows of 'vice-men,' so called because they work at vices. The whole of the artificers in this room are of the best description, and the importance of their duties cannot perhaps be more briefly illustrated than by the simple fact that, besides all the requisite repairs of 200 locomotive engines, they were employed in finishing the innumerable details of 30 new ones in progress. Some were solely engaged in converting bolts into screws; some in fitting nuts; some in constructing brass whistles: in short, in this division of labour almost every 'vice-man' was employed in finishing some limb, joint, or other component part of a locomotive engine destined to draw trains either of goods or passengers.

After visiting a large storeroom, in which all things appertaining to engines, sorted and piled in innumerable compartments, are guarded by a storekeeper, who registers in a book each item that he receives and delivers, we will now introduce our readers to the climax of the establishment, commonly called 'the Erecting-shop.' Hitherto we have been occupied in following in tedious detail from the foundry to the forge, and

from the anvil to the vice, the various items, such as plates, rivets, bolts, nuts, rings, stays, tubes, ferrules, steam-pipes, exhausting-pipes, chimney-pipes, safety-valves, life-guards, axle-boxes, pistons, cylinders, connecting-rods, splashers, leading and trailing wheels, &c., amounting in number to 5416 pieces, of which a locomotive engine is composed. We have at last, however, reached that portion of the establishment in which all those joints, limbs, and boilers which have been separately forged, shaped, and finished in different localities are assembled together for the consummation of the especial object for which, with so much labour and at so great an expense, they have been prepared: indeed nothing, we believe, can be more true than Mr. Robert Stephenson's well-known maxim—'*A locomotive engine must be put together as carefully as a watch.*'

The Erecting-shop at Crewe is a room 300 feet long by 100 feet broad, containing five sets of rails, upon three of which are erected the new engines and tenders—the other two being usually occupied by those under heavy repair. The number of artificers we found employed was 220. In this magnificent building we saw in progress of erection 20 passenger-engines, also 10 luggage-engines; and as this shop has (as we have before stated) turned out a locomotive engine and tender complete on every Monday morning for nearly a year, and is continuing to supply them at the same rate, we had before us in review locomotive engines in almost every stage of progress; and when we reflected on the innumerable benefits, and even blessings, which resulted to mankind from their power, it was most pleasing to be enabled at one view to see—as it were in rehearsal behind the scenes—performers who were so shortly to appear upon the stage of life.

At the further end of the line of rails close to the north wall there appeared a long low tortuous mass of black iron-work, without superstructure or wheels, in which the form of an engine-bed in embryo could but very faintly be traced; a little nearer was a similar mass, in which the outline appeared, from some cause or other, to be more distinctly marked; nearer still the same outline appeared upon wheels; to the next there had been added a boiler and fire-box, without dome, steam-escape, or funnel-pipe; nearer still the locomotive-engine in its naked state appeared, in point of form, complete:—and workmen were here busily engaged in covering the boiler with a garment about half an inch thick of hair-felt, upon which others were affixing a covering

of inch deal-plank, over which was to be tightly bound a tarpaulin, the whole to be secured by iron hoops. In the next case the dome of the engine was undergoing a similar toilette, excepting that, instead of a wooden upper garment, it was receiving one of copper. Lastly—(it was on a Saturday that we chanced to visit the establishment)—there stood at the head of this list of recruits a splendid bran-new locomotive engine, completely finished, painted bright-green—the varnish was scarcely dry—and in every respect perfectly ready to be delivered over on Monday morning to run its gigantic course. On other rails within the building were tenders in similar states of progress: and, as the eye rapidly glanced down these iron rails, the finished engine and tender immediately before it seemed gradually and almost imperceptibly to dissolve, in proportion to its distance, until nothing was left of each but an indistinct and almost unintelligible dreamy vision of black iron-work. On one of the furthest rails, among a number of engines that were undergoing serious operations, we observed '*The Colonel*,' which, by going off the rails at Newton Bridge, caused the death of General Baird.

*Coach Department.*—As our readers will no doubt feel some little selfish interest in the construction of the railway-carriages in which they travel, we shall conclude our rapid survey of the Company's workshops at Crewe by a short inspection of the coach establishment. This department constructs and maintains for the traffic on 393 miles of rails all the requisite passenger-carriages, luggage-vans, travelling post-offices and tenders, parcel-vans and parcel-carts, milk-trucks (principally to supply Liverpool), and break-waggons.

At the Company's 'Waggon Department' at Manchester—which is about to be transferred to Liverpool—are constructed and maintained all the requisite goods-waggons, horse-boxes, coke waggons, carriage-trucks, for private carriages, cattle-waggons, and timber-trucks.

The total number of carriages of all descriptions maintained at Crewe amounts to 670, of which about 100 at a time are usually in hospital. There are generally from 30 to 40 new carriages in progress: the number of workmen employed was 260. The establishment is divided into one set of workshops for the construction, and another for the repair of carriages.

1. In a large shop, 300 feet in length, warmed by steam, at night lighted by gas, and by day from lofty windows on each side, there is throughout the whole length

of the building a wooden pavement containing eight sets of rails, upon which we beheld, like hackney-coaches on their stands, a variety of carriages in various stages of construction and of alteration, each surrounded by several intelligent artificers, who, instead of throwing away their time in dancing round a tree of liberty, to the tune, or, as it is poetically termed by M. Lamartine, 'the dogma' of liberty, fraternity, and *equality*, were sedulously occupied in framing different sorts of carriages to suit the various gradations of human society. For instance, one set, with beautiful colours, were painting the outside of a 'first class;' while their comrades within were padding it, and petting it, and stuffing it, as if its object were to fit every bend and hollow in the human frame. Another set were strongly varnishing the wooden oak-painted interior of a 'second class,' whose exterior had evidently received considerable attention; while another gang were 'finishing off' a covered 'third class,' whose inside certainly appeared not only very hard, but what month-nurses term 'terribly troubled with wind.'

In another quarter, a set of workmen were economically converting an old first-class into a second-class—the transmutation being effected by taking out the lining, and then converting large, fashionable, oval windows into little vulgar square ones. But though comfort, like cheese, bacon, or any other description of merchandize, was thus doled out to each class of passengers according to the amount of it which they may desire to purchase, the materials of all the carriages appeared to be of good sound quality. The panels of first, second, and third-class carriages, as well as those even of luggage-vans, are invariably made of mahogany; 'the bottom sides' of English oak; the rest of the framing of ash. The break-blocks are made of willow, and usually last about ten weeks' work. Adjoining this congregation of carriages is a smith's shop, containing twenty-eight forges and a tire-oven; above which we found a large store-room filled with lace-trimming, horse-hair, superfine cloth, varnished oil-cloth, nails, rugs, and, among a variety of other requirements, plate-glass for windows. We observe that those for the front glasses of coupés—in order to enable them to resist the occasional pelting of hot cinders from the engine—were half an inch thick! There was also, in an adjoining store, a collection of old cushions, mercilessly indented and worn out by some description of dull heavy pressure.

## 2. The hospital of the Coach Department

at Crewe is an enormous shed, 600 feet long by 180 broad. It is capable of holding 90 carriages, with ample room for working around them, but only 80 were under repair. Among them we observed several flying post-offices and tenders bearing the Royal arms. Adjoining is a large smith's shop, also a spacious yard containing a heavy stock of timber piled under sheds, with an office for recording the daily amount received and delivered. On entering '*the Grease House*,' which, contrary to expectation, we found to be as clean as a dairy, we perceived, standing against the walls, three huge casks of Russia tallow, a quantity of yellow palm-oil, several boxes of soda, and a water-cock. On the opposite side there was a small steam-boiler for heating two open cauldrons and two wooden cooling-vats. This apparatus is constructed for the fabrication of that yellow mixture which our readers have seen bestowed so generously to the axles of the carriages of every train. We had often in vain endeavoured to ascertain its composition, which, from the grease-master, the highest possible authority on the subject, we at last discovered to be as follows:—

200 lbs. of Russia tallow. 20 lbs. of soda.

70 lbs. of palm-oil. 50 gals. of water.

Besides heating the two cauldrons we have mentioned, large iron pipes pass from the steam-boiler to the immediate vicinity of two casks, each containing one ton of sperm-oil, which is thus kept constantly fluid, instead of crystallizing, as it is prone to do, during cold weather.

*A Railway Town.*—Having now concluded our rough sketch of the workshops of the locomotive and coach departments at Crewe,—in both of which the Company's artificers and workmen toil both winter and summer from six in the morning till half-past five in the evening, excepting on Saturdays, when they leave off at four,—our readers will, we hope, feel sufficiently interested in their welfare to inquire, as we anxiously did, a little into their domestic history and comforts. About a hundred yards from the two establishments we have just left there stands a plain neat building, erected by the Company, containing baths, hot, cold, and shower, for the workmen, as well as for their wives and daughters, the hours allotted for each sex being stated on a board, which bluntly enough explains that the women may wash while the men are working, and *vice versa*. For this wholesome luxury the charge for each person is 1½d.; and although we do not just at present recollect the exact price of yellow soap per bar, of sharp white sand per bushel, of stout dowlas-

towelling per yard, or the cost of warming a few hundred gallons of water, yet, as we stood gazing into one of these baths, we could not help thinking that, if that Hercules who works the steam-hammer can, on Saturday night after his week's toil, be scrubbed perfectly clean and white for three half-pence, he can have no great reason to complain, for surely, except by machinery, the operation could scarcely be effected much cheaper! To a medical man the Company gives a house and a surgery, in addition to which he receives from every unmarried workmen 1*d.* per week; if married, but with no family, 1½*d.* per week; if married, and with a family, 2*d.* per week; for which he undertakes to give attendance and medicine to whatever men, women, children, or babies of the establishment may require them. A clergyman, with an adequate salary from the Company, superintends three large day-schools for about 300 boys, girls, and infants. There is also a library and mechanics' institute, supported by a subscription of about 10*s.* a-year, at which a number of very respectable artificers, whose education when young was neglected, attend at night to learn, *ab initio*, reading, writing, and arithmetic. There is likewise a vocal and instrumental class, attended by a number of workmen, with their wives and daughters.

The town of Crewe contains 514 houses, one church, three schools, and one town-hall, all belonging to the Company; and as the birth, growth, and progress of a railway town is of novel interest, our readers will, we think, be anxious to learn at what speed our railway stations are now turning into towns, just as many of our ancient post-houses formerly grew into post-towns. Although the new houses at Crewe were originally built solely for railway servants, yet it was soon found necessary to construct a considerable number for the many shopkeepers and others who were desirous to join the new settlement, and accordingly, of the present population of 8000, about one-half are strangers. Not only are the streets, which are well lighted by gas, much broader than those of Wolverton, but the houses are, generally speaking, of a superior description, and, although all are new, yet it is curious to observe how insiduously old customs, old fashions, old wants, and even old luxuries, have become domiciled. Many of the shops have large windows, which eagerly attempt to look like plate-glass. In the shoemakers' shops, contrasted with thick railway boots and broad railway shoes, there hang narrow-soled Wellingtons and Bluchers as usual scarcely half the gauge or breadth

of the human foot. The Company's workmen began by having a cheap stout dancing-master of their own; but the aristocracy of Crewe very naturally requiring higher kicks, we found a superior and more elegant artist giving lessons in the town-hall—a splendid room capable of containing 1000 persons.

It would of course be quite irregular for 8000 persons to live together without the luxury of being enabled occasionally to bite and tickle each other with the sharp teeth and talons of the law, and accordingly we observed, appropriately inscribed in large letters on the door of a very respectable-looking house,

GRIFFIN, ATTORNEY.

Mankind are so prone to draw distinctions where no real differences exist, that among our readers there are probably many who conceive that although they themselves are fully competent to enjoy Fanny Kemble's readings from Shakspeare, such a mental luxury would be altogether out of character at *New Crewe*! In short, that shops full of smiths and other varieties of workmen (particularly him of the steam-hammer, and most especially the artificer we saw squatted in the boiler), although all exceedingly useful in their ways, could not possibly appreciate the delicate intonations of voice, or the poetical beauties to which we have alluded. Now, without the smallest desire to oppose this theory, we will simply state, that while, during the men's dinner-hour, we were strolling through the streets of Crewe, we observed on the walls of a temporary theatre, surrounded by a crowd of gaping mouths and eager unwashed faces, a very large placard, of which the following is a copy:—

**BY PARTICULAR DESIRE.**

MR. JONES WILL REPEAT

The Scene from *Macbeth* and *Cato's Soliloquy*:

LIKEWISE

Imitations of Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Mr. Cooper.

The town and shops of Crewe are well lighted by gas from the Company's works, which create about 30,000 cubic feet per day—the foot-paths of the streets being of asphalt, composed of the Company's coal-tar mixed up with gravel and ashes from the workshops. The town is governed by a council of fifteen members, two-thirds of whom are

nominated by the workmen and inhabitants, and one-third by the directors. Their regulations are all duly promulgated 'by order of the council.'

Although our limits do not allow us to enter into many statistical details, we may mention that the number of persons employed on account of the London and North-Western Railway Company, including those occupied in the collection and delivery of goods, is as follows:—

2	Secretaries.
1	Manager.
2	Superintendents.
966	Clerks.
3054	Porters.
701	Police-constables.
738	Engines and Firemen.
3347	Artificers.
1452	Labourers.

Total number 10,263

The number of horses employed is . 612  
Ditto vans, &c. . . . . 253

*Moral.*—The few sketches which we have now concluded, small and trivial as they may appear in detail, form altogether a mass of circumstantial evidence demonstrating the vast difficulty as well as the magnitude of the arrangements necessary for the practical working of great railways; and yet we regret to add, in their general management there exist moral and political difficulties more perplexing than those which Science has overcome, or which order has arranged. We allude to a variety of interests, falsely supposed to be conflicting, which it is our desire to conciliate, and from which we shall endeavour to derive an honest moral.

When the present system of railway travelling was about to be introduced into Europe, it of course became necessary for Parliament and for His Majesty's Government seriously to consider and eventually to determine whether these great national thoroughfares should be scientifically formed, regulated and directed by the State, under a Board competently organized for the purpose, or whether the conveyance of the public should be committed to the inexperienced and self-interested management of an infinite number of Joint-stock Companies. Without referring to by-gone arguments in favour of each of these two systems, and, above all, without offering a word against the decision of Parliament on the subject, we have simply to state that the joint-stock system was adopted, and that accordingly capitalists and speculators of all descriptions—men of sub-

stance and men of straw—were authorized at their own cost to create and govern the iron thoroughfares of the greatest commercial country in the world. The first result was what might naturally have been expected, for no sooner was it ascertained that a railway connecting, or as it may be more properly termed, tapping immense masses of population, such for instance, as are contained in London, Bristol, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., was productive of profit, than just as when one lucky man finds a rich lode, hundreds of ignorant, foolish people immediately embark, or, as it is too truly termed, *sink* their capital in '*mining*;' so it was generally believed that any '*railway*'—whether it connected cities or villages it mattered not a straw—would be equally productive.

The competition thus first irrationally and then insanely created was productive of good and evil. The undertakings were commenced with great vigor. On the other hand, as engineering talent cannot all of a sudden be produced as easily as capital, many important works were constructed under very imperfect superintendence; and as iron, timber, and every article necessary for the construction of a railway simultaneously rose in value, the result was that the expense of these new thoroughfares, which by the exaction of fares proportionate to their outlay must, it is said, eventually be paid for by the public, very greatly exceeded what, under a calm, well-regulated system, would have been their cost. Nevertheless, in spite of all difficulties and expenses, foreseen as well as unforeseen, our great arterial railways were very rapidly constructed.

Their managers, however, had scarcely concluded their '*song of triumph*,' when they found themselves seriously embarrassed by a demand on the part of the public for what had been rather indefinitely termed '*cheap travelling*;' and as this question involves most serious considerations, we will offer a very few observations on it.

There can be no doubt that inasmuch as it is the duty of Parliament to legislate for the interests of the public, so it is the duty of Her Majesty's Government to exercise their influence in legitimately obtaining for the community *cheap* travelling. But although money is valuable to every man, his life is infinitely more precious; and therefore without stopping to inquire whether by cheap travelling is meant travelling for nothing, for fares unremunerative, or for fares only slightly remunerative to the Company, we submit as a mere point of precedence, that the *first* object of the legislature ought to obtain is, that every possible

precaution shall be taken to ensure for the public *SAFE* travelling.

Now, casting aside all petty or local interests, we calmly ask in what manner and by what means would Her Majesty's Government ensure for the public safe travelling, supposing our railways were the sole property of the State?

The answer is not only evident, but, we submit, undeniable.

The way, under Providence, to protect the public from avoidable accidents on railways is, utterly regardless of expense, to construct the rails, sleepers, locomotive-engines, and carriages of the very best materials, carefully put together by the best workmen; and then to intrust the maintenance of the line to engineers and other men of science of the highest attainments, assisted by a corps of able-bodied guards, pointsmen, and policemen, all sober, vigilant, active, intelligent, and honest.

Now it is highly satisfactory to reflect that every one of the above costly precautions, as well as all others of a similar nature which a paternal government could reasonably desire to enforce, are as conducive to the real interests of the proprietors of a railway as they are to the safety of those who travel on it; for even supposing that the Directors take no pride in maintaining the character of the national thoroughfare committed to their charge—that, reckless of human life, they care for nothing but their own pockets—a railway accident summarily inflicts upon their purses the same description of punishment instantaneously awarded to a man who carelessly runs his head against a post. For instance, only a few weeks ago a ballast-train on the London and North-Western Railway having stopped for a moment, a goods-train behind it ran into it. No one was hurt excepting the Company—who suffered a loss of 4000*l.* by the collision. Independent, therefore, of the heavy damages readily awarded by juries to any one hurt by a railway accident, the injuries self-inflicted by the Company on their own costly engines, carriages, &c., are most serious in amount, to say nothing of the almost incalculable embarrassment they may create; indeed, taking into fair consideration the costly results which have occurred to our railway companies by the dislocation of a bolt, the unscrewing of a little nut, or from a variety of other causes equally trifling, it may, we believe, be truly said that the punishments which railway companies have received from accidents have, generally speaking, exceeded rather than fallen short of their offences; and thus every intelligent

board of directors is aware that safety in travelling is more emphatically for the interest of railway proprietors than any other consideration whatever; in short, that there is nothing more expensive to a railway Company than an accident.

It being evident, therefore, that it is as much for the interests of railway proprietors as of railway travellers that every possible precaution should be taken by the Company to prevent accidents, we have now to observe that to attain all the necessary securities there is but one thing needful—namely, *MONEY*. With it Her Majesty's Government might conscientiously undertake the serious responsibility of prescribing all that Science could administer for the safety of the public. Without money, what government or what individual who had any character to lose could for a moment undertake that which his judgment would clearly admonish him to be utterly impracticable? Now, if this reasoning be correct, the managers of our arterial railways were certainly justified in expecting that, if the Government required them to take every possible precaution to ensure *safe* travelling, they would, as a matter of course, assist them in obtaining the same means which they themselves would require had they to effect the same object—namely, *MONEY*. But instead of endeavouring to obtain for railway companies these means—or rather, instead of enabling them to retain the means which under their respective Acts of Parliament they already legally possessed of purchasing security for the public, Parliament in compliance with a popular outcry for *cheap* travelling, deemed it advisable to require from railways a reduction of the tolls necessary to ensure *SAFE* travelling. To any one who will carefully observe the practical working of a railway, it is not only alarming, but appalling, to reflect on the accidents which sooner or later *must* befall the public if the master-mind which directs the whole concern, but which cannot possibly illuminate the darkness of every one of its details, were suddenly to be deprived of the talisman by which alone he can govern a lineal territory four or five hundred miles in length—namely, an abundant supply of *MONEY*. Parliament may thunder—Government may threaten—juries may punish—the public may rave; but if the fustian-clad workmen who put together the 5416 pieces of which a locomotive engine is composed are insufficiently paid—if the wages of the pointsmen, enginemen, and police be reduced to that of common labourers—if cheap materials are connected together by scamped workmanship—the black eyes, bloody noses, fractured limbs,



mangled corpses of the public, will emphatically proclaim, as clearly as the hopper of a mill, the emptiness of the exchequer. So long as the manager of a railway has ample funds he ought to be prepared, regardless of expense, to repair with the utmost possible despatch the falling-in of a tunnel or any other serious accident to the works—in short, the whole powers of his mind should be directed to the paramount interests of the public, which, in fact, are identical with those of the Company. But if he has no funds—or, what is infinitely more alarming, in case from want of funds the impoverished proprietors of the railway shall have angrily elected in his stead the representative of an ignorant, ruinous, and narrow-minded policy—how loudly would the public complain—how severely would our commercial interests suffer, if, on the occurrence to the works of any of the serious accidents to which we have alluded, the new Ruler were to be afraid even to commence any repairs until he should have been duly authorised by his newly-elected economical colleagues to haggle and extract from a number of contractors the cheapest tender!

But we fear it would not be difficult to show that, in reducing the established rates of our great railways before their works were completed, Parliament has unintentionally legislated upon erroneous principles. For instance, we have already explained that the profit of a railway depends upon the amount of the population and goods which flow upon it from the towns it taps. If, therefore, the traffic on an arterial line be but moderately remunerative, it must be evident that a branch line must be an unprofitable concern—unless, indeed, the company be authorised to levy upon it *higher* tolls than are sufficient on the trunk line. When, therefore, in the rapid development of our great national railway system it was found necessary for the accommodation of a fraction of the public to apply to Parliament for powers to make these unremunerating branch lines, the companies were certainly in theory entitled to expect the extra assistance we have explained;—instead of which they were practically informed that, unless they would consent to *lower* their tolls altogether, they would not be allowed to develop their system by the construction of any branch line; which is as if a tenant were to say to his landlord—‘If you incur the expense of making convenient bye-roads to my farm to enable me with facility to take my crops to market, *you must lower my rent.*’

As it is undeniable that exorbitant rates, besides being inconvenient to the public, are

highly injurious to the real interests of railway proprietors—indeed we have shown how enormously the traffic of the country has been increased by low charges—we are fully disposed, not only most strongly to recommend, but as far as it may be legal to enforce, that salutary principle; but the insuperable difficulty of *at present* adjusting the proper tolls to be levied on the public is, that no arterial railway in Great Britain can either declare in figures, or even verbally explain, the real state of its ultimate expenditure and receipts, for the sole reason, namely, that the enterprise is not yet worked out, and that no man breathing can foretell what are to be its limits.

What has become, we ask, of the *old* London and Birmingham Railway (born only in 1836)—of the Grand Junction Railway—of the Manchester and Birmingham—the Liverpool and Manchester Railways—and of a score of others we could name? What has become of the civil, or rather uncivil war which all these Companies waged against each other; as well as against Messrs. Pickford, the most powerful carriers in the world? They have all lost the independence they respectively occupied, and, like the ingredients cast by Macbeth’s witches ‘i’ th’ charmed pot,’ they have ‘boiled,’ or, as it is now-a-days termed, amalgamated, into one great stock; and while this long continuous arterial line has been drawing from the public for goods and passenger traffic considerable receipts, it has been, and at various localities still is, draining its own life-blood by the forced construction of a number of sucking branch-lines, which, as far as we can see, are not likely ever to be remunerative.

For some time railway companies deemed it their interest to compete against each other, but this ruinous system was gradually abandoned and is now reversed. The two lines from London to Peterborough, after competing for several months, now divide their profits. The two lines to Edinburgh will probably ere long do the same. But besides this transmutation of competition into combination, public notice was lately given that three of the large arterial lines, namely, the Great Western, the South-Western, and the London and North-Western, were meditating an amalgamation of their respective stocks into one vast concern. On this important project, which for the present has been abandoned, we will offer a very few observations.

We believe it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, that the working details of a railway are invariably well executed in proportion to their magnitude:



—that, for instance, in the management of the London and North-Western Railway the arrival and departure of trains are better regulated at their large stations than at their small ;—that their great manufactories are better and more economically conducted than their little ones ;—that the arrangements of Messrs. Pickford and of Messrs. Chaplin and Horne are better at Camden Town than at the small out-lying stations ;—in short, we most distinctly observe that wherever there was an enormous amount of important business to be transacted, *there* were invariably to be found assembled superior talents, superior workmen, superior materials ; and that, on the other hand, at small and secluded localities, where little work was performed, inferior men, inferior waggons, horses, &c., were employed.

In the old system of travelling it was safer to drive along a lonely road than through crowded streets ; old horses as well as old drivers were deemed safer than young ones ; in fact the more the traveller was impeded, the less dangerous was his journey. But on our railways, when once a man has tied himself to the tail of a locomotive engine, it matters but little, especially in a fog, whether he flies at the pace of fifty miles an hour, or whether he crawls, as it is now termed, at the rate only of twenty ; for, in either case, if there be anything faulty in the works, machinery, or management, accidents may occur to him which it is fearful to contemplate. Considering, therefore, that not only the ability necessary for the general management of a railway, but the intelligence and vigilance requisite at every station and on every portion of the line are found practically to increase according to the demand, and *vice versa*, it is evident that nothing would prove more fatal to the public as well as ruinous to proprietors than to split an efficient remunerating great railway into two or more inefficient and unremunerating small ones. A little railway, like ‘a little war,’ is murderous to those engaged in it,—ruinous to those who pay for it ; and we are therefore of opinion that it is for the interest of the public, not only that traffic should be concentrated as much as possible on large lines, rich enough to purchase management, engineering, servants, and materials of the very best description, but that these great lines by uniting together should voluntarily force themselves to exchange all paltry considerations, mean exactions, and petty projects for those great principles which alone should guide the administration of a *national system* of railways. There can be no doubt

that any description of monopoly is abstractedly an evil, but if it be equally true that every inch of railway throughout the country represents an integral portion of a vast legally constituted monopolizing system, the practical question to consider is, not whether monopoly is an evil, but whether, of two evils, it would be more or less convenient for Parliament and the public to deal with *one* monopoly than with *many* ;—whether, for instance, it would be more or less easy for Government in recommending alterations of fares, &c., to correspond solely with the directors of the London and North-Western Railway than to communicate *seriatim* with the boards of the several companies to whom the present line originally belonged, each of which might possibly, in opposition to each other, be pursuing a different course of policy.

As the new system has created an enormous increase of traffic, so it has also, *pari passu*, developed talent proportionate to the extraordinary demand for it ; and, therefore, whatever may be the imaginary dangers from a concentrated administration of our railways, we feel confident that the public have much greater reason to apprehend the inconveniences, to say the least, that must inevitably result to them from those sudden unreasonable changes of management, or rather of *mismanagement*, which are sure periodically to take place so long as every separate railway monopoly arbitrarily pursues not only its own system, but that which its restless shareholders from time to time may think proper to ordain. At all events, until the best plan of managing our great railways shall have been finally ascertained, and most especially until the unknown liabilities, expenses, and receipts attendant upon the establishment over the surface of our country of a series of iron highways shall have been accurately developed, it must be utterly impossible for any practical man to decide to what extent, if any, the Parliamentary tolls originally levied on the public ought in equity to have been reduced.

The great truth, however, sooner or later must appear ; and as the hurricane, however violently it may blow, in due time is invariably succeeded by a breathless calm ;—as the ocean waves, although mountain high, shortly subside ;—as the darkest night in a few hours turns into bright daylight ;—so must the present mystified prospects of our great railways inevitably ere long become clear and transparent as those of any other mercantile firm ; and when this moment shall have arrived, we believe a very short time will elapse before Parliament,

the amalgamated Railway Boards, and the public, will come to a creditable and amicable adjustment; for while, on the one hand, it can never be the interest of the public to prefer *cheap* to *SAFE* travelling, so it can never be the serious and fixed purpose of any body of men competent to direct the affairs of our arterial railways to exact from the public an exorbitant dividend which must inevitably create condign punishment; for so sure as water finds its own level will British capital always be forthcoming to lower by legitimate competition anything like a continued usurious exaction from the public. But a moment's consideration of the following facts will show that as regards railway tolls the public have as yet no very great reason to complain.

In Herepath's Railway Journal of the 30th of September last, it appears that the capital expended on railways now open for traffic, amounting to 148,400,000*l.*, gives a profit of 1.81 per cent. for the half-year, or 3*l.* 12*s.* 4½*d.* per cent. per annum. Deducting the non-paying dividend lines, the dividend on the remainder amounts to 2.09 per cent. for the half-year, or 4*l.* 3*s.* 7½*d.* per cent. per annum.

After ten years' competition with railways the dividends received by the Canal Companies between London and Manchester were in 1846 as follows:—

	Per Cent.
Grand Junction Canal . . . . .	6
Oxford . . . . .	26
Coventry . . . . .	25
Old Birmingham . . . . .	16
Trent and Mersey . . . . .	30
Duke of Bridgewater's (private property) say	30

The dividends received by the Grand Junction Canal for the last forty years have averaged 9*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* per cent. per annum.

Great as have been and still are the advantages to the country of our inland navigation, it cannot be denied that the creation of railways was a more hazardous undertaking than the construction of canals. Without, however, offering any opinion as to the relative profits which it has been the fortune of the proprietors of each of these valuable undertakings to divide, we merely repeat that, considering the unknown difficulties which for sometime must continue to obscure the future prospects of our railways, it is neither for their interest nor that of the public that the managers of these great national works should in the meanwhile be cramped by want of means in the development of the important system which it has pleased the Imperial Parliament to commit to their hands instead of to the pa-

ternal management of Her Majesty's Government.

If the present alarming depreciation of railway property continue, it is evident that decisive measures, good, bad, or indifferent, will be deemed necessary by the shareholders to prevent if possible further loss; and while, on the one hand, the public ought not to be alarmed at impracticable threats, it is only prudence to consider what will probably be the lamentable results of a civil or rather of an uncivilized warfare between the travelling public and the proprietors of the rails on which they travel. In case the present reduced fares should prove to be unremunerative, we have endeavoured to show that, unless the shareholders in anger elect incompetent managers, the public have no reason to entertain any extra apprehension from accidents;—for the engine-driver might as well desire to run his locomotive over an embankment as a company of proprietors—almost all of whom are railway travellers—become reckless of their property as well as of their lives. Indeed, if railway rates were to be further reduced to-morrow, the public would, we believe, travel as safely, and perhaps even more so, than at present. The result of inadequate rates is not danger, but inconvenience, amounting to deprivation of many of those advantages which the railway system is calculated to bestow upon the country. For instance, to every practical engineer it is well known that pace is just as expensive on rails as on the road. At present the public travel fast, and those who want to go long distances are accommodated with trains that seldom stop. If however it does not suit them to pay for speed, they cannot reasonably expect to have it. If railway companies as well as the public are forced to economise, both we believe would eventually be heavy losers by the transaction. The London and North-Western Company, by taking off their express trains, might at once save upwards of 40,000*l.* a-year, besides severe extra damage to their rails. The railways in general might reduce the number of their trains,—make them stop at every little station,—run very slow,—suppress the delivery of day-tickets,—curtail the expenses of their station accommodation,—and finally abandon a number of tributary lines upon which large sums of money have been expended. It must be for the public to determine whether, for the sake of a small saving in their fares, which after all are moderate as compared with other travelling charges, they desire not only to forego the accommodation and convenience to which they have lately become accus-

tomed, but to arrest the development of the railway system to its utmost extent, and with its development its profits.

But, whether our railways be eventually governed by high-minded or by narrow-minded principles,—by one well-constituted amalgamated board, or by a series of small, disjointed local authorities,—we trust our readers of all politics will cordially join with us in a desire not unappropriate to the commencement of a new year, that the wonderful discovery which it has pleased the Almighty to impart to us, instead of becoming among us a subject of angry dispute, may in every region of the globe bring the human family into friendly communion; that it may dispel national prejudices, assuage animosities; in short, that by creating a feeling of universal gratitude to the Power from which it has proceeded, it may produce on earth peace and good will towards men.

ART. II.—1. *Souvenirs d'un Séjour à Paris durant l'Hiver de 1802 à 1803.*

2. *Le Lac de Côme*, 1830.

3. *Munich et ses Monuments*, 1839.

4. *Souvenirs et Impressions de Voyage*, 1846.

5. *Feuilles détachées de l'Album d'un Homme retiré du Monde.* (By Baron Wessenberg. Printed only for private circulation.)

BARON WESSENBURG is well remembered in England as special ambassador from Austria, during the Belgian conferences of 1831 and 1832. On leaving us he bore away with him, as we believe, the esteem and good will of all parties. His liberal views and lively conversation—his activity and ability in hours of business, and his keen relish for society afterwards—will not be easily forgotten by those who had the pleasure to know him. Few men contributed more to the life and spirit of any company in which he found himself, combining as he did in a remarkable degree the reserve which his official duty imposed with a most ready and intelligent frankness of communication on any other subject.

The long and busy life of this statesman appears to have been fraught with many curious incidents. One of these is related by M. Fain in his 'Manuscrit de 1814.' At nearly the close of that campaign Baron Wessenberg was surprised and taken prisoner by a party of insurgent French peasantry between Nancy and Langres, and early on the morning of the 28th of March he was brought before Napoleon, at his headquarters of St. Dizier. He was, we

believe, the last foreign minister whom the monarch of France, so lately conqueror and arbiter of Europe, had the opportunity of seeing before his abdication. Napoleon welcomed him with eager courtesies, received him at his own table to breakfast, gave him back his captured papers and portfolio, and finally, after a long and interesting conversation despatched him on a confidential mission to the Emperor of Austria. But the chances of the war had compelled that sovereign to fall back as far as Dijon at the very time that the events at Paris were in rapid progress of consummation, so that the mission of Baron Wessenberg, never perhaps very hopeful for Napoleon's cause, was quickly nipped in the bud.

The embassy to England in 1831 and 1832 was the last of Baron Wessenberg's important diplomatic services. His principles were not in accordance on all points with the leading influences at Vienna; and the divergence was more strongly felt after the great political changes of 1830 had become established and matured. He retired to his country-seat near Freiburg in Brisgau, where he passed his green old age in the enjoyment of social and lettered ease. It was at that period that he committed to writing some recollections of his life, and some results of his experience; and of these (which we have just enumerated) he allowed a few copies to be printed for the entertainment of his personal friends. But at the age of seventy-four his tranquil retirement was to be suddenly and strangely broken through. The revolution of this year at Paris was ere long followed by other revolutions at Milan and at Venice, at Presburg and at Prague, and above all at Vienna. Baron Wessenberg was called on to assume the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the leading part in the cabinet at a crisis more perilous for the Austrian monarchy than when the Turkish armies were battering the walls of its capital—more perilous than when Maria Theresa, a fugitive from her German dominions, held forth her infant son amidst the acclamations of the loyal states of Hungary—more perilous than when Napoleon could dictate his bulletins from Schönbrunn.

It is no easy task, perhaps, amidst so many momentous changes passing all around—though thanks be to God not as yet amongst us—to direct public attention to any matters of lighter concern. Still, however, our readers may deem that we do them no unacceptable service, if we introduce Baron Wessenberg to them on the field of literature. With that view we will first select some miscellaneous extracts from his *Recollections of Paris in 1802*. But

considering the length and number of these extracts, we will, instead of inserting the French original, attempt an English version of them.

*'General Aspect of Paris.*

'Since the *dix-huit Brumaire*, and above all, since the Treaty of Luneville, which put a close to that fearful struggle from which France, notwithstanding all her victories, had suffered so greatly, Paris had begun to change its aspect. It was still indeed the city of mud and mire (*de boue et de fange*), as Rousseau called it; from its appearance one might have thought that there had been neither sweeping nor repairing since the public entry of Henri Quatre, so dirty were the streets, and so rickety the houses. There was still many a ruin to recal the recent period of havoc, but people thought themselves at the end of their hardest trials, and gave way to the gayest hopes. Everybody sought to blot out the traces of a time which was never to return. There was general joy at the prospect of being able to renew the former intercourse with foreign nations, and the Parisians above all were happy to see thronging in among them a crowd of strangers, whose long absence had been not a little hurtful to them. Industry seemed awakening from a long slumber; and Paris might be compared to an immense ant-hill, where each unit was darting forth to his own objects of activity.

'Already might the effects of this change be perceived in the tone of society and the way of living. The great public reviews and solemn receptions at the Tuileries prepared the way for the establishment of a new Court. The Republican customs gradually yielded to the splendour of the Consular Government. The drawing-rooms (*salons*) of the Consuls Cambacérès and Le Brun attracted in great numbers all persons eager to take a part in the new order of things.

'In the *salon* of the Consul Le Brun, the former Secretary of the Chancellor Maupeou, some trace was to be found of the old-fashioned manners. He was the first that made himself remarkable by a certain etiquette. The arm-chairs were ranged in a different line from the common chairs, and a line of demarcation between different orders in society was beginning to be shadowed forth. The wives of the generals and of the great public functionaries by degrees stood aloof from the wives of the Government contractors and brokers. Thus little by little the distinction of ranks came to be felt and seen. The first Consul favoured by all, the means he could thus transition to the customs of a Monarchy. He removed in succession from around him all *les Roués de la Révolution*. His wife did not venture to associate with any persons of doubtful conduct; it became necessary for her to show the utmost reserve. The anticipations of Napoleon were speedily fulfilled.

'Ere long everybody became ambitious of the honor to be received in the *salons* of the Tuileries. The Commonwealth men seemed every day to lessen and dwindle before the great number of people that hungered after favours and places. The words *Liberté* and *Egalité* had become void of meaning; they had ceased to ex-

press a truth. Never perhaps was any people more inclined to bend before a strongly constituted Government, than was then the people of France; for they felt the absolute necessity of such a Government. The conspiracies that still broke forth from time to time served only to manifest how impotent was the feeble minority, and to supply the First Consul with new pretexts and new facilities to increase his power. Accordingly, I no longer doubted that the hero of the *dix-huit Brumaire* would shortly reach the highest point of dominion, seeing that he was irresistibly borne along to it by the force of circumstances, as much as by his own force of genius. After he was once named Consul for life, he had fewer obstacles to overcome than had the Emperor Augustus before the battle of Actium. The great majority saw in him *l'homme nécessaire*. Neither Moreau as a rival, nor Carnot as a patriot, could any longer be formidable to him.'

*'The Influenza (La Grippe.)*

'All Paris was devoted to pleasures and amusements; these were not even put to flight by a horrible influenza, which was accompanied by a malignant ophthalmia, and which during several months made frightful havoc. More than thirty thousand people fell victims to it. This illness, and especially the ophthalmia, its dangerous adjunct, had been imported from Egypt by the troops that returned after the assassination of General Kléber. At Paris it assumed at once an epidemic character, aided no doubt by the extreme humidity which prevailed throughout the winter. For my own part I did not escape. However, I had the good fortune to recover without the help of a physician, by merely following a regimen pointed out in the *Journal des Débats*, and which consisted in frequently applying to the eye affected some tendons of raw veal, and in avoiding all substantial food during the whole course of the illness.'

*'The Palais Royal.*

'The *Palais Royal* was the principal rendez-vous for all idlers, home and foreign, and also for sharpers of every kind. There were the means of gratification ready for every want, every fancy, and every folly. There one might breakfast, dine, read the newspapers, eat ices, dress to the latest fashion, enjoy the pleasures of the theatres—for the *Théâtre Français* and the *Théâtre Montausier* were both within the circumference of the *Palais Royal*—there, in short, might one at one's pleasure, ruin oneself either in purse or in person. The best *restaurateurs*, coffee-houses, and shops of every variety were seen there in the greatest profusion; nor was there any lack of gaming-houses. That at No. 29 was the one which principally attracted foreigners. One day an Englishman lost at it, with the most stoic composure, a hundred thousand francs which he had staked upon one card; he withdrew without saying a single word, and never appeared again.

'Masséna one night carried away from it seven hundred thousand francs. The bankers, terrified at his run of luck, offered him next day fifty thousand francs if he would refrain from playing only that single day. He refused, and again was a considerable gainer. The exclusive

privilege for these games of chance was farmed out as a branch of the revenue, bringing in not less than six millions yearly, for which the Government did not account to the public. The Ministry of Police and the Military Governor of Paris had each their share in it, as had also several benevolent and charitable institutions. I never entered but once any of those dens of despair. I was not a little surprised at meeting there a German of my acquaintance, once a merchant of credit, but who, after having failed in business, sunk so low as to accept from the farmers of the bank a sort of salary, on condition of bringing to their play-table new customers from among the foreigners at Paris.

Fouché had just been reforming the police of the *Palais Royal*. When I first arrived at Paris, one used often to be assailed there in no seemly manner by a whole swarm of *Houris*, some of them of the lowest order, and one could not always get clear of them without leaving some money behind. At last, to avoid complaints, they had formed the plan of establishing a kind of police amongst themselves, by submitting to the authority of a chief, chosen in their own ranks. This chief had taken the title of *Madame Joséphine*, in allusion to the wife of the First Consul, and used to levy a moderate toll on the passers by, who after they had paid the toll were allowed to wander freely through the midst of this commonwealth of *grisettes*; their principal bazaar being the *Théâtre Montausier*. For this reason no respectable woman durst appear at that theatre; even its boxes were open to the humblest votaries of Venus. On one occasion a German lady of high birth ventured to step in from curiosity, and was on the point of becoming the victim of a brutal Englishman, who, more than half-drunk, only replied to her refusals by horrible God-damns! Fouché at last reduced all these wretched creatures to a severe discipline; and above all, limited the number of those who were permitted to frequent the theatres and the *Palais Royal*; notwithstanding which rule, they were still occasionally to be seen there in considerable crowds.\*

#### 'Le Grand Monde.'

'The pleasures of the great world (as they are commonly called), namely, besides plays, great parties, routs, full-dress balls, and state dinners—all these had been set on foot again under the Consulate. The First Consul always invited to dinner a great number of foreigners on his days of *grande réception*. On such a day the first business was always a splendid military review in the court of the Tuilleries. The *Corps Diplomatique* and the foreigners in its train had sometimes to wait for several hours before they were ushered into the hall of audience. The dinners of the First Consul never lasted beyond three-quarters of an hour, and were in general followed by a concert, where one sometimes heard excellent Italian music. But the dinners of the most renown were those given by the Second Consul, M. Cambacérès; they were directed by one M. d'Aigrefeuille, a gentleman, of the ancient long robe, a friend of the master of the house, and one of the highest authorities on all questions of good cheer. Cambacérès, quite satisfied with filling the second

place, thought only of maintaining a high position amidst the new order of things, and had frankly devoted himself to the future Emperor, who on his part had never any reason to regret the confidence which he granted him. Nothing could exceed his courtesy to all the foreigners who were introduced at his house.

'M. de Talleyrand lived *en Grand Seigneur* and saw a great deal of company. His dinners were each a type of the most exquisite cheer. In the evening, the great diplomat was as it were lost to society, for he always concluded his day by a party at whist, that seemed to have no end. His play was very high—five *louis* the point, besides bets. Madame de Talleyrand, a very good kind of woman, very ignorant, and with only some remains of beauty, added little either to the brilliancy or to the pleasantness of the house. It has never been clearly understood what motives *Monseigneur* the ex-Bishop can have had for contracting such a marriage. It has been said that he began by spending the fair lady's fortune; but I do not think that he would have considered that a reason for making her his wife! On one occasion a friend of his addressed to him a question on the subject, expressing his surprise how he could have given his hand to so silly a woman (*une femme si nulle*). M. de Talleyrand answered, "Had I known any one sillier still, she should have been my choice!" The Pope, by a brief dated June 29, 1802, had absolved M. de Talleyrand from every excommunication, and authorized him to wear a layman's dress.\*

\* We must step aside here for a moment to observe that we found lately some to us new details concerning the early history of Madame de Talleyrand, in a volume from which no one could have anticipated fresh information on that subject, or even the slightest allusion to it. We refer to a biography of Charles Macintosh, F.R.S., printed by his son 'for private circulation,' in 1847. This little volume will not be overlooked by those curious as to the history of science; for the gentleman whose name is popularly known only in connexion with our water-proof capes and cloaks, was in fact a scientific chemist of great and varied accomplishment. But to our own point—Charles Macintosh had an elder brother, William, whose name survives as author of a book entitled 'Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa.' This William Macintosh was a merchant, a planter, and also a chemist; and among many varieties of fortune and occupation, he was established in trade at Calcutta during the government of Warren Hastings. Not the least important incident of that period was the trial of Hastings' great enemy, Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Francis, for *crim. con.* with Mrs. Grand, a young lady of Scotch origin, wife of a practitioner at the Calcutta bar. This lady being deserted by Francis very soon after the exposure of their intercourse, found refuge, it seems, under the roof of Mr. William Macintosh. She lived for some time with him—accompanied him to Europe—and, his affairs making it convenient for him to take up his residence in France, was found at the opening of the Revolution an inmate in his house. He had claims on the government of France, which all the revolutionary administrations successively evaded; he seems to have been reduced to great straits, and in the course of his anxious negotiations, Mrs. Grand was often employed by him when not in Paris to wait on persons in power on

'Murat, who was then Governor of Paris, likewise kept open house. His wife, afterwards Queen Caroline of Naples, although still rather a novice in the ways of fashionable life, pleased notwithstanding, from her cleverness, and from her agreeable manners, without any tinge of pride. The goodness of her heart was generally praised. Her husband was a true Hussar, and what they commonly called a good fellow (*bon diable*); he talked of nothing besides horses and hunting—but he showed great politeness to all strangers. The other generals troubled themselves little about society. Moreau, who lived almost wholly in the country, at his château of Gros-bois, would have been willing enough to receive foreigners at his house, but he was on ill terms with the First Consul, notwithstanding the advances which the latter had made to him; and his mother-in-law, Madame Hulot, a great dabbler at intrigue, was ever busy in adding fresh fuel to his jealousy. Thus it was necessary to be very circumspect in any intercourse with him. Moreau was even ostentatious in displaying his angry displeasure, and never appeared dressed in uniform. Bernadotte belonged to the same party, but was much more reserved, and more afraid of committing himself. Besides, he had some family ties with the First Consul through his wife, who was the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's. I watched pretty closely all the underhand dealings of this party, and soon became convinced that they had not among them a single mind so strong as ever to be formidable to him who had dared attempt the *Dix-huit Brumaire*.

'Among the Nabobs of the *Chaussée d'Antin* there was none but M. Recamier who kept open house. His balls every Monday were frequented by all the most distinguished and fashionable people, both French and foreign.

'In general the foreigners at Paris did not contribute much to the charms of its society. Some ladies used to receive some of their acquaintance; such as the Princess Dolgorouki,

his behalf. On one occasion she thus attended the levee of Citizen Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun; who, being smitten with her nullity, invited her to remain under his roof. Thus ended her connexion with the Calcutta friend—who subsequently, in some manner still mysterious, attracted the suspicion of Bonaparte, as supposed to be in correspondence with the exiled Louis XVIII.—was arrested at Eisenach, and held in a tedious imprisonment, from the effects of which his health never recovered. On the Restoration—by which time he was dead—his only daughter, the Countess de Collville, received some part of the property to which his claims had referred. Madame de Talleyrand's subsequent history is also sketched:—her husband, we are told, being weary of her, she was appointed to receive Ferdinand VII. of Spain at Valençay—where the *Châtelaine* (no longer young, but skilfully preserved) spared nothing to alleviate her royal guest's captivity. She was at Paris when Napoleon escaped from Elba—but instantly took the alarm, and arrived in London before he reached the Tuileries. It must be inferred from this narrative, if we are to accept its authority, that the lady's money could have had no share in elevating her to the position of Talleyrand's wife any more than to that of Ferdinand's mistress.

the Countess Zamoiska, who was then beautiful as an angel, and the Duchess de Riario, but that was all; the ambassadors did not go beyond a state dinner at long intervals, or a tiresome rout. The wife of the Prussian Minister, Madame de Lucchegini, had a small circle of her own. This lady took great pains to disguise the fact of her having passed for some time the limit-line of forty, and used, it is said, to go to bed every afternoon, in the hope that when she appeared at parties, a few hours later, her complexion might be restored to all its morning freshness. She doted on Paris, and feared nothing so much as to see her husband recalled. Madame de Staël used to say of him, that he was a man whose eminent abilities were always under the direction of a peculiarly supple character.'

*'Josephine.*

'The First Consul's wife had no political importance; all her lustre came from her exalted position. Perhaps it may be said that her negative qualities formed her principal claim to the affections of her husband, who would have been sorely perplexed had his wife attempted to shine as he did by genius, or to mix in business. Madame Josephine thought only of shining by her toilet; this was her grand affair, her grand passion, and of this the milliners and mantuamakers did not fail to make their harvest. It appeared that in the very first year of the Consulate her debts already amounted to twelve hundred thousand *livres*, which was on the point of producing a serious matrimonial quarrel. Talleyrand and Ouvrard undertook to settle the affair, and make up the deficit. I really think that her gewgaws and millinery had something to do with her divorce. To make millions of debt for millinery! such an idea could scarcely enter the head of a man more zealous perhaps than any that ever lived for administrative precision and good order. The only wedding present which Bonaparte had ever made his wife was a plain necklace, in which bands of hair were fastened to an enamelled plate of gold, and on this were inscribed the words "To destiny" (*Au destin*).

'Napoleon, in speaking of his two wives, said, the first never asked for anything, but she owed money everywhere; the second did not hesitate to ask when she had no money left, but this very seldom happened; she would not have thought it right to make any purchase without immediate payment. The *secrétaire des commandements* of the Empress Josephine was the most miserable of men; since he saw himself constantly on the brink either of losing the favour of his mistress, when he attempted to check her lavish expenses, or of having to bribe her creditors to patience and quiet; or else, on discovery, of undergoing the wrath of the master, and it is well known what terror that wrath inspired. Madame Josephine used to shed tears readily at the slightest annoyance or mischance, but no sooner was a new gown brought in, than all her sorrows seemed to vanish from her mind. Bourrienne declared, that if one were to retrench from her life the time which she passed in either crying or dressing, her mortal span would be very considerably lessened!

'Nevertheless, Madame Bonaparte combined several very estimable qualities. It was her misfortune not to have given a son to her illustrious husband. She was sincerely attached to his person, and perhaps even more to his glory and his fortune. For this she ought not surely to be censured. She was the best of mothers, most kind also to all her kindred, and there has only been one voice as to her boundless charity and good nature.

'The First Consul, who at the first period of his marriage was devotedly fond of his wife, extended his attachment in no slight degree to her children. The son, Eugène Beauharnais, at the time of which I am speaking, was an officer in the *Guides de la Garde Consulaire*. He was of promising abilities, and, considering his age, had a remarkable *aplomb*. The daughter, Hortense, had been spoiled by her mother, but in other respects was very well educated, thanks to the care of Madame Campan. She looked to a throne, and Louis Bonaparte had to give her his hand. Never were husband and wife worse suited to each other; a divorce took place between them on the very day of their marriage.'

From Paris we will now pass to Munich, where our author's recollections are thirty-seven years later—of 1839, instead of 1802. Our readers will best appreciate the immense architectural exertions of King Louis when they hear Baron Wessenberg's opinion that had his Majesty chosen another site for them—Ratisbon especially—the new city would in twenty years have not only rivalled but surpassed every city in Germany, not excepting even Venice or Berlin:—

'Munich made on me the impression of an oasis—a fine one, I admit—in the midst of a desert. No other name can be given to the melancholy plain, destitute of every charm, which surrounds it. In every direction the eye can only discern gloomy fir-woods and arid fields. I am doubtful whether the town has really gained much by its prodigious increase. The old town, the streets especially, of Kaufingen and Sendlingen, have preserved the aspect of a time the memory of which is dear to the Bavarians. The new town, built far beyond the limits of the old, is better planned, and with larger open spaces; it is adorned with stately buildings, and aims at rivalling the classic ages. Even now, however, the old town has most of business and stir in it, because it comprises the *bourgeoisie*, properly so called, the real trades-people, the shops and the workshops of every kind; while the new town, with its wide deserted streets, has an air of majestic melancholy, in spite of all the grandeur of its palaces. By dint of vast expense one may make any city look fine, but it can never be rendered permanently populous or wealthy, if not favored in its geographical position and its political bearings.

'Munich—placed as it is out of reach of the main lines of communication, on a barren soil, and to the north of the Alps which divide Bavaria and Austria—can never become a central point or mart of riches.

'The vital principle of all prosperity—I mean commerce on a large scale—is wanting to Munich, and can never be supplied. In this respect Bavaria has only one spot eminently favoured by nature, and that spot is Ratisbon. That ancient town, once a free city of the Empire, placed in the centre of the Bavarian kingdom, and seated on the most splendid and most navigable stream of Europe, in the midst of a rich and fertile country—Ratisbon, I say, once transformed into a capital, might, in less than twenty years, have become the first city in Germany. King Louis resolved to preserve the ancient residence of his fathers; he did not wish to consign to gloom and mourning all the good honest men and all the pretty women of Munich; he did not wish to part with or to sever from the abodes of his own earliest years; he has wished to embellish and improve a place so full of historic and personal recollections; and who is there that could blame him for that feeling?'

From Munich our author naturally deviates to the progress of architecture among *les bons citoyens de Vienne*:—

'In Austria, the progress of architecture has certainly of late been remarkable, as is proved by a large number of handsome and well-constructed houses at Vienna and at Prague, and in the neighbourhood of both these capitals. Nay, I venture to think, that as to all points of internal distribution, and the best means of combining comfort with elegance, people are here fully as skilful as in France. But the *Style Grandiose* is as yet but little seen. I am speaking of the German states, for the Italian provinces of the Empire abound in architects of the highest merit. The most celebrated now at Vienna are, MM. Nobile, Woreau, Kornhäusel, and Schemerl. The first has built the pretty villa of Prince Metternich in the suburbs. It was Kornhäusel who drew the plans of another, still more splendid, belonging to the Archduke Charles, near Baden, and called Weilburg. Among all the new public buildings, the most remarkable beyond all question is the Mint, of which Professor Springer was the architect. It is distinguished above all the other edifices by its lofty and fine proportions. One building of great beauty is the new Cathedral of Erlau, constructed at the expense of the learned and venerable Archbishop Ladislaus Pryker, in the Greco-Roman style, by an Hungarian architect, M. Hild, who studied at Rome. The Temple of Theseus and the new gate between the Imperial Palace and the suburb, both after the designs of M. Nobile, are faulty in their site. The gate especially, constructed in a good style, but a little flattened, forms too striking a contrast with the old architectural rubbish near it. However, the inscription placed on the architrave in front of the palace is alone equal in value to the noblest of monuments. The words "*JUSTITIA REGNORUM FUNDAMENTUM*," words which contain the highest lesson that can be taught to sovereigns, and which comprise the whole science of government, will celebrate, more worthily than could any masterpiece of art, the memory of the enlightened Prince who has caused this gate to be erected.'



The *Souvenirs de Voyage* refer chiefly to Switzerland and its society, as will be seen by the following fragments of a journal:—

'Geneva in 1829.

'October 22.—This evening I had an invitation from M. Sismondi to his country-house. To do me honour he had asked a crowd of other people, but they were prevented from coming by the bad weather. My friend Bonstetten was the only one that did not fail. M. Sismondi is quite a storehouse of knowledge. What that man must have read and studied in the course of his life is really immense. Excepting only his antipathy and prejudice whenever the House of Austria is in question, I look upon him as one of the most profound and exact of modern historians. His conversation is very lively and instructive. Madame Sismondi is sister-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh in London.

'I ended my day at the house of Madame B., the wife of the celebrated physician. This good woman, bending under the weight of more than seventy years, boasted to me at great length of the high reputation which the ladies of Geneva enjoy, assuring me that all the attempts of the most practised rakes and seducers entirely failed, whenever they came to be applied to her dear countrywomen. I do not know whether, notwithstanding my more than fifty years, she was pleased to consider me still a dangerous man. On my part I assured her, whilst scanning with my eye her figure of mere skin and bone, that the renown of Genevese virtue had spread throughout all Europe, and that there was only one voice as to the purity of morals at Geneva; a purity which, no doubt, must have driven to despair many a Lovelace on his travels. Bonstetten was very much amused at this conversation. This same Madame B. said to the Empress Josephine, who after her divorce from Napoleon came to pass some time in the neighbourhood of Geneva, that now Her Majesty was released from the pomps of the world, she ought to employ her leisure in writing her memoirs, where, no doubt, added Madame B., "one would find some scenes very high, and some very low!"

'October 23.—I received this morning a visit from Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who involved me in several arguments on points of political economy. October 24.—I dined with Sir Francis d'Ivernois at his country-house, meeting there my friend Bonstetten and some others. Our party was very pleasant; the dinner and wines were excellent. Sir Francis happily was more sparing than usual of his arithmetical figures. He talked a great deal of the late Mr. Pitt, who had been his protector, and had granted him a considerable pension, in reward of the publications which he had put forth against the new order of things in France. I suspect that the great financier William Pitt may have been a little jealous of the great administrator Napoleon.'

We may say in passing that we cannot at all concur in the suspicion which Baron Wessenberg has here expressed.

But perhaps the most interesting and valuable of Baron Wessenberg's productions

are his *Pensées*, composed as they are by no imaginative theorist, by no secluded student, but by a man both experienced and eminent in the practical business of life. He has divided his reflections into classes, from which we shall now proceed to make several extracts. But their close and epigrammatic turn would suffer so greatly in a translation (at least from our hands), that we shall prefer to transcribe them from the French original.

#### 'Théorie du Bonheur.

'Toute la science du bonheur est renfermée dans un seul mot, et ce mot est OCCUPATION. Tout dépend de savoir remplir le vide de la vie.

'La vie la plus occupée sera la moins malheureuse.

'On ne peut vivre qu'avec des illusions, et dès qu'on a un peu vécu toutes les illusions s'envolent. Il n'y a de bon qu'une occupation dont on soit toujours sûr, et qui nous mène jusqu'au bout en nous empêchant de nous ronger nous-mêmes.

'Il faut savoir aimer sa destinée. Il ne dépend pas de nous de la changer, mais il dépend de nous de nous attacher à une occupation qui préserve, comme disait le grand Bossuet, de cet inexorable ennui qui fait le fond de la vie humaine.

'On n'échappe toutefois à l'ennui que moyennant une occupation habituelle qui se répète chaque jour, ayant un but déterminé. Les occupations sérieuses sont celles qui répandent le plus de calme dans notre âme. Les occupations frivoles et de pur amusement distraient momentanément, mais ne désennuient pas; au lieu de remplir le vide qu'on sent en soi, elles en ouvrent toujours un nouveau.'

#### 'Expériences.

'On va plus loin avec les idées des autres qu'avec les siennes.

'Ce n'est pas le zèle qui est récompensé—c'est le savoir faire.

'Pour savoir vivre il faut avoir souffert. Celui qui n'a pas souffert que sait-il?

'Il manque quelque-chose à l'homme qui n'a pas éprouvé le malheur.

'Le succès est presque toujours une affaire d'apropos.

'On ne va pas à la gloire par le bonheur.

'On peut mépriser le monde, mais on ne peut pas s'en passer.

'Savoir attendre est le grand moyen de parvenir.

'On n'est souvent mécontent des autres que parcequ'on l'est de soi-même.

'Rien de plus hautain qu'un homme médiocre devenu puissant.

'Les hommes promettent selon leurs espérances et tiennent leurs promesses selon leurs craintes.

'L'indifférence blesse souvent plus profondément que l'injustice.

'Souvent il faut se garder plus de ses amis que de ses ennemis; du moins ces derniers ne donnent pas de conseils!

'Notre secret est rarement trahi par ceux qui



le savent, mais le plus souvent par ceux qui le devinent.'

*'Observations.*

'Ce qui empêche la plupart des hommes de faire grand' chose, c'est qu'il leur faut un temps incroyable pour ne rien faire.

'Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de s'arrêter sur une pente.

'La raison de l'homme ressemble au globe qu'il habite; la moitié en est plongée dans les ténèbres quand l'autre est éclairée (*mot attribué à Robespierre.*)

'Les désœuvrés n'aiment pas les gens qui s'occupent; ils ne comprennent pas la volupté du travail.

'Les médiocrités utiles ont plus de chance que les grands talents; ceux-ci veulent se faire valoir pour eux-mêmes, tandis que les autres se contentent de faire valoir ceux qui les protègent.

'Le grande vanité des hommes en place est d'avoir tout prévu.

'La renommée est une fumée qu'il faut renouveler sans cesse, si l'on veut qu'elle dure.

'L'affectation est toujours l'enseigne de la médiocrité.

'Il y a, disait Monsieur de Talleyrand, quelqu'un qui a plus d'esprit que personne, c'est tout le monde.

'Il faut être bien dépourvu de science pour se croire très-savant.

'Combien de soi-disant grands hommes ont besoin, pour faire effet, du prestige de l'éloignement, et d'un costume de théâtre!

'Il y a cent bonnes têtes pour une âme ferme.

'Les têtes qui passent pour profondes ne sont souvent que des têtes creuses.

'La supériorité d'un homme en place, qui ne s'en-toure que de médiocrités, est toujours suspecte.'

*'Les Hommes et la Société.*

'Montesquieu distingue dans la société deux sortes d'hommes—"ceux qui amusent par opposition avec ceux qui pensent." Ah Montesquieu! pourquoi oubliez-vous la troisième, et non la moins nombreuse espèce, celle des hommes qui ne pensent ni amusent?

'Que sont devenues ces bonnes manières qui faisaient la réputation de la société d'autrefois? J'ai encore entendu les lamentations de M. de Talleyrand à ce sujet; "On se piquait," disait-il, "jadis d'avoir de grandes manières, de belles manières, de manières nobles, élégantes, distinguées; aujourd'hui on se pique de n'en avoir pas du tout. Les femmes ne savent plus occuper le sofa, faire les honneurs d'un salon, animer et diriger une conversation; de leur côté les hommes ne savent plus quoi faire de leurs bras et de leurs jambes: ils affectent un laissez-aller, souvent peu décent, et ne font aucun frais d'aimabilité. Être prévenant, poli, affable, c'est à leurs yeux porter préjudice à l'indépendance, la seule chose à laquelle on vise aujourd'hui."

*'Règles de Politique.*

'La politique est le discernement de ce qui mène au but.

'Aujourd'hui la politique ne consiste plus dans la finesse; l'art en est usé; elle consiste selon les situations, ou dans la franchise, ou dans le silence.

'Le grand point est de savoir garder les mains libres pour pouvoir agir selon les circonstances.

'Pour rester indépendant il faut éviter tout engagement inutile, et n'en prendre jamais qui ne soit nécessaire.

'La religion en politique consiste à savoir faire un sacrifice à temps. Prendre l'initiative d'une concession devenue inévitable est le seul moyen d'en atténuer le poids et d'en éviter un plus grand.

'En général il vaut mieux aborder le malheur en front que de l'attendre dans l'inaction. En l'envisageant dans toute son étendue on s'aperçoit plus facilement comment il est encore possible d'échapper à toutes ses conséquences.'

We have no desire to connect with these specimens of Baron Wessenberg's literary lucubrations any remarks or speculations concerning the extraordinary events that have recalled him to a foremost place in the anxieties of public life. A subject so grave and complex requires separate treatment.

ART. III.—*Presbytery examined: an Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation.* By the Duke of Argyll. London. Post 8vo. 1848.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the social and political importance which, in the present state of human affairs, attaches to the individual characters of the members of the British aristocracy. Europe leads the world; England is the sheet-anchor of Europe; the British throne is the centre of those institutions, which both represent and determine the conditions of our social existence; with the destinies of the throne those of the aristocracy are inseparably bound up; the illustrious order of our nobles is at least one of the massive pillars, all of which are absolutely essential to its support. But on what foundation, in this time of trouble and of universal concussion, is that order itself to rest? Partly on its wealth, partly on 'that great aid of government, more powerful than either law or reason, the respect for ancient rights and the deference to prescriptive authority;'\* but along with and even more than these, on its strength in personal character, on the union of intellectual energy and appreciation of the times with sterling pre-eminence in virtue; on combining the qualities which stamp the aristocracy of nature with those '*quæ non fecimus ipsi*,' with

\* Sir Robert Peel's Address to the Electors of Tamworth, January, 1835.

station, property, birth, and the splendid associations of earlier times. Every weak, or thoughtless, or profligate peer, is, in the present day, nothing less than a national scandal and misfortune. But every peer who employs the opportunities furnished by his high position, together with his natural gifts, in conscientious labour for the public good, is now more than ever an ornament and a bulwark to the State, and a blessing to the people.

It is therefore with unfeigned satisfaction that we find another of our nobles—one of the highest in rank, and not the least wealthy in traditional fame—adding himself to the number of those who are pledged in the face of the world, by early efforts, to a life of continued labour. The Duke of Argyll has not entered the field of ostensible authorship with any light or frivolous aim, nor has he incurred the heavier responsibility of handling subjects of deep moment to human destiny for the purpose of displaying his intellectual gifts. The theme he has chosen is one of universal Scottish interest, and has points of contact with a wider sphere : while his pages bear throughout the marks of an earnestness not to be mistaken, besides that they present specimens of acuteness and of eloquence full of promise for his literary fame.

Let him now describe for himself the motives which have induced him to compose the work.

'Its great object is to give a comprehensive sketch of the principles and tendencies of the Scottish Reformation ; to distinguish those which are primary and essential from those which, being the growth of accidental circumstances, are local in their origin, and as local in their meaning ; and especially to point out the value of the former in the existing controversies of the Christian Church.'—*Preface*, p. v.

We will endeavour to exhibit in a summary form the mode in which this purpose is developed ; and we should do little justice to the spirit of unceremonious freedom which the Duke himself displays, if we refrained from as freely canvassing the points in which we presume to hope, that a prolonged experience and continued study will lead to some modification, and likewise to some extension of his views.

His subject is, indeed, one which requires only to be named in order to produce in the mind a vague sense of turmoil and embarrassment : 'the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation,' with its entangled facts and its hot and enduring passions, has an infelicity both ways : by the first it repels the general reader, and

by the second it puts the Scotsman beside himself. In a case of so much difficulty, it is at least refreshing to find that the Duke of Argyll does not merely repeat or reproduce the statements and opinions of any former writer or school. Yet for the problems of the Church History of Scotland the solution which he has found is more original, to our view, than satisfactory. But this we must add in common justice : in lifting himself above the dogmatic narrowness of stereotyped Calvinism, he has in no jot abated from the fixedness and warmth that honourably distinguish his countrymen in matters of religion.

It is very good and just to separate 'primary and essential' principles from those which are 'local' and 'accidental ;' but it is an astounding result of that process in the present case, and at once inspires misgivings as to the mode in which it has been conducted, that the true principles of Scottish Presbytery on the nature of 'the Church,' including its essential relations to the State, were in fact those (*Preface*, p. vii.) of Dr. Arnold ! There are few, we believe, among us, who opine that the hyper-Erastian theories of that distinguished person are destined to be realized any where in time or space ; fewer still who think that they have already received within the bounds of Christendom an actual and historical development ; fewest of all, and by far fewest—indeed we question whether a second could be found to act with the Duke of Argyll as teller in the division on the question—who would hold that that development is exhibited in the not unfamiliar and seemingly very different features of 'Scottish Presbytery.'

According to the general, and as we believe the correct view, both in their merits and in their faults, the principles of Presbytery were the farthest possible from those of Dr. Arnold. *His*, largely tolerant, rather loosely dogmatic, most of all accommodating to the State of which they made the whole Church organization a department, and regarded the Church in its essence as one side or aspect ; whereas we take it to be undeniable that, of all reformed communions, if not of all Christian communions, the Presbyterian has been the last and most reluctant to admit the principles of toleration, the tightest and most rigid in respect to its dogmas, but above all, the most jealous in asserting, and the most resolute in realizing the separation, not only in their origin, but in their whole course and movement, between secular and ecclesiastical power. Now it is plain that on all these points, which are the main distinguishing features

of the system, Dr. Arnold and Presbytery are not only not in unison, but are absolutely the symbols of contradictory ideas; and it seems strange that a person who, like the Duke of Argyll, thoroughly sympathises in opinion with one of the extremes, should, not simply mediate between them, but actually undertake to prove their identity. Upon this enterprise, however, the Duke of Argyll has entered, armed as he says with no other weapon than a test which enables him to separate between local or accidental, and primary or essential tendencies. Those deeply ingrained and broadly expanded characteristics, which we have enumerated, of the religion thrice after national convulsion established in Scotland, the Duke of Argyll quietly shells off and flings aside as 'local' and 'accidental' peculiarities. They are, however, properties, out of which the whole tissue of its distinctive history is woven, and which have recently proved their enduring juvenescence, by an event perhaps the most remarkable even in that history, the secession of 1843, and the formation of the Free Church of Scotland. The truth is, as this book appears to us to tell it, that the noble writer has a laudable admiration for the traditions of his country and of his distinguished house, together with a warm and passionate attachment to the views of Dr. Arnold; and, like many other men of energetic temper, he is determined that those whom he loves so well shall, perforce if need be, agree together; therefore he joins in compulsory wedlock the hands of two worthy persons, who never saw one another before, and never will again.

But let us proceed to examine what are the peculiarities which remain behind as 'primary and essential,' after these local and accidental qualities have been riddled away. We have abstracted, be it recollected, from the ancient Scottish Presbyterianism that element which guided the pen of Rutherford when he led the forlorn hope for the broad undisguised principle of religious persecution, and which prompted the 'Pilgrim Fathers' of America to banish Quakers, as such, under pain of death, while the Roman Catholics in Maryland and (a little later) the Churchmen of Carolina founded their respective polities upon the basis of general toleration; we have extracted that element of dogmatic narrowness which led the Scottish parliament of 1567 to declare by law that the adherents of the Reformation alone constituted the Church of Christ in that nation, and which gave such concentration and intensity to the religious energies of their party through many

generations; we have likewise abstracted that celebrated idea, expressed, with however little of technical accuracy, under the phrase of 'the sole headship of the Lord Jesus,' which, even within the last five years, has, by a conspicuous act of self-sacrifice, given for the first time to Scottish Presbyterianism an European fame. Having thus put away the local and accidental, the Duke of Argyll promises to serve up the primary and essential; not, however, that which, like the Apostles' creed, being common to all Christendom, was simply retained in Scotland, but that in respect of which she claims either the honours of discovery or, at least, those of peculiar and distinctive development.

And this promise, we must say, is but ill kept. We are told of certain 'great fundamental maxims' (pp. 32, 33) which the Scotch Reformers raised against their opponents: first, 'of the ultimate authority of Scripture as interpreted, and interpreted only, by itself;' secondly, 'of the powerlessness of *realms and councils* to render obligatory on their belief positions which could be proved to be dissonant therewith.' But as to the second of these maxims, *quis vituperavit*?—who has questioned it? To say that realms and councils cannot oblige us to believe what can be proved to be dissonant from Scripture, was not so much, the Pope himself would have told us, to declare a truth as to vent a truism. Then, with respect to the first of these 'great fundamental maxims,' with what semblance or shadow of truth are we to be taught that Scripture according to the Reformers of any country, most of all those of Scotland, was to be 'interpreted only by itself?' That is indeed a maxim great enough, and fundamental enough, among those persons who in this or other countries have adopted it, and have consequently rejected the use of creeds and formularies. Such are the English Dissenters, the vast majority of whom are Trinitarian; such are the Irish Arian Remonstrants; such are the prevailing parties in Northern Germany and in Geneva, who either reject subscription or declare *à haute voix* that they are not bound by what they subscribe. But it was far otherwise with the Reformers. It was not the dogma of private judgment, says Mr. Hallam,\* that Luther proclaimed. If, while he denounced it, he acted upon it, of course unawares, for himself, it is at least open to argument whether he is not to be judged and appreciated more by his deliberate convictions than by his unconscious tendencies.

\* Literature of Europe, iv., 60, 61.

But of all Reformers the Scotch were certainly those who most rigidly excluded the private judgment of all men other than themselves. It is true, indeed, that the 'Westminster Confession' declares that the people ought to read and search the Scriptures (chap. i. sec. viii.). But in this Henry VIII. was beforehand with the framers of that document. Again, it declares that the Holy Spirit is the Supreme Judge, and that the infallible rule of interpretation is the Scripture itself (sec. x.; sec. ix.). But these declarations do not touch the question. It is not, who is the Judge, or by what rule does He proceed? It is, by what organ does He communicate the sense of Scripture to the private person? The answer is found in the 'National Covenant or Confession of Faith,' which, not as in England, the clergy and the learned, but all the King's subjects, 'of what rank and quality soever,'\* were bound 'under all civil pains' to subscribe, and by which they declared as follows:—

'We, *all and every one of us under written*, protest that after long and due examination of our own consciences in matters of true and false religion, we are now thoroughly resolved in the truth by the word and Spirit of God; and therefore we believe with our hearts, confess with our mouths, subscribe with our hands, and constantly affirm, before God and the whole world, that'—

That what?—that Scripture is to be interpreted, and interpreted only, by itself? No: that—

'this only is the true Christian faith and religion which *now* is, by the mercy of God, revealed to the world by the preaching of the blessed Evangel, and is received . . . by the Kirk of Scotland . . . as more particularly is expressed in the **CONFESSION OF OUR FAITH.**'

Such is the opening clause of the 'National Covenant or Confession of Faith' subscribed at various dates by persons of all ranks between 1580 and 1651.; and having reference originally to the Confession set forth in 1560, subsequently to that of 1643. Far, then, from thinking that Holy Scripture was to be interpreted by, and only by, itself, they themselves supplied a singularly detailed and an authoritative interpretation for it. And, moreover, they differed from the Reformers of England, and, so far as we are aware, from those of Germany, in requiring that the documents in which they embodied their interpretation of Scripture—which, as they did not scruple to declare, they had received by 'revelation'—should, in perfect consistency with that astounding

assumption, be subscribed and adopted not only by the clergy and the learned, but in every detail, by every peasant and artisan throughout the country. Nor is it possible to escape by saying that *ultimate* authority was reserved to Holy Scripture. No appeal was allowed from the 'Confession of Faith;' and therefore in this case the distinction between ultimate and any other authority had no existence in the mind of the Scotch theologians.

The Duke of Argyll has sufficiently emancipated himself from prejudice to denounce the inconsistency of Protestant persecutions (p. 31); nay, he rises to the very heaven of philosophic and rather scornful impartiality, when he says:—

'As regards the spirit of intolerance, the historian may smile at the mutual recriminations of rival Churchmen'—p. 24.

But we have read with some surprise what he has written of the opinions of the Reformers respecting toleration, and this, we must add, in a passage worthy of all commendation for its literary merit. He is describing Geneva at the time when Melvill resided there:—

'The society to be met with at Geneva was at that time, and had been for many years before, of no common interest. From the first moment that persecution had begun its work, that city, with some other towns of Switzerland, had been the refuge of the proscribed of Europe. Her streets and shores were thronged by men who had been chief actors in some of the most remarkable scenes of the world's history. There were there those who, in the heart of Italy and Spain, had been reached by the light which the Inquisition so fatally, so diabolically, quenched; men who, in reference to their own countries, were as "the gleanings of grapes when the vintage is done," and with whose exile the sceptre departed from the one, and the revival of national life was postponed (how long?) amongst the other, people. There were there those who, in the convent of San Isidro, under the walls of Seville, had heard and accepted the great doctrines of the Reformed, and from the haven of whose new convictions there had been promise that even the monks of Spain would have been blessings to their country. There were those who from almost every city and academy in Italy had gathered round Renée, duchess of Ferrara, and had enjoyed among themselves and in her society the converse of awakened mind. Nor were there wanting others, the interest of whose character was not dependent only on their new beliefs. There were there—the honoured guests or cherished teachers of that city-state—some of the greatest intellects of the time, in all the various departments of science and philosophy. It was as a great focus of the mental world to which every month, every week, almost every day, was bringing some new visit from

\* Charles I., Parl. ii. Act 5

some distinguished name. There was therefore large experience to be gathered from that narrow spot. The history of almost each individual there was connected, more or less, with the deepest interests of the day; each had his own narrative to give of when and how he had been awakened to the sense of truths which the tramp of ages had been treading deeper and deeper under foot; whilst not a few could also add to graver matters the stirring incidents of personal adventure; could tell how narrowly they had escaped the horrid deaths to which their friends or relations had fallen victims—the fires of Seville, or the canals of Venice.

‘Such was the society (and most powerful was its influence, not on him only, but through him upon his countrymen) of which our young Scotchman had now become a member: and in this society he soon took a distinguished place. He became the intimate friend of Beza, and the sphere of his acquaintance was still farther widened by the dreadful events of St. Bartholomew’s eve. Through the passes of the Jura and up the valley of the Rhone, the fugitives came flocking into the city of the Reformed, secure of shelter and encouragement by the blue waters of the Leman Lake. In this crowded intellectual company thought was as free as the winds which flew over them from the glaciers of Mont Blanc; and the horrid scenes from which many had just escaped, increased the eagerness with which they sought out and discussed the principles of mental freedom and of civil liberty’—pp. 73–75.

No apology can be necessary for extracting at length a passage which gives so favourable a picture of the declamatory and descriptive powers of the Duke of Argyll; but we have also to do with ‘the historian’—and when he tells us that thought was as free in Geneva as the winds which flew over it from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, not even the fascinations of his eloquence can restrain us from asking whether those winds, if they happened to blow over Geneva on the 27th of October, 1553, did not fan the flames in which Michael Servetus, perhaps the most distinguished of those very Spanish exiles, was consumed, with the solemn and universal assent of the divines of Switzerland, for no other offence than that of having employed ‘the principles of mental freedom’ by finding his way to conclusions different from theirs? The Duke of Argyll has done great, though unconscious, injustice to the Reformers, when he says that they were capable of at once clearly realising the principle of freedom in religious thought, and cruelly tyrannising over those who practised it. The forced marches of intellect through which he would put them, they had not really made; had they done so, their intolerance would have branded them with a moral baseness from which we may now gladly pronounce them free.

This ‘great and fundamental maxim,’ then, was not a maxim at all of the Reformation generally, and least of all in Scotland: but it was a latent tendency and a remote result of the Reformations of different countries in different degrees, and of the Scotch in the least degree of all, since the very virtues and earnestness of the Scotch Reformers on their own peculiar basis made them extend the most widely of all, and rivet the most firmly of all, the dogmatic yoke, be it a light or a heavy one, of interpretations of Scripture, made by the faculties of one set of men, and enforced on the consciences of others.

But let us continue our search for those ‘primary and essential’ principles of universal application which it is the distinctive office of the Scottish ecclesiastical system to illustrate by its history.

We learn, then, that the first great fundamental idea ‘of the Scots Reformers regarded the Church’ (p. 29). They discarded the ancient and historically descended idea of it as a body politic continuously instinct with those powers which Christ had given to his Apostles; which they committed to faithful men who should be able to teach others also (2 Tim. ii. 2); which had resided for fifteen hundred years in a governing order forming the centre of the Church, and having the rest of her members aggregated around it. This lineal descent of the ministry, with the alleged transmission of governing powers from the Saviour, they regarded as the master evil, as the ‘heresy from which all other heresies had sprung.’ They defined the criterion of a Christian Church to be the purity of its doctrines, sacraments, and discipline; a definition, of which the terms, indeed, might have been accepted by all Christendom, but in spirit it was both plain and pungent: it was intended to imply that the Church of Rome was not properly a corrupt Church, but had ceased by her corruptions to be a Church at all: and, without entering into distinctions then either not at all or very imperfectly exposed, to offer the hand of fraternity to those who had in common the all-important incident that they were alike engaged in the most determined resistance to her claims.

But this was not all. There was one other fundamental idea (p. 34), never, indeed, formally expressed, but this only because it was taken for granted as indisputable and elementary. This was the full association of the laity with all their notions of the powers and duties of the Church. Clergymen and laymen were from the first practically amalgamated together in the ex-

ercise of ruling power (p. 35). A rite of institution was at the outset not recognised at all (p. 36); and in the Second Book of Discipline (p. 44), at a later period, it was recognised, not, however, as a principle drawn from Scripture, but as a conventional and prudential precaution necessary for defence against secular influences in a distracted period.

We are glad to be upon ground where we can, partially at least, assent to the propositions of the noble historian. It is, we think, true, that in Scotland more than anywhere else, the conflict of the Reformation was a conflict between church and church, or between one party and another. It took its first occasion neither, as in England, from a question lying beyond the sphere of religion, nor, as in Germany, from a particular ecclesiastical abuse. The Reformers of Scotland were banded together as a body, and held the main parts of their creed as a whole, for many years before they acquired ascendancy. There were two hostile armies in the field, and without middle men whose chief thought was peace, such as Contarini in Italy, Erasmus in Holland, Tunstal in England. Nor were these armies contending for the possession of one and the same fortress, as had been the case south of the border. Knox and his brethren were as intent upon destroying the castle, as upon dislodging the garrison. Hence there is a breadth and amplitude of development in those ideas of the Scottish Reformation which belong to the Church, and an effort at reducing them to system, if not so theoretically elaborate as in Geneva, yet fuller by far of heart and energy, and more instinct in proportion with the breath of life and all the elements of permanence.

But we conceive it an error to suppose that the association of laymen with presbyters in Church-government—useful as within due bounds and under given conditions it may be—was the principle, primary, essential, and distinctive, which gives its character and its importance to the Scottish Reformation. Gioberti says:—*‘L’idea madre del protestantismo . . . consiste nel dare ai laici l’amministrazione e l’esercizio delle cose e degli uffici religiosi.’*\* In every country the Reformation was a great effort to vindicate the rights of individual conscience, well nigh overborne by the prevailing system, in which the ritual and the sacerdotal elements had obtained such undue and excessive sway, that a violent reaction was necessary to save the Western Church from perishing in its corruptions. By much the deeper and more

important part of its work was the restoration of inward personal responsibility and freedom; and this was effected mainly by the abolition of the rule which made auricular confession a condition of communion, and by opening free access to the Scriptures. As to lay participation in the control of the Church as a society, it was developed in different forms, according to the genius of different nations and schemes of opinion. In Germany, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction passed formally to the prince: and the clergy became his servants. In England, the Parliament did not determine the details of Ecclesiastical legislation; but its vote, as it was then constituted, was a free and effective form of lay assent to Church-law. And surely it was not one of the defects of this system that details of such a character were practically withheld by it from such a body. Undoubtedly it was a very different scheme from that adopted in Scotland, where ruling elders sat side by side with their pastors in the ecclesiastical assemblies; but it contained as complete a recognition of the title of the laity to full Church-membership and to a share in Church-power. The mode in which that principle should take effect has been variously regulated in various times and countries. The names of great laymen are subscribed along with those of prelates to the acts of Saxon Councils. Even at Trent the ambassadors of the different sovereigns sat and took part in the proceedings. They did not, indeed, vote—neither did any order except that of bishops—but they exercised an avowed and direct, and also a most powerful, influence. In the Episcopal Church of the United States at this moment lay deputies from the congregations compose one of the three houses which together make up the legislative body. But the Scotch reformers were neither alone, nor original, nor eminent beyond others, in combining the laity with the clergy for the direct purposes of Church-Government: not to mention that their first association seems to have had reference much more to the necessities of the moment, and the purposes of actual offence and defence, than to any theory or abstract conviction. It was from Geneva that their constitution was copied. It was there that they learned to place chosen members of the congregation side by side with its ministers in their Church courts. Nay, further, it appears that, in adopting the Swiss principle, they restrained it: for in Geneva the lay deputies were twice as many as the pastors,\* whereas in

\* *Gesuita Moderno*, iv. 424.

\* Hooker, *Ecc. Pol.*, Preface, sect. 2.

Scotland the clergy constitute by much the larger part of the General Assembly. Therefore, we may observe, first, that the virtue of the lay element has not sufficed, apparently has not even tended, to prevent that abandonment of the faith which so sadly distinguishes modern Geneva. Secondly, the introduction of this element was not the distinctive mark of the Scots Reformation, nor can it be the principle which that Reformation peculiarly illustrates.

But, indeed, if the development of a direct lay power over Church Assemblies is to be the measure of excellence in their constitution, the Duke of Argyll should repair to England for a lesson, should prefer Puritanism to Presbytery, and should chant the praises of the Westminster Assembly. It was constituted by an Ordinance of Lords and Commons dated June 12, 1643. It consisted of Divines and members of Parliament, all of them named in the Ordinance. It was required not to legislate, but to deliver their opinion and advice upon the matters submitted for debate by the Houses, and no other. It was to print or otherwise divulge nothing, without leave. The prolocutor was named in the ordinance; and it was provided that, in case of his incapacity by sickness or otherwise, or of vacancies in the Assembly, substitutes and successors should be appointed by the two Houses. It was to be dissolved by them; and in case of any difference of opinion, it was not to decide by a majority, but to report the difference and the reasons to 'both or either the said Houses,' and receive their directions. And, lastly, this document, unique in the history of the Church, concludes by declaring that none of the Assembly shall assume any power other than what was 'particularly' given them by its provisions. Here surely, and not in the Assemblies of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, is to be sought the fully realised and embodied ideal of lay power in the affairs of religion.

In short it appears to us, that throughout his work the Duke of Argyll has, to a great extent, confounded two things which are entirely distinct—a disposition to admit laymen to a large share of power in the government of the Church, and a tendency to draw but slightly, or even to efface, the demarcating lines between Church power and State power. To the first, the Scotch Reformers were well inclined; the last they vehemently eschewed. It is from this latter tendency that their system took its historical character. It may, indeed, be true, that, without admitting the laity as colleagues in their Church courts, they never would have been able to resist with any

success the royal claim of jurisdiction. But although the introduction of laymen into their courts was essentially conducive to the establishment of the independence of their Church, expressed by them under the form of the 'alone headship,' the latter, and not the former, was really their main principle and their governing passion, as it has also been the most remarkable result of their labours. But it is undoubtedly a great feat which the Duke of Argyll has attempted: no less than to show that all Scottish Church history has, by all former historians of all opinions, been turned inside out and upside down: and that the broad theory of Erastianism—developed as it has been, beyond the conceptions of its author, by the ingenuity and the caprice of modern speculation—derives its most signal illustration and most emphatic support from the principles of those, whom a blinded world has hitherto supposed to have spent their best energies in resisting every approach to it. If bravery were the prime virtue of an historical essayist, we should say none has ever made a better title to be Field Marshal. But, in truth, he is labouring to overcome nature, to lord it over fact; he deals with hopelessly stubborn and impracticable materials; and as he more and more vigorously applies the hammer, another and another chisel snaps upon the stone.

There can be no mistake about what we have described as the Duke's own opinion. He conceives that 'a separation between Christians met to legislate for the visible society of Christ, and Christians met to legislate for the society of the world' (p. 228), is necessary now, and may perhaps be necessary until the end of time: but that it is a necessary evil. 'It is a division which, so far from flowing from the Will of God, would be utterly done away were His Will even tolerably fulfilled' (*ibid.*) The normal state of man, in his view, is that in which all the concerns of the spiritual kingdom—all that appertains to the discipline of the soul of man—shall be regulated by (doubtless devout) Secretaries of State. To this condition only our corruptions prevent us from attaining; but it is to it that we are always to endeavour to approximate: and of course for this purpose we must strive to elevate the character of the State nearer and nearer to the Christian standard, that it may be fitted at length to undertake the whole extent of its proper functions.

We will not stop to discuss the merits of a theory, opposed, we conceive, to the universal sense of Christendom, though reproduced from time to time during the last two centuries in the brains of ingenious but vis-



ionary students. We will not ask how it is that the Duke of Argyll, who follows Dr. Arnold in contending that all Church power should be wielded by the State, abandons him in the first corollary which he himself drew from his proposition, namely, that the Legislature should be composed of Christians only, and, by speech and vote, endeavours to secure the admission of Jews to the administration of a power as much spiritual as civil. But we must protest against that extreme of speculative wilfulness into which talent and facility often bewilder their possessor, and which alone can coerce the history of Scottish Presbytery into speaking the language that, of all others, it most abhors. Let us, if we wish to find instances of approximations, more or less marked, to the Erastian theory, repair to Henry VIII. and his Episcopal Commissions—to which, however, the Duke of Argyll can never have referred, or he could not have written as he has done (p. 285) that ‘all the authority of the Bishops was vice-regal’—for the terms of the Commissions themselves make an express reference to the distinct spiritual authority of the Bishops:—to the Ordinance that constituted the Westminster convention, in 1643:—to Cromwell, who suppressed the General Assembly:—to the history of Germany and the peace of Westphalia:—to the Emperor Nicholas and his nominated Synod of select Prelates;—let us go back with him if he so much desires it, to the undoubted precedent and respectable authority of Nebuchadnezzar (Daniel, chap. iii.)—let us go anywhere rather than to the abode of Scottish Presbytery. It has made for itself a name and a place in the history of Protestantism almost wholly by means of a very strong, continuous, practical assertion of a real spiritual power in the world; given by our Lord, though not given to a priesthood nor by ministerial succession; and—though totally distinct from the power of order in the hands of the civil magistrate, and to be exercised through the medium of a different organization—given in fact to the body of Christians at large, and to be developed and exercised in such a manner as shall accord with their conscientious judgment, and shall own their free will for its origin; and no sophism will suffice to cheat it out of an identity ascertained by nearly three centuries of chequered and searching experience.

We need not follow the Duke of Argyll through his condensed narrative of the principal crises in the history, from the first outbreak of 1560 to the settlement at the Revolution. He is entirely above misrepresentation; and he gets rid of the facts, to

which Presbyterians appeal as their continuous testimony in favour of the ‘alone headship’ of our Saviour in the Church—not by artifice or suppression, but by his comprehensive doctrine that all these things were ‘local and accidental.’ What they knew, they felt, they said, they wrote, they did, was nothing to the purpose: there was inconsistency here, or confusion there; and the most unfortunate mistake of all was, that they omitted the *negative* in their leading proposition (Confession, chap. 30), which should run thus—‘The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of His Church, hath’—not—‘therein appointed a government in the hand of Church Officers distinct from the Civil Magistrate.’

We are far from meaning to assert that the dogmatic development of the principle as it stands has been uniform and consistent; on the contrary, it has been much otherwise. The Confession of Faith, while it asserts the distinctness of the ecclesiastical from the civil power, defines so largely (chap. 33) the functions of the magistrate *in sacris*, that if we estimate Scottish Presbytery only by what it is on paper, there is some partial colour for the propositions of the work before us. The Confession of 1560 may, as the Duke of Argyll contends, verge towards an identification of the ideas of Church and Commonwealth. Knox thought, no doubt, much more of binding together those who were engaged in a common cause—a cause for life and death, as they viewed it, both spiritually and temporally—than about determining by anticipation the relations which should be established by them among themselves when the battle was at an end, and when victory would have opened to them the perspective of a new world. But we hold these two canons to be sound and indisputable:—*First*, that when we are endeavouring to appreciate the ‘primary and essential,’ as distinguished from the ‘local and accidental’ tendencies of a system, we should view them not in their crude, irreflective, and almost anarchical beginnings, when the first weapon that offers itself is seized for the purpose of the moment; but when they have acquired some degree of development, and have become conscious, deliberative, and mature. *Secondly*, that as we must not estimate the Church of Rome by the Tridentine Canons alone, we must not estimate Scottish Presbytery by the mere words of its Confession, but admit its whole life and action as a commentary upon them. In the Duke’s own language, ‘the history of a Church is no bad exponent of its dogmas.’ (p. 163). On these principles he himself proceeds when his foregone



conclusions will profit by them. For the institution of Superintendency, adopted by Knox but not by Melvill, is explained away as belonging to the crude period of transition and its peculiar exigencies. But then, when Knox identifies the Church and State, and Melvill divides them, and even lets us hear the clank of 'the keys,' the later phenomenon is the local and accidental one, and the earlier the primary and essential. Now we ask, why are second thoughts to be preferred in the one case, and first thoughts in the other—and either Knox or Melvill to be ratified or repudiated, according as each may serve that alternating process of compression and expansion, of elongation and curtailment, by which the stout progenitors of the Free Kirk are to be metamorphosed into sickly patients of Erastus?

By the 'alone headship,' says the Duke of Argyll, the Scotch Reformers meant to express 'a principle of the greatest value and importance—the right of the visible Church to the principle of self-government' (p. 166); though he subjoins that this is rather a natural right than a scriptural one (p. 171). What is meant by the right of the Church to self-government, if it be predetermined that in the best condition of human things the whole affairs of the Church are to be managed by those whom the voice of the nation may have intrusted with civil rule? It would be a much simpler way of expressing this doctrine to say—the Church is not properly a society at all, except while the nation refuses to be Christian. When the nation has become Christian, its religious affairs become a portion of the public interests, which are managed by its government; and its religious liberties, like its commercial or its judicial liberties, are only a portion of its political rights. The word *Church* is a word intended for a crude and incipient state of things anterior to that in which the Gospel has penetrated the mass. When the community has been thus pervaded, that word serves no purpose but to confuse the uninstructed mind, or to afford an opening for the assumptions of priesthood. National unity requires that the governing power should be one, and as Parliament is still Parliament, whether it legislate for trade or finance, or art, or war, so let it still be Parliament when it receives petitions upon the Homoeousion, or passes a bill to prevent misapprehensions upon the efficacy of Baptism.

We again, and finally, protest against this mode of dealing with history. It is not in these pages that the religious principles of Presbyterianism, Scottish or other, are to be vindicated. But let us, at least, take them

as they are: let us not tamper with the records of the past; either they were right, as some say they were, or at least they had their own lesson to teach, and their own warnings to convey. Whatever may be said or thought of it, at least it is definite, masculine, and positive. It has a character of its own—a countenance of lines deep drawn and ineffaceable. It has shown a tenacity of life, a substantiveness of view, an earnestness of purpose, which give it a place exalted and alone among its sisters of the Continental Reformation. With art, with philosophy, with literature, with refined and polished life, it has had little or no connexion. Where these have grown up within the domain of Scottish Presbyterianism, it has not been by her aid—it has often been under her frown; and they have uniformly lived and worked in open or concealed hostility to her. Take the contemporary lights of nearly an hundred years back—Hume, Smith, Ferguson, Thomson, Home, Robertson. Some of them were in open, in deadly war with her; not one represented in any degree the really distinctive features of her character. The last led her Assembly: but if we ask the oracles of the 'popular sentiment,' he was as Faliero among the Doges or Ganganelli among the Popes. Her spirit may have been intolerant—her theology narrow as the glen and barren as the hill-top—her relations with civil society uneasy: yet the question is, what she was, not what we think she should have been. And that question was answered, with tones clear and loud at least, if not melodious—as we Southerners esteem melody—in all the great epochs of her history, in 1560, in 1580, in 1638, in 1689; and last, not least, in 1843. We mean no aspersion upon the more moderate and most justly respected body who now form the Established Church of Scotland. But speaking with regard to matter of fact only, not to praise or blame, it is among the ranks of those who have seceded from them that we must seek the descendants of Knox and Melvill, of Henderson and Rutherford; to say nothing of Cameron or Cargill. Let us frankly accept all men and all systems when we travel back into the Past, in their own sense and their own spirit. If we attempt to make them the exponent of ours—if we are resolved that history shall be a mirror in which we are only to see ourselves reflected, instead of a telescope to enable us to bring near, to scan, and to realize, the thoughts, words, and deeds of those now distant from us, we shall have our reward in losing all fruit from our ingenious toil—we shall find ourselves returned

upon ourselves, and that, too, not as our natural selves, such as God has made us and fitted us for our own time and place, but ourselves travestied and distorted—trees transplanted without their earth, their foliage thin and discoloured, their roots having no grasp upon the soil. Such are the results of Eclecticism; of a determination to teach facts what they shall be instead of learning what they are; to pick historic order in pieces, and reconstruct it according to the newest fashions.

We should think it a cause for uneasiness if we could believe that a person so distinguished as the Duke of Argyll by varied gifts could remain under the dominion of a system of thought so capricious as that to which he has fitted his view of Scottish ecclesiastical history. But we feel a perfect certainty that with his honesty, his energy, and his acumen, he must burst his bonds and emerge into some more free and unconstrained position.

There is another characteristic of this book which we cannot remark without regret. It is distinguished by an uncommonly severe and trenchant character in its censures upon those whom the author neither finds speaking nor compels to speak his own sentiments. He has certainly made efforts in several cases—we wish we could say in all—to attain to an impartial view of systems. But it is one thing to aim at impartiality in judging systems; it is quite a distinct one, by a severe self-denial, to maintain a tone of gentleness in judging of men; and the latter is less difficult, more amiable, and even much more important than the former. We must add, that one who takes such extraordinary liberties with Presbyterianism himself, and will only let it speak in his own key—who finds it more or less fanatical in all times, but most of all fanatical in the Free Church, and who on paper has found himself obliged to metamorphose before he could commend it, might well have more indulgence towards those who have had to deal with it, not on paper but in practice. He is as decisive and as vehement in the condemnation of Charles the First's ill-judged attempt to introduce a Liturgy into Scotland, as any writer whom we have known: frantic bigotry (p. 111), pretended patriotism (p. 112), aggravated oppression (*ibid.*), are phrases which cannot easily be exceeded. Yet in a passage which we have read with wonder as well as pain, he stigmatizes the Government of 1842 even by comparison with that of 1637. It was hardly less ignorant, we are told, of the elements with which it had to deal (p. 230); it permitted the most fatal

blow to Scottish Presbytery for the sake of a statute 'undeniably' unconstitutional—and it had not the excuse of bigotry which its predecessor had (p. 231). Is this a just or a becoming representation of the part played by that Government? The statute 'undeniably unconstitutional' was the law of Anne, more than one hundred and thirty years old. To those one hundred and thirty years, and to those years alone, must the advocates of Presbytery appeal when they undertake to show its compatibility with our civil institutions. To them alone can the Duke himself refer when he says 'it has flourished long and peacefully under the settled government and limited monarchy of Britain' (p. 4). Without raising any question whether the terms of the Act of Union, in all their detail, were placed beyond the reach, as the Duke of Argyll seems to suppose, of warrantable alteration by any power whatever, we presume that the Government of 1842 may have viewed that statute as having a character independent of its original relation to the terms of the Union; as a long established and a vital part of the existing system of Church and State in Scotland. To say nothing of any other member of that Government, the name of Lord Aberdeen alone affords a sufficient pledge that everything was done which the truest, we will say (and all who know the character of that distinguished person will understand the epithet) the tenderest, anxiety could do, to meet the wishes of the 'popular' or 'orthodox' party in the Church of Scotland, short of the virtual abandonment of that Act.\* It is a little hard, then, that they should be placed in studied and disadvantageous comparison with men guilty of 'frantic bigotry,' of 'pretended patriotism,' and of 'aggravated oppression,' because they were not ready to risk reverting to the state of things which prevailed in Scotland before the Act of Anne. It is rather hard that this sentence should be pronounced by one who in the course of a single page (p. 225) finds the Free Kirk guilty of 'inconceivable extravagance,' of 'the most unseemly and irrational identification of sacred truths with the most trivial and provincial notions:' proceeded '*perhaps*!' from conviction; but if so, from a conviction which, with the aid of Mr. Carlyle, is described to be 'as scraggy as the most scraggy ever conceived

\* The Rev. Mr. Sydow of Potsdam, though an advocate of the Free Church, while the Duke of Argyll condemns it, declares ('Scottish Church Question,' p. 188) that Lord Aberdeen deserves 'the most grateful acknowledgments' for his proceedings in the controversy.

by Laud'—and more of the like. We cannot but think that in these and other cases the judicial office is too early assumed, and by far too summarily and sharply exercised. We are disposed to surmise that with both edges of his sword the Duke does too much execution; that the Government of 1843 may have been right in thinking the concession of the full claims of the Free Church party incompatible with the civil establishment, and yet the Free Kirk right in believing anything less than those full claims incompatible with the free development of the principles of Presbyterianism. But at any rate, when we find the ducal weapon wielded right and left with such fell swoop against those who offend this way or that, we are involuntarily reminded of the reference to Henry VIII. (p. 284), who burned those who strayed on the one side from the narrow way he had marked out, and beheaded those who deviated on the other; probably hugging himself, we will add, all the time, upon the notion that double severity was the same thing with perfect impartiality.

The Duke of Argyll has undertaken, with evident sincerity, and with ability no less evident, the task of aiding his countrymen to form enlightened judgment on the many difficult and yet interesting questions involved in their Church history; and he cannot but assist them incidentally by the light that every earnest and able inquirer throws upon his subject, independently of the merits of his own particular conclusions. But he will write far more usefully when he shall have trained his mind to one description of effort the most necessary of all for the student of history, who would make his labours profitable to mankind—the effort to place himself in the position of those from whom he differs, and to estimate their principles from their own point of view. When this effort is not constantly and resolutely made, charity and truth must be equal sufferers.

We are particularly struck with the necessity of such efforts, when we read the passages in which the Duke of Argyll refers to the character and doctrines of the Church of England. Not that we have any right to expect quarter at the hands of one who deals so drastically with his 'ain fouk'; but perhaps we may have a greater facility in estimating the sheer error to which the omission of this effort leads, when the institutions and principles to which the key has been lost, are our own. Not that the Duke has the true, genuine, Covenanting, or Cameronian horror of the Church of England. He has not what, speaking of the Government of 1842, he himself calls 'the excuse of bigotry.' He can tolerate and even respect the Church

of England, on the same terms on which he respects Presbytery; that is, when the heart and life have been taken from out of its system, and when it too has thus acquired a capacity of witnessing to the great and final truth, that the *euthanasia* of the Church is absorption in the State. But he abhors what he terms the exclusive claims of the Church of England, the principles of Archbishops Laud and Spottiswoode, in whom he can see nothing but miserable bigots and sticklers for matters of ceremonial, without insight, life, or depth. It seems sufficiently plain that he has been content to view these men through the mere statements of their adversaries, coloured with passion excusable enough in them, but less excusable in us, who judge those matters after the world has had two centuries to grow cool upon them. Clarendon, who (whatever may have been his devotion to the Church) could canvass as freely as others the conduct of the clergy, describes Archbishop Spottiswoode in these few but emphatic words: a 'learned, wise, and pious man, and of long experience' (vol. i. p. 154). The Duke of Argyll favors us with the following account of him:—

'The name is that of a man who was first a Presbyterian minister; who was next—a thing for which there is no name except in Scotland, where it was called a *tulchan*; who was, thirdly, a duly consecrated Archbishop (of St. Andrew's); who was, fourthly, an agent of Charles I. in his famous follies in Scotland about a liturgy; and who, lastly, was expelled from his native country, amidst the shouts of its people, as one of the chief of its oppressors.'—*Preface*, p. xiii.

Contemptuous summaries like these are not difficult for acute men to frame, and when framed there is a peculiar satisfaction in surveying their point and sweep. They stir up passion alike in author and in reader; but when their meaning comes to be examined by patient study, it melts away like a snow-wreath in the sun. For us it is enough to point out that the very Prelate, who is thus gibbeted by the Duke of Argyll as an oppressor of the Presbyterians, is censured by Skinner,\* the historian of the Episcopal party, for his 'glaring partiality' to John Knox. With this remark, we pass to the more important historical character of Laud, which no English Churchman ought ever to allow, without entering his determined protest, to be surrendered to the reviling and contempt which the Duke of Argyll seems to think his due. It is needless to quote passages relating to him:

\* *Eccles. History of Scotland*, ii. 124, note.

his name is the type and impersonation, in the volume before us, of all that is narrow, harsh, dry, shallow, formal and repulsive, and of nothing else. But let this dry and shallow and formal man be measured by his results; by the yet visible and palpable work he did in the world—a vulgar test, but one to which it is fair and obvious to challenge those who repudiate his principles. If it be true, as is generally admitted, that the Church of England has been, until the present day, a cardinal and determining element in the fortunes of the nation, then we aver, without doubt, that no great number of men can be named who have exercised a more powerful influence upon our history than Laud. For it is to him, more by far than to any other man or even body of men, that the specific character of the English Church, and the fixedness of that character, are due. Until his time, it was more or less a question which of the two contending principles that governed the minds of those within her should bear ultimate sway. On the one side was the doctrine of the Lambeth Articles, and the discipline of the Puritans in their first fervour: on the other hand, the principle professed by Cranmer at the stake, by Ridley throughout his learned and valuable writings, by Jewell in his *Apology*, by Hooker in his immortal treatise, by the established divines of our Church with one consenting voice—that the just rule of all reformation and of all doctrine was to be that which has been sometimes termed the rule of Vincentius, or which may be described as Holy Scripture interpreted by the doctrine and the practice of the early Church, with no pragmatismal definition of the time to which that description may be applied, but with pointed reference to the period when she fixed her creed, when she spoke by her great doctors, such as Athanasius, Augustine, Gregory, and when throughout all Christendom there was but one communion, one fold under one Shepherd in heaven. In the reign of Edward VI., had it been prolonged, and again under the primacy of Abbott, it would have been difficult to forecast the ultimate form of the English Church. There was a vital difference between those who regarded the Reformation as the entry of new principles of religion, to be subsequently developed, and those who thought it a great statute, intended by the abscission of palpable abuses to bring back the Church to a model not ideal only, but historical. And Laud was the man who, as the instrument of Providence, settled this great controversy, so far as the Church of England was concerned. There cannot be a greater error than to

confound him with those who in our day may have shown a superstitious regard to ritual observances, and may have believed, or acted as if they believed, that by such means as these the decay of religious sentiment could be repaired. To put a stop to a great convulsive change like the Reformation was as necessary as it had been to commence it. The liberty which was sought by the subscribers to the *Millenary* petition was a liberty which, as they said, and as we do not doubt they thought, was to touch only matters of ceremonial; but, in point of fact, it involved the ultimate admission of the deepest principles—the denial of any ruling authority in the Church—the supremacy of the private spirit over historical and objective Christianity—over the certainty and permanence of the faith once committed, once delivered in definite form and feature, to the saints. This liberty began by questioning the cross in baptism and the use of the surplice; it next attacked the efficacy of the sacraments and the authority of bishops; before the Revolution of 1688 it had, in the course of a perfectly consistent and logical development, denied the necessity and the legitimacy of creeds; within an hundred years, the whole descendants of those who claimed it had lapsed into Socinianism; and four years ago, appearing before Parliament as a body in that character, they obtained from it a statutory recognition of their right to occupy the bequests of their forefathers. It is because Laud divined the fatal tendencies of the movement,—because he regarded not only the thing asked, but the spirit and the grounds of the request, and the effect of the concession,—because a deep instinct aiding a profound learning and an acute intelligence, gave him a prophetic sense of what was to come, that his name has been for two hundred years the favourite symbol of regard and veneration among those who have appreciated the constitution of the Church, of natural and consistent aversion among those who have rejected or compromised her principles. He stamped upon the mind of his own generation in the Church, and upon the institutions of his own University (the need of Cambridge was not so glaring), a character positive and determined as the Covenantee type itself, but having, what this had not, its immovable basis, and its living connexion with our Lord, in the continuous history of the Church. Within the course of only half a century that character was thrice subjected to searching trial. First, when the flood of the Great Rebellion swept over the land, the mass of the clergy, and every one of the bishops, true as

steel, kept their unsullied faith in disgrace, poverty, and exile. Secondly, at the Restoration, when, with an acumen not often surpassed in controversy, they detected under the plausible, and, we must add, on Puritanical principles, the moderate demands of the Puritans, the signs of endless and fatal innovation, and determined rather to defend and consolidate what they had than to delude the world with a false and hollow peace, and tempt the lottery of change. Thirdly, at the Revolution, when again it was attempted to promote the very desirable purpose of 'comprehension,' by a virtual surrender of that principle of lineal descent or succession in the Church, which still proves so indigestible to its opponents. On all these occasions, without delay or doubt, her part was taken; but is it not historically clear that Laud was the man who thus fixed and organized the feeling of the Church—who gave it the discernment to discover, and the vigour to eject opposing elements—who built up the bulwarks that have done their work for two hundred years, and that remain to do it still? Either he saw much farther into the future than other men, or if he did not, he was but the more signally an instrument in the hand of God to make provision for that which he did not see.

Not that we propose to set him up as an idol. In the first place, as a statesman and magistrate we must altogether give him over. Excused he may be for the errors of his age; but God forbid that he should be imitated. As a theologian, we are far from saying that he or any other man should now be taken for a model. His notions of prerogative and the peculiarities of his time gave a narrow, stiff, and, so to speak, insular character to his expressions upon some very important subjects. There was truth in the scoffing remark of Voltaire—

'Les saints Anglaise out dans leur caractère  
Je ne sais quoi de dur et d'insulaire.'

But he had a firm grasp and a comprehensive view of principles, and those who suppose that he had the rigour of some more recent writers in respect to non-episcopal Protestants, can never have taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with his works. Living in days when, as he thought, they had not repudiated the Church, but had been unlawfully ejected from it, he made much the same allowances and mitigations of general rules in regard to them which are so well known in the cases of Hooker, Andrewes, and Bramhall. In 1628, when Charles I. was aiding the Protestants of France, he prays :

'O Lord, Thou gracious Governor of all the kingdoms of the earth, look down, we beseech Thee, in mercy upon this realm, and upon all other Reformed Churches.\*

Again, when on the scaffold he says—with evident reference to that and other like cases—

'The third particular is the poor Church of England. If hath flourished, and been a shelter to other neighbouring churches, when storms have driven upon them.†

But what then? Why do not these just and liberal sentiments propitiate the wrath of opponents? Because Laud refused to acknowledge as being normal what he was prepared to allow as exceptional; because he thought that what the Reformers abroad had done on the score of necessity, must be limited by the bounds of that necessity; and he refused, therefore, to sanction any disparagement to the principles of the constitution of the English Church. It was one thing to avoid raising any question as to the warrantableness of the Huguenot assembly at Charenton for those who composed it. It was another to say those who are in the line of the Apostolic Ministry may lawfully depart from that line. This was no novel or fanciful distinction, but one recognised in the established theology of the Church at large. It was simply an application of the rule well known in respect to baptism, that the intention and desire of a Divine ordinance, though intercepted by circumstances, raised the presumption that its blessings had been received. But this was quite compatible with maintaining the proposition that baptism was obligatory upon all; there being no express exception, nor any understood except that which is understood in all obligations, *nemo tenetur ad impossibile*.

The belief that our Saviour founded the Church in the persons of His apostles; that He gave it a charter in rites and laws to be administered by them, and a life in the agency of the Spirit annexed to that administration; that He provided for the delivery of these powers in adequate degree to those who were to succeed them, and that by such delivery alone could the title to minister in the Church be completed, or the revealed conditions of its constitution satisfied—is a belief which was unquestioned throughout Christendom for fifteen hundred years, and which, until the present day, has been maintained and expressed in the symbolic books, and constantly applied in the practice of seven-eighths of the Christian world.

\* Devotions, p. 292, Ed. 1667. † Ibid. p. 824.

Whether such belief be true or false, it is an entire mistake to suppose that it only touches a matter of external order. It touches the vital union between the Church as a society and its head: and is a question respecting no less than a great article of the Christian faith as expressed in its earliest summary, the Apostles' Creed. It places the witness of that union upon a basis altogether independent of the fluctuations of the individual mind. The conviction of one man, derived through secret channels, however sincere and firm it be, is not a witness available for another; but continuous, external, historical testimony is a witness to all: and enables a man intelligibly to answer the solemn question, 'By what title do I minister to Christian souls?' Not by virtue of my own mere persuasion, however earnest, nor by that of those who immediately, or who three centuries ago preceded me; but under a warrant transmitted in fixed forms by man to man, from Christ himself, along an outward and historical channel, open, like the text of our sacred books, to the criticism, and palpable to the common perceptions of mankind.

A religion thus transmitted, and thus authenticated, by a body commissioned for the purpose, bears a relation to the mind and conscience of individual men quite distinct from that in which any system can stand, which has no other seal and stamp than that of inward impressions necessarily separate in each case, and having no common standard of reference. It is not simply as a matter of order, as conducive to uniformity, as a guarantee of permanence, but it is within the very precinct of the personal being of a man also, that the wide difference is felt between that which has been brought to him and that which he has as it were fetched for himself; that which challenges his submission because it is already established as divine—while free inquiry and assent are only regarded as conditions necessary for his healthful co-operation—and that which allows him to regard the fiat of his own judgment as if it were a real criterion of objective truth. It is in truth a great ethical and spiritual question which is involved in the controversy respecting Succession in the Church; to say nothing of that scarcely inferior ecclesiastical one, whether there be any other sufficient guarantee for the permanence of the Divine Revelation, or of the direct obligation which, if it be a part of the truth of Scripture, it entails. It is no less than an organic and consistent part of that profound scheme whereby the sublime truths of Christianity, to give them a home and a basis in this

shifting world, are tied to a body of external facts, and thus placed in durable contact with the sphere of our experience.

We do not say that if the Duke had been at the pains to examine *why* it was that this principle had been so earnestly maintained, he would necessarily have changed his view of it; but we are convinced he would have seen that its defenders were entitled, at the hands of a modest inquirer, to something better than his contempt.

We must not go further into the discussion, which reaches to the very root and fountain-head of revealed truth. But considering how deep are the principles involved, how widely they ever have been and yet are accepted and believed, and who are the men that have lived and died in them, what martyrs, what sages, and what saints; we regret, for the Duke of Argyll's own sake, to find that he has no more lenient or discriminating sentence to pronounce upon upon them than that he believes them to be 'the growth of egotism and passion.' This is much for man to say of man, even when the sentence is sustained by strong testimony, by solemn examination, and by formal and authorized judgment: where there are none of these, it is surely too much.

It may be true that the theologians of the Church of England are and have ever been open to criticism, because they have apparently steered a mean course between two conflicting systems; but that criticism should be gently exercised by a writer who has to keep clear of *three*; for neither with Popery, Prelacy, nor Presbytery, as their authors and organs define them, is the Duke of Argyll at all content to symbolise: and—as it oddly enough happens—he himself remarks that

'unless this disputable, this most disputable principle [of Succession] be assumed, there is not much left in the outward history of the English Church, before which other Protestant bodies can feel disposed to bow their heads in deference. Quite the contrary'—p. 287.

The real secret, we fear, of the religious animosity against Laud, was not his exclusion of non-episcopal Protestants (whom he did not exclude) from the pale of the Church, but his admission of Roman Catholics within it. Had he denied that those who fear God and work righteousness, under whatever title they may be ranged, are accepted of Him, we should have left to others the care of his defence. And yet even had he declared the non-episcopal Protestants not to be within the pale of the historical and sacramental Church, though it might have detracted from his wisdom,

ought those to complain of such a declaration who emphatically deny the existence of such a Church and regard a belief in it as superstition? There is no virtue in a word apart from its idea: and if the visible Church of Christ be no more than the sum total of the professed believers in Christianity (p. 30,) there is neither much room left for controversy on the subject, nor much reason for caring which way the controversy is determined.

It is also, as we conceive, an historical error to suppose that the principles which assert in the polity of the Church an 'inner life,' as well as an outward decency of form and convenience of operation, 'covered Scotland with passion, extravagance, and crime.' (*Preface*, p. ix.) Had they been the real matter in dispute between the Covenanters and the later Stuarts, it would have been open to argument whether these principles or the opposing ones were really chargeable with the calamities of the time. But they were *not* the matter in dispute. The real parties in the great conflict which agitated Scotland between the Restoration and the Revolution were absolutism on the one hand, and the spirit of the Covenant on the other. The sovereign was intent upon undermining the liberties of his subjects. Those of his subjects, who formed the resisting party in Scotland, would acknowledge none but a Covenanting king. True it is that Charles and James could use the name of Episcopacy in pursuit of their great political object, but neither of them did it consistently, neither of them with a religious end. They preferred it to Presbytery because of its principles of civil obedience; but were perfectly ready to persecute, when it served their turn, the Scottish bishops by the Test Act, and to thwart, and as was then supposed weaken, the English Church by proclaiming Indulgences to non-conformity. But no one holds that English Dissent was really responsible for the imprisonment of the seven Bishops. Again, the Episcopal system was rigidly proscribed in Scotland after 1745, and we have never heard that the General Assembly disapproved of that proscription; but it is unjust to lay the blame of it on Presbyterianism. In their cruelties to the Covenanters the later Stuarts thought as much and no more of Prelacy for its own sake, than they thought of the interests of Puritanism when they favoured religious liberty in England, or than George II. thought of the interests of Presbytery when he passed laws against Episcopacy. Each was used in turn as a mere pretext, and had no more of connec-

tion, for its own sake, with the real motives of the policy whose watchword it was made than have the colours at an election with the principles of the contending parties. In both cases they deserve censure, though on different grounds—in England for the insidiousness of their purpose, in Scotland for their cruelty and tyranny (and, we may add, for their stupidity)—but even that cruelty and tyranny should not be condemned without inquiring whether those who suffered thereby were not themselves in a degree to blame. Still less should a religious system be made responsible for those evils, which was not valued one whit by the persons who for their own ends committed them. Indeed, if there was any religious opinion whatever among the motives of that wicked policy, it was the opinion, which the Duke of Argyll regards with so much favour while he holds its enforcement premature, that the civil power ought to govern in matters of conscience.

Above and apart from the painful recollections of that period and of the foregoing one, stands the name of Laud as a prelate and a doctor, not of course without its specks, but yet bright to all after times. He was among the first to introduce a tone of some gentleness and charity into the views then usually taken of the Roman Church—a tone which implied no abatement of the protest against her abuses. He first checked the sway of that narrow and perilous view of the Gospel which now goes by the name of Calvinism, and which, in most of the countries where it has prevailed, has brought about its natural result, in a violent reaction against the whole scheme of its distinctive truths. He first arrested the downward course, upon which the Universities had been descending\* for near three centuries from the freshness and vigour of their prime. His exaggerated notion of prerogative he shared with full half England; his severity as a magistrate was the fault of his age. His virtues were conspicuously his own. The names of Usher, Hall, Chillingworth, and Hales, and of many more whose cases Neal † has had the candour to record, bear witness to the fact that he was no slave to religious party, but sought to unite in the active service of the Church all who could be anywise con-

\* Huber, 'Geschichte der Englischen Universitäten,' vol. ii.

† We may point to the cases of Dr. Downing, Vicar of Haokney, and Mr. Palmer, Vicar of Ashwell: names little known to us, but great in Neal's estimation. He also states that the Archbishop offered preferments to Selden.—(Part ii. ch. 8, of Toulmin's abridgment.)



tent to remain within the precinct of her laws. The weariness of his dungeon, the insults of his trial, the terrors of the scaffold, did not abate his heart or hope. It is truly sung of him in his captivity, that he

‘hath relied

On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
And in his prison breathes celestial air.  
Why tarries then thy chariot, wherefore stay,  
O Death! the ensanguined, yet triumphant wheels,  
Which thou preapest full often to convey  
(What time a State with madding faction reels)  
The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals  
All wounds, all perturbations doth allay? \*

Nor is it by a party that his due praise should be rendered: his claim for reverence is upon every one of those who believe that the English Church, *as she is*, has shown a marked and providential adaptation to the character of the English nation; that she is the associate and in no small degree the guide of its destinies, and has along with it a great part assigned to her in acting, for good we trust and for peace, upon the future fortunes of Christendom and of the world.

In conclusion, it is not without surprise that we find the Duke of Argyll recommending to his countrymen and co-religionists the observance of Saints' days, the commemoration of particular periods of our Lord's career at periodical times, and the partial use of a Liturgy. Of course we concur in his æsthetic view of these subjects, and honour his freedom from the common prejudices regarding them: we also admire the language in which he has expressed his manful protest. But we wonder he should suggest, or allow it to be supposed that he suggests, measures like these as fit for practical adoption in Scotland. The supposed offence of Laud was, that he checked with so much tenacity the dilapidation of an ancient ritual system. It would surely have been a real one if, instead of keeping in their places the props which sustained the building, he had laboured to place them where there was no building to sustain. The observance of holy seasons, the application of art in music, or in architecture, or otherwise, to the service of religion, the employment of liturgical forms, if they are to produce any good, imply and require the very system of Christian teaching which the Duke of Argyll honestly, but, as we think, erroneously, repudiates, and under which men view the Church as a mother, her history as their school, her definitions as the great bulwarks of the faith revealed in Scripture,

her continuous life as the peculiar witness, and her ordinances as the main channel, of communion with their Lord, her discipline over soul and body as the needful counterpart of those condescensions whereby, in the various forms of art, she uses the power of pleasure over the natural sense, and, even in the awful acts of worship, gives free scope to joy. Not to mention that the very discussion of these changes would put Scotland in a fury, their introduction, in a view which we may term utilitarian, would do nothing for the true religious life that undoubtedly and warmly breathes in Scottish Presbyterianism, but would tend to formality, dryness, and corruption. They would be as a fable without its moral, as a lock without its key, as the bright colours of the kaleidoscope which present no meaning; nay, they would exhibit a positive and repulsive incongruity, as pointed architecture for a factory, or as a crown upon the head of President Cass. They would give us a travestied, not an enlarged Presbyterianism. But we need have no quarrel on this subject. These are prescriptions which the patient will certainly throw out of window, perhaps before the doctor has turned his back. We shall not for some considerable time see *Knox* added to St. John nor *Melville* to St. Andrew in the Calendar, nor will the three-legged stool of Janet Geddes (p. 306)—which the Duke of Argyll seems likely to bring again into requisition—emulate, during our day or his, the wheel of St. Catherine or the grid-iron of St. Lawrence.

ART. IV.—*Nineveh and its Remains*. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. London, 1848.

WE opened Mr. Layard's volumes, eager to resume our researches into the antiquities of those almost pre-historic cities, Nineveh and her vassals, which seem to have surrounded her on nearly every side; to assist in the disinterment of the palaces of the mythic Nimrod, Ninus, and Semiramis, which had perished from the face of the earth before the days of the later Hebrew prophets, and which, after a slumber of between 2000 and 3000 years, are for the first time brought again to light in the nineteenth century. Our interest had been deepened by the sight of the few specimens of Mr. Layard's treasures which had then been placed in the British Museum;

\* Wordsworth, *Ecol. Sonnets*.



still more by the Khorsabad sculptures sent to Paris by Monsieur Botta. Till within the last two months only the smaller bas-reliefs from Nimroud had reached England. Since that time a second portion has arrived, including the black marble obelisk. These articles, by the negligence or unwarrantable curiosity (we are unwilling to use stronger terms) of persons at Bombay, have suffered considerable damage, though by no means to the extent represented in the public journals. Some of the smaller ones, particularly those of glass, having been carelessly repacked, were found broken to atoms; some, 'including the most valuable specimens' (these are Mr. Layard's words), were missing, it is to be hoped not purloined by some over-tempted collector. Meantime the larger and more massive pieces are still reposing on the mud-beach of Bas-sora. We trust that, even in those economic days, means will be found to transport them immediately to England, with positive orders to treat them with greater respect at Bombay. These (the huge lion and bull) we expect to turn out by far the most remarkable and characteristic specimens of Assyrian art. We judge by those at Paris, where there are some, especially one colossal figure, which, though temporarily stowed away in a small room on the ground floor in the Louvre, impressed us with a strange gigantic majesty, a daringness of conception, which was in no way debased by the barbaric rudeness of the execution, and on the other hand enhanced by its singular symbolic attributes. It is that kind of statue which it takes away one's breath to gaze upon.

We found, therefore, not without some slight feeling of disappointment, or rather of impatience, that although we were speedily to commence our operations in disinterring these mysterious palaces, we were to be interrupted by the negotiations, and intrigues, and difficulties, which embarrassed all Mr. Layard's proceedings; and then, before much had been accomplished, carried away to accompany Mr. Layard in excursions in the neighbourhood, and indeed to some distance from the scene of his labours; we were to wander among the wild tribes of various manners, and still more various creeds, which people the districts to the west and north-west of the Tigris. But our impatience rapidly disappeared in such stirring and amusing companionship. We found in Mr. Layard, not merely an industrious and persevering discoverer in this new field of antiquities, but an eastern traveller, distinguished, we may say, beyond almost all others, by the freshness, vigour, and sim-

licity of his narrative; by an extraordinary familiarity with the habits and manners of these wild tribes, which might seem almost intuitive; but is, we soon perceive, the result of long and intimate acquaintance, and perfect command of the language. No one has shown in an equal degree the power of adapting himself at once and completely, without surrendering the acknowledged superiority of the Frank, to the ordinary life of the Asiatic. Mr. Layard, without effort, teaches us more, and in a more light and picturesque manner, even than D'Arvieux; he seems as trustworthy, though far more lively and dramatic than Burckhardt. It is hardly too much to say that the history of the excavations and revelations, of his management of the Turkish rulers, of the wild chiefs whom the intelligence of his strange proceedings brought around him, of the labouring Arabs and Chaldeans whom he employed in his works, and the removal of the sculptures, with their embarkation on the Tigris, is as interesting as the discoveries themselves; while during the necessary suspension of his toil among the ruins, we are content to follow him into the villages of Mohammedans, Nestorian Christians, and Devil-worshippers, as if these were the sole or primary objects of his travels.

Mr. Layard must excuse us if we acknowledge that he has irresistibly awakened our curiosity as to his own early history. How is it that a young Englishman has gained this peculiar power of ruling and wielding for his own purposes the intractable Asiatic mind; how has he learned to be firm and resolute, yielding and conciliatory, always at the right time; to be liberal where he should be, and to withhold his bounty when demanded by a powerful marauder under the civil name of a gift; to resist the temptation of courting mistimed or misplaced popularity, yet to attach to himself all whose attachment could be valuable or useful; to parry deceit by courteous phrases, to out-hyperbolise oriental flattery—without any of the meanness of falsehood; to show that he fully understood these trickeries of oriental adulation—without giving offence; quietly to maintain and enforce respect for European, for English truth, honesty, and justice; to be the friend of the oppressed without being the declared enemy of the oppressor? All this implies a large experience, as well as a happy aptitude for assuming foreign habits—long usage as well as intuitive sagacity. We are inclined therefore to think that if Mr. Layard had chosen to begin the history of his adventures some time before the first notion

of making researches on the Assyrian plains had dawned upon his mind (in 1839-40), at all events before he commenced his actual operations in 1845, he might have given us some features of Asiatic life in other quarters, not less curious, original, and instructive than those which transpire in the course of his present proceedings. His papers on the sites of certain ancient cities in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, show that he has travelled far and seen much beyond the course of the Tigris; and passages in the present work occasionally betray that the wandering tribes now introduced to our knowledge, are not the first with whom Mr. Layard has lived on intimate terms, with whom he has thrown off all but the open and honourable character of the Frank, and kept up that acknowledged intellectual superiority, which, when not insolently or arbitrarily proclaimed, is sure to meet with its proper homage. We read, for instance (p. 89), after the description of a large tribe breaking up when migrating to new pastures:—'The scene caused in me feelings of melancholy, for it recalled many hours, perhaps unprofitably, though certainly happily spent; and many friends, some who now sighed in captivity for the joyous freedom which those wandering hordes enjoyed; others who had perished in its defence.' In another place (p. 168) we find old habits, either of throwing the jerid, or of mingling in more serious frays, 'making him forget his dignity, and join in this mimic war with his own attendants and some Kurdish horsemen.' We notice these things as explaining as well as guaranteeing the truth, and so justifying our perfect reliance on the account of the mastery which Mr. Layard acquired over the Arab mind. These hours, if our readers are disposed to appreciate as highly as we do the value of his Assyrian discoveries, were not spent unprofitably, because, by the experience which they gave, by the skill thus acquired, Mr. Layard has been able to achieve what few Europeans under the same circumstances could have achieved—to persuade these unruly children of the desert to labour hard and with the utmost cheerfulness in his and in our service, and all for their own good. He made them feel at once that they were engaged in the service of an employer, whose object was not to wring the utmost toil out of their weary frames, and then wrest away the price of their labours: that it was his purpose, besides the fair payment of their wages, to promote in every manner their happiness and improvement.

We must, however, wait patiently for

whatever Mr. Layard may by and by be encouraged to give us of the details of his own earlier life in the East, content, meantime, with taking him up at the period to which these volumes distinctly refer. A former journey into the regions about the Tigris had awakened in his mind the strongest desire to make researches among the vast and mysterious mounds, those barrows it might seem of great cities, which rose in so many quarters, and which appeared not to have been violated by the scrutinizing hand of man for centuries beyond centuries. He had already surveyed the remains of more modern nations, on whom nevertheless we are accustomed to look as of remote antiquity. The emotions kindled by the strong contrast between the aspect of Grecian ruins and that of the shapeless sepulchres of the eastern cities, are described in the following impressive passage:—

'Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldaea as he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay; the richly-carved cornice or capital half hidden by the luxuriant herbage; are replaced by the stern shapeless mound rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruin before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilisation, or of their arts: their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating; desolation meets desolation: a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder; for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection than the temples of Balbec or the theatres of Ionia.'—vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

The success of M. Botta in his researches at Khorsabad, detailed in the 158th Number of our journal, roused still further the generous emulation of Mr. Layard. But he must have continued to brood over the vain yearnings of his antiquarian ambition, and to suppress his baffled curiosity, had it not happened that the English ambassador at Constantinople observed and apprehended

the energetic character and abilities of his young countryman, and entirely at his own hazard placed funds at his disposal which would enable him at least to carry on to some extent these tempting researches. Mr. Layard gratefully and properly recalls to the remembrance of the country, the great debt of gratitude which it owes to that accomplished minister, for proceeding in many instances far beyond the bonds of his commission—for being ever ready to risk his private resources, in order to secure for England such treasures as the marbles of Halicarnassus—and now the remains of a city which had perished perhaps long before Halicarnassus was in being. The whole affair attests strongly the generosity, influence, and prudence of Sir Stratford Canning—and shows how well the British Court is represented at the Ottoman Porte.

Thus unexpectedly furnished with funds, but through the jealousy of certain parties, whose proceedings he contrasts with the enlightened and liberal spirit of M. Botta, obliged to act with great caution and secrecy, Mr. Layard lost no time in setting forth on his coveted mission. He arrived on the banks of the Tigris in October, 1845. We do not propose to follow him in every step of his progress. Our design is to notice briefly the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the opponents with whom he had to deal, to set him fairly to work, and then follow him for a time as the Eastern traveller, rather than as the discoverer of ancient Nineveh; and in the later portion of our article to give a summary account of the extent and value of his discoveries, with some examination of his theories as to the ancient Assyrian history, its successive empires and dynasties; to inquire what we have actually gained for Asiatic history and for the progress of mankind; how far a way is opened to still further investigations into the language, character, habits, civilization of the race of Assur; of the great people who preceded the rise and fall of Babylon; who were the first traditionary conquerors of Western Asia; who appear at the height of power, probably under one of their later dynasties in the biblical histories; are denounced in the fulness of their pride and glory by two at least of the ancient seers of Israel, Isaiah and Nahum; and described as utterly razed from the earth by another (Ezekiel), probably an eye-witness of their total desolation.

The first question with Mr. Layard was the place of his operations; of this he seems to have entertained little doubt. The vast plain of level débris broken by huge mounds, which spreads from the bank of the Tigris

opposite Mosul, had long been called by tradition the site of Nineveh. But all excavations there had been nearly unproductive—the objects discovered from time to time, neither valuable nor exciting to further toil. M. Botta had totally failed in his attempts in that quarter. But Mr. Layard's interest had been already powerfully directed to another quarter, to Nimroud, at about five hours' distance by the winding river.

'As I descended the Tigris on a raft, I again saw the ruins of Nimroud, and had a better opportunity of examining them. It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows which stretched around it, were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them: its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier, built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to ensure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like net-work over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connexion between the dam and the city built by Arthur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammam Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favourite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Bagdad.'—pp. 7-9.

Still there seems no doubt from Mr.

Layard's subsequent and successful excavation in the mound of Kouyunjik—one of the mounds opposite to Mosul—as well as those made by him at Nimroud, and by M. Botta at Khorsabad, that each or all of these places, and others adjacent or intermediate, where the same great mounds appear, were, if not parts of one vast city, the successive localities occupied or comprehended by *Nineveh* under its successive dynasties. As (though unquestionably in a very much more extensive period of time) Babylon, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Bagdad, succeeded each other on sites at no considerable distance, so as to be loosely described as the same city; in like manner, from that imperial caprice which seems almost to be a characteristic of great eastern sovereigns, each proud of being the founder of his own capital, the temples or palaces which it is manifest stood on every one of these sites, differing as they apparently do in age, and to a certain extent in the character of their art, may each have been the *Nineveh* of its day, the chief dwelling-place and centre of worship of the kings and of the gods of Assyria; and so no one of these being absolutely destroyed, but deserted only, and, if we may so speak, gone out of fashion, this aggregate of cities—this cluster of almost conterminous capitals—may have then gone by the proverbial name, the City of Three Days' Journey, just like Thebes of the Hundred Gates; or the poetic hyperbole of the Book of Jonah may be taken to the strict letter; and the Prophet's first day's slow and interrupted pilgrimage through the streets may not have led him to the palace of the king. In this conjecture, which occurred to us on reading the earlier part of this work, we rejoice to find that we have anticipated the conclusion of Mr. Layard. The hypothesis in fact seems to us the only one that can account for the vast number of magnificent edifices which unquestionably existed within a circuit too extensive for a single city, but not for a capital, which had thus grown up out of many cities.

But from the old Assyrian monarchs—the Nimrods or the Sardanapali—we must descend at once to modern Pashas. Mr. Layard broke ground at Nimroud under unfavourable auspices. The ruling representative of the Sublime Porte required his most dexterous management. This worthy personage, Mohammed Pasha, was commonly known as Keritli Oglu, that is, the son of the Cretan; he seems fully to have answered to the description of that race by the old Greek poet, to whom St. Paul has given the sanction of his authority:—

Κρήτες δὲ ψέονται, ἄλλα θάρρα, γόστρεπες ἄρτοι.

This last phrase has, as will appear, its peculiar force—it expresses admirably 'tooth money':—

'The appearance of his Excellency was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked with the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*—or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the *wear and tear of his teeth* in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants. On entering Mosul he had induced several of the principal aghas who had fled from the town on his approach to return to their homes; and, having made a formal display of oaths and protestations, cut their throats, to show how much his word could be depended upon.'—pp. 19, 20.

Mr. Layard was too prudent to demand permission at once to commence his operations, for other reasons rather than any anticipated difficulties on the part of the governor. The Cretan, no doubt, would have hugged himself with delight at the facility with which he should possess himself of the gold and precious marketable treasures which the cunning Frank, pretending to be seized with an unaccountable passion for disinterring old stones, no doubt hoped to discover and to carry off. This view of Mr. Layard's object was shared by others—indeed we may say by all. Awad, the Sheik of the Jehesh, who inhabited the village near Nimroud, and was the first, and, from his familiarity with the ruins, the most useful of Mr. Layard's fellow-laborers—

'could scarcely persuade himself that the researches were limited to mere stones. He carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold-leaf he could find in the rubbish; and calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper. "O, Bey," said he, "Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha." The Sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He left me, muttering "Yia Rubbi!" and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings.'—p. 30.

No sooner had Mr. Layard succeeded in organizing and bringing into discipline the labourers of different races and religions, all of whom willingly enlisted in his service, than other important personages of Mosul—the Cadi and the Ulemas, the magistrates and the clergy—who were not disposed to surrender their share in the treasure-trove—their tribute and their tithe—and were besides full of orthodox Mussulman hatred and jealousy of the Frank, began their intrigues to stop his proceedings. With his usual promptitude, Mr. Layard galloped off to Mosul. His Excellency the Cretan expressed the most sovereign contempt for the cadi. ‘Does that ill-conditioned fellow think that he has Sheriff Pasha’ (his immediate predecessor) ‘to deal with, that he must be planning a riot in the town? When I was at Sivas the Ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached upon a burying-ground. But I made them eat dust, Wallah! I took every grave-stone, and built up the castle walls with them!’ The Pasha pretended to know nothing of the excavations; but subsequently thinking to detect the astute Frank, ‘he pulled out of his writing-tray a scrap of paper, as dingy as that produced by Awad, in which was also preserved an almost invisible particle of gold-leaf.’ This had been sent him by an officer set to watch the proceedings at Nimroud. Mr. Layard at once suggested that an agent should be appointed to receive all the precious metals discovered, on behalf of his Excellency. Affairs upon this went on smoothly for some days—chamber after chamber, sculpture after sculpture was coming to light—when orders arrived to stop further work. Again Mr. Layard rode off to Mosul. The Cretan disclaimed all his own orders—professed the utmost good-will. Mr. Layard returned—and at night arrived more stringent orders to Daoud Agha, then ‘Commander of the Irregulars’ encamped in the neighbourhood:—

‘Surprised at this inconsistency, I returned to Mosul early next day, and again called upon the Pasha. “It was with deep regret,” said he, “I learnt, after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves; now you are aware that by the law it is forbidden to disturb a tomb, and the cadi and mufti have already made representations to me on the subject.” “In the first place,” replied I, “being pretty well acquainted with the mound, I can state that no graves have been disturbed; in the second, after the wise and firm *politica* which your Excellency exhibited at Sivas, grave-stones would present no difficulty. Please God, the cadi and mufti have profited by the lesson which your Excel-

lency gave to the ill-mannered ulema of that city.” “In Sivas,” returned he, immediately understanding my meaning, “I had Mussulmans to deal with, and there was tanzimat, but here we have only Kurds and Arabs, and, Wallah! they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend; if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! your life is more valuable than old stones; besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head. Finding that the Pasha had resolved to interrupt my proceedings, I pretended to acquiesce in his answer, and requested that a cawass of his own might be sent with me to Nimroud; as I wished to draw the sculptures and copy the inscriptions which had already been uncovered. To this he consented, and ordered an officer to accompany me. Before leaving Mosul, I learnt with regret from what quarter the opposition to my proceedings chiefly came.”—pp. 44, 45.

But how came the tombstones there?—

‘Daoud Agha confessed to me on our way that he had received orders to make graves on the mound, and that his troops had been employed for two nights in bringing stones from distant villages for that purpose. “We have destroyed more real tombs of the true Believers,” said he, “in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying those accursed stones.”’—p. 46.

Mr. Layard afterwards, during his excavations, did come on some real graves; but as he was enabled to convince the Arabs, by an elaborate argument, that, since the feet were not turned to Mecca, they could not be the tombs of true believers, their removal, which was conducted with great care, gave no offence to the pious Mussulmen. By and bye—fortunately for Mr. Layard and for his researches, no less than for the inhabitants of Mosul and its neighbourhood—Keritli Oglu was recalled, and the province was committed to the more equitable rule of Ismail Pasha. But even Ismail, though of the new school, was at first so beset by the ulema and the other Frank-haters, that he requested Mr. Layard to suspend his operations for a time.

The next disturbance, after he had resumed his work, was caused by a great event in the discovery. We cannot lay this before our readers in other words than those of Mr. Layard:—

‘On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-urrahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. “Hasten, O Bey,” exclaimed one of them—“hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;” and

both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

'On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persopolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and a knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

'I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

'Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried together, "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!" It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.' —pp. 65-67.

The commotion excited by this apparition, which gave rise to still more active opposition from the religious authorities of Mosul, induced Ismail Pasha to advise Mr. Layard to proceed with greater caution. Other reasons concurred with this friendly admonition. Mr. Layard, therefore, gradu-

ally discontinued his operations, and having carefully earthed up the discoveries already made, and leaving only two men to proceed on work marked out for them, determined to await an answer to a communication which he had addressed to Constantinople, and in the mean time to extend his acquaintance with the dominant Arab tribes in the vicinity, and to pursue his antiquarian researches by visiting, for the second time, the celebrated ruins of Al Hather.

This first excursion of Mr. Layard led him only among the Kurdish tribes. This we pass over, though it describes many amusing and characteristic points in their manners. On his return to resume his labours under more favourable auspices, he ventured to give an entertainment—a ball and supper—close by the ruins of Nimroud, to the various Arab chiefs of the district, with their followers, male and female, and the Christian gentlemen and ladies of Mosul, who were all eager to see these wonderful discoveries. The ladies were glad for once to be without the walls of their houses, where, it seems, they are generally cooped up with Mohammedan jealousy. Mr. Rassam the English Consul—who was throughout the faithful and intelligent friend of Mr. Layard, his assistant in his researches, and the companion of some of his excursions—Mrs. Rassam, the French consul and his wife, were of the party. 'White pavilions, borrowed from the pasha, had been pitched near the river on a broad lawn still carpeted with flowers. These were for the ladies and for the reception of the sheikhs. Black tents were provided for some of the guests, the attendants, and the kitchen.' Arabs watched the horses; an open space was left for dancing and other amusements. The great man of the feast was Abd-ur-rahman, sheikh of the Abu-Salman, who appeared in his most magnificent dress, and was received with befitting solemnity and noise. Then came the other sheikhs with their ladies humbly on foot; then the wife and daughter of Abd-ur-rahman on mares, surrounded by their slaves and handmaidens. They were entertained with a repast, lady-like and cooling, of sweetmeats, halwa, parched peas, and lettuces. The more vigorous appetites of the men, and of the less exclusive ladies, were stayed by fourteen sheep, roasted and boiled; from which, we are sorry to say, that the men first most ungallantly helped themselves, and then passed on the fragments to the females. The influence of Mr. Rassam persuaded some of the women to join in the Arab dance; but these figurantes preserved somewhat too rigid propriety; though their motions were

not without grace, they persisted in wrapping themselves in their coarse cloaks. Sword-dances followed, which wound up the performers to such a pitch of excitement that it was necessary to replace their swords by stout staves, wherewith they were allowed full Irish license of belabouring each other till they were tired. Then came the buffoons, the constant amusement of Eastern and of all half-civilized tribes. All passed off, it would seem, with exemplary decorum; the grave old Arab chief was the only one whose tender feelings were noticeably awakened. At the banquet which he gave in return the next day, the women, uncontrolled by the presence of another tribe, entered more fully into the amusement, and danced with greater animation. The sheikh challenged Mr. Layard to join in the dance, which he was too courtly to refuse; and went whirling round, in a *corps de ballet*, consisting of 500 warriors and Arab women. But that was probably a device of the sheikh to drown his rising passion. 'The conqueror of his heart was the wife of the French consul.' His admiration of her beauty exceeded all bounds;

'and when he had ceased dancing, he sat gazing upon her from a corner of the tent—"Wallah," he whispered to me, "she is the sister of the Sun! what would you have more beautiful than that? Had I a thousand purses, I would give them all for such a wife. See!—her eyes are like the eyes of my mare; her hair is as bitumen, and her complexion resembles the finest Busrah dates. Any one would die for a Houri like that." The Sheikh was almost justified in his admiration.'—p 121.

A still more favourable revolution in the government of Mosul had in the mean time taken place. Hafiz Pasha, who succeeded Ismail, being promoted, the province had been sold to Tahyar Pasha, 'a venerable old man, bland and polished in his manners, courteous to Europeans, and well informed on subjects connected with the literature and history of the country. He was a perfect specimen of the Turkish gentleman of the old school, of whom few are now left in Turkey.' Few indeed there are who have not been corrupted by Frank intercourse, and have not dwindled in demeanour and manners by adopting European habits, as they have in personal appearance by the European garb. How is the whole race dwarfed down from the tall, broad, magnificent, terrible, and turbaned Turks,—who affrighted Christendom with their strength and prowess, and of yore enforced our youthful awe in the cuts to Sir Paul Rycaut's edition of old Krolles,—into the

shabby, short, slim, shuffling, Jew-pedlar-like, and most unalarming Moslemin, who now appear in our streets and, we regret to hear, in Constantinople, in half Frankish and half Oriental costume! Tahyar Pasha took up Mr. Layard with the utmost zeal, and only appointed an officer to protect and assist, rather than to watch, his proceedings. Of this cawass, Ibrahim by name, Mr. Layard speaks in high terms as to his intelligence and even his honesty. Besides this, our indefatigable ambassador had forwarded an imperial rescript from Constantinople, which not merely gave the full sanction of the Sultan for the prosecution of the researches, but allowed Mr. Layard to secure for his country the possession of all these remarkable monuments of ancient Assyria.

His proceedings were, however, again interrupted for a time by a more unmitigable adversary than the untractable pasha or the bigot ulema—the heat. He was first driven for refuge into the underground chambers, where the inhabitants of Mosul screen themselves from the summer sun; his health then forced him to seek a cooler climate, and he set forth on his second expedition, to the mountains of Ti-yari, inhabited by the Chaldean or Nestorian Christians. This second expedition, though the interest is of a very melancholy cast, introduces us to scenes of much greater natural beauty, and to a much more remarkable people than the Kurdish clans, among which he travelled during his first ride from the Tigris.

The Chaldean Christians (the appellation Nestorians, though sometimes used in their intercourse with Europeans, is disclaimed both by priests and people) are the remnant of that great Oriental Church, which, driven away by the persecution of the Byzantine emperors after the triumph of Cyril and the condemnation of Nestorius, took refuge under the protection of the Persian kings, and maintained its ground under the early Mohammedan sovereigns. Instead of continuing the controversial war, in which it had been worsted, it turned its face eastward, and undertook the nobler office of disseminating Christianity to the uttermost parts of the world. Mr. Layard has dwelt at somewhat disproportionate length on the early history of the Nestorians. His account is highly creditable to his research and accuracy, but is more diffuse than necessary for a book of travels, not full enough for a chapter of ecclesiastical history. The oriental bishops had in fact a strong predisposition to Nestorianism, in that wide-spread aversion to Matter, as the Evil principle, which characterized all their Christian conceptions.



Hence their jealous reluctance to acknowledge that the manhood (the material manhood) could be admitted into God; their preference of the tenet that the Godhead, in its pure and unmingled essence, dwelt in the manhood: hence their rejection, that which made them more especially odious to the orthodox, of the term, 'Mother of God;' as implying that a mortal and material being had given birth to more than the material and mortal part of the divine Redeemer. The 'mother of the Christ' was the utmost term which they would use. The great teachers of the Syrian school, Diodorus of Tarsus and Theodore of Mopsuestia, were in truth the parents of Nestorianism; and when their opinions were proclaimed by a prelate of the high station of the patriarch of Constantinople, it might be expected that large numbers would enlist under his banner. The proceedings of the Council of Ephesus—in which the armed soldiery and the turbulent populace had as much to do with the decisions as the arguments of Cyril and his theologians—and the harsh and violent character of Cyril himself, were unhappily less calculated to persuade or conciliate or overawe, than to harden opposition into stubborn and persevering fanaticism. While then it was expelled, or oppressed, or persecuted throughout the Byzantine empire, Nestorianism was the dominant creed beyond the pale of the Roman dominion. The patriarch of Baghdad, to which city the metropolitan throne was removed under the Mohammedan dynasty, counted as his suffragans bishops in every province of the East, with congregations more or less numerous and flourishing, from the Euphrates and Tigris to India, Tartary, and China. The history of these spiritual conquests (this is a subject of regret rather than wonder) is extremely obscure; but there seems no doubt that they had made strong and, to a certain extent, successful efforts to Christianize some of the great Mongol sovereigns in the vast steppes of Upper Asia; and, had their success been more complete, might thus have somewhat mitigated the terrors of those terrible irruptions which century after century desolated the civilized world. It was the conquest of Tamerlane which gave the fatal blow to outposts of Christianity in great part of the remoter East. In China we have no knowledge that any survivors of those converts who set up the well-known inscription at Siganfu, still maintain their Christian creed. The St. Thomas Christians of India have become mostly Jacobites or Monophysites.

The Chaldean Christians therefore of these regions are almost the only representatives

of those once flourishing and widely disseminated Churches. They are singularly interesting, not merely from their antiquity, but as faithful representatives of the creed (they admit that of Nicea in all its fullness), of the popular worship, and Church government of the Eastern Churches at the time of the Nestorian schism. Of the worship of images, of purgatory, of extreme Mariolatry, of the supremacy of the pope, of the absolute celibacy of the whole clergy, these more primitive Christians knew nothing. These doctrines were yet, as Mr. Newman might say, undeveloped; in fact, formed no part of the common Christianity. Even here the Chaldeans of the plains have mostly yielded to the incessant, busy, and; it must be added, unscrupulous attempts of the Roman Catholics, who set up a rival patriarch in connexion with the Church of Rome. The end, and in many cases, the means adopted to work these conversions are equally lamentable. The end appears to be the lining the walls of the churches with wretched prints, more particularly such as represent the 'Iddio Bambino,' the article most obnoxious to the old Nestorian creed; and the introduction of that ceremonial which, when splendid with genuine pomp and gold, is doubtless solemn and impressive, but, when poor and shabby and tinsel, contrasts still more unfavourably with the simpler, more earnest, less ambitious worship of the old Nestorians. The means to enforce proselytism are still less creditable to the persuasive powers of the teachers. They scruple not to call in the civil power to their aid—that civil power being the Mohammedan *cadi*, or any other unbelieving officer whose intervention may be procured by money or intrigue. Dr. Grant, of whom we shall presently speak, mentions of his own knowledge one man whom the impartial Moslem attempted to bastinado into a Catholic. Mr. Layard, on whose judgment and impartiality we have more reliance, confirms the melancholy truth as to this system of enforcing unity of the Church.

Mr. Layard was present at the Chaldean service in the mountains—where he witnessed the administration, by two priests in white surplices, of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, of which all partook, children as well as men and women. The impression on his mind was very favourable.

'I could not but contrast these simple and primitive rites with the senseless mummery and degrading forms adopted by the converted Chaldeans of the plains—the unadorned and imageless wall, with the hideous pictures and monstrous deformities which disfigure the churches at Mosul.'—p. 201.



The genuine type, in short, of the Chaldean Christians was now only to be seen among the mountaineers; a people of simple manners, great industry, inhabiting villages environed with fruit trees of many kinds, cultivating the mountain side in terraces; extremely devout, but without fanaticism; fondly attached to their churches and to their priests. The latter seemed quite worthy of the general respect of love—blameless and affectionate men; some of them not without learning, though of course, as the priesthood of a rude people, with only the refinement which springs from Christian gentleness and oriental courtesy.

But alas! this faithful few has, within these last three or four years, been reduced to a still more scanty remnant! All their villages, except one, Zawetha, whose smiling and highly cultivated domain sadly showed the desolation of the rest, have been wasted by a ruthless chieftain, Beder Khan Beg. The inhabitants—some unresisting, some having made a brave resistance—have been massacred by thousands, their children carried off and sold as slaves. There is something connected with this melancholy history of the desolation of these valleys, which Mr. Layard, with praiseworthy tenderness, is anxious to conceal: it is, he acknowledges, a subject too painful to contemplate. Some of our readers may have read a publication on these Nestorian Chaldeans by Dr. Grant, an American Missionary physician. The main object of Dr. Grant's book was to prove these Christians the lost ten tribes of Israel. This notion might be so far grounded, that many families among these races may be descended from those Jews whom we know, from the Epistle of St. James, and from other good authorities, to have been settled in all these regions from the borders of Armenia as far as the Propontis; Jews of all tribes and families; some no doubt lineally sprung from those transported by the kings of Assyria to these regions. We know from the New Testament—as well as from the famous Epistle of Pliny and from other quarters—how widely Christianity was disseminated from the earliest times throughout this whole range of country; and doubtless Israelites of all tribes may have been numbered among these first converts. This concession, however, we fear, would not have satisfied Dr. Grant—or his believers, if he has left any believers. Dr. Grant had fully made up his mind that they are the genuine, unmingled lost Ten Tribes, which, be it observed, were only supposed, by late tradition, to be kept together, shut up, and secluded in some remote quarter of the

world. But enough of this. From several incidental hints we are forced into the melancholy conclusion that this American mission was in some degree connected with the fatal end of these happy communities, for whose welfare these zealous men had devoted themselves in the most self-denying spirit of love. That they were excellent men, with the purest and best intentions, no one can doubt; self-expatriated from their homes, perhaps on the peaceful shores of the Hudson or the Delaware, and from all the freedom and comforts of their native land; of most of them the remains are at rest in the cemeteries of Mosul. Dr. Grant himself fell a victim to a fever, caught during his kind and unintermitting care of some of the victims who escaped the massacre. But it is too probable that the very Christian zeal which brought these missionaries into this remote field of labour, mingled with the jealousy of everything foreign and Frank among these fierce tribes, aroused the dormant fanaticism of the Mohammedans. Mr. Layard acknowledges the want of judgment with which the missionaries chose a strong and commanding hill-top for the position of their buildings and school-house. It looked as designed for a fortress, hereafter to enslave the land; it was so well placed and of such natural strength, as to become by and by such a fortress in the hands of a predatory chieftain. Beder Khan Beg was urged, not only by his own fierce and rapacious character, but by a fanatic sheikh, to carry out the principles of the Korân (and quotations strong and emphatic enough abound in certain chapters of that book), by exterminating the unbelievers. He had shown his religious sincerity by massacring, in 1843, in cold blood, nearly 10,000 persons, and had carried away as slaves a great number of girls and children. One of these murder-preaching sheikhs, we should not forget to notice, was seen by Mr. Layard at Kuremi; he enjoyed a great reputation for miracles and sanctity throughout Kurdistan.

'He was seated in the Iwan, or open chamber, of a very neat house; built, kept in repair, and continually whitewashed by the inhabitants of the place. A beard, white as snow, fell almost to his waist; and he wore a turban and a long gown of spotless white linen. He is almost blind, and sat rocking himself to and fro, fingering his rosary. He keeps a perpetual Ramazan, never eating between dawn and sunset. On a slab, near him, was a row of water-jugs, of every form ready for use when the sun went down.'—p. 227.

His son, Sheikh Tahar, was the legitimate heir of his fame for holiness, wonder-work-

ing, and ferocious fanaticism. He was accustomed when he entered Mosul to throw a veil over his face that his sight might not be polluted by Christians and other impurities in the city. This man was at the ear of Beder Khan, urging him to resume his inhuman devastations.

Mr. Layard arrived in the country after the first dreadful invasion which had wasted the villages of the Tyari; everywhere he was received with the fondest enthusiasm; the notion of his high rank only saved him, or rather, as we gather from his sly language, prevented him, to his disappointment, from sharing in the pleasing peril of being smothered in the embraces of the grateful girls. This they only ventured to do to his companion, the brother of the consul. For even here, it is gratifying to find, that English influence had been exerted in the better cause of humanity, as it had been before in the cause of knowledge. Sir Stratford Canning had prevailed on the Porte to send a Commissioner to Kurdistan to persuade Beder Khan to give up his prisoners; he had himself advanced even more potent arguments for their release, large sums of ransom-money from his own pocket. Mr. Rassam, too, the English Consul, had clothed and maintained at his own expense not only the Nestorian Patriarch, who had taken refuge in Monsul, but many hundred Chaldeans who had escaped from the mountains. Mr. Layard therefore was welcomed with universal joy; his own kind treatment of the Chaldeans, whom he had employed in his works, had no doubt increased his popularity. The whole account of his intercourse with the priests and with the people is of singular interest; though with one fatal drawback, the presentiment which we cannot but feel while we read his pages, a presentiment sadly realised at the close of this chapter, that even then their cup of misery was not full. The cruel Mohammedan was only waiting to wreak his fanatic fury on Tkhoma, a wild but romantic district, which he had as yet spared. Such a deep-rooted jealousy and hatred of their Christian neighbours seemed to have possessed not Beder Khan alone, but some other of the Kurdish chiefs, that Mr. Layard himself was in great danger—a danger which, being as much superior to fool-hardiness as to fear, he escaped by his judgment and promptitude, and by showing himself as crafty, when necessary, as his most cunning foes. But after Mr. Layard's departure the storm burst on the happy but devoted Tkhoma. 'The inhabitants made some resistance; an indiscriminate massacre took place; the women were brought be-

fore the chief and murdered in cold blood.' The principal villages were destroyed; the churches pulled down. Nearly half the population perished; among them one of the Meleks, or princes, and the good priest Kasha Budea; the last, except Kasha Kana, of the pious and learned Nestorian clergy. Even after the tardy justice of the Porte was put forth to crush this remorseless barbarian—justice which was content, probably mollified by some golden arguments, with a sentence of exile to Candia—the locust devoured what the canker-worm had spared. Nur Ullah Bey, whom we remember Dr. Grant visiting in his castle of Jula Merk, and unhappily, as it turns out, restoring to health, fell on the few survivors who returned to their villages, and put them to the torture to discover their concealed treasures. Many died, the rest fled to Persia. 'This flourishing district,' sadly concludes Mr. Layard, 'was thus destroyed; and it will be long ere its cottages rise from their ruins, and the fruits of patient toil again clothe the sides of the valleys' (p. 239).

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him among a still more remarkable people, perhaps in their origin not only much older than the Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than Christianity itself. He is admitted into the rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary of that singular race, who bear the ill-omened name of Devil-worshippers. He is the first European, we believe, who has received almost unreserved communication as to the nature of their tenets; though probably, from the ignorance of the Yezidis themselves, he has by no means solved the problem either of the date or the primal source of their curious doctrines. How extraordinary the vitality even of the wildest and strangest forms of religious belief! Here are tribes proscribed for centuries, almost perhaps for thousands of years, under the name most odious to all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older and more wicked belief, at least infected by the most detested heresy, Manicheism—trampled upon, hunted down, driven from place to place by the Mussulmen, as being of those idolaters, the *people without a Book*, towards whom the Koran itself justifies or commands implacable enmity. Against the Yezidis, even in the present day, the Moslem rulers most religiously fulfil the precepts of their Scripture—making razzias among them, massacring the males, carrying off the women, especially the female children, into their harems. That fanatic persecution, which accidental circumstances

suddenly and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Christians, had been the wretched lot, time out of mind, of the Yezidis. Towards the Christians the Korân contained more merciful texts—towards the Devil-worshippers none. Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes, cleanly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit (some have lately taken refuge from Mohammedan persecution under the Russian government in Georgia), celebrating publicly their religious rights—with their sacred places and sacred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of their sheikhs, their groves, and their temples. The manners of these tribes are full of the frank, courteous, hospitable freedom of Asiatics—they are resolute soldiers in self-defence—and at least, not more given, in their best days, to marauding habits than their neighbors, and only goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked persecution. Their morals, as far as transpires in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account, are much above those of the tribes around them—they are grateful for kindness, and by no means, at least as far as Mr. Layard experienced, and we may add some earlier travellers, jealously uncommunicative with Franks. Their secret rites, as witnessed by Mr. Layard, are by no means these midnight orgies which have earned for them the epithet of 'Cheregh Sonderan'—the extinguishers of lights. The imputation of revolting practices implied in this appellation is as little justified, in all probability, as the same charges advanced by the Heathens against the primitive Christians—by the orthodox Christians almost indiscriminately against the Gnostic and Manichean sects. It is the same charge which all religions have incurred, which have been obliged to shroud their ceremonies, for fear of persecutions, in night or in secrecy. Fantastic as these rites of the Devil-worshippers may be, and instead of calm and sober worship, maddening to the utmost physical excitement, they are, as far as we can know, perfectly innocent. If dangerous, considering into what, according to some of the Fathers, the Agapæ had degenerated in the third and fourth century—considering the Jumpers, the Shakers, and Revivals of modern days—considering what has been ascribed to some Mohammedan sects—at all events, if the worst has been now and then true, there may be grave doubts in many minds as to the right of throwing the first stone.

Mr. Layard's invitation to the Festival of the Yezidis was another act of gratitude arising out of English humanity. The Cre-

tan Pasha had endeavoured—not from religious zeal, but in hope of plunder and exaction—to get the head or chief priest of the tribe into his power. 'Sheikh Nasr had time to escape the plot against him, and to substitute in his place the second in authority, who was carried a prisoner to the town.' The heroic substitute, in his devotion to his chief, bore torture and imprisonment. He was released by the intervention of Mr. Rassam, who advanced a considerable sum on the faith of the Yezidis, and this sum was punctually repaid by them when they had reaped their harvest. The Yezidis were of course in as great delight at the recall of Keritli Oglou as the rest of the province. Mr. Rassam was unable to attend a solemn festival, when the disciples of their religion from the most distant quarters were to meet at their great holy place, the tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mysterious personage, whose history, the period of his life, his title to saintly reverence, have now become an inexplicable myth. Mr. Layard was more lucky. He was received by Hussein, the chief, a youth of remarkable beauty, rich dress, and courteous manners. After breakfast he was left to his siesta, which was broken by a shrill cry of joy from the women's tents. The sheikh himself announced the joyful tidings of the birth of an heir, which had just taken place—an event which he ascribed to the good fortune attendant on the stranger's visit. The sheikh and the whole tribe entreated him to bestow a name upon the infant. 'Notwithstanding,' says Mr. Layard, 'my respect and esteem for the Yezidis, I could not but admit that there were some doubts as to the propriety of their tenets and form of worship; and I was naturally anxious to ascertain the amount of responsibility which I might incur in standing god-father to a Devil-worshipper's baby.' Nothing more being meant than the choice of a name (baptism, one of their rights, it seems, is performed by immersion, at a later period), Mr. Layard, with his usual tact, suggested the name of the babe's grandfather Ali Bey, who was held in high reverence in the tribe. The next day the festival began. Even Mr. Layard's practiced eye may have been somewhat dazzled by the singularity and beauty of the scene, or rather the succession of scenes, which he has described with such grace and liveliness. The contrast of this cool shady valley, in which stood the tomb of Sheikh Adi—the religious buildings which surrounded it—its groves and its fresh and flowing waters—with the sultry cellars of Mosul, and the burning plains of Nimroud—may have heightened his powers

of enjoyment! The cordiality of his reception opened his heart—but the living nature of the picture is the best guarantee of the artist's fidelity:—

'I sat till nearly mid-day with the assembly, at the door of the tomb. Sheikh Nasr then rose, and I followed him into the outer court, which was filled by a busy crowd of pilgrims. In the recesses and on the ground were spread the stores of the travelling-merchants, who, on such occasions, repair to the valley. Many-coloured handkerchiefs and cotton stuffs hung from the branches of the trees; dried figs from the Sinjar, raisins from Amadiyah, dates from Busrāh, and walnuts from the mountains, were displayed in heaps upon the pavement. Around these tempting treasures were gathered groups of boys and young girls. Men and women were engaged on all sides in animated conversation, and the hum of human voices was heard through the valley. All respectfully saluted the sheikh, and made way for us as we approached. We issued from the precincts of the principal building, and seated ourselves on the edge of a fountain built by the road-side, and at the end of the avenue of trees leading into the tomb. The slabs surrounding the basin are to some extent looked upon as sacred; and at this time only Sheikh Nasr, Hussein Bey, and myself, were permitted to place ourselves upon them. Even on other occasions the Yezidis are unwilling to see them polluted by Mussulmans, who usually choose this spot, well adapted for repose, to spread their carpets. The water of the fountain is carefully preserved from impurities, and is drunk by those who congregate in the valley. Women were now hastening to and fro with their pitchers, and making merry as they waited their turn to dip them into the reservoir. The principal sheikhs and cawals sat in a circle round the spring, and listened to the music of pipes and tambourines.

'I never beheld a more picturesque or animated scene. Long lines of pilgrims toiled up the avenue. There was the swarthy inhabitant of the Sinjar, with his long black locks, his piercing eye and regular features—his white robes floating in the wind, and his unwieldy matchlock thrown over his shoulder. Then followed the more wealthy families of the Kochers—the wandering tribes who live in tents in the plains, and among the hills of ancient Adiabene; the men in gay jackets and variegated turbans, with fantastic arms in their girdles; the women richly clad in silk antaris; their hair, braided in many tresses, falling down their backs, and adorned with wild flowers; their foreheads almost concealed by gold and silver coins; and huge strings of glass beads, coins, and engraved stones hanging round their necks. Next would appear a poverty-stricken family from a village of the Mosul district; the women clad in white, pale and careworn, bending under the weight of their children; the men urging on the heavily-laden donkey. Similar groups descended from the hills. Repeated discharges of fire-arms, and a well-known signal, announced to those below the arrival of every new party.'—pp. 283-285.

In the midst of this occurred a character-

istic and amusing incident, which for a time marred the general mirth, and threatened to interrupt the kindly feeling between the Yezidis and the stranger. The dances had begun—

'Every place from which a sight could be obtained of the dancers, was occupied by curious spectators. Even the branches above our heads were bending under the clusters of boys who had discovered that, from them, they could get a full view of what was going on below. The manœuvres of what was going on below. The manœuvres of one of these urchins gave rise to a somewhat amusing incident, which illustrates the singular superstitions of this sect. He had forced himself to the very end of a weak bough, which was immediately above me, and threatened every moment to break under the weight. As I looked up I saw the impending danger, and made an effort, by an appeal to the chief, to avert it. "If that young *sheit*—" I exclaimed, about to use an epithet, generally given in the East to such adventurous youths; I checked myself immediately; but it was already too late: half the dreaded word had escaped. The effect was instantaneous; a look of horror seized those who were near enough to overhear me; it was quickly communicated to those beyond. The pleasant smile which usually played upon the fine features of the young bey gave way to a serious and angry expression. I lamented that I had thus unwillingly wounded the feelings of my hosts, and was at a loss to know how I could make atonement for my indiscretion—doubting whether an apology to the Evil principle or to the chief was expected. I endeavoured, however, to make them understand, without venturing upon any observations which might have brought me into greater difficulties, that I regretted what had passed; but it was some time ere the group resumed their composure, and indulged in their previous merriment.'—p. 286.

We must make room for the night-scene—and for Mr. Layard's certificate of its perfect innocence:—

'As night advanced, those who had assembled—they must now have amounted to nearly five thousand persons—lighted torches, which they carried with them as they wandered through the forest. The effect was magical; the varied groups could be faintly distinguished through the darkness; men hurrying to and fro; women, with their children, seated on the house-tops; and crowds gathering round the pedlars who exposed their wares for sale in the court-yard. Thousands of lights were reflected in the fountains and streams, glimmered amongst the foliage of the trees, and danced in the distance. As I was gazing on this extraordinary scene, the hum of human voices was suddenly hushed, and a strain, solemn and melancholy, arose from the valley. It resembled some majestic chant which years before I had listened to in the cathedral of a distant land. Music so pathetic and so sweet I had never before heard in the East. The voices of men and women were blended in harmony with the soft notes of many flutes. At measured

intervals the song was broken by the loud crash of cymbals and tambourines; and those who were without the precincts of the tomb then joined in the melody.

'The same slow and solemn strain, occasionally varied in the melody, lasted for nearly an hour; a part of it was called "Makam Azerat Esau," or the Song of the Angel Jesus. It was sung by the sheikhs, the cawals, and the women; and occasionally by those without. I could not catch the words; nor could I prevail upon any of those present to repeat them to me. They were in Arabic; and, as few of the Yezidis can speak or pronounce that language, they were not intelligible even to the experienced ear of Hodja Toma, who accompanied me. The tambourines, which were struck simultaneously, only interrupted at intervals the song of the priests. As the time quickened, they broke in more frequently. The chant gradually gave way to a lively melody, which, increasing in measure, was finally lost in a confusion of sounds. The tambourines were beaten with extraordinary energy; the flutes poured forth a rapid flood of notes; the voices were raised to their highest pitch: the men outside joined in the cry; whilst the women made the rocks resound with the shrill *tahlehl*. The musicians, giving way to the excitement, threw their instruments into the air, and strained their limbs into every contortion, until they fell exhausted to the ground. I never heard a more frightful yell than that which rose in the valley. It was midnight. The time and place were well suited to the occasion; and I gazed with wonder upon the extraordinary scene around me. Thus were probably celebrated ages ago the mysterious rites of the Corybantes when they met in some consecrated grove. I did not marvel that such wild ceremonies had given rise to those stories of unhallowed rites and obscene mysteries which have rendered the name of Yezidi an abomination in the East. Notwithstanding the uncontrollable excitement which appeared to prevail amongst all present, there were no indecent gestures or unseemly ceremonies. When the musicians and singers were exhausted, the noise suddenly died away; the various groups resumed their previous cheerfulness, and again wandered through the valley or seated themselves under the trees.

'So far from Sheikh Adi being the scene of the orgies attributed to the Yezidis, the whole valley is held sacred; and no acts, such as the Jewish law has declared to be impure, are permitted within the sacred precincts. No other than the high priest and the chiefs of the sect are buried near the tomb. Many pilgrims take off their shoes on approaching it, and go barefooted as long as they remain in its vicinity.'—pp. 290—293.

It is this strange and awful reverence for the Evil Principle which is the peculiar tenet in the creed, and has given its odious name to this ancient and singular people. With them and old Lear alone the 'Prince of Darkness is a gentleman.' They will not endure the profane use of any word which sounds like *Sheitan*, or Satan; and they have the same aversion—some slight

touch of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words for a curse and *accursed*. Satan in their theory, which approaches that of Origen, is the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for rebellion against the Divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taous, King Peacock; or Melek el Kout, the mighty angel. The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride. Manichæism naturally suggests itself as the source of this awe for the Evil principle; but the Satan of the Yezidis seems to be the fallen archangel of the later Hebrew belief, rather than the Zoroastrian and Persian Ahriman, the eternal rival and equal of Ormuzd; he is no impersonation of Darkness as opposed to Light. The Yezidis seem to have none of the speculative hostility to Matter, as the eternal principle of Evil, which is the groundwork of Manichæism, as it had been of all the Gnostic creeds. Nor is the Evil principle the equal antagonist of the Good. In all other respects their creed seems to be a wild and incoherent fusion of various tenets, either borrowed from or forced upon them by other dominant religions around them. Mr. Layard supposes the groundwork to be Sabianism, yet he does not describe them as paying especial reverence to the heavenly bodies, except perhaps to the Sun, under the name of Sheikh Shems. They have a temple and oxen dedicated to that luminary; and kiss the place where his first beams fall. This, however, is pure Zoroastrianism—we ought to note that the researches in Nineveh are in favour of the Chaldean origin of that mysterious personage and his faith). They worship towards the rising sun, and turn the feet of their dead to that Kubleh. They have the same reverence for fire—a still more peculiar mark of the Persian creed; they hold the colour blue in abomination; are fond of white linen, and in the cleanliness of their habits and their frequent ablutions, they also resemble the Sabæans.' They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manichæism); they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Korân. Their notion of our Saviour is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet; with the Korân, they take the Docetic view of his person, and deny the reality of his sufferings. Their habits have nothing of the asceticism of the Manichean sects; they do

not even keep the Mohammedan Ramazan ; they fast three days only at the commencement of the year, and even that is not of necessary obligation. Wednesday is their holiday, on which the more devout fast ; but it is not kept with the rigour of a Sabbath. Under their Great Sheikh they have a hierarchy of four orders, and these offices are hereditary and descend to females. They are—I. The Pirs or saints, who lead a holy life, intercede for the people, and are supposed to cure diseases and insanity.—II. The Sheikhs, dressed in white, with a band of red and yellow, perform the chief functions of the ceremonial, take charge of the offerings, and vend the relics.—III. The Cawals are the itinerant preachers, who go round to teach the doctrines of the sect, chant the hymns, and play on the flute and tambourine.—IV. The Fakirs, dressed in coarse dark cloth, perform the menial offices. We regret to say that the school-master forms no part of the hierarchy. It is considered unlawful to learn to read or write. This legally established ignorance may well make us despair of ever solving the mystery as to the origin of the Yezidis. The only chance would be by obtaining the sacred volume of their traditions, their hymns, and religious ceremonial. It is in Arabic, but carefully concealed from the sight and touch of the profane. It might indeed, after all, be hardly more satisfactory than the perplexing Codex Nasireus, the sacred book of the Sabæan Christians or so-called Christians of St. John.

We return to Nimroud.—Our limited space forces us to compress into a brief summary our account of the actual discoveries on this prolific mound. But we strongly recommend our reader to follow Mr. Layard himself in the successive steps of his operation ; to catch, as almost the coldest and most unimaginative will do, the infection of his zeal, to enter into his anxieties and his hopes ; to behold chamber after chamber, hall after hall, unfold themselves as it were from the bosom of the earth, and assume shape, dimensions, height ; to watch the reliefs which line the walls gradually disclosing their forms ; as the rubbish clears away, the siege, and the battle, and the hunting-piece becoming more and more distinct ; the king rearing more manifestly his lofty tiara, and displaying his undoubted symbol of royalty ; the attitude of the priest proclaiming his office, sometimes his form and features, his imperfect and effeminate manhood ; the walls of the besieged cities rearing their battlements, the combatants grappling in mortal struggle ; the horses curvetting ; the long procession

stretching out slab after slab, with the trophies of victory or the offerings of devotion ; above all, the huge symbolic animals, the bulls or lions, sometimes slowly struggling into light in their natural forms, sometimes developing their human heads, their outspread wings ; their downward parts—in their gigantic but just proportions—heaving off, as it might seem, the encumbering earth. So in Milton's noble description, if we add only the broad-horned bull to the lion and the stag—

‘ ——— Now half appeared  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from  
bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane ; the  
ounce,  
The leopard, and the tiger—as the mole,  
Rising—the crumbled earth above them threw,  
In hillocks ; the swift stag, from under ground,  
Bore up his branching head.’

*Paradise Lost*, vii. 263.

We can conceive indeed nothing more stirring, more absorbing, than, once certainly in the right track, to work away in these mines of ancient remains ; to follow the lode, not after vulgar copper or iron or even more precious metals, but after the images of the kings of ancient days, the records and pictures of victories—of empires almost pre-historic ; to uncover the monumental inscriptions, in almost the oldest of written characters, which at least have in our own day partially surrendered their secrets to the inquisitive industry and sagacity of our Lassens and Rawlinsons ; to disinter an Asiatic Pompeii, not a small, if elegant, provincial town, buried in the days of the Flavian Cæsars, but the life, the wars, the banquets, the state, the religion of the capital city of old Assyria ; the great temple, in which reigned, and perhaps were worshipped, sovereigns contemporaneous with the elder Pharaohs, and whose names had reached the Greeks only by vague and uncertain tradition.

Mr. Layard's sagacity acquired before long a knowledge of the right mode of working these antiquarian quarries. The confident certainty with which he at last proceeded, the sort of divination which he seemed to possess, that intuitive magical rod which pointed to hidden curiosities, was no less amazing to his perplexed fellow-labourers, than his motive in consuming so much cost and time in what appeared such unprofitable labours. This simple plan of discovery at which Mr. Layard at length arrived, the knowledge of which may spare great waste of trouble and money in future researches, was grounded

on the system invariably adopted, probably enforced on the founders of the larger Assyrian edifices by the circumstances and nature of their country. The low level plains on which they built their cities compelled them to give artificial elevation, both for strength and security, that they might be seen afar off and command the adjacent region. A great pavement, usually of unburnt brick, was first laid down, commensurate with the design, on a mass of brickwork thirty or forty feet high: on this pavement rose the palace or temple, with all its halls or chambers. The first object then in these researches was to pierce down to this foundation platform (to penetrate deeper was vain and lost labour), and, having reached its level, to work onwards in any direction along its surface till the walls crossed the way; then to follow the wall till broken by gates or openings which led into other galleries or chambers. The gates of the more important chambers were usually designated by a pair of gigantic figures—bulls, lions, or of composite forms—the colossal warders of these vast halls. The gates or doors, if there were gates or doors, being of some less durable material, had entirely perished. This knowledge, however, of the fundamental principle of Assyrian architecture was gained only by observation and experience. It was employed in Mr. Layard's later excavations in the huge mound of Kouyunjik, in the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul; and in that of Kalah Shergat: in all of which he was eminently, if not equally, successful. It might have saved M. Botta, if it had been known from the first, much toil; and even Mr. Layard, in the researches which he made at Khorsabad, after it had been abandoned by the French. Even at Nimroud, at the first period of his excavations, when he was eager without delay to avail himself of Sir Stratford Canning's liberality, this base of operations had not been discovered; the researches were less regular and systematic, guided by the external appearance of the mound, and the first indications of the tops of the walls, which seemed to invite the pickaxe and spade. Mr. Layard's original Arab guide, an intelligent man, well acquainted with the mound, pointed out a fragment of alabaster, cropping out, in geological phrase, above the soil. On digging down it appeared part of a large slab; but the first chamber, the wall of which was partly faced by this slab, was more perplexing than satisfactory. As yet there were neither bas-reliefs nor inscriptions; and it was evident that this chamber had been

opened before—as it appeared, in the memory of living man, and from a modern inscription, by a late pasha in search of materials for tombstones. But steady perseverance—and skill, which, by such a man as Mr. Layard, was rapidly acquired—soon penetrated deeper and deeper into the unknown and inviolate; till three great edifices of different ages, adorned by sculptures of different character—one at the north-west corner, one in the centre, one to the south-east revealed to the light of day the Nineveh perhaps of Ninus and Semiramis, of Salmaneser and Sennacherib, of Esarhaddon and Sardanapalus.

Mr. Layard has rendered us great assistance in his own summary of the final result of his operations. He has given (and we are inclined to pardon the repetition, from the more perfect distinctness with which we have been enabled to accompany him), first, a topographic account, with constant references to his plans, and then a picturesque view of the mound, into which we descend, and behold his labourers—Arabs and Chaldeans, Mohammedans and Christians—working together in the utmost harmony, in all their wild attitudes, with their fantastic gestures and dissonant cries. We range with him through the whole circuit—pass from hall to hall—contemplate the lions at the gates, the sculptures on the walls—explore the rubbish for smaller articles of curiosity.

Before Christmas, 1846, Mr. Layard had only opened eight chambers. The intelligence of funds placed at his disposal through the Trustees of the British Museum enabled him to proceed on a more vigorous plan and on a more extensive scale. Before he closed his work, eight-and-twenty of these halls and galleries had come to light; and, with the assistance of his plans, we can trace the whole groundwork of the edifices. By his clever picture-writing, assisted, too, by many cuts executed with great skill by Mr. George Scharf, we are enabled to see the several parts of the mound, from a shapeless heap of rubbish covered with vegetation—a grassy hill of vast size but inexplicable shape—become gradually an assemblage of ruins, in which the walls, roofless indeed, but mostly erect, stand up before us. The chambers expand, many of them at first dazzling with rich colours, which faded unfortunately on their exposure to light; and faced with sculptured slabs. We understand the whole construction and arrangement, if not extent, of an Assyrian palace-temple.

The palace on the north-eastern corner of the mound, which Mr. Layard considers



the most ancient of the Ninevite buildings, had evidently been the most magnificent edifice, displayed the more regular construction, was adorned with the finest sculptures, and covered with the more curious inscriptions. To this we shall return. But there were appearances which came to light, during the operations about the centre of the mound, even still more surprising. There was a kind of succession in the strata of remains, which, without demanding the incalculable periods of our geologists, showed an antiquity which may well perplex the historical inquirer. Above the buried remains of the Ninevite palace, some people—a people by every indication of great antiquity—had formed their burial-place. The excavators had to dig *through* a layer of tombs, to displace the remains of the dead, which they did with great care. The tombs were not the hastily-piled sepulchres of a roving tribe—they were regularly formed of bricks carefully joined, but without mortar; some covered with slabs of alabaster; others were large earthen sarcophagi covered with slabs. Parts of a skeleton, and some of the bones, appeared entire on opening one of the tombs, but crumbled into dust on the attempt to remove them. In the first of these tombs were likewise found vases of reddish clay and beads, and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. Besides, there was a cylinder representing a king in his chariot hunting the wild bull, a copper ornament, two silver bracelets, and a pin for the hair. It seemed that the body must have been that of a female. In other tombs were found vases of green pottery, copper mirrors, lustral spoons, and various ornaments. The whole of these ornaments were, in their character and form, *Egyptian*. *Five feet below this cemetery* appeared the remains of a building—but of a building in ruins. The walls, of unbaked bricks, could still be traced; but the slabs which had lined them, covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, had been detached from the walls, with the manifest intention of removing them to some other place—it should seem of employing them for some neighbouring building. Mr. Layard asserts, and we think on solid grounds, that these slabs were invariably, according to the practice of Assyrian art, sculptured after they had been set up. And here, in a space of fifty feet square, cleared by the removal of about twenty tombs, above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regu-

lar series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved in the order in which they stood from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried bricks, and had been left as found, preparatory to their removal elsewhere. Mr. Layard had little doubt therefore that this central building had been destroyed to supply materials for the temple or palace at the south-west corner. The sculptures closely resembled those actually found in that edifice; and *there* also appeared slabs with the reliefs turned towards the walls. He was compelled to the strange but unavoidable conclusion that some considerable time even after this removal, in the accumulated earth and rubbish, now stirred again for the first time nineteen centuries after Christ, was the burial-place of a people seemingly Egyptian, or in some degree Egyptianised in manners and arts—closely allied, or assimilated at least, to that now well-known race, with whom, in their own monuments, we have become familiar to the most minute household ornaments and attire. The catacomb of one age must be pierced to arrive at the place or temple of another: one generation makes its graves, seemingly unconscious that far below are the dwellings of a generation much more ancient of course, and forgotten. Mr. Layard modestly contents himself with suggesting the questions—What race occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity does their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? One thing seems clear—that they are neither Persian nor Greek: they belong to an anterior period, when there was a close connexion between the inhabitants of this part of Assyria and Egypt. These problems must yet await their answer, and can only be answered if the inscriptions—as yet but indistinctly read, and, if interpreted at all, still more indistinctly interpreted—shall render up their secrets.

But they naturally lead to the more simple, yet not less important problem, which is started by the whole work of Mr. Layard:—What is the result of these singular discoveries? what light do they throw on the history of mankind—on the origin, early development, and progress of human civilization? How far has the great empire of Assyria, from a vast and vague Oriental tradition, an imposing and mysterious myth, become a reality? How far are we able to fill up its dim and interrupted annals? The only trustworthy history of Assyria, up to this time, has been that of its close: from



this—of which a proximate date can be assigned—we must ascend (in such history the upward is the only intelligible course) into its more cloudy antiquity. We know, as near as possible, the period at which Nineveh and her sovereigns disappeared from the face of the earth. Mr. Layard, we think, takes unnecessary pains to prove this absolute and total destruction of Nineveh and the Assyrian cities. It is quite impossible that within the range of history, after the fall of Babylon and the rise of the great Persian monarchy, any large capital can have arisen unnoticed, or any powerful sovereigns ruled, on the shores of the Tigris. There can be no reasonable doubt that all these ruins—those of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, Kalah Shergat, as well as Nimroud, belong to the Assyrian Nineveh, of which the fall is described as an historic fact, which, if he had not witnessed, had made an awful impression on the mind of man in his day, by the Prophet Ezekiel—Ezekiel who lived on the banks of the Chebar, one of the affluents of the Tigris. The Prophet cites it as a terrible and notorious admonitory example to the haughty kings of Egypt (ch. xxxi.). The date of the fall of Nineveh is brought even to a closer point. In Isaiah it is the Assyrian who is subduing Western Asia. Jeremiah knows no great eastern power but the Chaldean king of Babylon. The date which can be made out from the account in Herodotus of the conquest of Ninus, or Nineveh, by Cyaxares the Mede, singularly coincides with this period; and, in a word, chronologists cannot be far wrong in fixing the year 606 B. C. for the final extinction of the empire of Assyria. The latest dynasty of the Assyrians is familiar to us in the Biblical histories. The names of Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon are known as having enveloped the kingdom of Israel in their western conquests, and as having menaced Jerusalem. These, Mr. Layard seems to conclude, are the kings who built Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and the later Nimroud palaces—whose victories are commemorated in the later sculptures;—and at all events those sculptures are singularly illustrative of the campaigns thus incidentally or more fully described in the Hebrew writings. That some of those western conquests, either predicted or historically related by the Chroniclers or Prophets, are recorded on these very slabs, is by no means improbable. There has been an attempt, indeed, to identify one conquered people with the Jews; for this we think no sufficient proof or argument is offered—but the prisoners—men, women,

and children—who are led away into bondage from the captive cities *may* doubtless represent, among others, some of those who were carried off from their native homes in Palestine to Halah, and Hamath, and Gozar. The identical Rab-Saris, the chief eunuch—perhaps the Rab-Shakeh, the chief cup-bearer—who were sent to denounce war against Jerusalem, *may possibly* be seen in some of the long processions. The Rab-Saris is perpetually found as the prime-minister, the vizier, or representative of the monarch. But the most remarkable identification of the western conquests of Assyria with those of prophetic history is on certain slabs which commemorate the siege and subjugation of maritime fortresses. In the earlier sculptures boats appear, such as are now used on the Tigris and Euphrates: there is one ferrying over a royal chariot, with swimmers around it, supported on bladders, as at the present day. On the later reliefs of Kouyunjik are vessels apparently not belonging to the Assyrians (who never, probably, became a maritime people), but to the cities they are besieging. They are shown to be sea-vessels by the somewhat clumsy but significant device of sea-fish swimming about them; but are the same in shape and construction—and that a very peculiar construction—with vessels found on coins of the early Persian monarchy, and those of Sidon of a much later period. The cities besieged, it is no rash conclusion, may therefore be Tyre or Sidon, or some of the other flourishing mercantile towns on that coast.

But what learn we of that other dynasty which—high above that which began with Pul and ended in the fall of Nineveh (see vol. ii., pp. 381, &c.)—commencing with Ninus and Semiramis, is said to have endured for 1360 years, and closed with Sardanapalus? What learn we of those more primeval Assyrian monarchs, the builders of Nineveh and of the older Babylon? Concerning this royal race, all which has come down to us is through the Greeks, and those mostly late compilers, though they occasionally cite earlier vouchers. The whole of this is so vague, wild, and unreal, as to make us suspect more than the usual proverbial mendacity of Grecian history. These elder Assyrian sovereigns, their achievements, their edifices, loom dimly through the haze of impenetrable antiquity, and might seem to owe their grandeur in a great degree to their remoteness.

Mr. Layard devotes many pages to the fragments or traditions of history concerning this earlier Empire. He has collected these with much industry from all quarters, but

has appealed to them with too little discrimination. Considering the age, the active and adventurous life of Mr. Layard, his scholarship is of so much higher order than we had a right to expect; his judgment is so rarely led astray by the temptations of his exciting theme, that we would speak with most respectful tenderness of his adherence to the old usage (an usage, we regret to say, still countenanced by some of our most distinguished scholars and chronologists) of heaping together, with the more valuable authorities, passages from the most obscure and worthless writers concerning subjects on which they could not but be profoundly ignorant, or from writers of better name, where their authority can have no weight. In his introduction, it is singular that he promises to be as severe and judicious as we would require; his conclusions are simple, sound, and just, while the unfeigned modesty of his language, the excuses which he urges of bad health as well as overwhelming occupation, cannot but strongly prepossess us in his favour. But in the body of his work he has neglected somewhat too much that rigid historical criticism, without which it is impossible to distinguish fact from fable, mythic legend from historic truth. Surely, for instance, we are now far beyond the authority of Pliny and the poet Lucan, as to the inventors of written characters. We know that the Greeks generally supposed their own to be derived from the Phœnician; and it was natural that they should esteem their teachers the primary discoverers of letters; but of what weight is that Greek opinion as to the question itself?

As, however, this early Assyrian history must be forced, by these discoveries, on the attention even of the general reader, it may be worth the pains to examine its real amount and value. When Herodotus wrote, the great empire of Babylon had entirely swallowed up, and, as it seems, totally obscured the more ancient kingdom of Assyria. Semiramis is introduced only as having ruled in Babylon; Nineveh is hardly more than once or twice distinctly, and that incidentally, mentioned—once as having been included in the conquests of the Babylonian queen Nitocris—and again in the Median history, as having fallen under the victorious arms of Cyaxares. In another passage Herodotus speaks, as it were accidentally, of the Assyrians, as having ruled Upper Asia for 520 years. It seems absolutely impossible to limit the whole empire of Assyria to this narrow period. This sentence, therefore, probably refers to the rule of some particular Assyrian dynas-

ty, or some period when their empire was at its height as to power and extent (Herod. i. 95).\*

Almost the whole of the Ninevite history, therefore, is found in the compilation of Diodorus Siculus, and is avowedly transcribed from that of Ctesias—with some few additions from other less trustworthy authorities. What, then, is this history? A full and particular account only of the first and most remote ancestors of this race, of Ninus and Semiramis; and of the last of the dynasty, Sardanapalus. There is nothing, except perhaps the enormous numbers of their forces, absolutely incredible in the campaigns and conquests of Ninus; nothing more surprising than in those attributed to Sesostris, or even to modern conquerors, Zengis or Tamerlane. In the history of Semiramis, Diodorus endeavours to discriminate the mythic from the historical; the supernatural and religious from the real. Eastern annals, however, or even western, may furnish examples of women of inferior birth becoming by their beauty and fascinations, first the wives of powerful satraps or viziers, afterwards of doting monarchs; now assuming the reins of empire in their husbands' name, then in their own; carrying on long and perpetual wars; conducting remote campaigns, and founding magnificent

\* We agree with those modern critics who do not believe that Herodotus ever wrote an Assyrian history. This work was unknown to any writer of antiquity. Mr. Layard is wrong when he says, in his Introduction, that 'Aristotle de Anim. viii. 18, mentions *having seen it*.' Aristotle merely mentions a fact in natural history, of which a certain author was ignorant—for that author in his account of the taking of Nineveh describes an eagle drinking. But the name of that author in the best MSS. is *Herodotus*—which reading is retained by Bekker; and, however it may seem more probable that Herodotus should have described the taking of Nineveh than Hesiod, yet, even if so, there is nothing to show that Aristotle did not cite from memory, or copy from some other less accurate writer. The two passages in Herodotus, where he speaks of his *Ἀσσυρίοι λόγοι*, and his *ἑτέροι λόγοι* (l. c. 106 and 184), by no means show that he ever fulfilled his intention, if he had such intention, of writing a separate Assyrian history. There is a slight inaccuracy in the article Herodotus, in the excellent Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, edited by Dr. W. Smith. It is the long line of Babylonian kings, not the taking of Nineveh, which Herodotus promises (c. 184) to relate in *other discourses or books*. It is in c. 106 that he says, 'How they (the Medes) took Nineveh, I will describe in other books,' (*τοῖς ἑτέροις λόγοις*.) It is by no means impossible that Herodotus may have designed either to be more full on the history of Assyria in his great work, or may have projected another, and abandoned either design from want of materials. Such a book, by such an author, if written, could hardly have perished entirely, and escaped all later compilers.

cities. We see no reason to doubt, *a priori*, though the vastness of her works may be heightened and in a great degree fabulous, that Semiramis may have built the primeval Babylon, waged war in India, or even been the first to employ Rab-sares in her great offices of state. She may even have furnished a precedent for that lawless and prodigal plan of indulging her own passions without endangering her power, which acquired for a late Imperial female the name of the Northern Semiramis. Let us grant, then, that there may be some historic ground for the actual being of Ninus and Semiramis. We say not whether Diodorus or Ctesias had any foundation for the definite period of 1360 years (so we read in our edition, Wesselling's, of Diodorus, not 1306, as stated by some chronologists) which they assign to this dynasty. But what follows in Diodorus—no doubt in Ctesias—these accounts of the campaigns, conquests, buildings of Ninus and Semiramis? How are these annals, so splendidly begun, and with so many historic particulars, continued? By a total blank of thirty generations! Of the 1360 years assigned to the dynasty, more than a thousand were, as we are informed, altogether barren of events worthy of record. From Ninyas, the son of Semiramis, the first of that character, a race of Rois Fainéants succeeded—without doing any one great achievement or suffering any one memorable revolution. The plain and glaring truth is, that later ages knew nothing whatever about the period; as no one knew what was done, the complacent later historians determined that nothing was done. We should have made an exception; there is one single so-called historic fact, one event recorded, which, as coming from a Greek historian, is no less strange than suspicious—it is the mission by the Assyrian king Teutames, of Memnon, at the head of a powerful force, 20,000 foot and 200 chariots, to his vassal, King Priam, during the siege of Troy. And Ctesias would persuade us that he read this in the *royal archives*! What archives? Ctesias of Cnidos was, as is well known, a contemporary of Xenophon, and employed as a physician at the court of Persia. It is marvellous surely how this fragment, and this fragment alone, not only of ante-Persian, but of ante-Babylonian history, should find its way among the records of the house of Darius. We dwell on this the more because it is one of those cases in which Mr. Layard has betrayed some want of discrimination. We will not quite say that he relates it as if persuaded of its credibility, though in a note he somewhat gravely re-

bukes the blunder of Virgil in making Memnon a black. With Mr. Grote we must take the freedom of abandoning the whole story to 'the Legend of Troy,' and we know not why the cyclic *Æthiopis*, from which no doubt Virgil borrowed his black Memnon, is not quite as good history as this strange passage of the Cnidian physician. It may be uncourteous, but it is tempting to speculate, whether Ctesias invented the fable, either, as a court flatterer, to prove the ancient title of the great Eastern sovereigns to the allegiance of the kings of Asia Minor; or as a patriotic Greek, to boast of the total defeat of the first great Eastern host which encountered the Greeks in those regions.

From Ninus and Semiramis, with this one resting place, Diodorus leaps to Sardanapalus. His account of that luxurious sultan is too well known; but there is certainly this very singular circumstance, that the act of Sardanapalus, in making his palace his own gorgeous funeral pyre, and burying himself upon it, is also attributed to the king who was overthrown by Cyaxares. More than one of the great palaces, that of Khorsabad, and one at Nimroud, were manifestly destroyed by fire; but of the earliest, the north-western at Nimroud, there is no appearance that it was destroyed by that element, the agency of which it would be impossible not to discover even in these long-interred ruins.

This chasm of above 1000 years, which Diodorus has left in the Assyrian history, is filled up with a barren list of names by the Christian chronologists, by Eusebius and Syncellus, who frequently differ in the number and the names of the kings. We know not whether they took, either directly or through later writers, from Ctesias, the names which Diodorus suppressed as unworthy of record, or drew them from some other, perhaps more questionable, source. The Biblical records, which we must remember do not assert themselves to be the history of the world, but of one peculiar race, afford no information; yet neither is their silence to be considered as any valid objection. A mighty empire may have existed on the Tigris, as it certainly existed in Egypt, after Abraham, and long before Abraham, but would by no means necessarily find its place in the annals of the race of Abraham.

What then, if at this period of the world we should recover history which has perished from the memory of man since the fall of Nineveh, history of which the Greeks, perhaps the Persians, were altogether ignorant? It is difficult to doubt that much

which is historical is wrapped up in the long inscriptions that accompany every siege or battle-piece; assign his proper name to every king; and contain within their hidden character a succession of kings, with their most memorable achievements. There then are the records, the archives of Nineveh; and many of these of great length are now secured from further destruction. They have been copied with the utmost care; and transferred from the perishable stone or alabaster to printed pages, which the careful philologist may study at his leisure in his own chamber, and with all the aids of learning. But they are not only in a character, if known at all (for Major Rawlinson's is the Persian, not Assyrian alphabet), as yet imperfectly known:—a character which, no doubt, varied so considerably with the different races which employed it, that to read it to good purpose on the stones of Nimroud, may almost require a new discovery as felicitous as that of Grotefend, Lassen, and Rawlinson. That the Assyrians, as the oldest people who had attained to any degree of civilization, should have been the inventors of this cuneiform, arrow-headed, or wedge-shaped writing, is in itself highly probable; and their form of letters would be, as accordingly Mr. Layard actually asserts that it is, the most simple and least complicated. But beyond this there is the further difficulty; we have not merely to decipher the character, but to discover and interpret the language. This is the great problem which must test the sagacity of foreign and English scholars, the Lassens and Bournoufs of the continent, our own Rawlinsons, Birches, and Layards. There is every probability that it will turn out, if ever clearly deciphered, a Semitic language; but even on this point there is as yet no absolute certainty.

On the progress made in the deciphering this arrow-headed writing, though not unwatchful of its extent, at present we must decline to enter, and for obvious reasons; want of space, and consequent inability to make the subject intelligible to the ordinary reader. We are anxiously awaiting too the communication of Major Rawlinson's latest and most mature views, his ultimate judgment on the Assyrian character and language. This we know at present only from rumour and from casual hints in Mr. Layard's volumes. But having acknowledged our full trust, as far as its general truth, in Major Rawlinson's interpretation of the great tri-charactered or trilingual inscription of Bisutun, and looking with anxious expectation for the details of his announced discovery of the annals of the Ninevite

kings, we can only express our most friendly solicitude that the students in this difficult inquiry may not imperil their science by crude or hasty conclusions. Mr. Layard mentions one very happy mutual testimony furnished by the interpreters of Egyptian and of cuneiform writing. The same name, expressed in the parallel columns of a bilingual inscription, in hieroglyphics and arrow-headed characters, was read off (without any communication between the parties), the arrow-headed from Major Rawlinson's alphabet, the hieroglyphic by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, as 'Artaxerxes.' But it is discouraging, as to the Assyrian cuneiform, to find such sentences as these in Mr. Layard's book: 'Letters differing widely in their forms, and evidently the most opposite in their phonetic powers are interchangeable. The shortest name may be written in a variety of ways:—*every character in it may be changed.*' (Vol. ii. p. 190.) We do not mean to assert that the principles of these variations may not hereafter be discovered, and their laws laid down by long and patient philological investigation, and by analogy with other languages; but we must think that caution becomes more and more imperative; that every step must be secured before another can be made in advance. We must, moreover, plead guilty to some misgivings, when we find a particular character with the force of the letter N assigned to it by Mr. Layard; while another zealous student—whose able, though, we must be permitted to say, somewhat confused, papers demand a closer examination than we have been able to bestow upon them, but who is acknowledged at all hands to have developed the system of numerals with success—while Dr. Hincks is convinced it is either the name, or an abbreviation of the name, of Athur, the kingdom of Assyria. All to which Mr. Layard has aspired in the present work, is the detection of certain names of kings, following each other in regular order on different tablets, and so growing into a genealogy of several successive monarchs, designated by certain characters, which signify 'the son of,' and combining other proofs that they belong to a continuous series. But it is hardly fair upon the ordinary reader for Mr. Layard to print these lines of inscription from different slabs, which are to be considered equivalent to, and explanatory of, each other, in cuneiform characters alone. He ought to have told us in plain English or Roman letters, the names which he thus read. Even the philologist, who has paid some attention to the system, may be almost equally at a loss; as Major Rawlinson's alphabet is not applic-

able to the Assyrian cuneiform, and no other alphabet has as yet, we believe, been found to test the readings on these monuments.

But even if these sullen and obstinate inscriptions refuse to yield up their secret treasures of knowledge; if we are baffled by the recondite language, owning no manifest analogy with any of the known languages, ancient or modern, of Western Asia; if we are doomed to gaze upon them in unintelligent wonder, as men did so many ages, before the days of Young and Champollion, on the sealed hieroglyphics of Egypt; if we get no farther than to make out barren lists of names (curious, indeed, if confirmed by those in the chronologists, yet of very limited interest)—still we cannot but think this sudden redintegration, as it were, of the great half-fabulous empire of Assyria, one of the most singular adventures, so to speak, of antiquarian research. Though we may not be able, as the Chevalier Bunsen aspires to do for Egypt, to assign the place of Ninevite Assyria in the history of mankind and of civilization, yet it is a surprising event to receive, on a sudden, such unanswerable evidence of her power, wealth, greatness, luxury, and skill in manufactures and arts; of the extent of her conquests, and of course in a more imperfect and indistinct manner, the character of her social life and of her religion.

Our conclusions do not differ from those of Mr. Layard, as to the vast antiquity of the Assyrian empire. The total and acknowledged ignorance of Ctesias as to the events of any reign anterior to Sardanapalus, of course greatly shakes our faith in his authentic knowledge as to the length of those reigns, and altogether as to the period of 1860 years from Ninus to Sardanapalus. We are so much of the new school as to venture some doubts, notwithstanding our own admissions, whether Ninus himself be a myth or a real personage, the impersonated tribe, or city, or empire, like Dorus and Ion, and Hellen and the Egyptian Menes, or the actual father of a dynasty and the builder of the capital; and to this conclusion Mr. Layard himself seems to have come in his Introduction—which, like most Introductions, has clearly been the last part written. Semiramis, as we have said, has more of an historical character, though surrounded, no doubt magnified, by the haze of legend. But Mr. Layard's argument we think decisive as to the general question.

'There is no reason why we should not assign to Assyria the same remote antiquity we claim for Egypt. The monuments of Egypt

prove that she did not stand alone in civilization and power. At the earliest period we find her contending with enemies already nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself; and amongst the spoil of Asia, and the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the north-east, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war as her own. It is not improbable that she herself was indebted to the nations of Western Asia for the introduction of arts in which they excelled, and that many things in common use were brought from the banks of the Tigris. In fact, to reject the notion of the existence of an independent kingdom in Assyria, at the very earliest period, would be almost to question whether the country were inhabited; which would be directly in opposition to the united testimony of Scripture and tradition. A doubt may be entertained as to the dynasties and the extent of the empire, but not as to its existence, that it was not peopled by mere wandering tribes appears to be proved by the frequent mention of expeditions against Naharaina (Mesopotamia), on the earliest monuments of Egypt and the nature of the spoil brought from the country.'—pp. 225, 226.

It is this reciprocal light thrown upon each other by the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments which, in a broad and general way, seems the unanswerable guarantee for their historic authority. Taking at its lowest the certainty of the system of hieroglyphic interpretation, besides this, Egypt displays to us the living and intelligible sculptures in all her older buildings (which are yet much younger than the pyramids). These it is impossible to suppose the creations of fantastic artists, the records of imaginary combats, sieges, and conquests. The peculiarities of dress, form, and feature, so carefully and minutely preserved, must mean to indicate real and well-known tribes brought into subjection, and yielding spoil or tribute to their Pharaonic masters; the scribes who, with a singular correspondence, both in the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, are taking note of the number of heads presented to the conquering monarchs, must be commemorating actual victims, not amusing their kings with fictitious scenes of cold-blooded murder. The spoils are in many cases the undoubted products, the animals, the beasts and birds of foreign lands, no capricious inventions or symbolic creatures, but of well-known shape and kind. There can be no doubt that the Egyptian annals, up to a period not yet ascertained, are thus graphically represented on the walls of the temples and cemeteries. If there flourished a great line or lines of sovereigns, long before Abraham, in the valley of the Nile, a civilized people, a peculiar religion, a potent hierarchy—why not a dynasty, or dynasties, a people as far ad-

vanced in civilization on the shores of the Tigris? Nowhere should we expect to find the first mighty empires, the first great cities, so probably as in the rich agricultural districts on the shores of the Nile, the Euphrates, or Tigris. If such empires co-existed, they would naturally be connected by commerce, or opposed in war. Throughout almost the whole of real ancient history, biblical as well as profane, some great Asiatic kingdom and some great Egyptian kingdom are striving for the mastery. Palestine and Syria are perpetually the Flanders of the war between the two continents. For a long period after the final settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, their annals are vague and fragmentary: not even a complete and continuous history of the Jews themselves, still less of the conterminous nations. During the great period of the Hebrew monarchy, that of David and Solomon, the kings of Judah may be imagined as holding the balance, perhaps keeping the peace, between the rival empires. But during all the later and more disastrous period, the Jewish kings are alternately compelled into alliances, or suffer invasion from these hostile powers. On one side Nineveh and Babylon, on the other No-amoun (Thebes) or Memphis, claim their allegiance or invade their territory. The conquest of Egypt by the Persians closed for a time the rivalry which broke out again between the successors of Alexander; when the Antiochi and Ptolemies renewed the strife, till both were crushed by Rome. But for how many ages before this contest for supremacy had been going on, who shall presume to declare? It will surely be time to limit these ante-Mosaic or ante-Abrahamic centuries by biblical chronology, when the true and authoritative chronology of the Bible shall have been settled between the conflicting statements of the Hebrew text, as it stands at present, the Samaritan, the Septuagint, and Josephus (which last, from one passage in St. Paul, appears to have been the received system of our Saviour's time); when there shall be a full agreement among the one hundred and twenty writers, great part of them Christian scholars and divines, some of the highest names for piety and biblical learning, whom Dr. Hales quotes as assigning their discordant dates, differing by some thousands of years, to the Creation and the Deluge—yet almost all these professing to build their system on the Scriptures.

That during these evolving centuries the empire of Assyria should suffer great change; that dynasty should dispossess dynasty; that the throne should be occupied by sovereigns of different descent, even of different race;

that the founder or the more powerful emperor of a new dynasty should enlarge, extend, create a new suburban capital,—or build a new palace, a new temple, above the ruins of the old; that like monarchs, ancient and modern, they should take a pride in surveying the works of their own hands, the monuments of their own power, wealth, and luxury—(Is not this the great Nineveh or Babylon which I have built?): all this is in the ordinary course of human affairs, more particularly in the old Eastern world. The change described by Mr. Layard, as evinced by the sculptures in the buildings which belong to the more ancient, and those ascribed to the later dynasty—a change in dress, habits, arms, perhaps in religious usage—above all, in the style of art which, singularly enough, degenerates in the later period: this is rather to be expected, than a cause of wonder. The marvel is, that the curious antiquarianism of man, thousands of years after, should be sagacious enough to detect the signs of such revolutions. At one period, far from the earliest, Assyrian art and Assyrian life appear to Egyptianise, as if the city had been subdued and occupied during some Egyptian conquest; and yet keen and practised observers, like Mr. Birch, profess to discover distinctions between genuine and native Egyptian work and that wrought in a foreign land under Egyptian influence. Such is the case with some of the curious, and, we must add, exquisitely-finished ivories,\* which are obviously Egyptian in subject and in form, but yet with some remarkable peculiarities of their own. Into these details it is impossible for us to enter, but we will briefly state the general conjectural conclusions at which Mr. Layard and Mr. Birch appear to have arrived. The great period of Egyptian influence, whether by connexion, commerce, or domination, was during the dynasties from the eighteenth to the twenty-second of the Egyptian kings; a period which we may loosely indicate by saying that it would include the reign of King Solomon in Judæa. To this period *may* possibly belong those perplexing tombs in which the Egyptian ornaments are chiefly found, and which

\* As to these ivories, there is a very interesting story. When they reached this country to every appearance they seemed about to crumble into dust. The keen eye of modern science instantly detected the cause of the decay. 'Boil them in a preparation of gelatine: it is that constituent part of the ivory which has perished. It was done: and the ivories are as hard and firm as when first carved; they may last another thousand years or two. The merit of this suggestion is contested, we hear, by the Dean of Westminster [and Professor Owen: it may very probably have occurred to both resourceful minds.]

cover the remains of the North-Western, Central, and South-Eastern palaces of Nimroud. How long before this period reigned the builders and rulers of these long-buried palaces, seems now the great question. The far older and more perfect sculptures of these palaces clearly prove a dynasty of wide-ruling, wide-conquering sovereigns. But, while the student of Egyptian antiquities has been able to make out the names of the many nations subdued by the Egyptian arms, during the reigns of their Rhamseses—and there is a striking variety of complexion, feature, dress, arms, as well as peculiarity in the spoils from their lands—according to Mr. Layard, in most of these Ninevite reliefs there are only two races or peoples which can be clearly discriminated; and neither of these can be assigned by any marked characteristics of form, countenance, arms, or dress, to any particular age or country. Various countries are, however, designated: cities situated by the shores of two rivers; and cities on one stream: mountain cities girt with forests, and cities on plains, amid groves of palm trees. But incomparably the most curious of those treasures which Mr. Layard has deposited in the British Museum is the obelisk of black marble, without doubt belonging to the earlier Assyrian monarchy, which clearly commemorates transactions in the further East, apparently in India. Among other trophies this shows the Bactrian camel with two humps, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and many apes or monkeys. The mind is led back as by force to the Indian campaigns at least of Semiramis. Even if these are only the offerings of respect from foreign kingdoms, not the spoil or tribute of conquered and subject realms, they imply a wide extent of fame and power: and this obelisk Mr. Layard is disposed to consider as among the very oldest if not the oldest of the Assyrian remains.

Until the complete publication of Mr. Layard's great work on the Monuments of Nineveh, we shall not be in full possession of all the curious information conveyed by the disinterred sculptures as to the policy, the religion, the buildings, arms, arts, dresses, furniture, vessels of the ancient Assyrians. But it is surprising how much may be collected by patient and sagacious examination on all these points; and how clearly the whole is placed before us in the lively concluding chapters of Mr. Layard's present book, illustrated as it is with a profusion of clever wood-cuts. Oriental monuments disclose but little of the manners of the people (we have no painted tombs with all the pursuits of common life, like those of

Egypt): they are monarchical or rather autocratic; we see the king, and a royal personage he is, not more distinguished by the signs and attributes of royalty, the splendour of dress and of arms, than by his superior stature and majesty. Though sometimes offering to the gods, he is to his subject-eunuchs and cupbearers, to his soldiers and to his captives, a representative of the Godhead upon earth.

'The residence of the king,' writes Mr. Layard in his chapter on the religion of Assyria, 'was probably at the same time the temple: and that he himself was either supposed to be invested with divine attributes, or was looked upon as a type of the Supreme Deity, is shown by the sculptures. The winged figures, even that with the head of the eagle, minister to him. All his acts, whether in war or peace, appear to have been connected with the national religion, and were believed to be under the special protection and superintendence of the deity. When he is represented in battle, the winged figure in the circle hovers above his head, bends the bow against his enemies, or assumes his attitude of triumph. His contests with the lion and other formidable animals not only show his prowess and skill, but typify at the same time his superior strength and wisdom. Whether he has overcome his enemies or the wild beasts, he pours out a libation from the sacred cup, attended by his courtiers, and by the winged figures. The embroideries upon his robes, and upon those of his attendants, have all mythic meanings. Even his weapons, bracelets, and armlets are adorned with the forms of sacred animals, the lion, bull, or duck. In architectural decorations, the same religious influence is evident. The fir, or pine cone, and the honeysuckle, are constantly repeated. They form friezes, the capitals of columns, and the fringes of hangings. Chairs, tables, and couches, are adorned with the heads and feet of the bull, the lion, and the ram, all sacred animals.'—pp. 413-4.

This chapter on the religion of Assyria, though of necessity peculiarly vague and conjectural, leads, on the whole, to the conclusion that between the earliest and latest dynasties a great change had taken place. In the earliest sculptures, the dominant religion appears a simple Sabianism, a worship of the heavenly bodies, either as themselves the deities, or peculiarly indwelt by the deity. But this religion gives place to another, much more nearly resembling the Dual-worship of later times. It should seem, therefore, that we are to bring back that mysterious mythic religious founder, Zoroaster, from Bactria, to the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates, and to consider this region as the birthplace of that fire-worship which assumed its most perfect form under the Persian kings: for of this Zoroastrian faith there appear in the later works many undoubted indications. But



the great outward characteristic of the religion, as it appears on the monuments, is the worship of those singular composite animals, human-headed lions, &c., symbolic no doubt in their different parts of certain divine attributes. The sphinxes are evidently later, and of the Egyptian period. But this discussion, too, we are compelled to decline.

The most unexpected part of this discovery unquestionably has been that Assyria had, at the earliest period, a style of art of its own. We mean not of architecture : in that we should have expected all that is vast, spacious, colossal ; even the fables, if they are altogether fables, of the buildings of Ninus and Semiramis would imply edifices which overawed neighbouring nations, and left a perpetual tradition of their magnitude and grandeur. Assyrian architecture, like Babylonian, took, as is always the case, its character from the nature of the country and the material employed. All, as we have seen, was artificial ; the mound on which stood the city, the walls, the palace. But the unlimited command of brick earth would allow the platform and the buildings to be spread out to any extent. They had not rocks to hew into temples. These, in Egypt and elsewhere, were the types and models of later edifices, when the builders had to draw the ponderous stone from quarries, either in the neighbourhood or from some distance. The earth itself was the unfailing material ; and its use, and the enormous extent to which it was hardened into walls, platforms, palaces, temples, hanging gardens, lived long in the poetry of the west, as in Ovid's allusion to the 'muri coctiles' of Semiramis. Much earlier the prophet Nahum, when he menaces Nineveh with ruin, among other taunting sentences, utters this, 'Draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds ; go into clay, and tread the mortar ; make strong the brick-kiln' (Nahum iii. 14). The unmeasured extent of the cities so built, and their burying themselves, when overthrown, in their own rubbish, and becoming these shapeless mounds, is exactly what we might expect ; and with these wrecks, these mountains of brick rubble, travellers have long been familiar on the plains of Babylonia.

Nor are we much surprised to find that luxurious Nineveh already attired itself in the rich Babylonian garments—which for splendour of hues and fineness of woof were proverbial from the times of the earliest Hebrew writers to the most sumptuous days of Rome ; nor that their furniture, vases, utensils, should exhibit graceful forms ; that their chambers should be painted with borders of elegant design

and brilliant coloring. But that they should have their own school of sculpture ; that their palace or temple walls should be lined with reliefs, which show at least some very high artistic powers, was certainly, notwithstanding the precedent of the Egyptian battle-pieces and religious ceremonies, the last thing which we should have dreamed of finding in the edifices of ancient Assyria. Their sculpture, by every appearance, was indigenous, original, taken from Assyrian life, representing Assyrian form and costume : it does not Egyptianise till a comparatively late period. It is doubtless the parent of Persian art, as exhibited at Persepolis and elsewhere. But while we speak of its real artistic power, we are anxious to give no exaggerated estimate of its value as sculpture. It is well to prepare the visitors to the Ninevite Gallery at the Museum for what they must not expect, as for what they may. The secret of true majesty and true beauty was reserved for Greece ; majesty, irrespective of magnitude—beauty, which ventured to reveal the whole form of man. The Assyrian is high art, but it is still barbaric art ; not merely is it ignorant of perspective, often of proportion ; it allows itself very strange devices to suggest its own meaning, the most whimsical accessories to tell its story. Its aim and object is historic and religious :—addressed to a people who still dwelt on symbolic forms, and were yet far from the exquisite anthropomorphism of Greece, it is not ideal, nor, in the higher sense, imaginative. The impressions which it sought to create, and which even now it does create, are awe at its boldness, size, strength, massiveness, gorgeousness. It is by gigantic dimensions that it intimates power ; by a stern sedateness of countenance and splendour of dress, kingly majesty. The lofty tiara adds to the solemn dignity of the human head ; the draperies, hard in outline, mere layers of alabaster instead of folds, are worked into a kind of network of embroidery. It is at the same time singularly true, and absolutely untrue ; it does not, on some of the reliefs, give more than two fore legs to a pair of horses in a chariot ; there is no gradation in size ; and yet there is a spirit and freedom in its outline, a force and energy in its forms, a skill in grouping, which ventures on some of the boldest attitudes into which the figure of the warrior can be thrown ; it has that which is to sculpture what action, according to Demosthenes, was to oratory, *life*. It is, in its better period, perhaps more real in its animal than in its human forms ; some horses' heads are extremely fine. It is orientally jealous of revealing the female form ; woman are seen



on the battlements, tearing their hair, or carried away captive, but with none of that exposure, which, whatever may be its effect as to decency, adds so much to the grace of sculpture. Those then who are content with spirit, animation, force, will regard these specimens of art, of such immemorial antiquity, not only with curiosity, but with admiration; those who will yield themselves up to the impressions produced by colossal forms, as suggesting great audacity of conception and of execution, will look with eagerness for the arrival of Mr. Layard's larger cargo: all who feel an interest in the history of art will be disposed to study with care and attention this new chapter in that book, unfolded so suddenly and so contrary to expectation.

We cannot close without once more congratulating Mr. Layard on his success as a writer, as well as a discoverer; we repeat, that taking this only as a book of travels, we have read none for a long time more entertaining and instructive. In his dissertations he is full and copious without being tedious; his style is plain, vigorous, and particularly unaffected; it is the natural language of a strong mind fully master of its subject, and warmed and enlivened, without being inflated and kindled into rhapsody by the enthusiasm, without which he would never have conceived or achieved his wonderful task.

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ART. V.—1. *Vanity Fair; a Novel without a Hero.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. London. 1848.

2. *Jane Eyre; an Autobiography.* Edited by Currer Bell. In 3 vols. London. 1847.

3. *Governesses' Benevolent Institution—Report for 1847.*

A REMARKABLE novel is a great event for English society. It is a kind of common friend, about whom people can speak the truth without fear of being compromised, and confess their emotions without being ashamed. We are a particularly shy and reserved people, and set about nothing so awkwardly as the simple art of getting really acquainted with each other. We meet over and over again in what is conventionally called 'easy society,' with the tacit understanding to go so far and no farther; to be as polite as we ought to be, and as intellectual as we can; but mutually and honourably to forbear lifting those veils

which each spreads over his inner sentiments and sympathies. For this purpose a host of devices have been contrived by which all the forms of friendship may be gone through, without committing ourselves to one spark of the spirit. We fly with eagerness to some common ground in which each can take the liveliest interest, without taking the slightest in the world in his companion. Our various fashionable manias, for charity one season, for science the next, are only so many clever contrivances for keeping our neighbour at arm's length. We can attend committees, and canvass for subscribers, and archæologise, and geologise, and take ether with our fellow Christians for a twelvemonth, as we might sit cross-legged and smoke the pipe of fraternity with a Turk for the same period—and know at the end of the time as little of the real feelings of the one as we should about the domestic relations of the other. But there are ways and means for lifting the veil which equally favour our national idiosyncrasy; and a new and remarkable novel is one of them—especially the nearer it comes to real life. We invite our neighbour to a walk with the deliberate and malicious object of getting thoroughly acquainted with him. We ask no impertinent questions—we proffer no indiscreet confidences—we do not even sound him, ever so delicately, as to his opinion of a common friend, for he would be sure not to say, lest we should go and tell; but we simply discuss Becky Sharp, or Jane Eyre, and our object is answered at once.

There is something about these two new and noticeable characters which especially compels everybody to speak out. They are not to be dismissed with a few commonplace moralities and sentimentalities. They do not fit any ready-made criticism. They give the most stupid something to think of, and the most reserved something to say; the most charitable too are betrayed into home comparisons which they usually condemn, and the most ingenious stumble into paradoxes which they can hardly defend. Becky and Jane also stand well side by side both in their analogies and their contrasts. Both the ladies are governesses, and both make the same move in society; the one, in Jane Eyre phraseology, marrying her 'master,' and the other her master's son. Neither starts in life with more than a moderate capital of good looks—Jane Eyre with hardly that—for it is the fashion now-a-days with novelists to give no encouragement to the insolence of mere beauty, but rather to prove to all whom it may concern how little a sensible woman re-

quires to get on with in the world. Both have also an elfish kind of nature, with which they divine the secrets of other hearts, and conceal those of their own; and both rejoice in that peculiarity of feature which Mademoiselle de Luzy has not contributed to render popular, viz., green eyes. Beyond this, however, there is no similarity either in the minds, manners, or fortunes of the two heroines. They think and act upon diametrically opposite principles—at least so the author of 'Jane Eyre' intends us to believe—and each, were they to meet, which we should of all things enjoy to see them do, would cordially despise and abominate the other. Which of the two, however, would most successfully *dupe* the other is a different question, and one not so easy to decide; though we have our own ideas upon the subject.

We must discuss 'Vanity Fair' first, which, much as we were entitled to expect from its author's pen, has fairly taken us by surprise. We were perfectly aware that Mr. Thackeray had of old assumed the jester's habit, in order the more unrestrainedly to indulge the privilege of speaking the truth;—we had traced his clever progress through 'Fraser's Magazine' and the ever-improving pages of 'Punch'—which wonder of the time has been infinitely obliged to him—but still we were little prepared for the keen observation, the deep wisdom, and the consummate art which he has interwoven in the slight texture and whimsical pattern of *Vanity Fair*. Everybody, it is to be supposed, has read the volume by this time; and even for those who have not, it is not necessary to describe the order of the story. (It is not a novel, in the common acceptance of the word, with a plot purposely contrived to bring about certain scenes, and develop certain characters, but simply a history of those average sufferings, pleasures, penalties, and rewards to which various classes of mankind gravitate as naturally and certainly as the sparks fly upward. It is only the same game of life which every player sooner or later makes for himself—were he to have a hundred chances, and shuffle the cards of circumstance every time. It is only the same busy, involved drama which may be seen at any time by any one, who is not engrossed with the magnified minutiae of his own petty part, but with composed curiosity looks on to the stage where his fellow men and women are the actors; and that not even heightened by the conventional colouring which Madame de Staël philosophically declares that fiction always

wants in order to make up for its not being truth. Indeed, so far from taking any advantage of this novelist's license, Mr. Thackeray has hardly availed himself of the natural average of remarkable events that really do occur in this life. The battle of Waterloo, it is true, is introduced; but as far as regards the story, it brings about only one death and one bankruptcy, which might either of them have happened in a hundred other ways. Otherwise the tale runs on, with little exception, in that humdrum course of daily monotony, out of which some people coin materials to act, and others excuses to doze, just as their dispositions may be.

It is this reality which is at once the charm and the misery here. With all these unpretending materials it is one of the most amusing, but also one of the most distressing books we have read for many a long year. We almost long for a little exaggeration and improbability to relieve us of that sense of dead truthfulness which weighs down our hearts, not for the Amelias and Georges of the story, but for poor kindred human nature. In one light this truthfulness is even an objection. With few exceptions the personages are too like our every-day selves and neighbours to draw any distinct moral from. We cannot see our way clearly. Palliations of the bad and disappointments in the good are perpetually obstructing our judgment, by bringing what should decide it too close to that common standard of experience in which our only rule of opinion is charity. For it is only in fictitious characters which are highly coloured for one definite object, or in notorious personages viewed from a distance, that the course of the true moral can be seen to run straight—once bring the individual with his life and circumstances closely before you, and it is lost to the mental eye in the thousand pleas and witnesses, unseen and unheard before, which rise up to overshadow it. And what are all these personages in *Vanity Fair* but feigned names for our own beloved friends and acquaintances, seen under such a puzzling cross-light of good in evil, and evil in good, of sins and sinnings against, of little to be praised virtues, and much to be excused vices, that we cannot presume to moralise upon them—not even to judge them,—content to exclaim sorrowfully with the old prophet, 'Alas! my brother!' Every actor on the crowded stage of *Vanity Fair* represents some type of that perverse mixture of humanity in which there is ever something not wholly to approve or to condemn. There is the desperate devotion of

a fond heart to a false object, which we cannot respect; there is the vain, weak man, half good and half bad, who is more despicable in our eyes than the decided villain. There are the irretrievably wretched education, and the unquenchably manly instincts, both contending in the confirmed *roué*, which melt us to the tenderest pity. There is the selfishness and self-will which the possessor of great wealth and fawning relations can hardly avoid. There is the vanity and fear of the world, which assist mysteriously with pious principles in keeping a man respectable; there are combinations of this kind of every imaginable human form and colour, redeemed but feebly by the steady excellence of an awkward man, and the genuine heart of a vulgar woman, till we feel inclined to tax Mr. Thackeray with an under-estimate of our nature, forgetting that Madame de Staël is right after all, and that without a little conventional rouge no human complexion can stand the stage-lights of fiction.

But if these performers give us pain, we are not ashamed to own, as we are speaking openly, that the chief actress herself gives us none at all. For there is of course a principal pilgrim in *Vanity Fair*, as much as in its emblematical original, Bunyan's 'Progress,' only unfortunately this one is travelling the wrong way. And we say 'unfortunately' merely by way of courtesy, for in reality we care little about the matter. No, Becky—our hearts neither bleed for you, nor cry out against you. You are wonderfully clever, and amusing, and accomplished, and intelligent, and the Soho *ateliers* were not the best nurseries for a moral training; and you were married early in life to a regular black-leg, and you have had to live upon your wits ever since, which is not an improving sort of maintenance; and there is much to be said for and against; but still you are not one of us, and there is an end to our sympathies and censures. People who allow their feelings to be lacerated by such a character and career as yours, are doing both you and themselves great injustice. No author could have openly introduced a near connection of Satan's into the best London society, nor would the moral end intended have been answered by it; but really and honestly, considering Becky in her human character, we know of none which so thoroughly satisfies our highest *béau idéal* of feminine wickedness, with so slight a shock to our feelings and properties. It is very dreadful, doubtless, that Becky neither loved the husband who loved her, nor the child of her own flesh and blood, nor indeed anybody

but herself; but, as far as she is concerned, we cannot pretend to be scandalized—for how could she without a heart? It is very shocking of course that she committed all sorts of dirty tricks, and jockeyed her neighbours, and never cared what she trampled under foot if it happened to obstruct her step; but how could she be expected to do otherwise without a conscience? The poor little woman was most tryingly placed; she came into the world without the customary letters of credit upon those two great bankers of humanity, 'Heart and Conscience,' and it was no fault of hers if they dishonoured all her bills. All she could do in this dilemma was to establish the firmest connection with the inferior commercial branches of 'Sense and Tact,' who secretly do much business in the name of the head concern, and with whom her 'fine frontal development' gave her unlimited credit. She saw that selfishness was the metal which the stamp of heart was suborned to pass; that hypocrisy was the homage that vice rendered to virtue; that honesty was, at all events, acted, because it was the best policy; and so she practised the arts of selfishness and hypocrisy like anybody else in *Vanity Fair*, only with this difference, that she brought them to their highest possible pitch of perfection. For why is it that, looking round in this world, we find plenty of characters to compare with her up to a certain pitch, but none which reach her actual standard? Why is it that, speaking of this friend or that, we say in the tender mercies of our hearts, 'No, she is not quite so bad as Becky?' We fear not only because she has more heart and conscience, but also because she has less cleverness.

No; let us give Becky her due. There is enough in this world of ours, as we all know, to provoke a saint, far more a poor little devil like her. She had none of those fellow-feelings which make us wondrous kind. She saw people around her cowards in vice, and simpletons in virtue, and she had no patience with either, for she was as little the one as the other herself. She saw women who loved their husbands and yet teased them, and ruining their children although they doated upon them, and she sneered at their utter inconsistency. Wickedness or goodness, unless coupled with strength, were alike worthless to her. That weakness which is the blessed pledge of our humanity, was to her only the despicable badge of our imperfection. She thought, it might be, of her master's words, 'Fallen cherub! to be weak is to be miserable!' and wondered how we could be such fools as first to sin and then to be sorry. Becky's

light was defective, but she acted up to it. Her goodness goes as far as good temper, and her principles as far as shrewd sense, and we may thank her consistency for showing us what they are both worth.

It is another thing to pretend to settle whether such a character be *primâ facie* impossible, though devotion to the better sex might well demand the assertion. There are mysteries of iniquity, under the semblance of man and woman, read of in history, or met with in the unchronicled sufferings of private life, which would almost make us believe that the powers of Darkness occasionally made use of this earth for a Foundling Hospital, and sent their imps to us, already provided with a return-ticket. We shall not decide on the lawfulness or otherwise of any attempt to depict such importations; we can only rest perfectly satisfied that, granting the author's premises, it is impossible to imagine them carried out with more felicitous skill and more exquisite consistency than in the heroine of 'Vanity Fair.' At all events, the infernal regions have no reason to be ashamed of little Becky, nor the ladies either: she has, at least, all the cleverness of the sex.

The great charm, therefore, and comfort of Becky is, that we may study her without any compunctions. The misery of this life is not the evil that we see, but the good and the evil which are so inextricably twisted together. It is that perpetual memento ever meeting one—

'How in this vile world below  
Noblest things find vilest using,'

that is so very distressing to those who have hearts as well as eyes. But Becky relieves them of all this pain—at least in her own person. Pity would be thrown away upon one who has not heart enough for it to ache even for herself. Becky is perfectly happy, as all must be who excel in what they love best. Her life is one exertion of successful power. Shame never visits her, for 'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all'—and she has none. She realizes that *ne plus ultra* of sublimary comfort which it was reserved for a Frenchman to define—the blessed combination of '*le bon estomac et le mauvais cœur*:' for Becky adds to her other good qualities that of an excellent digestion.

Upon the whole, we are not afraid to own that we rather enjoy her *ignis fatuus* course, dragging the weak and the vain and the selfish, through mud and mire, after her, and acting all parts, from the modest rushlight to the gracious star, just as it suits her. Clever little imp that she is! What exquisite tact she shows!—what unflagging

good humour!—what ready self-possession! Becky never disappoints us; she never even makes us tremble. We know that her answer will come exactly suiting her one particular object, and frequently three or four more in prospect. What respect, too, she has for those decencies which more virtuous, but more stupid humanity, often disdains! What detection of all that is false and mean! What instinct for all that is true and great! She is her master's true pupil in that: she knows what is really divine as well as he, and bows before it. She honours Dobbin in spite of his big feet; she respects her husband more than ever she did before, perhaps for the first time, at the very moment when he is stripping not only her jewels, but name, honour, and comfort off her.

We are not sure either whether we are justified in calling her '*le mauvais cœur*.' Becky does not pursue any one vindictively; she never does gratuitous mischief. The fountain is more dry than poisoned. She is even generous—when she can afford it. Witness that burst of plain speaking in Dobbin's favour to the little do-it Amelia, for which we forgive her many a sin. 'Tis true she wanted to get rid of her; but let that pass. Becky was a thrifty dame, and liked to despatch two birds with one stone. And she was honest, too, after a fashion. The part of wife she acts at first as well, and better than most; but as for that of mother, there she fails from the beginning. See knew that maternal love was no business of hers—that a fine frontal development could give her no help there—and puts so little spirit into her imitation that no one could be taken in for a moment. She felt that that bill, of all others, would be sure to be dishonoured, and it went against her conscience—we mean her sense—to send it in.

In short, the only respect in which Becky's course gives us pain is when it locks itself into that of another, and more genuine child of this earth. No one can regret those being entangled in her nets whose vanity and meanness of spirit alone led them into its meshes—such are rightly served; but we do grudge her that real sacred thing called *love*, even of a Rawdon Crawley, who has more of that self-forgetting, all-purifying feeling for his little evil spirit than many a better man has for a good woman. We do grudge Becky *a heart*, though it belong only to a swindler. Poor, sinned against, vile, degraded, but still true-hearted Rawdon!—you stand next in our affections and sympathies to honest Dobbin himself. It was the instinct of a good nature which

made the Major feel that the stamp of the Evil One was upon Becky; and it was the stupidity of a good nature which made the Colonel never suspect it. He was a cheat, a black-leg, an unprincipled dog; but still 'Rawdon is a man, and be hanged to him,' as the Rector says. We follow him through the illustrations, which are, in many instances, a delightful enhancement to the text—as he stands there, with his gentle eyelid, coarse moustache, and foolish chin, bringing up Becky's coffee-cup with a kind of dumb fidelity; or looking down at little Rawdon with a more than paternal tenderness. All Amelia's philoprogenitive idolatries do not touch us like one fond instinct of 'stupid Rawdon.'

Dobbin sheds a halo over all the long-necked, loose-jointed, Scotch-looking gentlemen of our acquaintance. Flat feet and flap ears seem henceforth incompatible with evil. He reminds us of one of the sweetest creations that have appeared from any modern pen—that plain, awkward, loveable 'Long Walter,' in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's beautiful novel of 'Grantley Manor.' Like him, too, in his proper self-respect; for Dobbin—lumbering, heavy, shy, and absurdly over modest as the ugly fellow is—is yet true to himself. At one time he seems to be sinking into the mere abject dangler after Amelia; but he breaks his chains like a man, and resumes them again like a man, too, although half disenchanted of his amiable delusion.

But to return for a moment to Becky. The only criticism we would offer is one which the author has almost disarmed by making her mother a Frenchwoman. The construction of this little clever monster is diabolically French. Such a *lusus nature* as a woman without a heart and conscience would, in England, be a mere brutal savage, and poison half a village. France is the land for the real Syren, with the woman's face and the dragon's claws. The genus of Pigeon and Laflarge claims her for its own—only that our heroine takes a far higher class by not requiring the vulgar matter-of-fact of crime to develop her full powers. It is an affront to Becky's tactics to believe that she could ever be reduced to so low a resource, or, that if she were, anybody would find it out. We, therefore, cannot sufficiently applaud the extreme discretion with which Mr. Thackeray has hinted at the possibly assistant circumstances of Joseph Sedley's dissolution. A less delicacy of handling would have marred the harmony of the whole design. Such a casuality as that suggested to our imagination was not intended for the light net of

Vanity Fair to draw on shore; it would have torn it to pieces. Besides it is not wanted. Poor little Becky is bad enough to satisfy the most ardent student of 'good books.' Wickedness, beyond a certain pitch, gives no increase of gratification even to the sternest moralist; and one of Mr. Thackeray's excellences is the sparing quantity he consumes. The whole use, too, of the work—that of generously measuring one another by this standard—is lost, the moment you convict Becky of a capital crime. Who can, with any face, liken a dear friend to a murderer? Whereas now there are no little symptoms of fascinating ruthlessness, graceful ingratitude, or lady-like selfishness, observable among our charming acquaintance, that we may not immediately detect to an inch, and more effectually intimidate by the simple application of the Becky gauge than by the most vehement use of all ten commandments. Thanks to Mr. Thackeray, the world is now provided with an *idea*, which, if we mistake not, will be the skeleton in the corner of every ball-room and boudoir for a long time to come. Let us leave it intact in its unique point and freshness—a Becky, and nothing more. We should, therefore, advise our readers to cut out that picture of our heroine's 'Second Appearance as Clytemnestra,' which casts so uncomfortable a glare over the latter part of the volume, and, disregarding all hints and innuendoes, simply to let the changes and chances of this mortal life have due weight in their minds. Jos had been much in India. His was a bad life; he ate and drank most imprudently, and his digestion was not to be compared with Becky's. No respectable office would have ensured 'Waterloo Sedley.'

'Vanity Fair' is pre-eminently a novel of the day—not in the vulgar sense, of which there are too many, but as a literal photograph of the manners and habits of the nineteenth century, thrown on to paper by the light of a powerful mind; and one also of the most artistic effect. Mr. Thackeray has a peculiar adroitness in leading on the fancy, or rather memory of his reader from one set of circumstances to another by the seeming chances and coincidences of common life, as an artist leads the spectator's eye through the subject of his picture by a skilful repetition of colour. This is why it is impossible to quote from his book with any justice to it. The whole growth of the narrative is so matted and interwoven together with tendrill-like links and bindings, that there is no detaching a flower with sufficient length of stalk to exhibit it to advantage. There is that mutual dependence

in his characters which is the first requisite in painting every-day life; no one is stuck on a separate pedestal—no one is sitting for his portrait. There may be one exception we mean Sir Pitt Crawley, senior: it is possible, nay, we hardly doubt, that this baronet was closer drawn from individual life than anybody else in the book; but granting that fact, the animal was so unique an exception, that we wonder so shrewd an artist could stick him into a gallery so full of our familiars. The scenes in Germany, we can believe, will seem to many readers of an English book hardly less extravagantly absurd—grossly and gratuitously overdrawn; but the initiated will value them as containing some of the keenest strokes of truth and humour that 'Vanity Fair' exhibits, and not enjoy them the less for being at our neighbour's expense. For the thorough appreciation of the chief character they are quite indispensable too. The whole course of the work may be viewed as the *Wander-Jahre* of a far cleverer female *Wilhelm Meister*. We have watched her in the ups-and-downs of life—among the humble, the fashionable, the great, and the pious—and found her ever new, yet ever the same; but still Becky among the students was requisite to complete the full measure of our admiration.

'Jane Eyre,' as a work, and one of equal popularity, is, in almost every respect, a total contrast to 'Vanity Fair.' The characters and events, though some of them masterly in conception, are coined expressly for the purpose of bringing out great effects. The hero and heroine are beings both so singularly unattractive that the reader feels they can have no vocation in the novel but to be brought together; and they do things which, though not impossible, lie utterly beyond the bounds of probability. On this account a short sketch of the plan seems requisite; not but what it is a plan familiar enough to all readers of novels—especially those of the old school and those of the lowest school of our own day. For Jane Eyre is merely another Pamela, who, by the force of her character and the strength of her principles, is carried victoriously through great trials and temptations from the man she loves. Nor is she even a Pamela adapted and refined to modern notions; for though the story is conducted without those derelictions of decorum which we are to believe had their excuse in the manners of Richardson's time, yet it is stamped with a coarseness of language and laxity of tone which have certainly no excuse in ours. It is a very remarkable book: we have no remembrance of another com-

bining such genuine power with such horrid taste. Both together have equally assisted to gain the great popularity it has enjoyed; for in these days of extravagant adoration of all that bears the stamp of novelty and originality, sheer rudeness and vulgarity have come in for a most mistaken worship.

The story is written in the first person. Jane begins with her earliest recollections, and at once takes possession of the reader's intensest interest by the masterly picture of a strange and oppressed child she raises up in a few strokes before him. She is an orphan, and a dependant in the house of a selfish, hard-hearted aunt, against whom the disposition of the little Jane chafes itself in natural antipathy, till she contrives to make the unequal struggle as intolerable to her oppressor as it is to herself. She is therefore, at eight years of age, got rid of to a sort of Do-the-girls Hall, where she continues to enlist our sympathies for a time with her little pinched fingers, cropped hair, and empty stomach. But things improve: the abuses of the institution are looked into. The Puritan patron, who holds that young orphan girls are only safely brought up upon the rules of La Trappe, is superseded by an enlightened committee—the school assumes a sound English character—Jane progresses duly from scholar to teacher, and passes ten profitable and not unhappy years at Lowood. Then she advertises for a situation as governess, and obtains one immediately in one of the midland counties. We see her, therefore, as she leaves Lowood, to enter upon a new life—a small, plain, odd creature, who has been brought up dry upon school learning, and somewhat stunted accordingly in mind and body, and who is now thrown upon the world as ignorant of its ways, and as destitute of its friendships, as a shipwrecked mariner upon a strange coast.

Thornfield Hall is the property of Mr. Rochester—a bachelor addicted to travelling. She finds it at first in all the peaceful prestige of an English gentleman's seat when 'nobody is at the hall.' The companions are an old decayed gentlewoman housekeeper—a far away cousin of the squire's—and a young French child, Jane's pupil, Mr. Rochester's ward and reputed daughter. There is a pleasing monotony in the summer solitude of the old country house, with its comfort, respectability, and dulness, which Jane paints to the life; but there is one circumstance which varies the sameness and casts a mysterious feeling over the scene. A strange laugh is heard from time to time in a distant part of the house—a laugh which grates discordantly upon Jane's ear. She listens, watches, and

inquires, but can discover nothing but a plain matter-of-fact woman, who sits sewing somewhere in the attics, and goes up and down stairs peaceably to and from her dinner with the servants. But a mystery there is, though nothing betrays it, and it comes in with marvellous effect from the monotonous reality of all around. After awhile Mr. Rochester comes to Thornfield, and sends for the child and her governess occasionally to bear him company. He is a dark, strange-looking man—strong and large—of the brigand stamp, with fine eyes and lowering brows—blunt and sarcastic in his manners, with a kind of misanthropical frankness, which seems based upon utter contempt for his fellow-creatures, and a surly truthfulness which is more rudeness than honesty. With his arrival disappears all the prestige of country innocence that had invested Thornfield Hall. He brings the taint of the world upon him, and none of its illusions. The queer little governess is something new to him. He talks to her at one time imperiously as to a servant, and at another recklessly as to a man. He pours into her ears disgraceful tales of his past life, connected with the birth of little Adèle, which any man with common respect for a woman, and that a mere girl of eighteen, would have spared her; but which eighteen in this case listens to as if it were nothing new, and certainly nothing distasteful. He is captious and Turk-like—she is one day his confidant, and another his unnoticed dependant. In short, by her account, Mr. Rochester is a strange brute, somewhat in the Squire Western style of absolute and capricious eccentricity, though redeemed in him by signs of a cultivated intellect, and gleams of a certain fierce justice of heart. He has a *mind*, and when he opens it at all, he opens it freely to her. Jane becomes attached to her 'master,' as Pamela-like she calls him, and it is not difficult to see that solitude and propinquity are taking effect upon him also. An odd circumstance heightens the dawning romance. Jane is awoke one night by that strange discordant laugh close to her ear—then a noise as if hands feeling along the wall. She rises—opens her door, finds the passage full of smoke, is guided by it to her master's room, whose bed she discovers enveloped in flames, and by her timely aid saves his life. After this they meet no more for ten days, when Mr. Rochester returns from a visit to a neighbouring family, bringing with him a housefull of distinguished guests; at the head of whom is Miss Blanche Ingram, a haughty beauty of high birth, and evidently the especial object of the Squire's attentions

—upon which tumultuous irruption Miss Eyre slips back into her naturally humble position.

Our little governess is now summoned away to attend her aunt's death-bed, who is visited by some compunctions towards her, and she is absent a month. When she returns Thornfield Hall is quit of all its guests, and Mr. Rochester and she resume their former life of captious cordiality on the one side, and diplomatic humility on the other. At the same time the bugbear of Miss Ingram and of Mr. Rochester's engagement with her is kept up, though it is easy to see that this and all concerning that lady is only a stratagem to try Jane's character and affection upon the most approved Griselda precedent. Accordingly an opportunity for explanation ere long offers itself, where Mr. Rochester has only to take it. Miss Eyre is desired to walk with him in shady alleys, and to sit with him on the roots of an old chestnut-tree towards the close of evening, and of course she cannot disobey her 'master'—whereupon there ensues a scene which, as far as we remember, is new equally in art or nature; in which Miss Eyre confesses her love—whereupon Mr. Rochester drops not only his cigar (which she seems to be in the habit of lighting for him) but his mask, and finally offers not only heart, but hand. The wedding-day is soon fixed, but strange misgivings and pre-sentiments haunt the young lady's mind. The night but one before, her bed-room is entered by a horrid phantom, who tries on the wedding veil, sends Jane into a swoon of terror, and defeats all the favourite refuge of a bad dream by leaving the veil in two pieces. But all is ready. The bride has no friends to assist—the couple walk to church—only the clergyman and clerk are there—but Jane's quick eye has seen two figures lingering among the tombstones, and these two follow them into church. The ceremony commences, when at the due charge which summons any man to come forward and show just cause why they should not be joined together, a voice interposes to forbid the marriage. There is an impediment, and a serious one. The bridegroom has a wife not only living, but living under the very roof of Thornfield Hall. Hers was that discordant laugh which had so often caught Jane's ear; she it was who in her malice had tried to burn Mr. Rochester in his bed—who had visited Jane by night and torn her veil, and whose attendant was that same pretended seamstress who had so strongly excited Jane's curiosity. For Mr. Rochester's wife is a creature, half fiend, half maniac, whom he



had married in a distant part of the world, and whom now, in his self-constituted code of morality, he had thought it his right, and even his duty, to supersede by a more agreeable companion. Now follow scenes of a truly tragic power. This is the grand crisis in Jane's life. Her soul is wrapt up in Mr. Rochester. He has broken her trust, but not diminished her love. He entreats her to accept all that he still can give, his heart and his home; he pleads with the agony not only of a man who has never known what it was to conquer a passion, but of one who, by that same self-constituted code, now burns to atone for a disappointed crime. There is no one to help her against him or against herself. Jane had no friends to stand by her at the altar, and she has none to support her now she is plucked away from it. There is no one to be offended or disgraced at her following him to the sunny land of Italy, as he proposes, till the maniac should die. There is no duty to any one but to herself, and this feeble reed quivers and trembles beneath the overwhelming weight of love and sophistry opposed to it. But Jane triumphs; in the middle of the night she rises—glides out of her room—takes off her shoes as she passes Mr. Rochester's chamber;—leaves the house, and casts herself upon a world more desert than ever to her—

'Without a shilling and without a friend.'

Thus the great deed of self-conquest is accomplished; Jane has passed through the fire of temptation from without and from within; her character is stamped from that day; we need therefore follow her no further into wanderings and sufferings which, though not unmingled with plunder from Minerva-lane, occupy some of, on the whole, the most striking chapters in the book. Virtue of course finds her reward. The maniac wife sets fire to Thornfield Hall, and perishes herself in the flames. Mr. Rochester, in endeavouring to save her, loses the sight of his eyes. Jane rejoins her blind master; they are married, after which of course the happy man recovers his sight.

Such is the outline of a tale in which, combined with great materials for power and feeling, the reader may trace gross inconsistencies and improbabilities, and chief and foremost that highest moral offence a novel writer can commit, that of making an unworthy character interesting in the eyes of the reader. Mr. Rochester is a man who deliberately and secretly seeks to violate the laws both of God and man, and yet

we will be bound half our lady readers are enchanted with him for a model of generosity and honour. We would have thought that such a hero had had no chance, in the purer taste of the present day; but the popularity of Jane Eyre is a proof how deeply the love for illegitimate romance is implanted in our nature. Not that the author is strictly responsible for this. Mr. Rochester's character is tolerably consistent. He is made as coarse and as brutal as can in all conscience be required to keep our sympathies at a distance. In point of literary consistency the hero is at all events impugnable, though we cannot say as much for the heroine.

As to Jane's character—there is none of that harmonious unity about it which made little Becky so grateful a subject of analysis—nor are the discrepancies of that kind which have their excuse and their response in our nature. The inconsistencies of Jane's character lie mainly not in her own imperfections, though of course she has her share, but in the author's. There is that confusion in the relations between cause and effect, which is not so much untrue to human nature as to human art. The error in Jane Eyre is, not that her character is this or that, but that she is made one thing in the eyes of her imaginary companions, and another in that of the actual reader. There is a perpetual disparity between the account she herself gives of the effect she produces, and the means shown us by which she brings that effect about. We hear nothing but self-eulogiums on the perfect tact and wondrous penetration with which she is gifted, and yet almost every word she utters offends us, not only with the absence of these qualities, but with the positive contrasts of them, in either her pedantry, stupidity, or gross vulgarity. She is one of those ladies who put us in the unpleasant predicament of undervaluing their very virtues for dislike of the person in whom they are represented. One feels provoked as Jane Eyre stands before us—for in the wonderful reality of her thoughts and descriptions, she seems accountable for all done in her name—with principles you must approve in the main, and yet with language and manners that offend you in every particular. Even in that *chef-d'œuvre* of brilliant retrospective sketching, the description of her early life, it is the childhood and not the child that interests you. The little Jane, with her sharp eyes and dogmatic speeches, is a being you neither could fondle nor love. There is a hardness in her infantine earnestness, and a spiteful precocity in her reasoning, which repulses



all our sympathy. One sees that she is of a nature to dwell upon and treasure up every slight and unkindness, real or fancied, and such natures we know are surer than any others to meet with plenty of this sort of thing. As the child, so also the woman—an uninteresting, sententious, pedantic thing; with no experience of the world, and yet with no simplicity or freshness in its stead. What are her first answers to Mr. Rochester but such as would have quenched all interest, even for a prettier woman, in any man of common knowledge of what was nature—and especially in a *blasé* monster like him? A more affected governessy effusion we never read. The question is *à propos* of *cadeaux*.

"Who talks of *cadeaux*?" said he gruffly: "did you expect a present, Miss Eyre? Are you fond of presents?" and he searched my face with eyes that I saw were dark, irate, and piercing.

"I hardly know, Sir; I have little experience of them; they are generally thought pleasant things."

"Generally thought! But what do you think?"

"I should be obliged to take time, Sir, before I could give you an answer worthy of your acceptance: a present has many faces to it, has it not? and one should consider all before pronouncing an opinion as to its nature."

"Miss Eyre, you are not so unsophisticated as Adèle: she demands a *cadeau* clamorously the moment she sees me; you beat about the bush."

"Because I have less confidence in my deserts than Adèle has; she can prefer the right of old acquaintance and the right too of custom; for she says you have always been in the habit of giving her playthings; but if I had to make out a case I should be puzzled, since I am a stranger, and have done nothing to entitle me to an acknowledgment."

"Oh! don't fall back on over modesty! I have examined Adèle, and find you have taken great pains with her: she is not bright—she has no talent, yet in a short time she has made much improvement."

"Sir, you have now given me my *cadeau*; I am obliged to you: it is the meed teachers most covet; praise of their pupil's progress."

"Humph!" said Mr. Rochester.—vol. i., p. 234.

Let us take a specimen of her again when Mr. Rochester brings home his guests to Thornfield. The fine ladies of this world are a new study to Jane, and capitally she describes her first impression of them as they leave the dinner table and return to the drawing-room—nothing can be more gracefully graphic than this.

"There were but eight of them, yet somehow as they flocked in, they gave the impression of a much larger number. Some of them were very

tall, and all had a sweeping amplitude of array that seemed to magnify their persons as a mist magnifies the moon. I rose and curtsied to them: one or two bent their heads in return; the others only stared at me.

"They dispersed about the room, reminding me, by the lightness and buoyancy of their movements, of a flock of white plummy birds. Some of them threw themselves in half-reclining positions on the sofas and ottomans; some bent over the tables and examined the flowers and books; the rest gathered in a group round the fire: all talked in a low but clear tone which seemed habitual to them."—vol. ii. p. 38.

But now for the reverse. The moment Jane Eyre sets these graceful creatures conversing, she falls into mistakes which display not so much a total ignorance of the habits of society, as a vulgarity of mind inherent in herself. They talked together by her account like *parvenues* trying to show off. They discuss the subject of governesses before her very face, in what Jane affects to consider the exact tone of fashionable contempt. They bully the servants in language no lady would dream of using to her own—far less to those of her host and entertainer—though certainly the 'Sam' of Jane Eyre's is not precisely the head servant one is accustomed to meet with in houses of the Thornfield class. For instance, this is a conversation which occurs in her hearing. An old gypsy has come to the Hall, and the servants can't get rid of her—

"What does she want?" asked Mrs. Eshton.

"To tell the gentry their fortunes, she says, Ma'am: and she swears she must and will do it."

"What is she like?" inquired the Misses Eshton in a breath.

"A shocking ugly old creature, Miss; almost as black as a crock."

"Why she's a real sorceress," cried Frederick Lynn. "Let us have her in, of course."

"My dear boys, what are you thinking about?" exclaimed Lady Lynn.

"I cannot possibly countenance any such inconsistent proceedings," chimed in the Dowager Ingram.

"Indeed, Mamma, but you can—and will," pronounced the haughty voice of Blanche, as she turned round on the piano-stool, where till now she had sat silent, apparently examining sundry sheets of music. "I have a curiosity to hear my fortune told: therefore, Sam, order the bell-dame forward."

"My darling Blanche! recollect—"

"I do—I recollect all you can suggest; and I must have my will—quick, Sam!"

"Yes—yes—yes," cried all the juveniles, both ladies and gentlemen. "Let her come, it will be excellent sport."

The footman still lingered. "She looks such a rough one," said he.

"Go!" ejaculated Miss Ingram, and the man went.

Excitement immediately seized the whole party; a running fire of raillery and jests was proceeding when Sam returned.

"She won't come now," said he. "She says it is not her mission to appear before the 'vulgar herd' (them's her words). I must show her into a room by herself, and them who wish to consult her must go to her one by one."

"You see now, my queenly Blanche," began Lady Ingram, "she encroaches. Be advised, my angel girl—and—"

"Show her into the library of course," cut in the "angel girl." "It is not my mission to listen to her before the vulgar herd either; I mean to have her all to myself. Is there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, Ma'am; but she looks such a tinkler."

"Cease that chatter, blockhead! and do my bidding!"—vol. ii., p. 82.

The old gypsy woman, by the way, turns out to be Mr. Rochester—whom Jane of course alone recognizes—as silly an incident as can well be contrived. But the crowning scene is the offer—governesses are said to be sly on such occasions, but Jane out-governesses them all—little Becky would have blushed for her. They are sitting together at the foot of the old chestnut tree, as we have already mentioned, towards the close of evening, and Mr. Rochester is informing her, with his usual delicacy of language, that he is engaged to Miss Ingram—"a strapper! Jane, a real strapper!"—and that as soon as he brings home his bride to Thornfield, she, the governess, must 'trot forthwith'—but that he shall make it his duty to look out for employment and an asylum for her—indeed, that he has already heard of a charming situation in the depths of Ireland—all with a brutal jocoseness which most women of spirit, unless grievously despairing of any other lover, would have resented, and any woman of sense would have seen through. But Jane, that profound reader of the human heart, and especially of Mr. Rochester's, does neither. She meekly hopes she may be allowed to stay where she is till she has found another shelter to betake herself to—she does not fancy going to Ireland—Why?

'It is a long way off, Sir.' 'No matter—a girl of your sense will not object to the voyage or the distance.' 'Not the voyage, but the distance, Sir; and then the sea is a barrier—' 'From what, Jane?' 'From England, and from Thornfield; and—' 'Well?' 'From you, Sir.'—vol. ii., p. 205.

and then the lady bursts into tears in the most approved fashion.

Although so clever in giving hints, how wonderfully slow she is in taking them! Even when, tired of his cat's play, Mr.

Rochester proceeds to rather indubitable demonstrations of affection—'enclosing me in his arms, gathering me to his breast, pressing his lips on my lips'—Jane has no idea what he can mean. Some ladies would have thought it high time to leave the Squire alone with his chestnut tree; or, at all events, unnecessary to keep up that tone of high-souled feminine obtuseness which they are quite justified in adopting if gentlemen will not speak out—but Jane again does neither. Not that we say she was wrong, but quite the reverse, considering the circumstances of the case—Mr. Rochester was her master, and 'Duchess or nothing' was her first duty—only she was not quite so artless as the author would have us suppose.

But if the manner in which she secures the prize be not inadmissible according to the rules of the art, that in which she manages it when caught, is quite without authority or precedent, except perhaps in the servants' hall. Most lover's play is wearisome and nonsensical to the lookers on—but the part Jane assumes is one which could only be efficiently sustained by the substitution of Sam for her master. Coarse as Mr. Rochester is, one winces for him under the infliction of this housemaid *beau idéal* of the arts of coquetry. A little more, and we should have flung the book aside to lie for ever among the trumpery with which such scenes ally it; but it were a pity to have halted here, for wonderful things lie beyond—scenes of suppressed feeling, more fearful to witness than the most violent tornados of passion—struggles with such intense sorrow and suffering as it is sufficient misery to know that any one should have conceived, far less passed through; and yet with that stamp of truth which takes precedence in the human heart before actual experience. The flippant, fifth-rate, plebeian actress has vanished, and only a noble, high-souled woman, bound to us by the reality of her sorrow, and yet raised above us by the strength of her will, stands in actual life before us. If this be Jane Eyre, the author has done her injustice hitherto, not we. Let us look at her in the first recognition of her sorrow after the discomfiture of the marriage. True, it is not the attitude of a Christian, who knows that all things work together for good to those who love God, but it is a splendidly drawn picture of a natural heart, of high power, intense feeling, and fine religious instinct, falling prostrate, but not grovelling, before the tremendous blast of sudden affliction. The house is cleared of those who had come between her and a disgraceful happiness.

'Only the clergymen stayed to exchange a few sentences of admonition or reproof with his haughty parishioner; this duty done, he too departed.

I heard him go as I stood at the half-open door of my own room, to which I had now withdrawn. The house cleared, I shut myself in, fastened the bolt, that none might intrude, and proceeded—not to weep, not to mourn, I was yet too calm for that, but—mechanically to take off the wedding dress, and replace it by the stuff gown I had worn yesterday, as I thought for the last time. I then sat down: I felt weak and tired. I leaned my arms on a table, and my head dropped on them, and now I thought: till now I had only heard, seen, moved, followed up and down where I was led or dragged, watched event rush on event, disclosure open beyond disclosure: but *now, I thought*.

The morning had been a quiet morning enough—all except the brief scene with the lunatic. The transaction in the church had not been noisy: there was no explosion of passion, no loud altercation, no dispute, no defiance or challenge, no tears, no sobs; a few words had been spoken, a calmly pronounced objection to the marriage made, some stern, short question put by Mr. Rochester: answers, explanations given, evidence adduced; an open admission of the truth had been made by my master, then the living proof had been seen, the intruders were gone, and all was over.

'I was in my own room as usual—just myself, without obvious change: nothing had smitten me, or scathed me, or maimed me; and yet where was the Jane Eyre of yesterday? where was her life? where were her prospects?

'Jane Eyre, who had been an ardent, expectant woman—almost a bride—was a cold, solitary girl again: her life was pale, her prospects were desolate. A Christmas frost had come at Midsummer; a white December storm had whirled over June; ice glazed the ripe apples, drifts crushed the blowing roses; on hay-field and corn-field lay a frozen shroud; lanes, which last night blushed full of flowers, to-day were pathless with untrodden snow; and the woods which, twelve hours since, waved leafy and fragrant as groves between the tropics, now spread waste, wild and white as pine forests in wintry Norway. My hopes were all dead—struck with a sudden doom, such as in one night fell on all the firstborn in the land of Egypt; I looked on my cherished wishes, yesterday so blooming and glowing—they lay stark, chill, living corpses, that could never revive. I looked at my love; that feeling which was my master's—which he had created; it shivered in my heart, like a suffering child in a cold cradle; sickness and anguish had seized it: it could not seek Mr. Rochester's arms—it could not derive warmth from his breast. Oh! never more could it turn to him, for faith was blighted! confidence destroyed! Mr. Rochester was not to me what he had been, for he was not what I thought him. I would not ascribe vice to him; I would not say he had betrayed me: but the attribute of stainless truth was gone from his idea; and from his presence I must go: *that* I perceived well. When—how—whither? I could not yet discern; but he himself I doubted not would

hurry me from Thornfield. Real affection, it seemed, he could not have for me; it had been only fitful passion: that was balked—he would want me no more. I should fear even to cross his path now; my view must be hateful to him. Oh, how blind had been my eyes! how weak my conduct!

'My eyes were covered and closed; eddying darkness seemed to swim round me, and reflection came in as dark and confused a flow. Self-abandoned, relaxed, and effortless, I seemed to have laid me down in the dried-up bed of a great river; I heard a flood loosened in remote mountains, and felt the torrent come; to rise I had no will, to flee I had no strength. I lay faint, longing to be dead; one idea only throbbed life-like within me—a remembrance of God. It begot an unuttered prayer: these words went wandering up and down in my rayless mind, as something that should be whispered; but no energy was found to express them:—"Be not far from me, for trouble is near: there is none to help."

'I was near; and as I had lifted no petition to heaven to avert it—as I had neither joined my hands, nor bent my knees, nor moved my lips—it came: in full heavy swing the torrent passed over me. The whole consciousness of my life lorn, my love lost, my hope quenched, my faith dead-struck, swayed full and mighty above me in one sullen mass. That bitter hour cannot be described: in truth "the waters came into my soul; I sank in deep mire; I felt no standing; I came into deep waters; the floods overflowed me."—vol. ii., p. 300.

We have said that this was the picture of a natural heart. This, to our view, is the great and crying mischief of the book. Jane Eyre is throughout the personification of an unregenerate and undisciplined spirit, the more dangerous to exhibit from that prestige of principle and self-control which is liable to dazzle the eye too much for it to observe the inefficient and unsound foundation on which it rests. It is true Jane does right, and exerts great moral strength, but it is the strength of a mere heathen mind which is a law unto itself. No Christian grace is perceptible upon her. She has inherited in fullest measure the worst sin of our fallen nature—the sin of pride. Jane Eyre is proud, and therefore she is ungrateful too. It pleased God to make her an orphan, friendless, and penniless—yet she thanks nobody, and least of all Him, for the food and raiment, the friends, companions, and instructors of her helpless youth—for the care and education vouchsafed to her till she was capable in mind as fitted in years to provide for herself. On the contrary, she looks upon all that has been done for her not only as her undoubted right, but as falling far short of it. The doctrine of humility is not more foreign to her mind than it is repudiated by her heart. It is by her own talents, virtues, and courage, that

she is made to attain the summit of human happiness, and, as far as Jane Eyre's own statement is concerned, no one would think that she owed anything either to God above or to man below. She flees from Mr. Rochester, and has not a being to turn to. Why was this? The excellence of the present institution at Casterton, which succeeded that of Cowan Bridge near Kirkby Lonsdale—these being distinctly, as we hear, the original and the reformed Lowswoods of the book—is pretty generally known. Jane had lived there for eight years with 110 girls and 15 teachers. Why had she formed no friendship among them? Other orphans have left the same and similar institutions, furnished with friends for life, and puzzled with homes to choose from. How comes it that Jane had acquired neither? Among that number of associates there were surely some exceptions to what she so presumptuously stigmatises as 'the society of inferior minds.' Of course it suited the author's end to represent the heroine as utterly destitute of the common means of assistance, in order to exhibit both her trials and her powers of self-support—the whole book rests on this assumption—but it is one which, under the circumstances, is very unnatural and very unjust.

Altogether the autobiography of Jane Eyre is pre-eminently an anti-Christian composition. There is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and against the privations of the poor, which, as far as each individual is concerned, is a murmuring against God's appointment—there is a proud and perpetual assertion of the rights of man, for which we find no authority either in God's word or in God's providence—there is that pervading tone of ungodly discontent which is at once the most prominent and the most subtle evil which the law and the pulpit, which all civilized society in fact, has at the present day to contend with. We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown authority and violated every code human and divine abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written Jane Eyre.

Still we say again this is a very remarkable book. We are painfully alive to the moral, religious, and literary deficiencies of the picture, and such passages of beauty and power as we have quoted cannot redeem it, but it is impossible not to be spell-bound with the freedom of the touch. It would be mere hackneyed courtesy to call it 'fine writing.' It bears no impress of

being written at all, but is poured out rather in the heat and hurry of an instinct, which flows ungovernably on to its object, indifferent by what means it reaches it, and unconscious too. As regards the author's chief object, however, it is a failure—that, namely, of making a plain, odd woman, destitute of all the conventional features of feminine attraction, interesting in our sight. We deny that he has succeeded in this. Jane Eyre, in spite of some grand things about her, is a being totally uncongenial to our feelings from beginning to end. We acknowledge her firmness—we respect her determination—we feel for her struggles; but, for all that, and setting aside higher considerations, the impression she leaves on our mind is that of a decidedly vulgar-minded woman—one whom we should not care for as an acquaintance, whom we should not seek as a friend, whom we should not desire for a relation, and whom we should scrupulously avoid for a governess.

There seem to have arisen in the novel-reading world some doubts as to who really wrote this book; and various rumours, more or less romantic, have been current in Mayfair, the metropolis of gossip, as to the authorship. For example, Jane Eyre is sentimentally assumed to have proceeded from the pen of Mr. Thackeray's governess, whom he had himself chosen as his model of Becky, and who, in mingled love and revenge, personified him in return as Mr. Rochester. In this case, it is evident that the author of 'Vanity Fair,' whose own pencil makes him grey-haired, has had the best of it, though his children may have had the worst, having, at all events, succeeded in hitting that vulnerable point in the Becky bosom, which it is our firm belief no man born of woman, from her Soho to her Ostend days, had ever so much as grazed. To this ingenious rumour the coincidence of the second edition of Jane Eyre being dedicated to Mr. Thackeray has probably given rise. For our parts, we see no great interest in the question at all. The first edition of Jane Eyre purports to be edited by Currer Bell, one of a trio of brothers, or sisters, or cousins, by names Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, already known as the joint-authors of a volume of poems. The second edition the same—dedicated, however, 'by the author,' to Mr. Thackeray; and the dedication (itself an indubitable *chip* of Jane Eyre) signed Currer Bell. Author and editor therefore are one, and we are as much satisfied to accept this double individual under the name of 'Currer Bell,' as under any other, more or less euphonious. Whoever it be, it is a per-

son who, with great mental powers, combines a total ignorance of the habits of society, a great coarseness of taste, and a heathenish doctrine of religion. And as these characteristics appear more or less in the writings of all three, Currer, Acton, and Ellis alike, for their poems differ less in degree of power than in kind, we are ready to accept the fact of their identity or of their relationship with equal satisfaction. At all events there can be no interest attached to the writer of 'Wuthering Heights'—a novel succeeding 'Jane Eyre,' and purporting to be written by Ellis Bell—unless it were for the sake of more individual reprobation. For though there is a decided family likeness between the two, yet the aspect of the Jane and Rochester animals in their native state, as Catherine and Heathfield, is too odiously and abominably pagan to be palatable even to the most vitiated class of English readers. With all the unscrupulousness of the French school of novels it combines that repulsive vulgarity in the choice of its vice which supplies its own antidote. The question of authorship, therefore, can deserve a moment's curiosity only as far as 'Jane Eyre' is concerned, and though we cannot pronounce that it appertains to a real Mr. Currer Bell and to no other, yet that it appertains to a man, and not, as many assert, to a woman, we are strongly inclined to affirm. Without entering into the question whether the power of the writing be above her, or the vulgarity below her, there are, we believe, minutæ of circumstantial evidence which at once acquit the feminine hand. No woman—a lady friend, whom we are always happy to consult, assures us—makes mistakes in her own *métier*—no woman *trusses game* and garnishes dessert-dishes with the same hands, or talks of so doing in the same breath. Above all, no woman attires another in such fancy dresses as Jane's ladies assume—Miss Ingram coming down, irresistible, 'in a morning robe of sky-blue crape, a gauze azure scarf twisted in her hair!!' No lady, we understand, when suddenly roused in the night, would think of hurrying on 'a frock.' They have garments more convenient for such occasions, and more becoming too. This evidence seems incontrovertible. Even granting that these incongruities were purposely assumed, for the sake of disguising the female pen, there is nothing gained; for if we ascribe the book to a woman at all, we have no alternative but to ascribe it to one who has, for some sufficient reason, long forfeited the society of her own sex.

And if by no woman, it is certainly also by

no artist. The Thackeray eye has had no part there. There is not more disparity between the art of drawing Jane assumes and her evident total ignorance of its first principles, than between the report she gives of her own character and the conclusions we form for ourselves. Not but what, in another sense, the author may be classed as an artist of very high grade. Let him describe the simplest things in nature—a rainy landscape, a cloudy sky, or a bare moorside, and he shows the hand of a master; but the moment he talks of the art itself, it is obvious that he is a complete ignoramus. G B I

We cannot help feeling that this work must be far from beneficial to that class of ladies whose cause it affects to advocate. Jane Eyre is not precisely the mouthpiece one would select to plead the cause of governesses, and it is therefore the greater pity that she has chosen it: for there is none we are convinced which, at the present time, more deserves and demands an earnest and judicious befriending. If these times puzzle us how to meet the claims and wants of the lower classes of our dependants, they puzzle and shame us too in the case of that highest dependant of all, the governess—who is not only entitled to our gratitude and respect by her position, but, in nine cases out of ten, by the circumstances which reduced her to it. For the case of the governess is so much the harder than that of any other class of the community, in that they are not only quite as liable to all the vicissitudes of life, but are absolutely supplied by them. There may be, and are, exceptions to the rule, but the real definition of a governess, in the English sense, is a being who is our equal in birth, manners, and education, but our inferior in worldly wealth. Take a lady, in every meaning of the word, born and bred, and let her father pass through the gazette, and she wants nothing more to suit our highest *beau idéal* of a guide and instructress to our children. We need the imprudencies, extravagancies, mistakes, or crimes of a certain number of fathers, to sow that seed from which we reap the harvest of governesses. There is no other class of labourers for hire who are thus systematically supplied by the misfortunes of our fellow-creatures. There is no other class which so cruelly requires its members to be in birth, mind, and manners, above their station, in order to fit them for their station. From this peculiarity in their very qualifications for office result all the peculiar and most painful anomalies of their professional existence. The line which severs the governess from her

employers is not one which will take care of itself, as in the case of a servant. If she sits at table she does not shock you—if she opens her mouth she does not distress you—her appearance and manners are likely to be as good as your own—her education rather better; there is nothing upon the face of the thing to stamp her as having been called to a different state of life from that in which it has pleased God to place you; and therefore the distinction has to be kept up by a fictitious barrier which presses with cruel weight upon the mental strength or constitutional vanity of a woman. People talk of the prevailing vanity of governesses, and we grant it in one sense fully—but how should it not be so? If a governess have a grain of vanity in her composition, it is sought and probed for by every species of slight and mortification, intentional or not, till it starts into unnatural life beneath the irritation. She must be a saint, or no woman at all, who can rise above those perpetual little dropping-water trials to which the self-love of an averagely-placed governess is exposed. That fearful fact that the lunatic asylums of this country are supplied with a larger proportion of their inmates from the ranks of young governesses than from any other class of life, is a sufficient proof how seldom she can. But it is not her vanity which sends her there, but her *wounded* vanity—the distinction is great—and wounded vanity, as all medical men will tell us, is the rock on which most minds go to pieces.

Man cannot live by the head alone, far less woman. A governess has no equals, and therefore can have no sympathy. She is a burden and restraint in society, as all must be who are placed ostensibly at the same table and yet are forbidden to help themselves or to be helped to the same viands. She is a bore to almost any gentleman, as a tabooed woman, to whom he is interdicted from granting the usual privileges of the sex, and yet who is perpetually crossing his path. She is a bore to most ladies by the same rule, and a reproach too—for her dull, fagging, bread-and-water life is perpetually putting their pampered listlessness to shame. The servants invariably detest her, for she is a dependant like themselves, and yet, for all that, as much their superior in other respects as the family they both serve. Her pupils may love her, and she may take the deepest interest in them, but they cannot be her friends. She must, to all intents and purposes, live alone, or she transgresses that invisible but rigid line which alone establishes the distance between herself and her employers.

We do not deny that there are exceptions

to this statement—that there are many governesses who are treated with an almost undue equality and kindness—that there are many who suffer from slights which they entirely make for themselves, and affect a humility which is never needed—and also that there is no class in which there are women so encroaching, so *exigeantes*, and so disagreeable. But still these are exceptions, let them be ever so numerous. The broad and real characteristics of the governess's qualifications, position, and trials are such as we have described, and must be such. Nor have we brought them forward with any view, or hope, or even with any wish to see them remedied, for in the inherent constitution of English habits, feelings, and prejudices, there is no possibility that they should be. We say English, for foreign life is far more favourable to a governess's happiness. In its less stringent domestic habits, the company of a *teacher*, for she is nothing more abroad, is no interruption—often an acquisition; she herself, again, is pleased with that mere surface of politeness and attention which would not satisfy an Englishwoman's heart or pride; the difference of birth, too, is more obvious, from the non-existence in any other country of an untitled aristocracy like our own. But all this cannot be altered with us. We shall ever prefer to place those immediately about our children who have been born and bred with somewhat of the same refinement as ourselves. (We must ever keep them in a sort of isolation, for it is the only means for maintaining that distance which the reserve of English manners and the decorum of English families exact. That true justice and delicacy in the employer which would make a sunshine even in a barren schoolroom must ever be too rare to be depended upon. That familiarity which should level all distinction a right-thinking governess would scorn to accept;—all this must be continued as it is. But there is one thing, the absence of which need not be added to the other drawbacks of her lot; which would go far to compensate to her for the misfortunes which reduced her to this mode of life, and for the trials attendant upon it—for the years of chilly solitude through which the heart is kept shivering upon a diet that can never sufficiently warm it, and that in the longing season of youth—for the nothing less than maternal cares and solitudes for which she reaps no maternal reward—for a life spent in harness from morning till night, and from one year's end to another—for the old age and incapacity creeping on and threatening to deprive her even of that mode of existence which habit

has made endurable—there is something that would compensate for all this, and that is *better pay*. We quite agree with Mr. Rochester, in answer to one of Jane's sententious speeches, that 'most freeborn things will submit to anything for a salary;' in other words, that most men and women of average sense will put up with much that is fatiguing to do, or irksome to bear, if you make it worth their while; and we know of no process of reasoning by which it can be proved that governesses, as is too often required from them, can dispense with this potent stimulus.

There is something positively usurious in the manner with which the misfortunes of the individual or the general difficulty of the times is now-a-days constantly taken advantage of to cut the stipend of the governess down to the lowest ratio that she will accept. The Jew raises his rate of interest because the heedless spendthrift will pay anything to get that loan he needs; and by the same rule the Christian parent lowers the salary because the friendless orphan will take anything rather than be without a situation. Each traffics with the necessities, and not with the merits of the case; but the one proceeding is so much the harder than the other, because it presses not upon a selfish, thoughtless, extravagant man, but upon a poor, patient, and industrious woman. 'And they are very glad to get that, I can tell you,' is the cold-hearted rejoinder, if you expostulate on the injustice of throwing all the labour of the teacher and many of the chief duties of a parent upon the shoulders of a young woman, for the remuneration of thirty or even twenty pounds a-year. It may be quite true that she is glad to get even this; and if so, it is very deplorable: but this has no relation to the services exacted and the assistance given; and these should be more especially the standard where the plaintiff, as in the case of the governess, possesses no means of resistance. Workmen may rebel, and tradesmen may combine, not to let you have their labour or their wares under a certain rate; but the governess has no refuge—no escape; she is a needy *lady*, whose services are of far too precious a kind to have any stated market value, and is therefore left to the mercy, or what they call the *means*, of the family that engages her.

But is not this an all-sufficient plea? it may be urged. If parents have not the means to give higher salaries, what can they do? We admit the argument, though it might be easily proved how often the cheap governess and the expensive servant are to be found in the same establishment; but the

question is in truth whether they have the means or the excuse to keep a governess at all? Whether it be conscientiously honest to engage the best years of a hard-working, penniless woman, without the power of making her an adequate return? The fineladyism of the day has, we regret to observe, crept into a lower class than that one *was* wont to associate it with, and where, from its greater sacrifice of the comforts and rights of others, it is still more objectionable. Women, whose husbands leave them in peace from morning till night, for counting-houses or lawyers' offices—certainly leave them with nothing better to do than to educate and attend to their children—must now, forsooth, be keeping ill-paid governesses for those duties which one would hope a peeress only unwillingly relinquishes. Women, from whom society requires nothing but that they should quietly and unremittently do that for which their station offers them the happy leisure, must now treat themselves to one of those *pro-mamas* who, owing to various causes, more or less distressing, have become so plentiful that they may be had *cheap*! If more governesses find a penurious maintenance by these means, more mothers are encouraged to neglect those duties, which, one would have thought, they would have been as jealous of as of that first duty of all that infancy requires from them. It is evident, too, that by this unfair demand the supply has been suddenly increased. Farmers and tradespeople are now educating their daughters for governesses as a mode of advancing them a step in life, and thus a number of underbred young women have crept into the profession who have brought down the value of salaries and interfered with the rights of those whose birth and misfortunes leave them no other refuge.

Even in the highest rate of salary—in the hundred, and hundred and twenty guineas, which so few now enjoy—so very few get beyond—the advantage is too much on the one side not to be, in some respects, an injustice to the other. There has been no luxury invented in social life equal to that which gives a mother all the pleasure of her children's society, and the reward of their improvement, and at the same time relieves her of the trouble of either. At the highest salary, it is the cheapest luxury that can be had; and yet a mother satisfies her conscience when she gives the patient drudge, who not only retails to her children every accomplishment and science of the day, but also performs the part of maternal factotum in every other department, the notable sum of 40*l.* or 50*l.* a-year; and then, when she



has lived in the family for perhaps fifteen years, and finished the sixth daughter, dismisses her with every recommendation as 'a treasure,' but without a fragment of help in the shape of a pension or provision to ease her further labours or approaching incapacity. In nine cases out of ten, the old servant is far more cared for than the old governess.

Some amiable Mrs. Armytage will be ready to say—'We have nothing to do with the governess's most frequent cause of need for a larger salary: we are not required to maintain her family as well as herself.' True enough. At the same time women with women's hearts might be expected to bear in mind that the same reasons that have placed her in this position will, with rare exceptions, be the drain upon her the whole time she is in it; and that though she may squeeze something out of the smallest salary to help disabled parents or orphan sisters, she is deprived of all possibility of laying up a provision for herself.

While we therefore applaud heartily the efforts for their comfort and relief which have been made within the last few years, in the establishment of the *Governesses' Benevolent Institution*, we look with sorrow, and almost with horror, at the disclosures which those efforts have brought to light. There is no document which more painfully exposes the peculiar tyranny of our present state of civilization than those pages in the Report of this Society containing the list of candidates for the few and small annuities which the Institution is as yet in the condition to give. We know of nothing, in truth or fiction, more affecting than the sad and simple annals of these afflicted and destitute ladies, many of them with their aristocratic names, who, having passed through that course of servitude which, as we have shown, is peculiarly and inevitably deprived of most of those endearing sympathies which gladden this life, are now left in their old age or sickness without even the absolute necessities for existence. With minds also which, from their original refinement and constant cultivation, have the keener sense of the misery and injustice of their lot; for the delicate and well-bred lady we at first congratulated ourselves on having engaged in our family is equally the same when we cast her off to shift for herself. What a mockery must all this thankless acquisition of knowledge, which has been the object of her study and the puff in her credentials, appear to her now! Conversant with several languages—skilled in many accomplishments—crammed with every possible fact in history,

geography, and the use of the globes—and scarcely the daily bread to put in her mouth! If there be any of our female readers so spoiled by prosperity as to magnify small annoyances into real evils—if there be one who, forgetting

'What she is, and where—  
A sinner in a life of care'—

is unmindful of the blessings of a *home*, because it contains some trial which it is difficult to bear—let her look through this list now before us of her hard-working and ill-requited fellow-gentlewomen, and be thankful to God that her name does not stand *there*. We give a few specimens—omitting the surnames, as not required here:

'Miss Juliana —, aged sixty-seven. Became a governess at the age of sixteen, being left, by her father's death, without any provision. Has received too low salaries to save, and has now no prospect but the hope of being enabled to support herself by needlework while she has health and can obtain employment, and an occasional present from some of her few friends. Reference: Mrs. T. Babington, 14, Blessington Street, Dublin.

'Miss Amelia —, aged sixty-one. Father, a naval officer, died when she was an infant, and her mother when she was sixteen—compelling her to become a governess. Unable to save on account of small salaries, ill health, and the want of a home. No income whatever, having only occasional assistance from an old friend who will have nothing to leave her at her death. Reference: Miss Anderson, 32, Cadogan Street, Chelsea.

'Miss Catherine —, aged sixty-three. Became a governess on the insolvency of her father. The support of an aged father and afflicted mother prevented her laying by for herself. Her mother, dependent on her for twenty-six years, died of cancer. Present income less than 5s. a-week. Reference: Miss Boycott, Great Ormesby, Yarmouth.

'Miss Margaret —, aged seventy-one. Fifty years a governess, having been left an orphan at three years old, and the uncle who meant to provide for her being lost at sea. Assisted her relations as far as possible from her salaries. She is now very feeble, and her health failing fast. Her entire support is an annuity of fourteen guineas.

'Miss Dorothea —, aged fifty-four. Father a surgeon in the army; governess, chiefly in Scotch families, for thirty years; was the chief support of her mother and the younger members of her family from 1811 to 1838, when her mother died, leaving her with failing health through over exertion, and only 5*l.* a-year from the Government Compassionate Fund. Reference: R. W. Saunders, Esq., Nunwick Hall, near Penrith.

'Miss Mary —, aged sixty-five. Her parents having lost all their property, she never had a home, and has devoted her whole life to her profession, supporting herself and her father,

who attained his eightieth year. But she has been unable to provide for herself; and with failing health and sight, her income (an uncertain one) never exceeds 10*l.* a-year. Reference: Mrs. Campbell, Bickfield, Ipswich.

'Miss Mary —, aged sixty-four. Her father formerly possessed very large property; but having many children, and having suffered heavy losses, he was unable to make any provision for his family. She has devoted her whole life to tuition, but has unhappily been unable to make any fund for old age; and now, in the decline of life, and with failing health, has no income whatsoever. Reference: the Countess Poulett, 5, Tilney Street, Park Lane.

'Miss Ann —, aged sixty-two. Has been a governess all her life. Supported and educated two orphan nieces and a nephew, and apprenticed the latter. He is since dead; as is her eldest niece, after five years' illness, which at last destroyed her intellects. The consequent expenses were ruinous; and she is now companion to a lady for her board—an engagement which ceases with the present year. Reference: Mrs. Bradley, Hark Hill, Clapham.'

We need add no more from this touching list of ninety ladies, all more or less reduced to indigence by the edifying fulfilment of their natural duties, and who, after a life of labour and struggle, presented themselves, in November, 1847, as candidates for four annuities of 15*l.* each. Of the ninety it seems seven only had incomes exceeding 20*l.*, two of those derived from public institutions; sixteen had incomes varying from 36*s.* to 14*l.*, and the rest had no certain means of livelihood at all. These facts are serious lessons to all, but especially to two classes of society—to those parents who are living in ease and affluence without a thought of their children's future provision, and to those who allow themselves the luxury of a governess without either the means of remunerating her adequately, or the right conscientious desire to do it.

But if, as a people, we are, from love of habit or hatred of change, prone to submit too long to abuses, and careless how they press upon the weaker classes of the community, we are, it is to be hoped, active in assistance and redress, when once roused to a sense of its necessity. This *Governesses' Benevolent Institution*, though still comparatively in its infancy, is an important step towards the atonement for past neglect. If it be, in the nature of the thing, impossible to shed more social sunshine upon a governess's life, and almost equally so to secure to her a full compensation for her labours, the public have at all events now been shown the way how to assist in protecting her interests, increasing her comforts and advantages, and solacing her old age. The distinct objects of the society are these—

1st, to bestow temporary assistance on governesses in distress; 2nd, to found elective annuities for aged governesses; 3rd, to assist governesses in purchasing annuities upon government security; 4th, to provide a home for governesses at a low expense during their intervals of engagement; and 5th, to carry on for them a system of registration free of expense. The two first objects—that of temporary assistance, and the annuity for the aged governesses—call for a considerable increase of resources—but not more, we hope, than it is reasonable to look for from the liberality and right feeling of a British public. How justly the temporary-assistance fund has been bestowed may be seen by a glance into the First Report, where cases, of which we give a few samples, occur in painful reiteration:—

'Obliged to maintain an aged sister, who has no one else to depend upon.'—'Entirely impoverished by endeavouring to uphold her father's efforts in business.'—'Supported both her aged parents, and three orphans of a widowed sister.'—'Has helped to bring up seven younger brothers and sisters.'—'Incapable of taking another situation from extreme nervous excitement, brought on by over exertion and anxiety.'—'Had the entire support of both parents for nearly twenty years.'

As to the annuities, the number already founded, including the five ladies elected on the 16th of this last November, amounts to thirty-two, consisting of one of 30*l.*, four of 20*l.*, and the remainder of 15*l.* each; but it is hoped that this branch of the society may be so supported and endowed as to secure the foundation of several fresh annuities, at each succeeding May and November, for some years to come.

To these several departments of charitable purpose has been added one, within the last year, which, as being more consonant with the habits and usages of the olden time, is more especially attractive to our feelings—we mean the commencement of that fund for the building and endowment of an asylum for aged governesses, which was made known to the votaries of *Vanity Fair* last June by the great fancy sale at Chelsea. This is not precisely the way our forefathers would have adopted to start a scheme of this character, but this is also not the occasion to discuss so much-involving a subject. The sale, at all events, realized a considerable sum of money, and Becky's stall, we have no doubt, more than any other there.

The '*Queen's College for Female Education*, and for granting Certificates of Qualification to Governesses' is another new establishment which promises very essen-

tially to promote the interests of this class of ladies. We have not space to enter into its many merits: we would only observe, that, as the real and highest responsibility and recommendation of an *English* governess must ever rest more upon her moral than her literary qualifications, the plan of subjecting her to an examination upon the latter appears to us neither wise nor fair. This plan, it is true, has been pursued with tolerable success abroad, but it must be kept in mind that the foreign governess is a mere teacher, whose duties cease with the school-room hours, who has her three-months' holiday in the year, and who has, in short, little or nothing to do with the moral guidance of her pupils. What we, on the contrary, require and seek for our children is not a learned machine stamped and ticketed with credentials like a piece of patent goods, but rather a woman endowed with that sound principle, refinement, and sense, which no committee of education in the world could ascertain or certify. At the best, all parents of sense must be aware that no governess can teach an art or accomplishment like a regular professor, and that her vocation is rather the encouraging and directing her pupils in such pursuits, than the positive imparting of them. We perceive that the submission to this examination is, for the present, nominally optional; but it is easy to foresee that if some ladies, in order to obtain the promised certificate, go through it, it will soon be made a necessary condition with all. This we consider unfair. As it is, the advantage is already sufficiently on the English mother's side in the balance. If she wishes for the same system as that pursued on the continent in one respect, she should adopt it in all, and she would soon discover how greatly she was the loser.

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- ART. VI.—*Geschichte der letzten 25 Jahre, &c.* :—*History of the last 25 Years*. By C. H. Hermes. Brunswick. 1847.
2. *Ranke's History of Prussia*. Translated from the German by Sir A. and Lady Duff Gordon. 3 vols. London. 1848.
  3. *On Nationality and Language in the Duchy of Sleswick, or South Jutland*. Copenhagen. 1848.
  4. *Geschichte von Böhmen, &c.* :—*History of Bohemia*. By F. Palacky. 2 vols. Prag. 1839.
  5. *Slawische Alterthümer, &c.* :—*Slavonic Antiquities*. By P. J. Schafarik. Trans-

- lated from Bohemian into German, by M. von Aehrenfeld. Leipzig. 1844.
6. *Essai Historique sur l'Origine des Hongrois*. Par A. De Gerando. Paris. 1844.
  7. *Magyaren-Spiegel, &c.* :—*Magyar-Mirror; or, Description of the Constitution and Tendency of the Hungarian Kingdom in Modern Times*. By a Magyar. Leipzig. 1844.
  8. *Geschichte der Romanen, &c.* :—*History of the Wallachians*. By P. Lauriani. Bucharest. 1847.
  9. *Dalmatia and Montenegro*. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S. London. 2 vols., 8vo. 1848.
  10. *Panslavism and Germanism*. By Count V. Krasinski. London. 1848.
  11. *Portfolio, Actenstücke, &c.* :—*Collection of Documents to serve for contemporary History*. Leipzig. 1848.
  12. *Die Zustände Berlins seit dem 18ten März, 1848* :—*The State of Berlin since the 18th March*. Berlin. 24 Nov. 1848.
  13. *Die Deutsche Bundesverfassung, &c.* :—*The German Federal Constitution, in its peculiar relation to the Constitutions of England and the United States*. By C. C. J. Bunsen. Francfort. 1848.
  14. *Vorschlag für die unverzügliche Bildung einer Vollständigen Reichsverfassung, &c.* :—*Proposal for the immediate formation of a complete Imperial Constitution*. By C. J. Bunsen. Francfort. 1848.

THE word *Nation* (with its correlative *Nationality*) differs altogether in its signification, according as it represents a political idea or an historical fact. In the former sense its use has relation to an independent society united by common political institutions—in other words, a State; in the latter it serves to denote an aggregate mass of persons, exceeding a single family, who are connected by the ties of blood and lineage, and perhaps by a common language. It is of the utmost importance that these different significations should be kept distinct, if we would arrive at correct conclusions in argument or at safe results in legislation. The confusion of them has given birth to the modern doctrine of *Nationalism*, which, while it involves an absurdity in its conception, is essentially aggressive in its application.

The peculiar pretension of the Nationalistic School is that of assigning territorial limits to historical nationalities, which at once establishes confusion between historical and political questions, whilst it seeks to effect an object which is incapable of realisation. In order to satisfy ourselves of the practical unsoundness of this school, let us

for a moment cast a glance at the Austrian empire. Its population is composed of five great historical nationalities—viz. the German, the Slavonic (with notable varieties), the Magyar, the Italian, and the Daco-Roman or Wallachian. The aggregate amount of all these nationalities has been estimated to exceed at the present time 38,000,000 souls, distinguishable in the following proportions:—Germans, 7,285,000; Slavonians, 17,033,000; Magyars, 4,800,000; Italians, 5,183,000; Wallachians, 2,156,000; to whom should be added 475,000 Jews and 128,000 Gipsies. These various races have lived in harmonious accord with one another for many centuries, partly collected into separate groups within territorial limits bearing the generic name of the race, as in the instances of Croatia, Slavonia, &c.; partly intermingled freely with one another in political bodies, as in the kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, &c.; each, however, retaining its own history, its own laws, manners, and customs. It is evident that so many and such highly diversified elements can be combined in one political system, on no other condition than that the supreme government shall scrupulously respect the historical peculiarities of the different races. This is and always will be the secret of imperial sway; and the observance of this fundamental condition has contributed in a great degree to maintain the ascendancy of British rule in the East.

It may be as well to note that the empire of Austria has never formed a *monarchy* in the proper sense of the word, although it is not unusual in the country itself to speak of it as such. Under an earlier state of things, when the Head of the house of Hapsburg was also the Head of the Holy Roman Empire, it was customary to speak of the *Austrian monarchy*, some term being required for the sake of convenience to distinguish the hereditary dominions of the imperial house from the empire itself. This custom has been continued long after the necessity for the expression has ceased, although a more appropriate term was devised in 1806, when partly from the analogy which the Central power at Vienna bore to the ancient Central Power at Ratisbon, partly from the poverty of the language, which supplied no intermediate term between Emperor and King (Kaiser and König), the Head of the house of Hapsburg resolved to adopt the title of Emperor of Austria—precisely upon the same principle, which the United Parliament of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland followed, in assuming the distinctive appella-

tion of the Imperial Parliament upon the union of the two kingdoms.

The Empire of Austria, then, is, in the language of Jurists, a Composite State, or it may be described, to use a more homely figure, as a bundle of monarchies, being made up of sixteen great states, with two or three smaller principalities, which exhibit striking variations in their fundamental laws, but all agree in this common feature—that their institutions are monarchical. In this respect it bears a stronger resemblance to the ancient Germanic empire than to any other political body of the past or present time. But there are great and remarkable differences between those two great bodies, in which the advantage is altogether on the side of the Austrian empire. Thus in the ancient Germanic empire the sovereignty resided in the person of the Emperor conjointly with the Empire, whilst the constituent parts of the empire were in their turn under the territorial supremacy (*Landeshoheit*) of such princes and states as were the possessors of them. In the empire of Austria, on the other hand, the sovereignty of the whole is centred in the Emperor, who is at the same time the exclusive sovereign of each of the parts of which the empire is composed. Hence it results that the Emperor himself and the Imperial House supply the common link which unites together the various parts of the vast political body of the empire, whilst these parts themselves need entertain no jealousy of one another on the ground of relative superiority, for each part beholds its own particular sovereign Chief of the empire, the Count of Goritz being no less the reigning sovereign over the whole empire than the Archduke of Austria or the King of Bohemia is monarch over Goritz. Hence the scrupulous respect with which the Austrian princes have always sought to invest themselves personally with the external marks of sovereignty; hence the several coronations which each prince has undergone upon his accession to the throne. These ceremonies, originally restricted to the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, apart of course from that of the ancient Empire, were extended by the Emperor Francis to the reception of the crown of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom at Milan, and to that of the Austrian empire itself, as the complement of the others, at Vienna.

It follows from the above consideration—1st. That the sovereignty of a person (Princeps) is an essential condition of the existence of an Austrian Empire. Any other kind of sovereignty, that for instance of the people, as it is termed, would im-

mediately find other sovereignties of the same kind arrayed against it, and a struggle would ensue which would necessarily terminate in the subjection of one or other of the antagonistic sovereignties, in which case a fusion of the several parts into one whole would result, and the original type of the sovereignty, which constituted its special value, would disappear.—2nd. That of all the systems of government, *centralism*, in the sense in which it has been adopted in France, is the least applicable to the requirements of the Austrian empire.—3rd. That the German dominions of the Austrian empire cannot be combined with the other states of the ancient Germanic empire upon any other basis than one of equality—the sovereignty of Austria in respect of its own States remaining unimpaired.—4th. That territorial distinctions according to *nationalities* are only admissible in the Austrian empire in the *political* acceptance of the word, and that, in this sense, the bond which unites the parts of the empire in one common political body (*corps d'empire*) must be framed to suit the moral and material interests of the various populations.

In order to have a distinct notion of the various populations which are *de facto* united under the imperial sceptre, it may be convenient to set out the facts presented in Häuffler's ethnographical table annexed to his map of the 'Austrian Monarchy,' published at Pesth in 1846. The absolute numbers are not so much relied upon in this table as the divisions of the races: and it should be observed, by the way, that the Slavonic population is undoubtedly underrated relatively to the other nationalities. This is an uniform feature in all Magyar statistics; but it is possible that, as the Slavonic population is the most scattered and most difficult of enumeration, it may not be attributable to the design of disparaging their political importance.

#### AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

##### German Language:—

Austrians . . . . .	4,283,504
Alemannians . . . . .	786,806
Frank-Saxons . . . . .	981,000
Middle Rhenish (colonists from the Palatinate) . . . . .	250,000
Suthenians (on the Riesen-Gebirge) . . . . .	604,667
Low-German-Saxons . . . . .	816,168
	<hr/> 7,071,825

##### Slavonic:—

Czechs . . . . .	6,638,003
Poles . . . . .	2,330,869
Russines . . . . .	2,650,000
Wends . . . . .	1,262,056
Croats . . . . .	660,000
Servians . . . . .	1,995,170
Bulgarians . . . . .	10,400
	<hr/> 15,455,998

##### Romanic:—

Italians . . . . .	5,248,871
Furlans . . . . .	185,000
Ladinians (in Tyrol) . . . . .	10,000
Wallachians . . . . .	2,414,340
Greeks . . . . .	10,000
	<hr/> 7,817,711

##### Asiatic:—

Magyars . . . . .	4,858,670
Armenians . . . . .	12,500
Jews . . . . .	670,068
Zigeuner (gipsies) . . . . .	98,500
	<hr/> 5,634,738
In Vienna (various) . . . . .	180,000
	<hr/> 36,110,272

#### Within the German Confederation.

Austria . . . . .	2,317,864	Germans	2,167,000
		Bosnians	17,864
		Jews	8,000
Styria . . . . .	997,200	Viennese	180,000
		Germans	616,748
		Wends	380,452
Illyria . . . . .	1,269,477	Germans	386,792
		Wends	825,604
		Italians	104,081
Tyrol . . . . .	848,177	Jews	8,000
		Germans	557,450
		Italians	290,227
Bohemia . . . . .	4,318,782	Jews	500
		Czechs	3,065,232
		Germans	1,170,000
Moravia and Silesia	2,242,167	Jews	70,000
		Gipsies	18,500
		Slaves	1,556,500
		Germans	645,667
		Jews	40,000
	<hr/> 11,998,617		<hr/> 11,998,617

#### Without the limits of the German Confederation.

Hungary, with Croatia (civil), and Slavonia	10,500,000	Magyars	4,281,500
		Slowacks	2,220,000
		Russines	850,000
		Servians	740,000
		Croats	660,000
		Wends	50,000
		Bulgarians	10,000
		Germans	986,000
		Wallachians	930,000
		Greeks	10,000
		Armenians	2,500
		Jews	250,000
		Gipsies	80,000
Transylvania	2,118,578	Magyars	260,170
		Szecklers	260,000
		Saxons	250,668
		Wallachians	1,287,840
		Gipsies	50,000
		Armenians	10,000
		Bulgarians	400
Military Frontier	1,235,466	Croats	692,968
		Servians	208,000
		Germans	185,500
		Wallachians	100,000
Dalmatia	405,854	Magyars	54,000
		Slaves	251,840
Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom	4,876,549	Italians	164,514
		Italians & Furlans	4,844,849
		Germans	32,000

Galicia . . . 4,980,208	Poles	2,146,640	
	Russines	2,300,000	
	Wallachians	97,000	
	Magyars	8,000	
	Germans	180,000	
	Jews	303,568	
		<hr/>	
		24,116,655	24,116,655
		<hr/>	
Total . . .		36,110,272	36,110,272

The examination of the above tables will clearly show that supremacy of race is not the principle on which the Austrian empire has been built up, or can be maintained; yet the attempt has been made to Germanize the whole body politic, in other words to denationalize its nationalities, and the unity of the empire is at this moment endangered by the reaction which the system of Joseph II. provoked.

It is not unusual to hear the successor of the Empress Maria Theresa extolled as an enlightened prince, who was far in advance of his age, and whose measures entitled him to a very different return from that which he experienced at the hands of his subjects. But this view has found favour with those only who have regarded the form and not studied the substance of his measures. As much should we be disposed to praise James II. of England for his religious toleration, as Joseph II. of Austria for his political liberality. His system was essentially despotic, his method revolutionary; he paid no regard to facts, he showed no respect for rights. With an abundance of excellent intentions, but with a total want of practical sense, he pulled down the edifice of the state in order to construct a huge scaffolding, which broke under its own weight. Whether his imagination was fired by the example of Frederick II. of Prussia, or his reason lulled to sleep by the cajoleries of the Empress Catherine, or his understanding led captive by the imposing centralisation of Louis XIV., uniformity had become a passion with him, and he made an unrelenting and indiscriminate onslaught upon the historical, equally as the political, peculiarities of the various nations under his sceptre. Doubtless there was much room for remoulding antiquated institutions, much rubbish of the middle ages required to be removed—and new materials might be needed; but the adaptation of them to peculiarities of race and country could hardly be dispensed with. Procrustes himself, however, was not more inexorable to the physical anomalies of the human race, than Joseph II. was regardless of the moral distinctions in the individual nationalities of his empire. No country, perhaps, suffered so much at his hands as Hungary; for although the revolt of the Low Countries

amply testified to the intensity of his despotism in that quarter of his empire, yet their nationality was not so cruelly outraged as the nationality of the Hungarians; and the Magyarism of the nineteenth century is but the legitimate consequence of the reaction which the Germanism of Joseph II. aroused.

We have not space on the present occasion to do more than allude to the three distinct epochs of *innovation*, *organisation*, and *restoration*, into which the Novennium of Joseph II.'s reign naturally divides itself. The first period from 1780 to 1783 was given up to experimental failures; the next three years were devoted to useful governmental reforms; the third and last period was occupied in retracing most of the steps which he had taken in the previous periods, more especially in the first, and the close of it was marked by the revocation of the various edicts by which he had abolished the constitutional liberties of the several parts of the empire. Whilst, however, we condemn the majority of his measures, we have no disposition to be unjust to the man. Bohemia is much indebted to the organic laws which Joseph promulgated, and the military system of Austria, which Napoleon pronounced to have the best possible organisation, owes its order and development to the sanction which the Emperor gave to the plans of Marshal Lacy.

The following characteristic anecdote will serve to exhibit the minuteness of Joseph II.'s despotism. The Emperor had not hesitated to promulgate several regulations which were at variance with the laws of the Catholic Church, more particularly in reference to marriages. A case occurred in which a young lady in Galicia wished to contract a marriage, which was in full accordance with the provisions of the canon law, but was prohibited by the imperial regulations. It may be matter of surprise to many of the admirers of Joseph to be made aware of the fact, that in regard to matrimonial unions the canons of the Church are far more liberal than were the laws of the Emperor. The lady made application to the proper authorities, who in their different capacities rejected her prayer. At last she determined to have recourse to the Emperor himself, who sent back her petition to the Provincial Government, with an order in his own handwriting drawn up in the following terms:—‘An der Liebe der Jungfer N. N. ist mir nichts gelegen, aber viel wegen derselben nicht in Streit mit dem Oberhaupt der Kirche zu kommen. Die Heirath ist also zuzulassen.’ (I care nothing for the love of the young lady N. N., but I

care much not to come into collision on its account with the Head of the Church. The marriage is accordingly permitted.)

On the other hand, the development and effects of Magyarism in its turn have been no less prejudicial to the general interests of the empire. Other nationalisms, indeed, had been aroused by Joseph II. simultaneously with Magyarism, *e. g.* Czechism in Bohemia and Wallonism in the Low Countries; but Magyarism in its abuse has evoked new antagonistic nationalisms, for instance, Panslavism amongst the Carpathian Slaves, Wallachism in Transylvania, and Illyrism amongst the southern Slavonic populations of the Austrian empire. The history of the growth of these nationalisms is full of interest in itself, whilst some acquaintance with them is absolutely necessary to enable us to appreciate the bearing of the present movement amongst the races which people the banks of the Danube and its tributaries.

The ethnological table already set forth will have enabled the reader to contrast without much difficulty the proportions which the several races in Hungary bear to one another. Of these the Magyars, although forming a minority, have always been the dominant race; but of late they have ceased to be content with mere supremacy—they have sought to absorb into themselves all the other nationalities.

Three isolated groups, alike unconnected with the great stocks of our continent, are dotted down on the surface of Europe at distances widely remote from one another—namely, the Magyars of Hungary, the Basques of Spain, and the Finns on the northern shores of the Baltic. We have heard Professor Ewald, of Tübingen, whose opinion on such subjects is entitled to the greatest respect, pronounce the Basques and the Finns to be cognate races; and Professor Keyser, of Christiania, has lately connected this remnant of the Iberian people with the Lapponic aborigines of Scandinavia. In a similar manner Professor Schlözer, of Göttingen, has assigned a Finnish origin to the Magyars (*Madjars*); and Dr. Müller, in his researches into the origin of the great Finnish race, refers not only the Magyars but the Huns to this stock. This opinion, as far as it respects the Magyars, has obtained very general acceptance in Germany and Russia; and the original seat of that race is, in accordance with this hypothesis, placed in about 65° N. latitude, on the western slope of the North Ural Chain, in Iugrien, or the country of the Ugrians. The Magyars, however, are by no means inclined to acquiesce in this classification, and we think with justice. They

may, perhaps, push their claim too far in asserting their direct descent from Attila and his Huns, but we are disposed to concede to them the position that the Huns of the fourth century, the Avars of the fifth, and the Magyars of the ninth, were *bands* of one and the same *tribe* of Tatár origin, which appeared consecutively in Europe, and which were at last amalgamated together in one common Hungarian nation. The Szecklers of Transylvania are most probably the descendants of the earliest band which, having been driven from the pasture lands of Central Asia, entered Europe by the Caucasus and the sea of Azow, and which was distinguished by the peculiar title of Huns (*Hiong-nu*), and attached its name to the country in which the cognate hordes of the Magyars settled themselves in the ninth century.

There has been considerable discussion as to the origin of the name 'Magyar.' The following extract from M. de Besse's *Journey to the Caucasus*, appended to M. DeGerando's *Essay*, would lead us to infer, that in all probability, as the Szecklers or *Szék hely* of Transylvania may have been so designated by way of reproach on the part of the new comers as 'the settlers,' so the later bands were distinguished as 'the wanderers,' and prided themselves in retaining the appellation:—

'Pour passer du Khersonnèse en Crimée, je pris ma route à travers les Steppes, au lieu de courir la poste sur le grand chemin. Comme il ne fallait plus penser ni à une auberge ni à un abri quelconque, je me couchai tranquillement au milieu de la cour, ouverte à tous les vents. Mon Tatare, voyant mon embarras, m'engagea à remonter dans son *madjar*, ajoutant que je n'avais rien à risquer, et que je pourrais m'y reposer en toute sûreté.

'Je fus bien surpris d'entendre proférer le mot *madjar* par la bouche d'un Tatare; mais je le fus bien plus encore quand Méhémet (c'était le nom de mon cocher) me raconta que depuis le passage des Magyars par la Crimée, à l'époque de leur émigration, suivant la tradition qui règne parmi les Tatares, cette sorte de chariot conservait le nom qui lui avait été donné par les Magyars; lesquels avaient de semblables chariots où ils plaçaient leurs femmes, leurs enfants, et leurs effets indispensables pour un long voyage. En effet, ces chariots sont très commodes dans leur genre; ils ont neuf à dix pieds de longueur, &c.

'Profitant de la présence des vieillards et du mollah, je le questionnai sur ce qu'ils savaient par tradition au sujet des Magyars: ils me répondirent qu'ils avaient appris des anciens de la peuplade, que les Magyars avaient passé par la Crimée en venant du côté de la mer d'Azow, et qu'ils s'étaient dirigés vers le *Duna* (c'est ainsi qu'ils appellent le Danube), mais qu'ils n'en savaient pas davantage.'

The career of this Asiatic tribe in Europe,



if not attended with victories so brilliant as those of the Huns, was marked by more permanent conquests. They established their sway over the Wallachians of Transylvania, over the Slavonic races of the Carpathian range, as well as those which occupied the southern shore of the Danube, or fed their flocks along the banks of the Save or the Drave. Not only was Dalmatia reduced to be a dependency of the Magyars, but even Bosnia and Servia acknowledged their sovereignty. Their language, as revived in the present day, differs but slightly from the language spoken in the thirteenth century, when it gave way to the Latin, which being the language of their religious services and of their laws, gradually superseded the Tatár dialect, and became the common language of the Magyar as of the Slavonic and Wallachian populations. It is by no means improbable that the corrupt Latin of the eighteenth century would have continued to supply a common medium of communication between these various nationalities, until the civilising element, whatever that might have proved to be, had gradually caused some other language to supersede it, had not the precipitate zeal of Joseph II. marred this chance by his attempt to enforce upon the Hungarians at once the use of the German tongue in their schools, in the army, and in all public acts. The edict of the Emperor announced that within three years all public business in every province should be transacted in German, and all officials who should not have made themselves masters of it should be cashiered. 'Il veut finir avant que de commencer' was the apt remark of Frederick the Great; and we can certainly make allowance for the exultation of the Magyar, when he points to the signature of the Emperor attached to his revocatory edict, preserved in the Chancery at Buda, written with his own hand in the identical language which he had proscribed. Leopold II. did much to appease the irritation which his predecessor had caused, but the reactionary leaven continued to ferment. It was a great error on the part of Joseph to evoke the spirit of separatism, but it was a greater error to replace in the hands of the exasperated Hungarians the most effective instrument to work out that separation.

During the long period of the Revolutionary War, the necessity of making head against the common enemy kept the nationalities of Hungary united. The Magyars at that time had not forgotten that it was the Austrian alliance which had saved their country from becoming a province of Turkey, after the disastrous battle of Mohacz,

A.D. 1526. Nobly however had they repaid the debt, in rallying round the throne of Maria Theresa in 1741, and not less nobly had they responded to the appeal of their Palatine in 1812, when he announced to the Diet, that 'Hungary must once more save the Empire.' How sad is the picture which the page of this year's history will present! That the delay in not convoking the Diet in the long interval of 1812-1825 was calculated to irritate the national susceptibilities of the Magyars cannot be denied, but it was no easy task to master the study of the peculiarities of the ancient constitution of Hungary; to appreciate its merits on the one hand, and to sift its defects on the other; and a prudent minister might well hesitate to revive institutions which involved the political supremacy of a particular race to the disparagement of other nationalities.

There was, however, one very important circumstance, which deserves not to be overlooked in noticing the causes of this delay. We do not allude to the distractions which the insurrections in Italy, and the constitutionalist movements in many of the German States, were calculated to produce:—these were only local or temporary; but there was one paramount obstacle to which sufficient weight has not been given in criticising the slow movement of the Imperial Government. A new system of finance had been established in the Austrian Empire in 1817, analogous in many respects to the measures which Mr. Peel's Bill of 1819 was the prelude to in this country. Prince Metternich, as is well known, had strongly opposed, in 1811, the financial expedients which Count Wallis had devised to meet the crisis of that year, and by the operation of which Austria became inundated with depreciated paper-money. The system which was now adopted, on the conclusion of the war with France, was in direct contradiction to that of 1811, its object being the revival of a metallic currency. It had already, in 1817, obtained the force of law in the German provinces of the Austrian Empire, but it was thought advisable that its operation should be carefully studied before its application should be extended to other parts of the Empire. Its success was considered by the Austrian Government to be a necessary preliminary to secure its reception in Hungary, which had adopted the system of 1811. With this object in view, it was decided to await the satisfactory result of the experiment in the German provinces before the Hungarian Diet should be summoned to undertake the discussion of the new financial law. Mean-

while the return to cash payments, and the revival of credit in the German provinces, would be likely to exercise a favorable effect on the circulation of specie in the other parts of the Empire, and on the fortunes of individuals, and so dispose their minds to adopt the proposed change. Such, we have reason to believe, is the true explanation of the apparent backwardness of the Imperial Ministry in responding to the wishes of Hungary.

The Diet of the Restoration (1825) forms the epoch from which the modern movement in Hungary dates, although Magyarism, as such, did not disclose its exclusive tendencies until the Diet of 1830, when the dominant race first pretended to impose its language in place of the Latin upon the Wallachian population of Transylvania and the Slavonic races of Hungary and its dependencies. A strong reaction was at once awakened in Croatia, and gradually extended itself into Slavonia and the Illyrian districts. It found a vent first in a modest periodical work, entitled the *Danica Ilirska*, in form something like our Penny Magazine, and containing a variety of national songs and translations into Slavonic. The *Croat Gazette* (*Novine Horvatzke*) next appeared in 1835, with a supplement entitled *The Morning Star of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia*, edited by Ludovit Gaj, in the Croatian language, and supporting the political action of Count Draskowicz in the State Diet. In the following year this journal assumed the title of *The National Illyrian Gazette*, whilst its supplement became *The Morning Star of Illyria*. It may be as well to observe that the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia have a joint Diet, distinct from the General Diet of Hungary, and although the same laws and institutions prevail in the Slavonic kingdoms as in the rest of Hungary, the Diet of Agram sometimes exercises the right of refusing to adopt the acts of the Diet of Pesth. Agram, the capital of Civil Croatia, became naturally the focus of Illyrism; and already in the Diet of 1835 the cry was raised '*Nolumus Magyarisari.*' Mr. Paget, who visited this town in 1836, during the sitting of the Diet, describes in his excellent account of Hungary and Transylvania the state of feeling which prevailed there at that time on this subject.

'The Croatian language,' he observes, 'till within the last few years has been totally uncultivated, and its use confined exclusively to the peasantry. Since, however, the Hungarian Diet has proposed to enforce the use of the Magyar language instead of the Latin, in public transactions throughout all Hungary, a spirit of

opposition has been excited amongst the Slavish population which threatens very serious consequences. . . . There seems too,' he continues, 'to be some idea among the *têtes exaltées* here of an Illyrian nationality. It is no uncommon thing to hear them reckoning up the Croats, Slavonians, Bosnians, Dalmatians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, and then comparing the mass of Slaves with the three or four millions of Magyars, and proudly asking why they should submit to deny their language and their origin because the Magyars command it.'

In the mean time the Northern Slavonic races had been awakened to the importance of their own nationality by the writings of the poet Köllar. The movement originated in a desire to establish a literary communion among all the Slavonic populations, and the idea was developed in an epic story, in which the Slavonic race was personified as the Daughter of Glory, whose wanderings, like those of Io in the Prometheus of Æschylus, were tracked along the banks of the Sala, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Moldau, and the Danube. Köllar was the Protestant pastor of a Slavonic congregation at Pesth, being himself a Slowack by origin. His enterprise found a ready support among the scholars of Bohemia, and Czechism became fused in a comprehensive Slavism, or, as it has been sometimes termed, Panslavism. We must not, however, confound this popular Panslavism with that other form of it which seeks to found one common empire for the Czar over all the Slavonic races. Palacky and Szafarik are amongst the more distinguished leaders of this intellectual movement, and they have already earned an European reputation by historical writings of high merit.

The Slavonians of Northern Hungary (the Slowacks and the Russines), having no provincial assembly to represent the interests of their peculiar nationality, have not been able to manifest their repugnance to the encroachments of Magyar supremacy by any political combination analogous to that which their brethren of the South have exhibited. Count Krasinski (p. 186) thinks it more than probable that the Slowacks will separate from Hungary and unite with the Czechs of Bohemia, if they do not obtain the full recognition of their nationality on the part of the Magyars. Such perhaps is the tendency of the movement, unless circumstances should control it; but the present course of events seems likely to lead to the defeat of the arrogant enterprise of the Magyars.

A not less formidable antagonist to Magyar nationality has sprung up in the Wallachism of the Daco-Roman population, which has, however, no sympathy with

Slavonism, excepting so far as a common struggle for emancipation from the sway of the dominant race may, for a time, unite them together. Wallachism has been mainly fostered by the Romanic clergy of Transylvania, and it rests for external support on the sympathy of the Moldo-Wallachian principalities.

The suicidal tendencies of Ultra-Magyarism could not escape the observation of Széchenyi. Already in 1842, in the very sanctuary of Magyarism, in the National Academy of Pesth, that true patriot had the courage to attempt to stem the torrent of enthusiasm, which was hurrying on the privileged race to acts of outrage against the dependent nationalities. Whilst other members of the General Diet attributed to Russian intrigue the remonstrances of the Illyrian and Wallachian Diets, and the protests which the Slowacks had laid at the foot of the Imperial throne, Count Stephen Széchenyi dared to acknowledge the movement of these populations to be the natural effect of the conflict which the injustice of the Magyars had provoked; yet in spite of the warnings of the great and single-minded benefactor of Hungary, the Diet at Pesth did not hesitate in the following year to pass a series of resolutions to the following effect:—That the Magyaric tongue should be adopted in all official transactions—that it should be made the medium of instruction in all the public schools—that the Diets, both general and provincial, should deliberate in Magyaric, the deputies of the kingdoms of Croatia and Slavonia being allowed to give their votes, but not to address the General Diet, in Latin during the next six years, after which period the Magyaric should be the only vehicle of deliberative discussion. The Croats had hitherto continued the use of Latin in their provincial Diet, but in retaliation against this decision of the General Diet, they henceforth determined to employ the Illyrian language exclusively.

In estimating the probable result of the collision of historical nationalities in Hungary, we must not leave out of consideration the military frontier, which forms as it were a distinct political nationality, and completes the circle in which the Magyars are enclosed. The border-guard, which occupies the frontier of the Austrian Empire towards Turkey, in its entire line from the Adriatic to Galicia, is an institution analogous in its object to the early Roman colonies. Its conception originated with Prince Eugene of Savoy, and it was brought to its present complete condition by Marshal Lacy, who organized the Transylvanian border so late as 1776. The borderers are chiefly of Slavo-

nic or German origin, but their political nationality is eminently German. German for instance is taught in their schools, and it is the language of the service; their laws, when the peculiar border-code does not apply, are borrowed from Austria, and their district commanders are immediately under the Council of War (*Hofkriegsrath*) at Vienna. The Hungarian Diet has no control over this peculiar arm of the service. The great political importance, however, of the military frontier consists in its being able to furnish the Austrian Government at a few hours' notice, during a period of profound peace, with a standing army of upwards of 46,000 highly disciplined troops. Of these a very small portion only, about 4000 or 5000 men are maintained in actual service by turns. The war reserve consists of upwards of 38,000 men, and is capable of being assembled in a very short time, armed and equipped, and provisioned for three days. It is said that this immense force can be summoned together by means of alarm-fires throughout the whole extent of the frontier, in the space of four hours.

If considerations of historical nationalities have tended so much to embroil the relations of the various states of the Austrian Empire, they are not the less calculated to prove a serious obstacle to that Germanic Unity which has been conceived by the professors of Heidelberg, who called into life the *Vor-Parlament* of Frankfort.

Germany, or in other words, the territory occupied by the Germanic races, has in every period of its history been divided into a multiplicity of districts, peopled by tribes of cognate origin, differing however from one another in their laws, their manners, and their habits of life—acknowledging each its own chief—and as often engaged in war as in alliance with one another. Who could venture to say that the tribes which Tacitus enumerates—the Cattians, for instance, the Marcomannians, the Chausi-ans, the Hermundurians, the Frisians, &c., would ever have constituted a Germany, such as the spirit of the present age seeks to institute? If time has effaced the ancient distinctive names of many a German tribe—if traces of some are still preserved, and new ones have grown up in the place of the old—yet the Unity, which Charlemagne succeeded in establishing amongst the various member of his mighty Empire, was but the unity of an aggregate number of States, grouped together in a certain relation to a common centre, not inconsistent with the independent action of each; it was not the unity which results upon the fusion of States, heretofore independent, in one political Body. This

disposition of the tribe to preserve its individuality is not the only dissociating element in Germany : Saxony, for instance, was never subdued by Charlemagne, nor did it receive laws from any conqueror. Hence, indeed, that broad distinction between the laws of the Saxon and the Suabian—the *Sachsen-Spiegel* being received in Saxony, Lusatia, Silesia, Bohemia, Anhalt, the March of Holstein, Pomerania, Westphalia, Brunswick, &c. ; whilst the *Schwaben-Spiegel* prevailed amongst the southern and western states of Germany. Again, the inhabitants of the countries which received the Saxon code were not all originally of German extraction. In Lower Saxony, and the greater part of Westphalia, the race may be regarded as pure German ; but in Pomerania, Lusatia, Silesia, and Bohemia, the German has been engrafted on a Wendic stock, and groups of a pure Wendic population, the largest of which occurs in the heart of Lusatia, may be occasionally found to attest this fact. The physical element, however, does not constitute so strong a distinction between the races of Northern and Central Germany, as that which the moral element, developed by the Reformation, has established between the North and the South. Although, therefore, an ardent craving for unity may prevail amongst certain political sections of Germany, it must not be supposed that the attempt to satisfy it will not encounter antagonist prejudices against others.

The idea of Unity (*die Einheit*), according to the conception of it by the leaders of the National Assembly of Frankfort, is a political idea, to which historical considerations have been made subordinate. In its most exaggerated form it has embodied itself in a nationalism which is even more vague than those which we have already discussed, namely, in a Germanism based upon the use of a common language. This doctrine has, for a long time, been circulated throughout Germany in the common adage, 'Germany extends as far as the German tongue' (*soweit die deutsche Zunge klingt*) ; and as the Princes of Germany coquetted with this saw and song, as an instrument for combining the action of Germany against France, without dreaming of a period fast approaching, when united Germany would rise in insurrection against its several Princes. The sentiment of the adage has, by degrees, been worked up into a sort of political creed for every man's guidance, upon which a great and glorious Germany should be built up ; and it has at last been adopted as the watchword of the extreme Germanistic party, and has even been made the pretext for a crusade against a neighbouring independent

State, whose historical nationality is in the main Scandinavian.

Let us now for a moment consider the practical absurdity of this doctrine. About one-third of those who use the German tongue live beyond the limits of the territory of the Germanic Confederation. Some, indeed, of these are divided from Germany by intervening tracts of land or water ; others, on the contrary, are separated by no natural obstructions, but only by the conventional lines of demarcation which mark the existence of independent political societies, and have hitherto served to prevent their collision. This standard of nationality, therefore, partly fails in matter of fact, partly conflicts with received standards of political nationality, and in the latter respect is inconsistent with the maintenance of peaceful relations towards foreign states. It is difficult to say which of the two doctrines is likely to prove most mischievous in its application ; for whilst the Danubian Nationalism is signally destructive of domestic peace, that of the Rhine is calculated to provoke continual conflicts with neighbouring foreign powers. In regard, however, to matter of fact, the test of language is defective in two ways ; it is not sufficiently definite, and it is perpetually fluctuating. It is not sufficiently definite, because a frontier population will be found either to speak two languages, as in the Tyrol, or to speak a *patois*, like the Wallon or the Romance of the 'Grisons ;' in both of which cases, if the principle is to be carried out to its legitimate consequences, we have the nucleus of an independent political society. A third case, however, is found to occur, of which Friesland is an instance, in which it is almost impossible to trace any line of demarcation between the Low German (*Plat-Deutsch*) and the Dutch, and which, in respect of its language, remains nationally undivided, although it belongs politically in part to Holland and in part to Hanover. On the other hand, the language of a frontier population is constantly fluctuating, according as the civilising element predominates on the one side or the other. Thus, the Flemish recedes before the French : many names on the northern side of the French frontier, such as Steenkerke, Waterloo, Tweebecke, which are clearly of German origin, being within the limits of the French language. Again, the political frontier of German Tyrol extends toward the south, beyond the line which is the limit of the German language. This may be cited as an instance where the language of the laity has gradually given way before the language of the clergy. German, on the other hand, has gained upon Danish in Sleswig, and

upon Slavonic in Silesia and Prussia Proper ; the former of which facts is to be chiefly attributed to the adoption of the German language in the courts of law, and in the schools and churches, and to the educated classes frequenting the German Universities (Kiel, &c.) ; the latter, to the operation of a great variety of civilising elements, to which the Prussian Government have taken care to give activity.

Publicists have sometimes discussed the relative superiority of rivers over mountains as natural frontiers ; and diplomatists have occasionally preferred rivers, because of their greater certainty, when the provisions of boundary-conventions come to be carried into execution. Certainly, the *high lands* which were to determine the course of the boundary line between the State of Maine and New Brunswick were not easy of discovery, or at all events could not be ascertained so as to accord with the provisions of the treaty of Paris of 1783 ; but statesmen will do well to prefer mountains where the geography of a country has been accurately laid down. Alsace will furnish us with an illustration in point. It has been politically separated from Germany for one hundred and fifty years, yet the German language has maintained its ancient frontier against the French, which Montaigne noticed so far back as 1580. One of the reasons for this remarkable tenacity of the German element is to be found in the fact, that, whilst the Rhine divides the province of Alsace but imperfectly from Germany, the Vosges mountains separate it completely from old France.\*

Alsace, on the other hand, supplies a curious instance of the political value of a common language which deserves to be noticed. When, after the peace of Paris in 1815, six cantons were separated from Weissenburg and united to Bavaria, the community of language (German) produced so rapid a political amalgamation of the two populations, that in a few years no trace of the former line of demarcation could be observed ; and the present generation of men in these cantons, which had belonged to France for a century and a half, have lost all recollection of their former connexion with that country.

We will now pass on from the domain of theory to that of fact, and resume the thread of the history, which broke off in our last number with the installation of the Frank-

fort Assembly in the church of St. Paul's. But before we enter upon our narrative of political events, it may be desirable to notice briefly some circumstances of a general character, which will throw light upon the actual state of things in Germany. The long warfare against the freedom of the press, the concession of which was undoubtedly incompatible with the maintenance of an absolute form of monarchical government, had introduced a system of censorship which demoralised the press, whilst it lowered the character of literary men. Again, the system of government which prevailed in Prussia had contributed to awaken a general spirit amongst men of science and literature which necessarily created great dangers, the learned and philosophical world being wrapped up in an unpractical system of abstract principles. For a long time (during the third decennium of the present century, and even later) the Prussian Government patronised the system of Hegel as a kind of state philosophy, and those persons who adopted the terminology of this system were regarded as good subjects, and were readily promoted. Hegel's system, however, was then very unpopular amongst the Constitutionalist party of south-western Germany, whose leaders for the most part were practical men, or belonged to the older school of Kant or Fichte. But when Frederick William IV. succeeded to the throne of Prussia, the system of Hegel was abandoned for a kind of romantic pietism of the middle ages, whilst the Hegelist school assumed a decided attitude of antagonism against religion and the state. Some few years before Hegel had been regarded as the philosophical defender of Crown and Altar. Now the New Hegelians proved, by philosophic deductions, the necessity of abandoning all religion : they utterly scouted the principle of faith ; they attacked the Prussian system, and went beyond the most extravagant lengths in liberalism. Many preached anarchy as the normal state of political life—many preached Atheism, or Pantheism, or the religion of *Humanism* : all men were Gods.

One of the most remarkable features of the opening period of the first French Revolution was the extraordinary respect which was paid to *humanity*—as such. Men had come to disbelieve in everything but the perfectibility of their own nature ; their faith, which had perished in regard to all other things, in this respect had assumed the character of an idolatry. They trusted in, they hoped everything from human nature ; they believed it capable of unlimited results, if it had only a full and free devel-

\* We see, as this sheet is passing through the press, that many votes for the new French President were rejected, because forsooth the Alsatian peasants gave in the name of *Ludwig Bonpar* !

opment allowed to it. But this idea circulated rather in the form of a sentiment than a philosophic principle. Each individual, it is true, felt assured that he carried within his own bosom the key which alone would unlock the gates of Truth; but he still continued to believe in the existence of objective Truth—he still acknowledged an external world beyond himself—he still recognised external sanctions. Voltaire was a rude and relentless hewer of idols, but his piercing analysis—however often and however woefully misdirected—was yet tempered with strong practical sense: and his boldest followers were pigmies in unbelief when contrasted with the modern schools in Germany. The young Hegelists who followed in the train of Strauss and Feuerbach, although they were in advance of the founder of the school, were satisfied to proclaim human nature the most perfect of things, and the Deity to be a sort of abstraction of humanity. Their formula was *Homo homini Deus*: but a later variety, led onward by the rigorous deductions of Stirner, have rejected even the religion of *Humanism* as a sort of priestcraft, and maintain that man ought not to submit himself to any external rule; that, in a word, there are no other rights than those which the individual assigns to himself—*Homo sibi Deus* embodies their teaching. It is obvious that such a doctrine must be but a sorry preparation for a constitutional form of government, in which, above all things, practical sense is required. Where every individual proclaims ‘L’état, c’est moi,’ there will be anarchy, under whatever specious title it be disguised. Time only can disclose the political idea into which the philosophy of *Humanism* will resolve itself in Germany; but it has been thought with some reason that the doctrine of ‘*Egalité*’ is only the practical form in which the sentiment of *humanity* has embodied itself in France.

The natural consequences of these curious mutations in the Prussian system have exhibited themselves in the fearful convulsions of public spirit and religious feeling which have occurred during the last six months in Berlin. The genius of the German people has always revelled in fanciful or philosophical dreams; no substantial political education has been given to the rising generation with a view to prepare them for the fulfilment of the promises made to their fathers: but occasionally the ambition of one, or the vanity of another, has been nourished by concessions which appeared to involve no dangerous consequences. Meanwhile the youth of Germany has been initiated in secret political societies (*Burschen-*

*schaften*) which violated the existing laws, but have been kept up in spite of all laws; and as it was debarred from political realities, it has fed itself with political ideas, until at last a central constituent assembly has taken up its seat at Frankfort, to represent a political body and act in the name of an empire which in reality does not exist.

We have already observed that the form of nationalism which reposes on the basis of a common language, is, from the nature of that basis, aggressive in its tendencies. Assuming for the moment that the object of the Convocation at Frankfort was to secure and consolidate the liberties of the German nation, we cannot but remark the false step which they at first made by admitting into their Assembly the representatives of States not members of the Germanic Confederation. If, indeed, the dominion of the German tongue was to be the basis upon which the limits of the new empire were to rest, then the deputies of Italian Tyrol should have been allowed to withdraw when those of Sleswig were admitted. If the old limits of the Confederation permitted Germany to retain the Italian parts of the Tyrol, by parity of reasoning they prevented its intrusion across the Eider. Further, it could not be overlooked by those who examined carefully the ground-work upon which it was proposed to build up a central executive power, that the legislative body was permitted to interfere with the executive in the most delicate of its functions, by claiming to exercise a confirmatory voice in questions of treaties with foreign powers. Upon this shoal, as was to be expected, the vessel of the new state was stranded in the first storm, and the ministry was for a time broken up after this manner. The armistice of Malmo, concluded on the 26th of August between Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, had been ratified at Lubeck on the 1st of September, and was supposed to be actually in operation, when the Assembly at Frankfort claimed the right of confirming the ratification, and by a majority of 260 votes against 230 overruled the ministers of the Reichsverweser as to the propriety of discussing the merits of the armistice, and subsequently resolved, by a majority of 238 against 221, to suspend its execution. The result was, the resignation of the Schmerling Ministry, followed by the ineffectual attempts of Professor Dahlmann and M. Hermann of Munich, in succession to form an administration. The strength of the Left being thus found inadequate to form a government, the Assembly decided on the 16th by a majority of 257 to 236 to throw no further obstacle in the way of the rati-

fication, whereupon the former ministry resumed the guidance of affairs once more on the 24th of September, with the exception of M. Heckscher, who accepted a mission to the court of Sardinia. Now came the Nemesis of outraged political nationality. The extreme democratic party, which had hitherto been all-powerful in directing this question, would not submit to be baffled by an adverse vote of the Assembly: Struve and others openly withdrew to organise an armed insurrection, and sought to intimidate the Assembly by the agency of an infuriated populace from Hanau and the neighbourhood. Their murderous enterprise, however, was baffled by the coolness and decision of Schmerling, to whom the Regent at once entrusted the task of vindicating order; but the blood of the aged Von Auerswald and the gallant Lichnowski still cries to heaven for vengeance in the streets of Frankfort.

Prussia, in the mean time, had to undergo a still more rude noviciate. Five different ministries have succeeded to the helm since the Bodelschwingh administration withdrew after the occurrences of the 19th of March at Berlin. Count Arnim, an old and tried servant of the Crown, was the first to undertake the task, but he retired within ten days on finding the proceedings of the Vor-Parliament at Frankfort assuming a complexion which he disapproved. The Arnim-Camphausen administration, which followed, was rudely shaken by the debate upon the address to the crown: it was ultimately broken up by the disturbances at Berlin on the 16th and 17th of June, when the arsenal was plundered, and by the subsequent refusal of the Assembly to vote measures for the preservation of order and the protection of its members. The ministry of Von Auerswald, which next appeared on the stage, succumbed on the 9th of September to the outcry which had been raised at Frankfort against the Malmo armistice, and to the vote of the Berlin Assembly, by which Stein, supported by Von Unruh—in other words, the Left, supported by the Centre, carried the motion for promulgating the resolution of the 9th of August. By this resolution, which had hitherto been suspended, the officers of the Prussian army, whose political convictions did not accord with the opinion of the majority of the Chamber, were called upon, as a point of honour, to retire from the service. In vain did the minister point out that the question at issue was a question of administration, not of law, and that, if the motion should be carried, the Chamber would, in fact, reverse the relations between itself and the Government, and put an end to the theory

of ministerial responsibility by itself assuming the executive. The Opposition, in reply, invoked the phantom of a counter-revolution; and the Centre, which had hitherto been neither ministerial nor in opposition, passed over with Von Unruh to the Left. The Von Pfuël ministry, which succeeded after a short interregnum, perished from its own *vis inertiae*. It disappointed the friends of order, while it did not satisfy the exigencies of the movement party. It has been happily described as a ministry which granted nothing, but yielded everything; which always objected, but never opposed. It was at last gathered to its predecessors on the 23rd of October, although no successors were gazetted till the 9th of November. Meanwhile the Chamber had voted on the 30th of October the abolition of nobility, and it became clear that it was embarked on a career of aggression against the Crown, which would speedily bring on a collision of a decisive character. The King seems *at last* to have become aware of his critical position, and determined at the eleventh hour to confront the danger. The Chamber, on this occasion, attempted in vain to shake his resolution, though it even went so far as to remind him of the fate of a neighbouring state, the capital city of which was in rebellion against its sovereign. The King fortunately remained firm, nor was the rude interpellation of Jacobi, at Potsdam, calculated to produce a different result. Accordingly the Brandenburg-Manteuffel ministry immediately on its formation launched against the Chamber a royal decree on the 9th of November, by which its sittings were prorogued until the 27th of November. It was convoked for that day at Brandenburg. Now came on a struggle which was not calculated to raise the character of the Assembly. The Chamber insisted on its right to continue its sittings at Berlin; it declared itself in permanence. The President and thirty members remained in the house throughout the night of the 9th of November, as if afraid that its doors would be closed against them if they retired. On the following day (November 10) the Assembly issued a proclamation to the Prussian people; but it was not permitted to defy the Crown long, for on the same day, General von Wrangel's troops announced to the encircled House that the members were at liberty to withdraw, but not to reassemble. They thereupon determined to meet in the Hall of the Schützen-Gilde on the following day, when the subject of impeaching the ministers and stopping the supplies was mooted. Late in the day a royal proclamation appeared to disband the Burgher Guard in consequence of



its illegal deportment on the previous day. On the 12th, the Burgher Guard was by another proclamation dissolved, but, in defiance of this royal decree, it met, and determined not to disband itself nor to deliver up its arms. Wrangel, however, was not to be trifled with: he at once proclaimed Berlin in a state of siege, and proceeded to disarm the Burgher Guard, as well as to disperse the mock Assembly, which still continued its sittings in the Hall of the Schützen-Gilde. The scenes which ensued savoured very strongly of the ludicrous. The members were formally summoned on the 13th by an officer from General Wrangel to disperse, as forming an illegal meeting, but the chairman remained immovable, like the venerable senators of Rome awaiting in their curule seats in the Forum the rude approach of the victorious Gauls. M. Plönies, however, was more fortunate than Marcus Papirius. Remonstrances, instead of blows, ensued, and at last the chairman was carried out with the utmost gentleness in his chair and deposited safely in the street, followed by a train of members protesting against the violation of his dignity. Nor did these indecorous squabbles terminate here. A section of members assembled on the following morning (November 14), in the Hall of the Town Council, but they were not allowed to commence business, and dispersed immediately on the summons of an officer from General Wrangel. In the evening, however, they reassembled at a café, where they passed a decree that the Brandenburg ministry was not authorised to levy taxes or disburse the public money, until the Assembly could fulfil its duties safely in Berlin. Such was the last scene of this eventful history, in which it is more difficult to say whether the object which the Assembly proposed to itself was more inconsistent with its limited functions as a constituent, or its manner of proceeding more unbecoming its dignity as a legislative body.

A minority of the Right had from the first protested formally against the Assembly continuing its sittings after the royal message of the 9th of November, on the ground of its functions being purely 'constituent.' On the other hand, the Left and Centre parties maintained that, for the very same reason, the Crown had not the right to adjourn, remove, or dissolve the Chamber; that it was convoked for the express purpose of 'concording' a constitution with the Crown, and that its authority was consequently co-ordinate with that of the Crown. Much of the argument in this case is a verbal argument, which turns upon the

meaning of the word 'Vereinbarung' in the 13th section of the Election Law (*Wahlgesetz*) promulgated by the Crown on the 8th of April:—

'The Assembly, which is to meet together on the basis of the present law, is convoked for the purpose of settling through a *Concordance* (*Vereinbarung*) with the Crown the future constitution of the State, and of exercising *ad interim*, pending the duration of the assembly, the rights of the heretofore estates of the realm, expressly in regard to the voting of taxes and state loans.\*'

Allowing to the word 'Vereinbarung' the utmost latitude of interpretation, we hardly think that the question admits of a serious discussion, unless we are prepared to accede to the assumption that all parties to an agreement, by virtue of being such parties, have of necessity co-extensive rights, and that, in this particular case, the King of Prussia, in convoking an Assembly for the purpose of *agreeing upon* a constitution, has *ipso facto* devolved a share of the sovereignty to that Assembly—both of which propositions are obviously untenable. Much of the confusion in which these questions have become involved arises without doubt from a mistaken notion respecting the functions of a Constituent assembly, which, because they are extraordinary, are supposed to be unlimited. Whereas a constituent is merely a species of legislative assembly, with functions confined to a limited province of legislation—namely, the framing of fundamental laws. The States-General of France in 1789 converted themselves into a National Assembly with constituent functions, but their authority was not conveyed to them in *terms* as a constituent assembly; on the contrary, they assumed their authority of themselves, and they exercised sovereign power by usurpation. It would no doubt have been more prudent if the King of Prussia had provided explicitly for the case which has occurred at Berlin, with the same forethought which the King of Denmark has exhibited in regulating the relations of the Danish *Rigstag*: but the King of Prussia's omission to do so, should have operated rather as a guarantee to the Chamber that he had no *arrière pensée* when he convoked them, than served, as it seems to have done, as a provocative to unruliness.

Considerable mystery continues to hang

\* Die auf Grund des gegenwärtigen Gesetzes zusammentretende Versammlung ist dazu berufen, die künftige Staats-Verfassung durch Vereinbarung mit der Krone festzustellen, und die seitherigen reichständischen Befugnisse, namentlich in Bezug auf die Bewilligung von Steuern und Staats-Anleihen, für die Dauer ihrer Versammlung interimistisch auszuüben.

over the proceedings of the 19th of March at Berlin, which led to the retirement of the Bodelschwingh administration. Europe was surprised to hear that, at the very moment when the army had succeeded in putting down anarchy, the King had thrown himself into the arms of the insurgents, by ordering his faithful troops to abandon the barricades, which they had just stormed and taken possession of. Such certainly was the result: but it is now asserted, on what we consider to be good authority, that the King was not in reality so imprudent as is generally supposed. The King, we are assured, gave an order that the troops should be withdrawn *from the barricades in front of the palace*, which the insurgents were reported to have abandoned; but *somehow* an order of a much more extensive nature was brought to the various officers in command, directing that the troops should be removed *from all the barricades*. How this unfortunate mistake originated is one of those minute facts which contemporary Reviewers can hardly expect to clear up. Suspicions of treason did at first suggest themselves, but a more careful consideration of facts is said to warrant the conclusion that there was a misunderstanding of the King's orders in a very high quarter, and that this misunderstanding was solely attributable to the excitement and anxiety of the moment. We need not say how important a satisfactory explanation would be for the character of the King.

One circumstance, however, connected with the events of the preceding day has been clearly proved, namely, that there was an organised conspiracy and a preconcerted signal. A judicial inquiry has established the fact, that the country people in several of the neighbouring villages near Potsdam were told on the 17th to expect a signal which would be made on the 18th, and then to cry out, 'Treason, treason!'—'Defend yourselves!' &c. That signal was made; two shots were fired; the King himself had his eye upon the group from the midst of which the shots proceeded. They were not Prussians. He came in from the balcony of his palace, and could not help exclaiming, 'They were strangers; they were none of my people.'\* In a similar

manner, it has been ascertained at Vienna that the revolution of the 6th of October was not the work of the people of Vienna, but of Magyars and Poles acting in unison with the Radicals of the Riding-school.

The Poles have played a leading part in all the late insurrections in the capitals of Europe. Their organization deserves a brief notice. From the first period of their emigration from Poland they have been divided into an aristocratical and democratical party; at the head of the former of these parties stood Prince Adam Czartorisky, whilst the recognised leader of the latter, named Lelewel, originally established himself at Brussels. Paris, on the other hand, has always been the head-quarters of the aristocratical party, whilst those of the democratical section have only been of late removed to Versailles, where it has adopted a military organization. These two parties act most frequently apart, but they have occasionally worked in concert. Thus, the democratical party took the lead in the insurrectionary movements in the Duchy of Posen and Galicia in 1846, whilst the aristocratical party was content to follow in their wake. Of late, since 1845, an intimate alliance has been concluded between the Polish democratical party and that Italian party which acknowledges for its leaders Mazzini and the persons who at this moment are at the head of the governments in Tuscany and the Roman States, such as Mamiani, Sterbini, Guerazzi, &c. The Poles have, in fact, become the Free-Corps of Democracy, the Knights-Errant of Revolution, and like the Companies of Adventure in the fourteenth century, they proffer their assistance in every quarter where there is a prospect of successful insurrection against monarchical authority. Nor should we omit to notice another influential body, who have played a distinguished part in all the revolutions of Germany: we mean the Jews. At least one third, if not the half, of the public journals in Germany have been for a long time conducted by Jewish editors. In Austria the most forward amongst the extreme democrats have been Jews. Dr. Jellinek, for instance, who was executed with Dr. Bekker on the 23d of November at Vienna, and whose journal had been an organ of the Red party since the

\* A singularly picturesque account of the days of March at Berlin has been published at Bremen, in the form of a novel, from the pen of Count A. Sternberg, entitled 'Die Royalisten,' in which the general confusion of ideas on moral and political subjects is amusingly illustrated from scenes of real life. The facts to which we have alluded will be found there noticed—with some variations, as might be expected, in the detail. It is announced that an English version of the most striking chap-

ters is to appear in Fraser's Magazine; but we could wish that some one would give a complete translation of this Prussian *Jérôme Paturot*. The lady who has lost her wits about the idea of the *German fleet* is an especially delectable personage; and the night of the 18th of March forms a picture of very remarkable effect. We must add that Count Sternberg's previous writings had not at all prepared us for a volume of such merit.

month of March last, appears to have been a Jew born on the frontiers of Moravia and Hungary. The names of Börne and Heine, both of whom died refugees in Paris, and both occupied a prominent position in the most advanced section of revolutionary writers, are doubtless familiar to many of our readers.\* Both of these daring adventurers were Jews. In Austria, the Jews have of late played so prominent a part in revolutionary politics, that out of ten leading men six or eight will be found to belong to that nation. In Prussia, likewise, the most violent journals are in the hands of the Jews, whose leader in the chamber at Berlin is Jacobi, a member of the extreme left. In Poland, on the contrary, and in Galicia, the contrast is remarkable; there, indeed, the Jews for the most part are ranged on the side of order, and the explanation is to be sought in their habits of agricultural and other industry.

'L'Europe est pourrie' has been of late a favourite saying amongst the advocates of organic changes; but it must be confessed that Austria has exhibited in the midst of domestic convulsions a vitality as surprising as that which baffled the destructive genius of Napoleon. Assailed at the same time in three different quarters, in Italy, in Hungary, and in the very capital of the empire itself, she has made head successfully against anarchy, whilst she has controlled revolt, and is preparing to put down insurrection. Whatever may have been the character of the Hungarian movement before the 15th of March, it is clear that the Batthyani-Kossuth ministry embarked at that time on a course of policy, the success of which is incompatible with the integrity of the empire. They demanded, for instance, a separate administration of war, of finance, and of foreign affairs for Hungary. It may be observed that the Emperor had already granted to them a ministry purely Hungarian, and responsible to their own Diet. The contemplated emancipation of the Magyars from the influence of the central power at once fanned into a flame the smouldering discontent of the Slavonian races. Croatia had been content to remain in theory a dependency of Hungary, as long as Hungary was governed from Vienna; but the national feeling of the Croats revolted against becoming in reality the subjects of the Magyars, and obeying a Magyar minister of war at Pesth. Hence arose the Croat movement, which was at first an independent struggle against the Magyars, but gradually, with the

course of events, became fused in the common cause of the Emperor against Hungary. We have already alluded to the growth of Illyrism. This feeling had already acquired in 1845 an intensity which caused some anxiety to the central government: for in that year the Ban\* or Viceroy Haller, who had endeavoured to control it by force of arms, saw himself under the necessity of laying down his office, in deference to the indignation which his measures had produced at Agram. The Ban of Croatia is the third person of the realm of Hungary. Since the resignation of Haller the government had been carried on by the Bishop of Agram as Interim-Viceroy. Now, however, when deputations were hurrying up to Vienna, in March, 1848, from so many parts of the empire, to lay their complaints and wishes before the Emperor himself, the Croats did not lag behind. Their envoys came to express to their Lord and King their devotion, their loyalty, their most sincere desire to remain for ever united with the common monarchy (*Gesammt-Monarchie*), and soliciting the appointment of the Baron von Jellachich as Ban. The Emperor granted their request, and Jellachich was henceforth to maintain with his sword the liberties which the pen of Gaj had won.

Count Kolowrath had succeeded to the helm of the state on the retirement of Prince Metternich, but Kolowrath was unequal to the difficulties of the crisis, and he gave way early in April to the ministry of Count Fiquelmont, formed under the auspices of the Archduke John. Fiquelmont, in his turn, was forced by the threatening aspect of affairs to retire on the 5th of May, and was succeeded, *ad interim*, by Baron Lebzeltern. His colleagues followed his example on the 15th, and were only provisionally in office when the Emperor fled from his capital to Innsbruck. On the 20th the Emperor issued his proclamation from Innsbruck, countersigned by Count Montecuculi, which was followed by a decree of the 26th, dissolving the academical legion, and incorporating its members in the burgher guard. Now came on the troubles of Vienna. Those of the students who would not enter the burgher guard were ordered to lay down their arms within twenty-four hours; the military were called in to enforce the decree, the students resisted, barricades were immediately raised, and workmen and burgher guards took part with the students; a committee of public safety was

\* An account of one of Heine's most mischievous works will be found in the *Quar. Rev.*, vol. iv. art. i. This Hebrew was, or affected to be, in point of religious opinion, a heathen of the ancient Greek school.

\* *Pan*, or *Ban*, in the Slavonic dialect, means *Lord*. The ruler of Croatia, in the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, was styled *Pan*.—Sir G. Wilkinson's *Dalmatia*, i. 25.

then formed, which entered into negotiation with the Emperor's ministers; at last the insurrection was appeased by a declaration on the part of the ministers on the 29th that they would maintain the liberties granted by the Emperor in the constitution of the 25th of April. All things seemed now to augur calm and repose. The Viennese besought their Emperor to return to his capital, but he did not comply as yet with their wishes. On the other hand, the Emperor by an autograph letter declared himself willing to consider the assembly at Vienna as a constituent Assembly, and promised to send forthwith the Archduke John, as his Vicar, to open the Diet.

The disturbances at Vienna operated meanwhile in favour of the Slavonic movement in Bohemia, and the moment seemed favourable to enforce the opinion that the Slavonic element constituted the real strength of Austria, and that the Slavonic population was the mainstay of the empire. With this object in view, a Congress of Slavonian nationalities was invited to meet at Prague, and accordingly, on the 29th of May, deputies from various Slavonic races assembled there, and it was agreed to send forthwith a petition to the Emperor in favour of Bohemian independence. At the same time it was announced that the Ban of Croatia had convened a Diet for the triple kingdom of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia, to meet on the 5th of June, and that the Austro-Slavonic countries were invited to send representatives to the 'Diet of the Croatic-Slavonic nation.' The minister at Vienna at once replied to the petition from Bohemia, by declaring Count Leo Thun and the Bohemian Provisional Government to be rebels, and ordering all persons to resist their usurped authority. The Czechs were not disposed to yield without a struggle, and the bombardment of Prague ensued, which put an end to this effort in favour of Bohemian separatism.

During the interval which had now elapsed since the month of March, Croatia had gradually assumed an apparent attitude of hostility towards Vienna. The Ban had been summoned to attend the Emperor at Innsbruck, to give an account of his conduct; and he was ordered to prevent the assembly taking place, which had been convened for the 5th of June. Jellachich, however, determined not to comply with this latter command. The Diet accordingly assembled at Agram, when Jellachich was solemnly elected Ban, and installed by the Patriarch of Carlowitz. The Emperor had, meanwhile, declared Jellachich to be a traitor, and deprived him of all his digni-

ties, but the high-spirited Croat was not to be diverted from the path which he had deliberately chosen. He presented himself at Innsbruck on the 19th of March, with a deputation of Croats, to justify their conduct, and to certify their allegiance to the house of Hapsburg. The new Hungarian minister for foreign affairs attempted to bar his approach to the Emperor, but Jellachich succeeded at last in forcing his way to the foot of the throne. The result of his audience with the Emperor was, that a compromise was arranged to take place, under the auspices of the Archduke John, and the Ban, although not formally reinstated, remained undisturbed in his post. In the meantime the Wessenberg administration succeeded to office on the 20th of July. Scarcely had Jellachich returned to Agram, and organised the affairs of the province, when he hastened to Vienna to meet Batthyani and the Archduke Palatine; but no agreement could be effected, inasmuch as the Ban insisted energetically on the administration of war and finance being kept united, as heretofore, at Vienna. He left Vienna on the 2nd of August, with the conviction that the difference between himself and the Magyars could be settled in no other way than by the sword.

The month of August was occupied with preparations for the inevitable struggle. Early in September the Ban was reinstated by the Emperor in all his honours. A deputation from Hungary immediately went to Schönbrunn to expostulate with the Emperor, but it was refused access to his presence. On its return to Pesth the Batthyani-Kossuth ministry resigned, and the Archduke Palatine undertook, in his own person, the conduct of affairs—but this measure was declared by the Diet to be illegal and dangerous, and a sort of dictatorship was therefore instituted, under the name of a Provisional Government, consisting of Kossuth and Szemere. This, however, soon made way for a Batthyani ministry, which received its inspirations from Kossuth.

The frontier towards Croatia was meanwhile lined with a cordon of Hungarian troops; and a numerous deputation of Hungarian deputies waited on the Emperor on the 12th of September, to request him to transfer his residence to Pesth. Of course their petition was declined—and they left the imperial presence with a resolution to separate themselves entirely from Austria. Jellachich had now crossed the Drave, and was marching towards Pesth, announcing to the Hungarian nation that he was at war only with a faction, represented by the

Kossuth ministry, and that he would in all respects maintain the constitutional liberties of Hungary. The Archduke Stephen was now called upon, as Palatine, to place himself at the head of the Hungarian yeomanry (the 'Insurrection'), and on the 17th he showed himself disposed to take the command, when he suddenly quitted Pesth for Vienna, and so withdrew the countenance of the Imperial family from the cause of the Magyars. The Kossuth ministry then attempted to enlist the sympathies of the Austrian Diet in its favour; but the Diet refused to receive the deputation, which was sent 'not to the Emperor, but to the National Assembly.' The Slavonic element on this occasion showed its strength in the Austrian Chamber, and Czechism avenged upon the Magyars the long thralldom of the Slovacks and other kindred tribes. The Diet at Pesth now threw itself into the arms of Kossuth, and voted him unlimited powers, with the title of President of the Committee of National Defence. Batthyani thereupon withdrew altogether, and with him it may be said the main aristocratical element in the Hungarian movement was eliminated.

Kossuth and Batthyani had never been cordially united; they had indeed acted for some time together in the ministry which the events of March had imposed upon the King of Hungary, being both revolutionists and both separatists. They were, perhaps, the only two individuals of the ultra-Magyar party who had a sufficient knowledge of public business to carry on the government; but they were in other respects essentially discordant in character. Batthyani, for instance, was an inconsistent aristocrat; Kossuth, a consistent democratic. Batthyani was a high-caste Magyar, a member of the Chamber of Magnates; Kossuth, a Magyarised Slovak, a sort of political Pariah, who had commenced his public life as the reporter of the Diet, and had ultimately stepped at once out of a prison into the Chamber. Batthyani was anxious to decide his quarrel with Austria in the open field; Kossuth, on the other hand, was prepared to sanction any deed of violence and bloodshed, so long as it was likely to curtail the power of Austria.

The Emperor, encouraged by the progress of Jellachich, made one more effort to re-establish his authority in Hungary, by sending Count Lamberg, armed with extraordinary powers, to Pesth—but the attempt failed. The Imperial Commissioner was himself butchered by an infuriated mob on the 9th of September, and war thus openly declared against the Emperor. The two

parties were now in presence of each other. The Magyars had been unable to arrest the victorious progress of Jellachich, who, having already occupied Stuhlweissenburg, the ancient city of St. Stephen, threatened the capital of Hungary with his right wing, whilst with his left, resting on Raab, he kept up his communication with Vienna. On the 3rd of October the Emperor issued a proclamation dissolving the Hungarian Diet, and declared all its acts passed without his sanction null and void. The civil government of Hungary was at the same time intrusted to Baron Adam Recsey, whilst Jellachich was invested with full powers to put down the insurrection, and to inflict vengeance on the murderers of Count Lamberg. The contest, however, was suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly transferred to the streets of Vienna. Kossuth had resolved to strike at the heart of the empire itself, where a motley assemblage of Red republicans from all quarters of the world were prepared to second him in his desperate enterprise. Gold was with this object lavishly distributed among the working-classes on the night of the 5th: the leaders of the Democratic Union, having made common cause with Pulszky, sat in council up till midnight, and issued written instructions for the proceedings on the morrow. Care was meanwhile taken to supply intoxicating drinks to the grenadier battalion, which was under orders to march against the Magyars; and on the 6th the insurrection commenced with an attempt to arrest the march of the troops. With this object barricades were thrown up on the Tabor Bridge by a body of national guards, in accordance with a preconcerted plot, and the grenadiers, at once abandoning their colours, joined the ranks of the insurgents. A murderous conflict now ensued: on both sides might be seen the uniforms of the imperial troops mingled with those of the national guards. The cry at the barricades had been 'Ungarische Freiheit der Ungarischen Brüder,' and accordingly, as the tide of insurrection rolled onwards, it might be observed for a moment to gather up its strength, and then suddenly dash forward towards the quarter where the plans were supposed to be maturing for the reconquest of Hungary. The War-Office at once became the object of attack; it was speedily stormed, and the Minister of War mercilessly slaughtered. A commission of inquiry, now sitting, has ascertained that this was not an act of blind impulse on the part of an infuriated mob, but that the murder of Count Latour was paid for with the gold of the Magyars. The troops were now with-

drawn, Vienna remained in the hands of the insurgents, and the Emperor quitted his capital a second time, to seek a refuge amongst his faithful Slavonians. We must not however suppose that the Emperor on this occasion fled from his German subjects. The Viennese, as already stated, were not the originators of the insurrection; on the contrary, the leaders in the great struggle, which was soon to be decided in favour of order, were the members of the Democratic Union, the great antagonist association against the sovereigns of Germany, whose head-quarters had been at Frankfort, and were now at Berlin—men collected from all the winds of heaven, and having no other bond of union than that of hatred against monarchical institutions. The military organisation was in the hands of the Poles, General Bem being charged with the command of the Proletarian Legion; and, to complete the heterogeneous picture, two deputies, from the extreme left of the Frankfort Assembly, Blum and Fröbel, arrived to offer the congratulations of their party, and to stimulate the courage of the German Radicals. These zealots both armed themselves, and fought on the side of the Republican rebellion. The former (well known as a radical publisher at Leipzig) has justly paid the penalty of levying war against the Emperor of Austria in his own capital, by his death: his companion Fröbel, a Socialist of an extreme colour, and the president of the Democratic Union, has had his life spared, and has since returned to Frankfort to assist the Assembly with his counsels. The issue of the siege of Vienna is too well known to require further notice here. It may perhaps form an epoch as momentous in the political history of Europe as was the second siege of Vienna in 1683 in the religious history, when Sobieski routed the army of the Turks beneath its walls, and secured for the Cross a lasting triumph over the Crescent.

After the rapid survey of events which we have now completed, we may proceed to discuss the political idea upon which the Frankfort Assembly is based. In the first place, then, we cannot overlook the historical considerations arising out of the divisions which have at all times existed between the various parts comprised under the generic name of Germany, and the special organisation of these divisions according as they either form in their turn parts of other independent political societies, such as the empire of Austria—or make up within the territorial limits of the Confederation an aggregate state, such as the kingdom of Prussia—or exist singly and apart under the de-

nomination of kingdoms, grand-duchies, duchies, principalities, and free-towns. These divisions have a *real* existence; but the political *idea* of the Frankfort Assembly tends to the fusion of all these divisions into one Empire, of which the Frankfort Assembly claims to be the exponent. Under what conditions is such a result capable of being realised? It is obvious that two combinations are admissible: either the complete fusion of the several parts into one; or an union of a less intimate nature between the various countries, which are to make up the Empire, in conformity to which the independence of each of them will be respected within certain limits. Again, a complete fusion may be effected under the sovereignty either of an individual or of the German people; but this question has been cut short by the decision of the Constituent Assembly of Frankfort, which has declared itself to represent the German people.

Such are the most obvious theoretical combinations; but when we come to apply them to the German portions of the Austrian empire, we find that the idea of a complete fusion involves the dissolution of the existing Austrian empire, in order to allow the German portions to be incorporated in the new German empire. By this arrangement, however, the new Empire would gain no additional strength beyond that which the existing Germanic Confederation possesses, whilst it would lose the aid of the non-German power of Austria, which was always at the disposal of the ancient Empire, and in like manner of the existing Germanic Confederation. The secret article of the treaty of Campo-Formio may serve to remind us of the importance which Napoleon attached to the severance of the non-German power of Austria from the Empire. The idea, however, of the complete fusion of the German States of Austria in the new German body loses ground daily, whilst the eyes of the Frankfort Assembly turn more and more in the direction of Prussia.

Let us then consider the position of Prussia in relation to the other States of Germany. Before the disastrous results of her later conflicts with France, Austria had been the encompassing power of Germany. Her possession of the Netherlands and Alsace constituted her the natural bulwark of Germany towards the west. Stein was most anxious that Alsace and Lorraine should be severed from France at the peace of Paris, and restored to the Archduke Charles. He had most probably in view the revival of the territorial responsibility of Austria. Prince Metternich, however, as

Gagern in his 'Zweite Pariser Frieden' informs us, considered French Flanders to be the important quarter where Germany required a barrier against France; and as Prussia and Bavaria were the two powers whose intimate relations with France had been on various occasions so prejudicial to the interests of the Empire, it was determined that they should be compromised with France by being placed in close juxtaposition to her on the left bank of the Rhine. This was the great object in view in assigning the Rhenish provinces to Prussia, and Landau to Bavaria. Prussia struggled hard against this arrangement, and was most urgent that the King of Saxony should be transferred to the left bank of the Rhine, so as to enable Prussia to absorb the whole of Saxony into her dominions. This, however, did not suit the policy either of Austria or Germany. It was obvious that the Prussian plan would have placed the left bank of the Rhine in the hands of Napoleon's most faithful partisan, and so have defeated, in all probability, the object which Germany had in view. But Austria for other reasons could not assent to Prussia's proposal. She wished to maintain Saxony, not merely in accordance with the general sentiment in Germany, but as a shield between her Bohemian frontier and Prussia. The same cautious policy which had led the Emperor Francis to refuse, in spite of the strongest remonstrances on the part of his allies, to resume a position which would in any way bring him into collision with France, and which induced him to give up even the Brisgau, the cradle of his race, indisposed him to augment the contact between the Austrian and Prussian territories. Prussia thus received accessions of territory which gave her a most inconvenient geographical extension; on the other hand, by her position on the middle Rhine and by her possessions of Coblenz, Saarlouis, and Erfurt, in connexion with the federal fortresses of Luxembourg and Mayence, she has acquired a most commanding military influence in north and central Germany, and is in fact the advanced-guard of Germany towards the west. Prussia, however, has occupied an essentially false position from the earliest period of her existence as a kingdom. When the Elector of Brandenburg in 1701 assumed the title of Frederick I., King of Prussia, he committed an act of sedition, as it were, against the Empire, and bequeathed to his successors a position of necessity. It was the object of the master-mind of the great Frederick to give to this position a political signification which might compensate for its inconvenience in other respects,

and in accordance with this policy of the King we find the minister Herzberg thus define, for his successors, the peculiar destination of Prussia:—'*Cette médiocre monarchie Prussienne est plus propre que toute autre puissance en Europe—elle est même principalement appelée par sa position géographique et par ses intérêts—à maintenir l'équilibre de l'Allemagne et par conséquent celui de l'Europe contra quoscunque.*' The minister Haugwitz inherited the traditions of Herzberg's school, and whilst his influence was paramount at Berlin, Prussia carefully studied to fulfil, in respect of Europe, the ambitious destiny which the great Frederick had marked out for her; she still strives to work out the same destiny in respect of Germany.

The question between Prussia and the new Germanic empire is not embarrassed by the complications which beset the Austrian question, but resolves itself into a simple alternative. As Prussia has proposed to include her non-German provinces within the political nationality of the new empire, either her own nationality will be swallowed up in the new empire, or the new empire will be absorbed by Prussia.

As to the secondary and still smaller German states, the solution of the *political* question is clearly not in their hands; but in regard to the *historical* question they must not be overlooked, inasmuch as the spirit of division, which is rooted deeply in the interest of the populations of the kingdoms of Saxony, Bavaria, and Hanover, forms a serious obstacle to the realisation of the idea of unity which gave life to the Constituent Assembly at Frankfort.

Germany, indeed, has never known unity in the sense of indivisibility; her unity has always reposed upon certain conditions of division, not hypothetical, but real and practical. It can hardly be expected that the calculations of interest and the associations of position will give way to an idea, though it be invested with all the attractive grandeur which attaches to the idea of historical nationality. On the other hand, the political nationality of Germany in its true acceptation has existed from the earliest times, and still continues to exist, whether we turn our eyes to the constitution of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation (*Das Heilige Römische Reich Deutscher Nation*), or to that of the Confederation between the sovereign princes and free towns of Germany.

This Confederation, which was declared by the Federal Act of 1815 to be perpetual, it is proposed by the Assembly at Frankfort to convert into a Federal State. Three



different modifications of this idea have been under consideration. The first involved a total separation of Austria from the German empire; this plan was rejected by the Wessenberg ministry. The second contemplated the complete incorporation of the German provinces of Austria into the political body of the federal state, and was advocated by the most influential of the Austrian members of the Frankfort assembly; this project, however, which was never countenanced in high quarters, has now been abandoned as impracticable. The third scheme, which embodies the views of the President von Gagern, and coincides in many respects with the proposal of the Chevalier Bunsen, adopts a middle course, and seeks, as it were, to combine the idea of a Germanic empire with that of a Germanic confederation; the former designed to be a closer body, from which Austria would be excluded, the latter being intended, as at present, to embrace the German provinces of Austria. According to this plan, the relations which the latter states would bear to the other states of Germany would present a strong analogy to the ancient relations of the three leagues of the Grisons to the other cantons of Switzerland.

The problem, however, which the Frankfort Assembly has undertaken to solve is neither more nor less than the construction of a Federal State upon Monarchical Principles, for which as yet history affords no precedent. We do not, however, attach so much importance to the apparent contradiction of ideas involved in this novel combination, inasmuch as our own Constitution is a purely practical result, at variance with all theory, but to the circumstance that the tendencies of Germany have been quite the other way, divergent as a matter of fact in respect of government rather than convergent. It did not escape the penetration of M. de Tocqueville, who has noticed the circumstance in his work upon Democracy in America, that the States of the North American Union had been subject for a long time to a central government before they achieved their independence, and that they had not as yet acquired the habit of complete self-government, so that local prejudices had not become deeply rooted, and they hardly felt the influence of those passions which are generally found arrayed against all enlargement of the federal power; whereas in Germany the sovereignty has been morselled out from the earliest period of the empire, and the shadow of central authority has not been endured since the peace of Presburg.

With this object then in view, it is propos-

ed that the executive power shall be vested in an hereditary Emperor, assisted by responsible ministers, and that the legislative functions shall be shared between this Emperor, a House of States (*Staaten-Haus*), and a House of Commons (*Volks-Haus*). The majority of the Frankfort Assembly incline to strengthen the hands of the central executive as much as possible; the Chevalier Bunsen, on the other hand, is adverse to this, considering a very strong central executive to be at variance with the fundamental principle of a federal state. Whilst, then, the central executive would thus represent the principle of hereditary monarchy, it is proposed that the House of Commons or House of Representatives should be elected according to population, and so represent the democratic element. Both these bodies will evidently exercise a centralising influence, but it is proposed to control this by the action of the House of States, which forms the characteristic and most curious feature of the design. The Frankfort Assembly has already, by its vote, recognised the principle of two Houses, but the composition of the House of States remains yet to be discussed. Some advocate an admixture of three elements, to wit, members who should represent the several German sovereigns, and others named partly by the State-governments, partly by the State-diets. The Chevalier Bunsen objects to the first element as out of place, and suggests that it should rather be combined separately in the form of a council of the realm (*Reichs-Rath*), advising with the Emperor in matters which fall peculiarly within the province of the central executive, and having a confirmatory voice in them. This latter arrangement seems to be less complicated, as a matter of theory, and is calculated to strengthen the federal element. The peculiarity, however, of the general plan in its special reference to Germany consists in the administrative division of the empire into electoral and military districts, analogous in many respects to the ancient imperial circles of Maximilian, the basis of such districts being a corps d'armée of 25,000 men. The result of such a division would be that Prussia would embrace four such circles, Bavaria with Hesse two, Wurtemberg with Baden one, Saxony with Thuringia one, and Hanover with Brunswick and the coast-districts one, whilst Austria would contain three such circles.

Such is the hasty sketch to which we propose at present to limit ourselves, of the Federal State which is now under consideration at Frankfort. Our object has been on the present occasion, not so much to criticise the design as to furnish our readers

with some clue to guide them through the labyrinth of German politics. Already, indeed, has the Frankfort Assembly abandoned the basis of an historical nationality, by the first article of the fundamental law, which declares the German empire to consist of the territory of the Germanic Confederation. We trust that this is really the commencement of a return to legality. In the mean time Austria has announced her future course of political action in relation to Germany, in the language addressed by Prince Felix Schwarzenberg to the Diet at Kremsier on the 27th of November:—

‘To rend asunder the monarchy cannot make Germany great; to weaken it cannot make her strong. The continuance of the political unity of Austria is necessary for Germany, no less than for Europe. Penetrated with this conviction, we await the natural development of the process of reconstruction as yet incomplete. When reinvigorated Austria and reinvigorated Germany shall have obtained a new and solid organisation, then, and not till then, will it be possible to fix their mutual relations. Up to that time Austria will continue loyally to discharge her federal obligations.’

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ART. VII.—*La Révolution et les Réformes en Italy.* Par S. Ferrari (extrait de la Revue Indépendante, Janvier, 1848). Paris. Pp. 48.

It was not our intention to revert so speedily to the painful and complicated subject of Italian politics. Recent events, however, have materially changed the character of the original dispute, while our Government remains pledged to those measures of mediation of which every succeeding day seems to render the mischief and danger more conspicuous. Our readers are aware on what grounds we, from the first, beheld the ‘Italian movement’ with but little of hope. We have assuredly no pleasure in the fulfilment of all our predictions; the speed with which they have been accomplished exceeds our expectations, while the atrocity of the means adopted surpasses our worst apprehensions.

Our subject is now to register a protest—the resource of the vanquished—since our warning voice has been neglected. It was in asserting the principles of non-intervention, and with the menace of ‘grave results,’ that the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs deprecated the interference of Austria in the affairs of central Italy, while professing to disbelieve the existence of any dan-

ger that threatened to disturb the tranquillity of the Imperial dominions. Shortly after this communication was made, those very dominions were invaded by the troops of every state in Italy, mixed with hordes of private adventurers from France, from Poland, and from Switzerland; the Pope pronounced the warfare a pious enterprise, and bestowed his benediction on the warriors who engaged in it; every species of *tacit* encouragement, at least, was given by England—and French armies, hovering on the frontiers, were held in readiness to descend into Italy whenever it might, could, would, or should be deemed expedient to recommence the ancient game. Austria, in spite of all these disadvantages, convulsed, moreover, to her centre with internal troubles, has signally triumphed; but she is not to enjoy the peace that loyalty and valour so dearly purchased, for, in defiance of the principle of non-intervention which England and even France so loudly proclaimed but yesterday, these two great powers step forward to shield the lawless aggressors from the consequences of their own temerity; and while the Imperial army, arrested in its career of victory, has scrupulously observed the stipulations of an armistice, they have been violated by the vanquished party, not with impunity alone, but with unbounded admiration.

The enthusiasm which followed the election of the Pope, and the brilliant hopes that the few first months of his reign created, spread into neighbouring states, and excited a vague but passionate desire for change, which cautious men looked on with apprehension, and even the most determined Reformers, properly so called, must have desired to check. Those who really knew Italy, however, were of old aware that revolution and not reform was the object of the men who guided the Italian *Liberals*—nor did they need the confessions of such persons as Signor Ferrari to assure them that, wherever *Reform* might be the pretence, these guides would take no steps but with a view to things far from the contemplation of the shortsighted and self-conceited Pius IX. The revolution in France and the insurrection in Vienna gave a preponderance to their small but active party, which there was now no longer any influence to counteract. The invasion of Lombardy was the immediate result. The defeat of the King of Sardinia and the disgrace which fell on the Italian arms—a disgrace which must have been felt in spite of the efforts of the newspapers to conceal it—would have restored the influence of Austria and secured the settlement of the peninsula, but for the

fatal interference of France and England, which snatched the fruits of victory from the conquerors and encouraged the conquered to hope that diplomacy was to secure to them those advantages which they had lost in the field. Nor could there have been any just cause to fear that the opportunity would be abused by the victors; the moderation of the Austrian cabinet had been manifested on some most remarkable occasions, and a government which had voluntarily accorded so much to its subjects was not likely to trample on the liberties it had promised to respect.

We believe that there are few persons in this country (not connected with the government) who do not now look on the Italian revolutions with the same feelings which we have always expressed, or who can now believe that the Italians are fitted to enjoy that constitutional freedom they profess to covet. The character of a nation will always fix its destiny. No men have less political sagacity than the modern Italians, and it is the singular mixture of indolence and vanity of which the national character is compounded that has ever kept them in ignorance of political science, and which, on the downfall of their absolute governments, has exposed them to the seduction of French democracy, and plunged them into excesses that disgrace the name of Christendom.

In Rome, where the national character has always appeared in its worst extremes, the revolution has been stained with the darkest crimes of cruelty and ingratitude. The constitution, which secured ample liberty to the subject, was no sooner granted than cast aside, and the Pope—betrayed by those he had trusted—abandoned by those for whom he had sacrificed the interests of the church—has learned, by bitter experience, the real nature of the revolution which he had so blindly forwarded. His character, however, unfitted him to struggle with the difficulties of his situation: he would neither intrust his cause to his friends, nor confront his enemies with vigour. After a series of experiments, all ending in disappointment, he called Count Rossi to his councils; and thus afforded undoubtedly every possible chance and facility for consolidating a constitutional government. We were not among the warmest admirers of this unfortunate gentleman. In commiserating his fate we cannot forget some very questionable passages of his life—nor were we ever very sanguine as to the result of his nomination: no one, however, can deny that his measures, as minister to Pius IX., were prudent and well timed, and that he

had done nothing to infringe the constitution which he had been influential in framing. It was, in truth, his success and his prudence that provoked his murder. The Socialist and Communist party—in other words, the Italian ‘liberals’—dreaded, above all things, the quiet establishment of a limited monarchy; and the cautious minister, whose measures seemed to promise such a consummation, must be the chief object of their aversion and the first victim of their vengeance. His assassination, decreed in the clubs, which mould the popular passions, was rendered easy by the connivance of the Civic Guards and the treachery of the regular soldiery. With him fell the temporal government of the Pope—the last hope of social order. Even the life of Pius was now in danger; his escape was a measure of necessary precaution—it was well known that his destruction would have been inevitable had the dominant party perceived or fancied that issue to be for their interest. The flight of the Pope, which was preceded by that of the Cardinals, plunges the church into the anarchy of the twelfth century, while the actual state of Rome differs little from that which existed during the first barbarian invasions. The people, dependent on the arts of luxury for subsistence, and supported mainly by the advantages derived from the presence of the Papal court, are reduced to a state of misery that might well excite less inflammable natures to outrage; while dark-souled adventurers still keep mocking them with promises more and more impudent, and exhort them to expect from yet wilder measures those benefits which one triumph of rashness has failed to afford.

The larger portion of the population live in a strange apathy—or rather abandon their dearest interests with miserable cowardice to those who arrogate to themselves the right of directing the rest; while the government, placed in the hands of demagogues named by the rabble which assaulted the Papal residence, has now the opportunity of directing popular fury against the real objects of hate. The nobles—whose power was extinguished in the revolutions of the last century, and who with their power lost much of their possessions—are exposed without defence to the attacks of these upstarts, who view them with peculiar aversion, not indeed any longer as a *powerful* but as still a *rich* body, in which capacity they share the feelings with which the Jew, the Jesuit, and the banker, are equally regarded. In this posture of affairs it is impossible to foretell with what horrors—unknown to a state of civilization—the devoted city may be overwhelmed. The most

alarming feature of the present revolutionary movement throughout Europe—the most discouraging to the hopes of the improvement of mankind—is the lowered standard of morality. The murder of an obnoxious minister is a crime that most countries have exhibited—a conspiracy can at least plead many precedents—the assassination of Count Rossi is less shocking in itself than in the favour with which it has been received. It was viewed by the Legislative Chamber, in the precincts of which it took place, with an air of cool indifference more revolting than any excess of emotion: the dying man found no assistance—his son no sympathy. By the public the deed was enthusiastically applauded in songs and hymns, in which the name of religion was profaned. The bloody knife was carried in savage triumph round the streets, which were illuminated as if for a *fête*. In every Italian capital the crime has found admirers—imitators, doubtless, will follow. Roman consuls, the countrymen of the assassins, have been honoured with cheers and serenades; and the liberal functionary at Florence, in acknowledging the compliment from the window of his residence—though he expresses a pious hope that the soul of the slain may find mercy—yet extols the patriotic hand that dealt ‘the Godlike stroke’—and menaces other tyrants with a similar fate. Nor are these enormities condemned and rebuked by any class of influential persons, by any Italian government, or by the clergy of any Italian state. Timidity and selfishness, the result perhaps of an over-civilization, have increased to a degree almost incredible; and no man will risk his wealth, his social position, or even his ease, till the possessions he so dearly loves are actually wrenched from him. Nay, crimes which revolt humanity are not only unproved, but are even urged on the people in Proclamations put forth by authority. Will our readers credit us? Such a Proclamation, recently published at Venice—placarded on every wall—denounces the German soldier to the assassin’s knife—to every device of secret and cruel murder—by missile weapons, by fire, by poison! This address, too, has been much quoted, and with great applause, by the Italian newspapers; it bears the title of ‘ORA O MAI,’ and, among many paragraphs of similar strain, includes the following:—

‘*Dunque Massacro dei nostri! Vespro sui barbari!  
Vespro d’Alpe dal culmine al mar!*

‘*Suonate di nuovo a stormo tutte le vostre campane!  
rialzate le barricate! riempite le vostre case d’ogni  
stromento mortifero! Acqua bollente, calce viva,  
oglio ardente, ciottoli, grondaie, tegole, masserizie,  
tutto tutto gettate su quelle teste maledette. Acc-*

*cateli con sottile sparsa per l’aria arena infocata;  
avvelenate lor l’acqua nelle cisterne, il vino nelle  
cantine, le frutta, tutt’i gli alimenti, i fiori, il  
tabacco!’*

In ancient days, though crimes were committed in the struggle for liberty, they were often accompanied by shining virtues and dauntless valour. In the fearful contest with which the last century closed, great abilities, at least, were displayed; but in the revolutionary phrenzy of the present year we discover no more of virtue than of talent. To whatever part of the world we bend our eyes the same unvarying prospect is before us: in Germany, in France, in Ireland, or in Italy, we can discover as little to bribe the judgment as to touch the imagination.

The state of Florence is not less critical than that of Rome. The Grand-Duke, after having been exposed to a coercion as degrading, and only less dangerous because less resistance was offered, than that of the Pope, has finally broken down utterly, and withdrawn in despair. If the streets of Florence have not flowed with blood, its government has been changed by a mob of ragged boys, and the leader of ‘the people’ was a galley-slave escaped from the hulks of Leghorn. What a change has been wrought in this fair city, so lately the scene of contentment, industry, and social enjoyment! The Prince, so recently surrounded ‘by honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,’ has fled from the insults of the rabble to find security and, we hope, consolation at Siena, ironically termed by the Liberal orators *the Innsbruck of Italy*—for the reproach of loyalty and fidelity is now the bitterest that the Italian vocabulary affords. Could the ‘advocates of reform’ in high places contemplate this spectacle, and contrast it with former prosperity, we feel sure they would regret the share they have had in fostering ‘the movement of 1848.’

The early reforms of the Pope and of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany are well known to have received the approbation and encouragement of our Foreign Secretary. For our own parts, we saw as little of wisdom in them as of policy; but as he was ignorant, by his own confession, of the state of the country, we were less surprised at the nature of the opinion he was pleased to volunteer than at his temerity in offering one at all. To the same cause only could we attribute his policy with regard to the Sardinian invasion of Lombardy. We know not whether his Lordship so far underrated the strength of the movement as to think it might safely be tampered with to forward other views, or whether he overrated it in

an equal degree, and supposed it irresistible, or, perhaps, so far mistook its nature and its object as to believe he could guide it: it is quite certain that his ignorance rendered him reckless rather than cautious, and has plunged our continental relations in inextricable confusion. Had he not unexpectedly appeared as the patron of Italian revolutions, we should not have been surprised, in the multiplicity of business which presses on English ministers, that the plots and conspiracies of the Liberals of that country had escaped his notice. Revolutionary schemes planned in secret societies, propagated by unrecognised agents, and demanding the widest latitude in the interpretation of the laws of moral obligation, are so foreign to the tastes and feelings of Englishmen, that we could not wonder if the noble Secretary should have avoided all acquaintance with them; but it is singular that he should have espoused the cause of a foreign party without having condescended to learn from its own most accredited mouthpieces what purposes, we do not say it held, but it professed. To do them justice, the Liberals had taken few pains to conceal their real *animus*, scope, and designs. Wherever they could speak out with immediate impunity, they had spoken.\* Signor Ferrari, from Paris, in January, 1848, but repeats what many others of his class had said years before. 'There are two plans,' he says in the first page of his pamphlet, 'Reform and Revolution—we must choose between them. Reform leads to no great result—Revolution associates Italy with the great movement of free nations.' 'Reform,' he concludes, 'in Italy is impossible, and Revolution unavoidable.' The object *professed* is not to secure good government, but to change the hands by which government is administered. Even Signor Ferrari has, to be sure, his reserves.

\* General Pepe, in that impudent record of folly and perfidy, which he calls his *Memoirs*, tells us that he visited England when driven from Naples after his unsuccessful attempt to revolutionize the government. He was received, he says, with great distinction by the principal members of the Whig party, at that time in opposition. To some of the most zealous of these he proposed the formation of a secret society, whose object was the emancipation of Italy and the propagation of *liberal* principles. His proposal met with no encouragement; some even of the warmest partisans coldly assured him that there could be no reason for secrecy, as they openly avowed the sentiments he wished to conceal; others replied that it was a common maxim that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and a peer since deceased, on whose support he had calculated, begged that, if there were a secret, he might not be told it, as he was certain to disclose it in the heat of debate.—See Pepe, vol. iii.

He wrote before the French outbreak of February, 1848, had rendered all appearance of moderation unnecessary, and he affects in various passages to conceal his aversion to religion and monarchy under a very transparent veil of respect. The abuses of the Papal and Piedmontese governments afford him, however, a wide field for undisguised attack, and the *reforms* he recommends for them would leave the one without a king and the other with a secular government. To Austria, even he is obliged to render an unwilling homage: 'Elle proscrivait les idées libérales, mais elle réprimait le clergé et la noblesse. Devant les tribunaux, devant l'administration Autrichienne, il n'y eut point de privilégiés, tous les sujets furent égaux' (p. 6). Of the Neapolitan administration, again, he observes (p. 17), 'Doit-on réformer l'administration du royaume de Naples? Ce serait inutile. Le royaume est régi par les lois de l'empire, et, à quelques détails près, on ne saurait y toucher.' He trusts in a total change of government to find for Naples that honesty and administrative talent which a monarchy had not been able to produce (p. 24). For Italy at large his hopes lie only in *revolution*. We know not whether the consummation of his desires has satisfied him. We should think the result of these organic changes not calculated to convince the English public of their necessity, nor to reconcile it to the means by which they have been accomplished.

In Rome the behaviour of the democratic party has been such as to deprive their warmest advocates of an apology; and the Pope himself, so lately held up to the idolatry of the people—besieged, abandoned, and imprisoned in his palace—escapes the insulting protection of General Cavaignac by flying from the Quirinal disguised as a liveried menial of the Bavarian envoy!

We are not surprised that the attempt to establish constitutional government in Italy should at first have met with general sympathy in England. It is difficult for our countrymen to conceive that ideas and habits which are so familiar to their own minds should be unintelligible to others, and it is pardonable that they should have continued to hope even after all reasonable hope was extinct; but to those whose business it was to discover the truth, the truth had long been clear, if they had but chosen to see it:—nor was the violence offered to the Pope, or the assassination of a Rossi, necessary to proclaim of what crimes the Italian republicans were capable. We must, however, warn our readers against supposing this party more powerful—more influential

—than it really is. It is compact and undivided—it has the singular advantage of a unity of purpose unknown to any other section of political speculators. It is composed of needy men, incensed against society, careless of opinion, eager to improve their fortunes, and all totally unscrupulous as to the choice of means—men such as of old swelled the bands of Catiline, bankrupt in purse and in character, encouraged throughout by foreign emissaries, and applauded by a corrupt and licentious press. These seem formidable elements—but it is not less true that the importance of this party is essentially that of clamour and perseverance merely, and could not have grown to any head but for the absence of the spirit of active loyalty in the upper classes everywhere around it, and but for the fatal truth that among such classes national vanity feebly supplies the place of public principle. It cannot have escaped our readers how large a portion of those who have any claim to respect, or any stake in the country, shrink from a movement to which long impunity and foreign countenance have given a boundless audacity. On the other hand, no one at all versed in the history of the last half-century can have failed to observe, that, while the republican and anti-religious cause has been advocated with the utmost noise and violence, it is the cause of time-honoured authority alone which has excited any real honest popular enthusiasm. At the close of the last century the peasants of Verona and Arezzo rose against the republican usurpers and their French patrons, with eager but bootless zeal, and drew on themselves the severest chastisement from the foreign army. In Naples, when the capital was abandoned by the court and the king, it was defended for three whole days against the invading military by the unassisted valour of the people; and it was not finally surrendered till the treacherous ‘patriots,’ in league with the enemy, gained the heights of S. Elmo, and turned the batteries of the fortress on their fellow-citizens. The army of Cardinal Ruffo, supported and kept together by enthusiasm alone, marched triumphantly from one end of the kingdom to the other, and replaced the king on his hereditary throne. We trust that it will soon become evident, even to the English Cabinet, that the mass of the people are not materially changed in feeling, and that, in spite of the boasted unanimity, the real well-wishers of the movement party are diminishing daily both in number and in influence.

No man, we suppose, could be found in this country so ill-judging as to desire any interference with the internal government of

France, but that independence which she justly claims should be extended to every other country, and a strict neutrality and honourable forbearance ought to have been the conditions on which England based her future relations with the young Republic. Does Lord Palmerston know his own country so ill as to believe it could be agreeable—we will not say to national vanity, we appeal to much better feelings—to see an English Government placed in even a more humiliating position than that to which Charles II. condescended—the obsequious satellite of the ephemeral chief of French anarchy—the blind instrument of his feeble and disloyal aggression? Both countries have shown prudence in respecting the free action of each other; but surely the voice of England should have been raised in defence of the independence of neighbouring states—of those principles of inter-national law on which peace and order are founded, as well as those treaties by which Europe is bound together.

If the principle of intervention on which the Foreign Secretary has acted be bad, the cases to which he has applied it will furnish no palliation; and the results of his policy are likely enough to prove as injurious to British interests as to the foreigners who have chanced to engage his solicitude. Should a misunderstanding arise with France (no great improbability, as long as the noble lord holds the seals of office), we are left without an ally, and the persecution of Austria at the moment of her weakness would then appear as impolitic as ungenerous.

It has ever been understood as a prime maxim of our Mediterranean policy, that the island of Sicily should be retained in friendly hands. Ferdinand IV., when driven from his continental dominions, was supported on the Sicilian throne by British arms; and the anxiety of Bonaparte to re-annex that island to the kingdom of his brother Joseph, and the obstinate refusal of our Government to cede this point, was the main obstacle to the establishment of the peace attempted in 1806.\* The French

\* Sir Robert Adair, in the instructive Memoirs of his Mission to the Court of Vienna, points out the extreme importance that was attached to the possession of this great island. The reader will find a quotation from the pages of M. Bignon, in which the candid historian avows the object of the French diplomacy:—‘*Relativement à la Sicile,*’ he says, ‘*ce serait une étrange méprise de supposer que le seul but de l’Empereur fut de procurer à son frère le Roi Joseph la totalité des états du Roi Ferdinand. L’objet véritable, le digne objet de la politique de l’Empereur, quand il se voyait contraint d’abandonner Malte au pouvoir de l’Angleterre, était de balancer l’influence*

have never lost sight of this matter—least of all since their colonization of Algeria. When certain projects of marriage were under discussion, repeated efforts were made to gain a footing in Sicily; and this arrangement, which the firmness of the King of Naples, supported by British advice, had hitherto successfully opposed, the extraordinary policy of the present cabinet is actually labouring to facilitate. It is said that the joint mediation of England and France has produced a plan which the King of Naples declines accepting: and if it be true that, according to that scheme, Sicily was to be permitted a separate government and an independent army, we cannot wonder at his decision; in such a case it is scarcely possible that even a nominal allegiance would be long preserved, or a civil war averted—nor that the active interference of France could be prevented after her right of intervention has been admitted. Nor is this the only danger that is to be apprehended. What if Russia, who has hitherto been a watchful though inactive observer of these transactions, should, under such circumstances, offer herself as an ally (an interested one it may be) to the King of Naples? Is our Foreign Secretary prepared to advise his sovereign to unite, in such an event, her fleet to that of France, and aid the spoliation of our ally? Or is England to stand by with folded arms and watch the upshot of the fight, while Sicily is to be the prize of the conqueror, veiled it may be under the thin pretext of military protection? If our Government is not prepared to accept this alternative, what, we ask, means an intervention which has been once rejected, and blusterings which at all events can frighten no Emperor of Russia? The pretence of humanity upon which the interference has been defended is equally false and flimsy. It is this very interference of foreigners alone which alone has caused the greater part of the bloodshed they affect to deplore. Had the Neapolitan expedition been suffered to depart when ready, it would at once have ensured submission.

de la navigation de cette puissance dans le Méditerranée en y donnant pour point d'appui à l'influence et à la navigation Françaises l'admirable établissement de la Sicile, soit qu'il dût laisser cette île exister comme province dépendante de Naples, soit qu'il nourrit le projet d'en faire céder plus tard la propriété à la France. Telle était certainement la pensée de Napoléon, et c'était par le même motif que l'Angleterre, qui ne s'y trompait pas, avait montré sur ce point une si longue résistance.—It was a cabinet of Whigs—but Whigs of 1806—which showed itself thus stubborn in resisting the attempts of the French to increase their power in the Mediterranean.

But for the French and English fleets in the Bay of Messina, which kept up the hopes of the insurgents, the bombardment of the city would never have been necessary. Again, when necessity had enforced that step, the peaceable occupation of the whole island must inevitably have ensued, if another act of interference had not deferred the termination of the quarrel. In the mean time a state of suspense and distress is prolonged by powers too strong to be resisted—commerce and industry are suspended—the just rights of the King of Naples are violated—and his subjects are encouraged in a rebellion in which they will not be permanently supported, nor, we venture to predict, ultimately successful.

In what form of absurdity and injustice our Government proposes to inflict its good offices on the Emperor of Austria, as an Italian sovereign, we cannot tell. We presume it is not the intention of Ministers to unite the British forces with those of the French republic, and despoil him of the provinces he has reconquered for the benefit of the upright King of Sardinia? It is said that the plan is to demand from Austria 'liberal institutions for her Italian dominions'—that is to say, reform but not revolution. We know too well that the Italian Liberals reject everything short of the entire abolition of Austrian royalty beyond the Alps: nor is it easy for us to conceive how any chief of the French republic can stipulate for a form of government to which he—even if his name be Bonaparte—must be avowedly opposed. The organs of all parties in the '*bel paese*' agree in deprecating English interference. We wish the noble Secretary would listen to the Italians themselves, and learn from their own lips the estimation in which his country and his policy are held. See in what terms a prominent member of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies, in discussing the prolongation of the armistice\* in the sittings of the 21st of October, repudiates all alliance on English assistance. 'When,' he asks, 'was England the friend or advocate of real liberty? Was she not the inveterate enemy of the French republic in the last century—the obstinate opponent of Napoleon in this? Her interest in

\* As a proof of the value attached to treaties and national obligations by the Italian Liberals, when the news of the insurrection at Vienna arrived, it was instantly proposed in the Piedmontese Chambers to break the armistice and march the army back into Lombardy. The disaffection of the capital it was hoped had reached Marshal Radetsky's camp! The recollection, however, of the Lombard campaign was yet fresh, and the motion was negatived.



our cause proceeds from the vile speculations of mercantile avarice. From such friendship the cause of Italian liberty has nothing to hope.' We do not wish to disprove the charge of Signor Brofferio. England does indeed refuse her sympathy to the scaffold of Robespierre and the throne of Bonaparte, and to that form of 'liberty' which leads to either. On the subject of the proposed mediation also we agree with the candid orator of Turin; and our feelings, we believe, are shared by the whole kingdom—that narrow majority in the House of Commons perhaps *not* excepted, which affords the Foreign Secretary a reluctant support, for fear of embarrassing the Ministry of which he forms a part, and which, alas! there seems as yet little or no prospect of replacing by a government uniting sound principles with solid power.

It might have been hoped that the ill success which attended our interference in the Spanish peninsula would have deterred any English administration from volunteering unrequired assistance elsewhere. On the present occasion, we are aware that our intervention is not desired, and our arrogating the right to intrude it is a direct infringement on the independence of sovereign states, not less reprehensible in principle than those acts of insolent oppression by which Bonaparte tyrannised over Europe, and against which we exhausted for years our blood and treasure. But even supposing the mediation accepted and successful, by what machinery, we would inquire, are we to conduct our superintendence of the internal government of Naples or of Austria? How are we to enforce the stipulated conditions? Who is to decide whether they have been fulfilled, or whether the guilt of infringement lies with the people or with the crown? Are the Ministers of France and England to direct the domestic arrangements of those countries also? Is this additional burden to be placed on the shoulders of future functionaries, who may not possess perchance either the enterprise of a General Cavaignac, or the portentous activity of a Lord Palmerston? Has republican France, struggling, without funds or credit, in the agonies of a revolution only just commenced—has she, we ask, the leisure to watch the development of constitutional principles in Sicily and Lombardy, and to pronounce judgment on the conflicting claims of the prince and the people? Can England not find occupation enough for herself with her despairing colonies, her starving weavers, her muttering farmers, and her rebellious Ireland? Is she not sufficiently embarrassed by the weakness of government, the factions of opposition,

and her House of Commons wasting precious time night after night under the slow torture of imbecile and frivolous spouters, each anxious to throw the impediment of his vulgar prolixity in the way of the public service?

These general objections to mediation we think conclusive; but there are others behind. We do not believe Lord Palmerston possesses sufficient knowledge of the continent generally, of Italy in particular, to qualify him for the post in which we see him. We believe, moreover, that the cause of revolution which he undertakes to protect is losing ground—the crimes that have attended it have shocked the good—the ruin that has followed it has frightened the timid. The solemn farce enacted at Frankfort has lost with its novelty all its power of imposition, and the admirers of German wisdom must rejoice that it at length has discovered the absurdity of a Senate uttering decrees which there is no one to obey, and voting the levy of taxes and armies without a territory or a subject. The legislative assemblies of Berlin, Turin, Florence, and Vienna, have not given greater satisfaction, nor answered any purpose that we can discover, except that of justifying the opinion of persons who pronounced those countries utterly unfit for representative government.

On a former occasion we expressed a hope that the soldiers and gentlemen of Germany would reappear amidst the degrading confusion of anarchy, and assert once more the ancient claim of their country to respect and consideration. In Austria *they have appeared*; Radetsky, Jellachich, and Windischgraetz, have displayed a noble combination of skill, valour, humanity, and forbearance. We have no shame in confessing that the misfortunes and humiliations of the Austrian monarchy had caused us pain. We do not constitute ourselves the apologists of its old despotic system—nor of any other despotism; but we wish to be just to its merits. We cannot forget its constancy and unconquerable steadiness, nor the elasticity, with which when bowed to the earth, it has always risen again with fresh vigour. Nor can we refuse our admiration to the enthusiastic attachment with which it has inspired many portions at least of a vast and various population. It is acknowledged by all to have been impartial in the administration of justice. In the main, we believe it to have exercised its influence for the benefit of its subjects, and thence to possess sufficient vitality to preserve it from perishing. M. Ferrari charges it with an obstinate torpidity and neglect of the resources its natural advantages afforded.

It would be an easy task, we believe, to rebut these allegations, by an appeal to progressive improvement, increasing wealth, and extended commerce. On the management of the Austrian army he is also very severe; the officer he paints as detestable for insolence, ridiculous for incapacity—the soldier as a mere sulky slave, ill-treated, dejected, and ready to desert. We think he uttered his hope rather than his belief; at least, he will not now be inclined to deny the efficiency of the Austrian army, or to doubt its loyalty. On Signor Ferrari's general vituperation of Germany and the Germans we shall not dwell. It has been the immemorial practice of Italians to bestow the epithet of 'barbarians' upon all nations dwelling beyond the Alps, and particularly on the Germans, with whom they are most frequently thrown into contact. This delusion (a tradition of the Roman supremacy), still obstinately maintained, and—as respects the Germans at least—re-echoed even by foreigners, has served to confirm national vanity, and to render the task of government more difficult. That superiority in intellect and taste which once was the just glory of Italy has long since disappeared; and even in the ornamental and luxurious arts she is now not more superior to the rest of Europe than in warlike and political science.

The point to which we particularly wished to invite the attention of our readers, when we first noticed the revolutionary tendency of Italy, was the true motive and design of the agitators. We well knew that 'liberal institutions' had ever been much more the objects of their aversion than absolute monarchy itself. We well know that their purpose was not to improve the governments of Italy, but to change the governing power everywhere. Signor Ferrari admits that, if the Italians would be contented with 'reform,' there is no alteration of law or administration which might not be gradually obtained without any violence. He is forced to confess especially the great progress of material comfort which had already been attained in the provinces governed by Austria or by princes of her house—the striking example of security for person and property which distinguished all the wide region under the influence of his 'Barbarians.' But all this lay out of the scope of the Liberal agitators. They 'cared for none of these things'—and M. Ferrari bravely confesses it. What they desired to clutch at was the power of governing. See the result hitherto! In former days it lay with sovereigns, their ministers, and nobles; now it is claimed and exercised by the ignorant mechanic, the

*proletarii* of the capital, the liberated convict. The simple truth is, that to adopt the theory and imitate the practice of France is the highest ambition of the Italian liberal. Yet France at its wildest moment of anarchical licence has never enjoyed as much personal and individual freedom as would render life bearable to an English day-labourer. Liberty in France seems to mean a direct right of interfering with the process of administration. Real freedom is not understood by any part of the population of town or country, by the philanthropists and philosophers, in the Utopian theories of MM. Blanc and Cabet, or in M. Lamartine's tomes of prurient fustian. In special proof of our argument we would appeal to the state of Tuscany, which has passed from the rule of the constitutional ministers named by the sovereign to those imposed upon him by the mob; we would ask our republican readers (if indeed we have any) to contrast the Tuscany of former years with the Tuscany governed by MM. Guerazzi and Antonelli, and threatened with the national synod of the philosopher Mazzini. But every state, as well as Tuscany, has given abundant proofs of the contempt in which constitutional government is held. The freedom of the press is valued only as an instrument of calumny; the freedom of debate is daily infringed by outrageous auditors, and neither life nor property is safe from the fury of the rabble. The boasted unanimity of the peninsula has brought even more hatred to light than we believed to have existed. Each pamphlet and each speech is a fresh proof of mutual antipathy.\* The noble and the priest are incarnations of treachery—no one is honest—none sincere but the declaimer and his supporters. The Milanese charge the Piedmontese with selfish ambition; the Piedmontese retort avarice and cowardice on the Milanese. The Venetians declare they are deserted by their Italian brothers;†

\* See for example 'L'Insurrection de Milan en 1848,' a pamphlet lately published in Paris, by Carlo Cattaneo. He is a Milanese, was deeply implicated in the rebellion, and a member of the last administration. He attributes the defeat of the Italians to the treachery of the king of Sardinia and of the noble party in Milan, between whom, however, he hesitates how to divide the blame. He does not even allude to the royal explanation to the deputation from the legislative chamber of Turin, in which Charles Albert asserts that he did not sign the armistice until he had discovered that the Milanese government was negotiating for a separate treaty with Radetsky.

† The Venetians assert that the sum total of brotherly assistance afforded them by the united generosity of the whole peninsula comes exactly to 90,000 Austrian livres—something less than £3000! This assertion will be found in a recent

the Romans accuse the Neapolitans of *loyalty*; and the insurgent Sicilians have roasted Neapolitan soldiers alive in the streets of Messina, and with their teeth torn the flesh from the yet palpitating bodies.

Such a spectacle all must behold with disgust; but it is the doing of our ministers that we are obliged to view it with humiliation. It is the policy of Lord Palmerston that prolongs this fiendish state of animosity; it is the intervention of the great power, which he is by an unparalleled combination of unhappy circumstances allowed to guide, that defers peace. In spite of the charges of the Piedmontese orators, there is in this country the strongest sympathy with the struggles for liberty, the firmest determination to hope the best, and the most generous wish to be blind to error; but for cruelty and treachery *England* has neither sympathy nor toleration. Whoever watches our daily press must have noted the reluctant but decided retrocession, step by step, according as intelligence arrived, of the more influential organs of public opinion which at first joined in the applause of the Italian movement. That cause has now, we may venture to say, no presentable advocate in this country beyond the immediate circle of the Government. We trust that Government will also take warning. Our desertion of Austria was more than a blunder; our encouragement of rebellion was a crime: and if our ministers do not change their policy, and that with speed and decisively, they may rely upon it they will be called to a severe reckoning. We trust no dread of apparent inconsistency will confirm them in an erroneous course; it is yet but the eleventh hour. Let the British fleet be recalled from the Bay of Naples, where it serves to excite insurrection in one kingdom and to support it in another. Let the attempted mediation as to Lombardy be abandoned. If France will send her M. de Tocqueville on such an errand, let not England misuse such a public servant as Sir Henry Ellis by deputing him to take a part. Let it be clearly understood that the assassins of Rome and the rebels of Florence have nothing to hope for from English friendship. Let the Italian republicans learn that they will not again be supported in a war of aggression; that if they draw the sword they will not be protected from the consequences of their temerity. Let the Imperial cabinet feel that its complicated diffi-

culties shall not be increased by our wanton hostility. Let the governors of France, whoever they may be, be made aware that no insolent aggression on neighbouring states will have our sanction; that existing treaties will be respected, and that the policy which both honour and interest dictate is that which we shall pursue without flinching. Let the ministry adopt this policy—there still is time: if not, they will not again escape. They have hitherto been favoured by the unpopularity of the persons who attacked them, as well as by the nature of the attack: but it is not doubtful that censors will now arraign them, to whom an account must be rendered; nor will the supercilious *persiflage* of Lord Palmerston, nor the laconic sarcasms of Lord John Russell be accepted as an explanation.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Rapport au Roi Louis Philippe, par M. Guizot, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, sur l'exécution de la loi du 28 Juin, 1833, relative à l'Instruction Primaire.* 1 vol in 4to. 471 pages. Paris. 1834.
2. *Rapports au Roi Louis Philippe, par M. Guizot, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, sur les recherches relative à l'Histoire de France (1833, 1834, 1835).* In 4to. 88 pages. Paris. 1835.
3. *Rapport au Roi Louis Philippe, sur l'Instruction Secondaire par M. Villemain, Ministre de l'Instruction Publique.* In 4to. 358 pages. Paris. 1835.

WE have availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the residence of M. Guizot in England, to improve our knowledge as to the system of Public Education in France, and its present condition. Nobody can be better able to explain these things than the man who, as teacher and as administrator, has successively served and guided the public education of his country. It is from his conversation, and from documents he has had the kindness to afford us, that we have obtained, in particular, a distinct acquaintance with his ideas and his acts as Minister of Public Instruction from 1832 to 1837. The information thus acquired we now intend to lay before our readers; and while we trace the progress of this most important branch of French administration, we shall endeavour to form an estimate of its efficiency. While we describe what was done in France during one of the most active and remarkable epochs of public instruction, we

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number of the Venetian Gazette—the paragraph being signed by Tommasio, a member of the revolutionary government.

shall frankly state our opinion on the fundamental questions we may encounter on our way ; and shall endeavour to point out what England, in an enlightened pursuit of her best interests, would do well to imitate or to avoid in the system and practice of her neighbors.

M. Guizot entered, as Minister of Public Instruction, the Cabinet formed on the 11th of October, 1832, in which Marshal Soult was President, the Duc de Broglie Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Theirs Minister of the Interior. The department confided to M. Guizot was of recent creation, and its arrangements were still incomplete and indeterminate. His first care, therefore, was to give a strong and effective organization to the office over which he presided.

Here, at the very threshold of our inquiry, we are met by a paramount question. In the actual state of civilization, is a special ministry of public instruction necessary or desirable for every country ?

For England, we should answer without hesitation, No. We have not, like France and Prussia, a general and uniform system of public instruction ; but we have numerous establishments for every kind and degree of public instruction ; we have establishments analogous, both in their nature and their classification, to those which exist elsewhere ; elementary schools for the people ; public or grammar schools (*colléges* in the French acceptation of the word) for classical and literary studies ; universities for higher instruction in every branch of science. In France, and in most of the states of Germany, the various schools form a vast whole, all the parts of which are held together and governed by one central authority. In England, on the contrary, the corresponding institutions are—1st. *Isolated* ; i.e., each subsisting apart, and having its own particular administration. 2nd. *Heterogeneous* ; i.e., differently organized, according to the opinions and wishes of the persons by whom they were founded, or by whom they are directed, or of that portion of the public which intrusts its children to them. 3rd. *Independent*—to all practical purposes and under all ordinary circumstances—of the government, which exercises, indeed, a certain supervision over them, but does not even claim the right to manage them. 4th. *Subject, generally, to religious influences* ; the greater number being under the influence of the Church of England, the rest under that of the various sects of dissenters.

It is not to be denied that, in the internal system of these establishments, many imperfections may be discerned ; there are

abuses to reform, defects to repair, and improvements to introduce. Much has in our own time been done for their amendment, but more still remains to be done. For the most part, however, if not in every case, each such establishment here has within itself the power and the means of all desirable changes ; and it cannot be alleged, of late years at all events, that those in immediate charge of them have shown aversion to salutary innovation. Such being the case, it would certainly be very short-sighted policy not to leave the matter, as far as possible, in their hands. No one can disapprove the intervention of the central power in the State, whether parliament or cabinet, so far as it may be necessary to supply the deficiencies, and to remedy the defects of the existing institutions ; to reform their abuses, and furnish them with the means of development ; to stimulate their zeal, and excite their mutual emulation. But we regard it as essential that the central government should stop there : we deprecate all interference that is not *necessary* ;—above all, in spite of some weighty opinions to the contrary, we deprecate the appointment of a special ministry of public instruction, empowered either to found a general system of public schools, independent of and collateral with the existing establishments, or to lay hands on those establishments, in order to unite them into one whole, and to place them under one authority. Any attempt of the kind would be a complete revolution, as far as public instruction is concerned. We infinitely prefer to maintain what exists. In the first place, *because* it exists ; and because we attach infinite importance to respect for vested rights and established institutions, in this department of the commonwealth, as in every other. It is no easy task to create anything really endowed with vitality and permanence. Our elementary schools (whether those of the Church of England or those of the dissenting sects), our great classical schools of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Harrow, and Rugby, our universities of Oxford and Cambridge, have the two-fold strength of fresh and genuine life, and of long-tried and venerable age. It would be possible on paper to organize institutions for public instruction more complete and more systematic. But would they ever acquire any life or consistency, except on paper ? Would they grow and bear fruit ? Would they endure ? On this last head especially we must be permitted to doubt. We have greater confidence in institutions which have been tried by time than in projects of the most ingenious mind which have not been subjected to that test.

The variety and the isolation of our actual establishments are, moreover, a security for liberty. Now, we are warmly attached to real and practical liberty, in public instruction as elsewhere. Liberty was the foundress of the majority of our schools, great and small. They owe their existence to the free and unconstrained intentions and the voluntary gifts of persons who resorted to this means of satisfying a certain sentiment, or of fulfilling a certain idea. The same sentiments, the same ideas, which inspired these founders, still undoubtedly exist; still probably exercise a powerful influence over the generation of living men. The world does not change so much nor so rapidly as superficial observers fancy; and liberty can ill brook the fetters of scientific uniformity. We wish to see the various establishments founded in past ages by the free will of beneficent persons, offer, in this our day, to the free choice of parents the satisfaction of their various wishes as to the education of their children; and we believe this to be no less essential to the prosperity of public instruction (to which the confidence of parents is absolutely necessary), than it is to the stability of social order.

We also attach an immense value to the religious character and the religious influences which prevail in most of our establishments of public instruction; a character and influences which would either wholly disappear, or be greatly enfeebled, if these establishments formed a great whole, subject to the direct and omnipresent action of the central government. In a country situated as this is, no man of common sense can dream of demanding that the entire government of public instruction shall be given to the Church;—but neither would we place it exclusively in the hands of lay authorities, who, probably by design, and perhaps without design, would soon strip the religious authorities of their legitimate influence. Continual appeal is made to the principle of the separation of secular from religious instruction; a principle which, while it confers the sole charge of religious instruction on the clergy, places secular instruction exclusively in the hands of the laity. But the principle is false and pernicious; at least in the extension which its partisans seek to give it. We need not at present enter into the question as respects institutions for students of advanced years and the higher branches of literature and science. That is a subject for separate consideration. The essential point in all Schools, whether Primary or Secondary, in which *children* pass

years of their lives, is moral education. Intellectual education, however good in itself, and however valuable for the instruments it puts into the hands of man, derives its chief value and excellence from the means it furnishes for moral education, and from its intimate connexion with the development of the *character*. Now, instruction may be divided, education cannot. The lessons addressed to the understanding alone may be limited to certain times; but the influences which bend and fashion the soul—especially religious influences—are not to be measured and allotted by the hour. To attain their end these influences must be present in every place, and felt at every time. A purely secular public instruction may form the understanding, but it cannot form the moral character. There can be no moral education without domestic life, or religion. And where, as in public schools, the former does not exist, the influence of the latter is the more indispensable.

It is the honour and the happiness of England that this influence is generally powerful and efficacious in her establishments for public instruction. We do not perceive that it has diminished the independence, or impaired the activity, of the mind of the country. It will hardly be said that we are inferior to any nation in freedom or in intelligence. And whilst the influence of religion in education has caused us no detriment in this respect, it is evident that it has greatly served the cause of public order and of private morality. We should therefore regard as an incalculable evil, and should oppose with all our might, any general organization of public instruction which would seriously alter the actual state of our institutions and the influences reigning there. Whilst we should hail every internal reform or improvement which can be introduced into them, we would neither recast them in one and the same mould, nor concentrate the government of them in one and the same hand.

In France the state of things is totally different. Before the year 1789, France possessed a great number of public schools, of all kinds and degrees—primary, secondary and superior; without uniformity or connexion, founded at different epochs, and directed by religious congregations, such as Benedictines, Jesuits, Oratorians, Doctrinaires, Lazaristes, and Brothers of the Christian Doctrine—by the secular clergy—by lay corporations or individuals—or, lastly, by the State itself. These establishments were indirectly and unequally subject to the action of the central government, by the in-

tervention, more or less independent and spontaneous, in some cases of the magistracy, in others of the administration.

In that vast body of different establishments, the lowest in degree and the highest—i. e. the primary schools for the instruction of the people, and the great schools for the study of the higher sciences (as, for example, the faculties of Law and Medicine), were very inadequate and very imperfect. On the other hand, the schools of the intermediate degree—the classical or grammar schools—were good and very numerous. Before 1789 it was computed that France contained 562 *collèges*, or public establishments, more or less complete, for classical instruction. That instruction was given to 72,747 pupils, among whom 40,621 received it (wholly or in part) gratuitously.\* In these schools was formed, in every rank and for every career, that great, active, and varied society of France, whose progress in all the paths of civilization was, from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, so rapid and brilliant.

Between 1789 and 1794 all these establishments were destroyed. The masters were dispersed and the property sold. When, at the close of the revolutionary *régime*, an attempt was made to re-establish something like order in France, all the religious or lay corporations devoted to the instruction of the people, and all the ancient endowments, had ceased to exist.

To re-organise public instruction on these ruins, three systems were possible—1°. To abandon the matter entirely to private speculation; to have no schools founded and maintained by the State; the central government confining itself to the exercise of a certain supervision over the schools established by private individuals. 2°. To vest the business of public instruction exclusively in the State; all schools, of all sorts and degrees, being instituted and governed by the central power. 3°. To permit the instruction of the people to be carried on concurrently between the State and private speculators; in the public schools instituted by the central power, and in private schools set on

foot and managed at the discretion of the undertakers.

The first of these systems prevailed to a certain extent during the storms of the Revolution, from 1791 to 1798. The second was established by Napoleon, under the name of the Imperial University. The third was promised to France by the Charter of 1830.

We do not think the first system good, nor even practicable. Education and instruction, morality and science, are not wares, the production and distribution of which can be left entirely to private interest and commercial speculation. The teachers of successive generations of men must be actuated by motives more elevated than the love of gain, and must preside over establishments which are not mere shops for the sale of certain acquirements. There is, moreover (as Dr. Chalmers has so eloquently shown), this difference between the material and the moral wants of man—that the former pursue their satisfaction with unwearied ardour, whilst the latter become feeble and torpid if left to themselves. The hungry man struggles to procure himself food by any effort and at any risk; the man who has no moral or intellectual culture is contented to do without it; and the more complete his intellectual destitution, the less is he sensible of his want. It is necessary, therefore, that institutions destined to elevate the people, to develop their intelligence and their character, should subsist independently of all effort—almost of all demand—on the part of those for whose use they are intended. This is a matter above the reach of commercial enterprise, which does not speculate on so uncertain a consumption, and appeals only to those wants which it is sure to find eager and steady in the pursuit of satisfaction.

But if the education of a great people is to be left to private and voluntary speculation, the liberty to supply the deficiencies and to correct the radical vices of such a system must be real and complete; none of the efforts, none of the means, which society spontaneously resorts to in good order to secure education for its members, must be prohibited or impeded. Religious zeal, the spirit of association, the desire of living honourably in the recollection of mankind as the founder of pious or learned institutions, have covered Europe—had covered France herself—with establishments devoted to public instruction, and with men consecrated to their service. But, on the one hand, after—and even before—the year 1789 the sentiments and cast of thought which had mainly given birth to all these

\* Such was the state of classical instruction in France in 1789, for a population of twenty-five millions. In 1842, since which time the numbers have varied but little, France could reckon only 358 public establishments of classical learning, containing in all 44,091 pupils, out of whom 7567 received instruction gratuitously, or partially so. We ought also to take into account 1016 private schools in which classical instruction is given. But the total number of the pupils contained in all these establishments, public and private, does not exceed 69,341, and is therefore smaller than it was in 1789.

foundations existed no longer in France, or breathed but feebly; and, on the other, revolutionary governments and revolutionary legislation absolutely forbade their revival. Even if educational congregations had tried to reconstitute themselves—even if pious zeal had desired once more to found and endow establishments for instruction—it would neither have been permitted nor possible. While what we call the voluntary principle—the principle of the freedom of all private endeavours to satisfy the wants of national education—was loudly proclaimed, that freedom was, in fact and practice, curtailed or destroyed; it was denied to certain sentiments and to certain men—to almost the only men who would have used it with some beneficial results, and to useful and elevated purposes.

Weak and bad in itself, the system which intrusts private enterprise with the entire care of providing for national education, was, in France, after the ravages of the Revolution, more inefficient and more inapplicable than anywhere else; and accordingly, although often professed in principle, it has never been seriously reduced to practice. As soon as the void created by the ruin of the old establishments became manifest, the different governments which succeeded each other endeavoured to fill it, in the name and by the intervention of the State. They had then to choose between the two latter of the systems we have mentioned: either the monopoly of the State, and its exclusive authority over all schools, public or private; or competition between the State and those established by private persons. As these two systems equally require a ministry of public instruction, there was, on this point, no choice; centralization and the intervention of the State arose in France spontaneously out of the ruin of the ancient institutions. Public instruction being no longer distributed among a great number of establishments subsisting by themselves, distinct, dissimilar, independent, and subjected to powerful and permanent influences—a central and special administration for its direction must be regarded as a necessary consequence—a device absolutely indispensable. It may be very true that this system, which possesses great advantages in a scientific point of view, has less to recommend it in a moral one; that the part it assigns to the civil power is too large, and that left to the influences of family and of religion too small. France will do well to struggle against these disadvantages of the system, but it is a system which she cannot abandon. In order to secure efficient public instruction,

she must have a body of establishments of all degrees founded by the State, possessing the privilege of teaching exclusively, or concurrently with analogous establishments founded and directed by free enterprise. At the head of this body must be a chief presiding over and governing it in the name of the State.

The necessity of a special ministry of public instruction in France being admitted, a second question presents itself—Ought the head of this department to have a political character, and a seat in the cabinet?

It is impossible to deny that such an arrangement is liable to objections. It draws the administration of public instruction, in which calmness and steadiness are so desirable, within the stormy and fluctuating sphere of politics. A special, but not a political, head—one as little as possible affected by ministerial changes—would, in some respects, enjoy great advantages. But, on the other hand, if the head of public instruction has not a seat in the cabinet, there will be a vast power external to the government; not only to the executive government, but to those political assemblies or bodies which take part in the conduct of national affairs, whatever be their name, their form, or their number. It would in that case be extremely difficult to apply the principle of ministerial responsibility to the administration of public instruction. Questions would frequently arise in the representative assemblies—complaints would be made—relating to public instruction. How would it be possible to settle them if there were not a member of the cabinet able—in reality, and not merely in appearance—to reply to them? The power of the assemblies themselves over this important matter would be greatly impaired, for that power is mainly exercised through the responsibility of Ministers. Deliberative chambers can exercise an effectual check on the government only by calling to account an executive power which stands in need of their concurrence and support. A head of public instruction, without a seat in the cabinet, would be at once too independent of the government and too little connected with the body of the nation. This was one of the vices of the ancient educational congregations.

Public instruction itself would probably suffer by this arrangement. It is impossible not to be struck with the favourable manner in which this branch of the public service has always been regarded, for the last thirty years, by the French Chambers;—the facility, we might almost say the eagerness, with which they have invariably re-



ceived all propositions tending to its improvement. This is to be ascribed not merely to the general respect of the age for intelligence and knowledge, or a just sentiment of the utility of the proposed expenditure. It is also to be ascribed to the fact that the Assembly has before it, as one of its own members, the Minister of Public Instruction; that it is bound to learn through him, and to debate with him, the interests of the national education, of science, and of letters; and that it therefore assumes some of the responsibility of the administration, and takes a pride in sharing the merit of the measures proposed, and contributing to the progress anticipated. If in such a country as the France of these days public instruction were not directly represented in the cabinet and in the deliberative assemblies, it certainly would not meet with such favourable attention, nor obtain such liberal and cordial support.

But if the Minister of Instruction is a member of the cabinet, precautions must be used as to the mode of conducting his department, to prevent its falling completely into the vortex and under the dominion of politics. The interests of stability and tradition, the *status* and the rights of persons, must be placed under strong guarantees. A permanent Council acting as assessors to the Minister, and invested with a certain degree of authority; legal rules imposed on the administration, and in certain cases delaying its action; are among the means of preserving national education from the tyranny of political passions and the mobility of political changes. The considerations which demand that the head of public instruction should be a member of the Government, are thus satisfied, while the disadvantages of that course are counteracted, and at least greatly diminished.

Such were the views which influenced M. Guizot in 1832. From the time when the revolutionary tempest was lulled, under the Consulate and the Empire, public instruction had had a distinct administration and a special head. The celebrated chemist Fourcroy, as Director-General, M. de Fontanes, as Grand Master of the Imperial University, and M. Royer-Collard, as President of the Royal Commission of Public Instruction, had successively presided over it. Under M. de Villèle's government, in 1824, this branch of the administration was raised to the rank of a ministerial department, and its chief to that of member of the Cabinet. From 1824 to 1830 the Abbe Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, M. de Vatimesnil, M. de Montbel, and M. de Guernon-Ranville, had a seat in it in the

character of head of public instruction. But the organization of this department was still very incomplete and very precarious. Functions naturally belonging to it were dispersed among other departments. When, however, M. Guizot became Minister of Public Instruction, that department underwent a much more efficient organization, which it has retained up to the present time. It was arranged under two grand divisions. To the first belonged the administration of public instruction, properly so called; that is, of all schools, primary, secondary, or superior, which are considered as forming the University of France, and are directed or superintended in its name. The second division comprehends—1. Some public establishments for the higher branches of learning which are not attached to the University of France, and are in general older than that institution. Such are the *Collège de France*, the *Jardin des Plantes*, the *Bureau des Longitudes*, the *École des Langues Orientales*, the *École des Chartes*, &c. &c. 2. The scientific and literary societies which the central Government supports, and with which it has official communication: as the Institute, the Academy of Medicine, and the numerous learned societies of the Departments. 3. The public libraries, at Paris or in the Departments, which the State maintains, or over the management of which it exercises supervision. 4. Lastly, the encouragements of every kind given by the State to science and letters, whether by the publication of works at its own cost, or by subscription to great publications undertaken by individuals.

In principle, this organization of the ministry of public instruction is well conceived, and seems to embrace within its domain all that naturally belongs to it. But on a closer survey of the general distribution of the administration in France, we perceive that the ministry of public instruction is yet incomplete; and that functions which ought to be classed under the one or the other of these two grand divisions, are still scattered over other ministerial departments. Thus, for example, while not only all the schools of the University of France, but great isolated schools, such as the *Collège de France* and the *Jardin des Plantes*, are placed under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, other very important schools are wholly independent of it. This may be accounted for in the case of institutions exclusively devoted to a special branch of instruction, such as the military or naval schools, or the School of Public Works. It is natural, and even necessary, that these should fall within the departments of the

special ministers whose agents and servants are recruited from such establishments ; but the learned or scientific schools (for instance, the Polytechnic School), which have a general character, and in which are formed, for every sort of career, the young men who afterwards enter the various special schools, ought, it should seem, to belong to the ministry of public instruction. That the Emperor Napoleon should have carefully kept the Polytechnic School under the authority of the Minister-at-War is perfectly natural and intelligible. What he principally required of that school was, that it should furnish him with soldiers—artillery and engineer officers ; and he desired that even the civil functionaries trained in it—such as engineers of bridges and highways, or of mines—should be strongly imbued with the military spirit, and early formed to military punctuality and military discipline. As he even prescribed military habits and forms—the uniform, the exercise, and the drum—in common day-schools, among children destined to become lawyers, physicians, merchants, and professors—it is no wonder that he committed the government of a school in which civil engineers and military officers were trained indiscriminately, to the Minister-at-War. Even of civil engineers, when they had quitted their college and entered on their career, Napoleon required nothing but the fulfilment of a special task—the able execution of certain professional works intrusted to them. Though they belonged to civil life, these men had no part to act, and no influence to exercise in it, beyond the strict performance of their material functions. Now, all this purely military and administrative *régime* has disappeared, and has been succeeded by a state of political liberty, of political influences, and of rapid and general intellectual movement. The men who possess certain acquirements, at once practical and rare, and who are enabled by those acquirements to render most valuable services to civil society—the men, for example, trained at the Polytechnic School—acquire by their knowledge a weight and influence which has a far wider range and application than the mere cutting a road or working a mine. They naturally exercise a moral influence over their fellow-citizens, which formerly they did not dream of, and they easily rise to political situations in which they command attention and respect. It is of the utmost importance to a society in which the sphere of such men has been so greatly modified and enlarged, that their education should be modified and enlarged in proportion. The school which was sufficient and suitable for pupils destined to

live under the uniformity and discipline of the imperial administration, no longer suffices and no longer suits under the varied and agitated *régime* of political liberty. The France of our days stands in need of a Polytechnic School very differently organized and governed from that of Imperial France ; for the men trained at the Polytechnic School have now a position and career utterly different from those which the Imperial Government could or would grant them. And if the Polytechnic School were placed under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, this necessary transformation may undoubtedly take place more naturally, and with greater facility than is possible while it remains under the government of the Minister-at-War.

Another class of schools, already numerous and important, and which will probably become more and more so, ought also, as it may seem, to be attached to that ministry. We mean the industrial and commercial schools, of which there are two kinds. The former are entirely special and experimental, and are designed to form practitioners in the different trades and professions. Such are the *Ecoles des Arts et Métiers*, established at Châlons, Angers, Aix, &c., and the schools of practical agriculture recently instituted in several parts of France. Now these schools, as it appears to us, have nothing in common with the ministry of public instruction, and naturally come within the province of the minister who forms the link between the government and the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce of the country. But there are other schools which combine a professional with a general and scientific character ; which prepare men for commercial and professional life, without giving them positive and technical instructions in this or that particular branch. Such are the schools in which lessons are given in political economy, the history of commerce, mechanics, chemistry applied to arts and manufactures, foreign languages, geography, commercial statistics, &c. &c. These, we think, might be properly placed under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction ; for the interests of the manufacturers and merchants themselves, their own intellectual progress, and their ascendancy over the masses of men of which they are the centres, require that their education should not be essentially different, nor very early separated, from the classical and scientific education received by those destined for the liberal professions.

The second grand division of the department of public instruction,—that which comprehends scientific and literary establish-

ments, and encouragements to science and letters,—also appears to be still incomplete. Institutions which ought to belong to it have remained attached to the Ministry of the Interior. The institution for the deaf and dumb, and that for blind children, are establishments for education, at least as much as for charity. It appears indeed that the special and singular character of this kind of education (caused by the natural infirmities to the alleviation of which these establishments are devoted), the peculiar methods employed, and the psychological observations collected, afford additional reasons for assigning it to the Minister of Public Instruction; since his sphere includes philosophical and moral studies, and a knowledge of the questions and the facts necessary to the success of such establishments. But if, in the case of institutions which have this mixed character of education and charity, we might hesitate between the Ministry of Public Instruction and that of the Interior, there seems to be no doubt that the general Archives of France, and the particular Archives of the several Departments or Cities, ought to be assigned to the former. It is not easy to understand why they remained attached to the Ministry of the Interior. They are establishments of a purely scientific nature, and ought to be placed in the same department with the *Ecole des Chartes*, with the schools for the teaching of history, and with the general direction of the researches and publications relating to the national history which are carried on in France with the concurrence of Government.—Lastly, the Fine Arts, the great schools in which painting, sculpture, and architecture are taught, and the encouragements distributed among them, would seem to be more appropriately placed within the province of the Minister of Public Instruction than in that of the Minister of the Interior. The department of the former would then represent the entire action exercised by the central government over the education and the intellectual culture of the nation; whilst, by their concentration on one point, and under one authority, the various means of promoting that culture would impart strength and splendour to one another.

This result is obviously not yet obtained. The ministry of public instruction, which, as we have shown, is necessary in France, is not yet completely organized in accordance with a reasonable and natural classification. But M. Guizot organized that department on large and solid foundations; he attached to it all the most essential functions and gave it its true character and import-

ance; thus probably ensuring to it, at some future time, the possession of the powers and functions which it still wants.

After having settled the internal organization of his department, M. Guizot turned his attention to the field of its appropriate action. The first act of his administration was one of great importance. In consequence of a proposal which he laid before the King, and by an ordonnance of the 26th of October, 1832, the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences in the Institute was re-established.

This academy, founded by the revolutionary government in 1796, and bearing traces of the passions of that period, had been abolished by the despotic instinct of the consular government in 1803, and had not been re-established by the government of the Restoration in 1816, when it remodelled the constitution of the Institute, and restored to the classes of that body their ancient name of Academies.

The value of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences depends on the solution of the following question: Can the moral and political sciences ever acquire the certainty and fixity which characterize a science? We have before us the ordonnance by which this Academy was instituted; and we find that among the sciences within its domain are comprehended legislation, public law, and jurisprudence. These are incontestably sciences, and have, at all times and in all countries, been considered such. Next come political economy and statistics. We are aware that on the Continent, and especially in France, there are men blinded by prejudice, or incapable of reflection, who still deny that these are sciences. But we also know that their motive for this denial is, that the principles and facts which it is the office of these sciences to bring to light are the mortal enemies of the ideas—socialist, communist, or whatever they may be called—in whose name these men would remodel society. But we are led by this very reason to a precisely opposite conclusion; and we are the more ready to acknowledge their scientific value in consequence of the arguments and the demonstrations which they have brought to the aid of good sense. There remain, among the subjects proper to this Academy, the philosophy of morals, and general and philosophical history. The genuine scientific character of these has been contested by some sounder thinkers, who have regarded them as rather falling within the domain of speculative opinion than as reducible to certain and invariable laws. For our own part, we are of opinion that in these also there are

indisputable facts and immutable principles, which are accessible to the human mind, and may be discovered, stated, and classified; and this is all that is necessary to the definition of a science. The growing tendency of these noble and beneficent studies to assume the scientific character, by the rejection of mere hypotheses, and by more exclusive devotion to the accurate observation of facts, and the discovery of their natural laws, is indeed the peculiar merit and glory of modern times. It is of the utmost importance to sustain and to second this tendency of the human mind. In the present state of civilization, in which it is become impossible to impose any effectual restraints on the freedom of thought and of the press, the moral world, the sublime subject of these sciences, is incessantly laid open to question and dispute. Society has the strongest conceivable interest in the steadfast maintenance of a certain number of important facts and fundamental ideas; in their gradual elevation above the cloudy and tempestuous sphere of disputation, and their final and unquestioned position—at least to the eyes of all enlightened men—among the fixed stars of scientific truth. An academy of moral and political sciences, well conceived and carried out, is one of the most effectual means of attaining this end. Its bare existence is sufficient to prove to even the most suspicious, that neither society, nor the government at its head, fears these great inquiries, nor the liberty which they demand; on the contrary, that they hold them in honour, and desire nothing so much as their earnest cultivation. Whilst it enjoys and uses the liberty which it shares with others, an academy of moral and political sciences becomes a rallying point and a moderating power to those minds which the breath of liberty whirls about like the sands of the desert. In a despotic state such institutions are favourable to liberty; in a free state, to order. In the midst of the confusion and chaos of individual speculations, they create a fixed body of scientific opinion. An able and provident government might make great and important use of an academy of moral and political sciences, both to conduct serious investigations into questions of that class, and to diffuse ideas which had already undergone such analysis. M. Guizot probably had this in view in its re-establishment, which was not merely a homage to noble pursuits, but also an endeavour to secure an ally for that sound policy which employs light as a means of checking the disorders fomented by the violence of human passion and the arrogance of human error.

Having thus, on the one side, constituted the ministry of public instruction as the basis of the intellectual development of France, and, on the other, reconstituted the learned body at its summit, M. Guizot next inquired what was the point, in the department over which he presided, most urgently demanding his prompt and assiduous exertions.

He had before him three great classes of schools, whose office it was to diffuse respectively primary, classical, and higher instruction. He did not hesitate; he instantly undertook the reform, or rather the creation, of *primary instruction*,—the most urgent in the actual state of French society, and that for which at all periods the most had been promised and the least done. France, if not the Promised Land, is at least the land of promises. For the last sixty years promises have been showered upon her with boundless profusion, which, however, seems neither to satiate nor to weary her. Neither their ridiculous pomposity when uttered, nor their evident emptiness when the moment for performance arrives, seems to have the effect of disgusting our neighbours, or lessening the delight with which they listen to them. It is a potion which France always seizes with the same avidity, without thinking of the intoxication it excites, or the disappointments and disasters it brings upon her. In this perennial and overflowing deluge of promises, those relative to primary instruction have neither been the least pompous nor the least empty. We have just seen them reiterated, six months ago, with a presumption and a confidence in the national credulity which has perhaps never been equalled. By a decree proposed on the 30th of last June in the National Assembly, M. Carnot, for a moment Minister of Public Instruction, promised that there should be a schoolmaster and mistress in every village in France; a house, a field, a garden, a good salary, and a pension for each of these schoolmasters and mistresses; that all the children in France should be compelled to attend the schools; and that forty-seven millions of francs (near two millions sterling) should be charged on the budget of the state to betray the cost of all these promised wonders. As to the precise time of their fulfilment, M. Carnot had the prudence not to commit himself.

M. Guizot was more moderate in making, and more anxious about fulfilling engagements. After inducing the Chambers to adopt the law of the 28th of June, 1833, and putting it in operation throughout France, he laid before King Louis-Philippe in the

spring of 1834 a circumstantial report of the measures he had taken with a view to its execution. The Report says,—

‘Conceived in a practical spirit, exempt from ambitious views or dogmatical prescriptions, it is to be hoped that the law of the 28th of June will yield early and abundant fruit. It is time that the promise of instruction for the people should no longer be thrown out to France as an empty phrase—a transient and unprofitable glitter. The confidence of the public, whose distrust is but too well justified by a succession of fruitless attempts, can only be restored by prompt and efficient acts. Nothing but the certain prospect of great and proximate results can call forth throughout the kingdom the cordial co-operation and the persevering zeal so necessary to success. It is urgent that the country should be convinced that the work in question is earnestly undertaken and certainly practicable; the promises of the Government of your Majesty ought not to be confounded with those ambitious decrees which, framed to flatter the vanity of a day by ordaining what it is impossible to execute, could have no other effect than that of paralysing all action.’

The law of 1833 ordained nothing impossible. M. Guizot did not choose to promise more than he knew he could perform; and he only undertook to accomplish what was at once practicable and urgent. The principles of that law are large and simple: it ordains the foundation of at least one elementary school in every commune of France; but it disguises neither the extent, nor the difficulty, nor the burdensome cost of such a measure; and, therefore, it calls for the co-operation, on the one hand, of all the moral strength, on the other, of all the material resources of the various elements of society. The central government, the departmental authorities, the municipal authorities, the religious authorities, the heads of families, have each their sphere of action and their influence in the administration of schools. The resources of the state, the departments, the communes, and the contributions paid by the parents, concur to ensure the creation and the maintenance of the schools. Every schoolmaster has a lodging and a small salary; too small, indeed, but certain. In every Department of France the prefect and the general council annually draw up in concert a special estimate, in which the expenses of primary instruction are fixed, and the necessary revenues are guaranteed for the whole Department; in each Commune the Maire and the municipal council also make a special estimate of the same kind. If the revenues of the commune are not sufficient, the department must provide them; if the revenues of the department are not sufficient to supply the deficiencies in the revenues of all the communes,

the deficit must be supplied by the State. The prefects, who represent the central administration, the rectors, who are the peculiar representatives of the Minister of Public Instruction, local committees composed of respectable citizens, and the ministers of the several religious confessions, habitually superintend the state of the schools. Primary Normal schools, the number of which may extend to 86 (one for each department), train masters, and provide for the annual supply of the numerous and humble corps of teachers. Lastly, salaried and fixed inspectors, the number of whom corresponds to the extent of each department, visit all the schools at different periods of the year, survey the conduct of the masters and the value and efficiency of the tuition, report their observations to the Minister of Public Instruction, and continually point out whatever may be deficient in the law, either as to its provisions, or the means of carrying them into effect.

After the promulgation of the law, M. Guizot presided over its execution with unwearied vigilance and accuracy. The report to the King, which we have just quoted, contains the *exposé* and the texts of all the measures which he employed for that purpose—ordonnances, instructions, circulars, recommendations, tables, &c. &c. The Report is dated the 15th of April, 1834; the law was passed on the 28th of June, 1833. In this short interval considerable results were already obtained; we will only point out the most remarkable.

The number of primary normal schools in activity throughout France, in 1828, was three; in 1830, thirteen; and in April, 1834, sixty-two. These sixty-two establishments contained 1944 pupils, or future schoolmasters. Fourteen other normal schools were in a state of preparation.

The number of primary schools for boys, which in 1832 did not exceed 31,420, at the end of 1833 amounted to 33,695. The number of children frequenting the schools, which in 1832 was 1,200,715, rose in 1833 to 1,654,828.

In the course of 1833 a sum of 3,000,147 francs was expended by the communes for the purchase, construction, or repair of school-houses, and the municipal councils voted for the same purpose a sum of 2,350,877 francs in their estimates for 1834.

We shall not multiply our statements. The foregoing will suffice to show how general and rapid was the impulse given to the progress of popular instruction in France by M. Guizot's law and administration. That progress continued under the administration of his successors in the department;

as is sufficiently proved by the reports and the statistical documents which they have published at different epochs. Experience has likewise brought to light imperfections and deficiencies in the law of the 28th of June, 1833; some of these have already been remedied or supplied; others were about to be so, by a bill which M. de Salvandy, the last Minister of Public Instruction under King Louis-Philippe, laid before the Chamber in 1847, and the course of which was interrupted by the Revolution of February.

If we were to enter into a detailed examination of these questions, we should have to state serious objections to certain provisions, or certain omissions of the law of 1833. It does not, in our opinion, give sufficient weight and authority in the primary schools to religion and to its ministers. It is not sufficient that the priest should give religious instruction in them, as any other master may teach reading or arithmetic, or that he should have a seat in the committee by which they are superintended. It is necessary that religious influences should be habitually present in them, and should make their presence felt in the whole conduct and demeanour of the pupils, as well as in all the lessons of the master. We do not know if this be possible in France. Perhaps the sentiments of the people would not permit it; perhaps the dispositions of a great portion of the Roman Catholic clergy would render such an influence dangerous in their hands. If that is the case, it is so immense an evil for France, that her government and all her enlightened citizens ought to apply their earnest and unceasing efforts to remedy it. There is no middle course for the mass of any population between piety and impiety; they never stop at indifference. And in the torrent of insane ideas which minister to the most destructive passions—in presence of socialism and communism, ardent and indefatigable in spreading their poison—it would really be puerile blindness to haggle with religion as to her share of influence in these schools, where communism and socialism will find their way, to pervert the people from their very cradle, if religion is not at the door to forbid their entrance.

It seems to us also that the law of 1833 has introduced too great a multiplicity and variety of machinery and persons into the administration and superintendence of schools. At every step it asks advice and requires consent, as if it were afraid of the means of its own creation and the agents of its own appointment, and mainly anxious, even while using them, to defend itself

from them. This is a misapplication of the principle of the separation and mutual control of the powers which preside over great political institutions. Wherever, for the maintenance or re-establishment of order, it is necessary to be always ready to decide and to act, too many different opinions stifle good counsel—too many distinct authorities destroy authority, instead of affording any guarantee for its wise exercise. We apprehend that the schoolmasters are likely to be at once too much harrassed and too little governed by so many committees, deliberations, inspections, and influences of various kinds; and that the power which ought to direct and superintend them efficiently may be nowhere found.

M. Guizot cannot be reproached with being too much inclined to make concessions. But on a close examination of his law on primary instruction, the debates to which it gave rise, and the documents which contain the history of its execution, it is easy to discover that he did not always do all that he thought desirable—in short, that he came to a compromise with ideas and sentiments which he did not share. He struck into the right path, and pursued it; but he had to bear a burthen and to struggle against obstacles which necessarily impeded his course. But with all its imperfections, his law of 1833 is a good and efficient law. It has given a great impetus to popular instruction in France; and it continues to accelerate its progress. From the time when primary instruction was promised to the French people, it is the first law that has been really executed, and it is the only one which is executed at this moment.

Classical, or as it is called in France, *secondary* instruction, did not excite the interest or employ the labours of M. Guizot in an equal degree with primary instruction. Classical studies and tuition constitute the principal duty and the highest honour of the body comprehended under the name of the University of France. It is certain that, from the foundation of the University, those studies have been cultivated in the *colléges*, or grammar-schools, with a solidity and a brilliancy which, in spite of some intervals of momentary decline, have been steadily on the increase. The study of Roman antiquity, in particular, has perhaps never been more vigorously pursued than for the last thirty years in France; especially the study of the Latin language, its grammar and literature, the just and delicate appreciation of its great authors, and the art of writing in their idiom with correctness and elegance. The archæological portion of the

Latin course of study, *i. e.* all that relates to manners, customs, laws, and the social condition of the Roman world, is less complete and more superficial. The Greek language and literature are not so well taught in the French *colléges* as the Latin. Nevertheless there has been, within the last thirty years, a considerable progress in them also; and, on the whole, the University of France has a right to regard herself as the worthy heir of the band of illustrious philologists who, from the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, raised the literary renown of their great country to so high a pitch.

Profoundly convinced that these are really studies of the highest order; that by their very nature and by the beauty of the models which they place before the eyes of the young, they are best calculated to train minds to the acquisition of the measured strength, the elevation, precision, and elegance, and the refined and rigorous judgment which are the great distinctions and the certain signs of a well-cultivated intellect, M. Guizot has constantly laboured to uphold the just claims to pre-eminence which classical studies anciently enjoyed in France. There were two schemes, pursued by their respective partisans with a sort of mania, which threatened to gain some ground in the French *colléges*: the one, that of varying to infinity the objects of secondary instruction; the other, that of initiating boys at a very early age into the study of mathematics and physics. Some wished to teach geometry, algebra, physics, chemistry, natural history, anatomy, physiology, and cosmography, in an elementary manner, contemporaneously with Latin, Greek, and history; while others wanted the boys to begin all these studies at about the age of twelve. M. Guizot combated these ambitious and frivolous projects, which could have no other effect than that of enervating young minds under pretext of enlarging them, and of weakening both literary and scientific studies by mixing them prematurely and in ill-judged proportions. He took measures to concentrate the whole stress of education during the first years on classical studies; and to reserve solid instruction in mathematics and physics for the age when the mind, already formed by vigorous exercise, may apply itself to a greater variety of objects without loss of strength; and when, as the prospect of some professional career begins to open upon boys, it is desirable that they should take the first steps in the particular road which leads to it.

History and modern languages are among

the branches of learning which M. Guizot particularly encouraged, both on account of their intrinsic value, and as being naturally connected with classical studies, and tending rather to strengthen than to enfeeble them. History especially, both ancient and modern, general and particular, is taught with great care and fulness in the *colléges* of France; indeed, with a fulness which does not sufficiently discriminate between different ages and parts of the world. That Greek and Roman history, the general history of Europe during the middle ages and in modern times, and the special history of France, should be taught at considerable length in those schools, is perfectly natural and proper; but to teach the history of the nations of Asia, or the Spanish and Portuguese expeditions to the East or West, or the British settlements in India, in nearly equal detail, appears to us quite superfluous, and rather calculated to gratify the systematic spirit of professors, than to give the mass of students instructions duly proportioned to the time they have to devote, and the advantages they are likely to reap from them.

A great question raised by the Charter of 1830 weighed on the Minister of Public Instruction in 1836, and still weighs on his successor. That Charter had promised the abolition of the monopoly of the University in matters of Primary and Secondary instruction, and the establishment of the liberty of teaching, *i. e.* free competition between the State Schools and those set on foot by private persons.

By the law of 1833 M. Guizot decided this question in so far as it related to primary instruction. He also undertook to solve it in regard to secondary instruction, and thus to fulfil the promise of the Charter. In 1836 he presented to the Chambers a bill drawn up for that purpose, and in 1837 this bill underwent one discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. A few months afterwards M. Guizot went out of office, and, when he returned to it in 1840, it was not as Minister of Public Instruction, but as Minister of Foreign Affairs and head of the Government of France. The bill which he brought forward in 1836, on secondary instruction, consequently remained without effect. It left, however, on the minds, even of its opponents, an impression that it was perfectly sincere, and that M. Guizot, while maintaining what he regarded as the rights of the State and the interests of public order in the matter of national education, had fully recognized, and endeavoured to guarantee, the claims of freedom. The mighty events which have taken place since that period



have wholly changed the state of the question, as well as the temper of the public mind; and, if he had now to express his sentiments on this great subject, M. Guizot would probably be the first to admit that times so utterly different may well suggest other views, and demand other measures.

Considered solely in a scientific point of view, the instruction given in the higher branches of science and letters is, in France, in a state of good organization and steady prosperity. The superiority of the instruction given in the *Ecole de Médecine* of Paris—its extent, solidity, and practical merit—are universally acknowledged throughout Europe. The course of literary, philosophical, and scientific study, in the Faculties of Letters and of Sciences of the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, rather sins by excess and variety than by narrowness or insufficiency. The special lectures which are given at the *Jardin des Plantes*, at the School of the Oriental Languages, and at the *Ecole des Chartes*, form and furnish, in greater numbers than the public necessities require, learned men, capable not only of diffusing, but of advancing, the sciences to which they devote themselves. In all this department of his ministry M. Guizot had only to second the natural progress of men and things. The chief aid he gave to it was by creating, at Paris and in certain provincial cities, new courses of study answering to practical wants, or to tastes and pursuits, which began to manifest themselves. At Lyons, the establishment of a Faculty of Sciences and one of Letters has given rise to a remarkable industrial progress, and a no less remarkable intellectual activity. At Paris, a chair of foreign literature, instituted at the Sorbonne, was immediately graced by one of the most remarkable men for profound and accurate erudition, and for modesty and talent, that the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* ever reckoned among its members—M. Fauriel, whose labours on Provençale, Italian, and Spanish literature excited the attention of all scholars in Europe, and whose death, shortly after, was an irreparable loss to learning.

Among the studies which have done honour to the human intellect, there are two, theology and law, which have greatly declined in France from their ancient splendour—a decline much to be deplored; and one which, if it continued, might cause an essential deterioration of the mind of France, notwithstanding its powerful activity; for these are the two studies which demand the most vigorous exercise of the human intellect, and urge it to its highest

flights. As to theological studies, M. Guizot could do nothing; since the Faculties of Catholic Theology, though charged upon and paid by the Ministry of Public Instruction, can hardly be said to exist without the good pleasure and the concurrence of the bishops. Now, the great majority of the bishops of France, through distrust either of a lay government, or of the effect of the public teaching of this science, do, in fact and practice, annul the Faculties of Theology maintained by the State, by not sending the students of the great ecclesiastical seminaries to their lectures—almost the only audience likely to attend these lectures, since all the aspirants to priests' orders are trained in the seminaries, and under the exclusive direction of the bishops. Such a state of things appears to us very perilous to the consideration of the Catholic clergy in France, and to their authority over the minds of the people; for we do not understand how a clergy can maintain itself in the rank which it ought to occupy, without vigorous study, and solid learning acquired in great public schools open to the eye of the public, nor unless the students of theology have sufficient intercourse with the young men who are training for other professions to feel the animating influence of social emulation. Can it be wise to bring up secular priests as if they were to be monks?

The state of instruction in the two Faculties of Protestant Theology, the one at Montauban, the other at Strasburg, is also on many points unsatisfactory. It has more than once been proposed to transfer the Faculty of Montauban to Paris, as a means of enlarging and varying the intellectual horizon of the students. We will not undertake to say whether it is well placed at Montauban, but we greatly doubt whether it would be better placed at Paris; and we are inclined to think that internal improvements, harder study, and a more ample provision for the professors, would be found far better remedies than its transplantation into the tumult of a great capital.

The schools of law were much more accessible to M. Guizot than those of theology, and he did what he could to promote their progress, but with a reserve, the motives of which we can readily understand. The studies pursued in them are of an essentially practical nature; they correspond to, and ought to subserve, the civil interests and every-day business of the country. The schools of law are instituted to train notaries, attorneys, advocates, judges, and not merely juris-consults or erudite professors. Pure science cannot be made the

first requisite in public education, unless when it happens to be a practical necessity. Now, extensive and profound legal learning was a practical necessity in old France; for so complicated were her legal institutions, that it was incumbent on a French lawyer to know the Roman law, the *droit coutumier*, the feudal law, the canon law, the edicts or ordonnances of the kings, the jurisprudence of the parliaments, and, in short, all the varied sources from which the law of the country was derived. Nothing analogous exists now. Under the empire of the brief and perspicuous codes into which the whole law of the country has been condensed, science may be dispensed with; or rather, it is easy to think that it may be dispensed with. It would be vain to attempt to impose science on a public which feels no want of it. It is impossible to make that a condition in the education or the labours of all, which is only sought by a few as a luxury, a pleasure, or an honour.

M. Guizot did not attempt therefore to effect a reform in the legal studies of France, which is not called for by society; and which, while it satisfied some of the more fastidious thinkers, would run counter to many powerful interests. But being profoundly convinced that, for the honour and the intellectual progress of his country, it is important that this study should be raised and enlarged, he adopted a course which, though slow, is sure to accomplish that end. In the most frequented schools of law (at Paris and Toulouse for example) he instituted chairs specially devoted to those branches of law in which the highest science, historical and philosophical, is indispensable; and he bestowed those chairs on the most eminent men whom he could induce to fill them. Among these we find one distinguished name, which it is impossible to pronounce without grief—the name of Rossi, who has just died at Rome, under the dagger of an assassin, for the cause of those same principles of constitutional and public liberty which he had lately taught at Paris with such brilliant success. M. Rossi was the friend of M. Guizot. As Minister of Public Instruction, M. Guizot had invited M. Rossi to Paris, to fill the chair of constitutional law. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he sent him to Rome, there to uphold the moderating influence of France, and to second the Italian States in whatever endeavours they might make to introduce reforms compatible with, nay friendly and even necessary to, the maintenance of order and peace: The revolutionary fury which has raged with peculiar violence against these two eminent men may have condemn-

ed the one to death and the other to exile; but it cannot efface their united names from the standard of the great cause which they loved and served together—a cause worthy of such a friendship, and of such service.

We render full justice to the highest order of instruction in France; we admire the truly liberal and comprehensive spirit in which it is distributed; its fecundity and depth in certain branches of human knowledge (especially the physical sciences), its variety and brilliancy in others. But the more we consider it, the more we are struck by two facts which do not come within the domain of science; they belong rather to the mode in which these studies are carried on, than to their subject or nature, and are more important with reference to social policy than to science; but it appears to us that they are of considerable moment, and unquestionably exercise a great influence over the moral and intellectual condition of France.

All the higher schools of learning and science, excepting some few courses of lectures or schools of inferior importance, scattered over the departments, are concentrated in Paris. Almost all the young men who want to complete their studies, whether in letters, law, medicine, or the arts,—in short, in all those preparatory to any learned or liberal career,—are forced to live in Paris.

The young men thus congregated together, whatever be their origin or their destiny, are completely abandoned to their own guidance, and dispersed at hazard through that vast metropolis, without any common bond, or any moral discipline or supervision; seeing their masters only during the hours of instruction, emancipated from all the rules, and withdrawn from all the influence, of education.

From such a state of things we cannot but turn with satisfaction to that exhibited in our universities of Oxford and Cambridge—sanctuaries exclusively consecrated to learning, secluded from the agitations, whether serious or frivolous—from the troubles or the pleasures—of a great capital. There we behold our young men gathered together, most of them under the roof of the venerable colleges, whose very walls seem conscious to ages of learning, whose umbrageous walks are peopled with mighty and illustrious shades; here they live together a life conformed to the same rules, and devoted to the same studies; they are placed under the authority of the masters from whom they receive instruction; they are subject, up to the extremest limit of their education, to uniform discipline and inviolable habits, which neither the liberties they

enjoy, nor the disorders which occasionally arise, can materially affect.

We cannot look upon this picture without a deep-felt satisfaction, whether as it affects the moral interests or the social repose of our country. In proportion to our reverence for these matchless institutions, now standing alone amidst the ruins of all that the piety of past ages bequeathed to other nations, is our anxiety—our hope—that, without altering their time-hallowed forms, or impairing their invigorating discipline, they may receive such wise and timely adaptations to the intellectual wants of our age, such increase of culture in all the great sciences which have the condition and destiny of man for their object, as may secure to England an unbroken line of teachers, lawgivers, and rulers, armed with knowledge, wisdom, and virtue, which are the only powers that can now command permanent and willing obedience.

We believe we have exactly traced the essential principles and the chief results of M. Guizot's administration in what relates to public instruction, properly so called, in its elementary, classical, and superior or scientific branches. We shall pass briefly over his measures in favour of those establishments which are destined to the advancement, rather than to the teaching, of science and literature; and which formed, as we have just seen, the second division of his department. Great improvements at the Jardin des Plantes, in order to enable that establishment to exhibit and to use all its treasures (among others, a new gallery for the mineralogical collections, and vast hot-houses for tropical plants); considerable additions to the funds, and important reforms in the service, of the Royal (now called the National) Library, whether for the purpose of purchasing new books—especially foreign, or of unrolling manuscripts and completing catalogues, or of affording to the studious public greater facilities for their labours; additional funds obtained from the Chambers, and placed at the disposal of various scientific establishments, either to increase their collections and instruments, or to add a little more competence and security to the humble situations of the learned men employed in them; all these improvements, which prove M. Guizot's active solicitude for the prosperity and the honour of science and letters, are explained in detail in the budgets of the Ministry of Public Instruction from 1832 to 1837, and in the Reports by which those budgets are preceded.

We shall only insist on one fact—in our opinion one of the most important—which

marked M. Guizot's tenure of that office. This is, the great impulse he gave, not only at Paris, but through the whole of France, to historical studies in general, and to researches into the history of France in particular. M. Guizot here achieved two difficult objects; he discovered and fostered the reviving sentiment of the public in favour of inquiries of this nature, and he provided that sentiment with permanent and useful occupation. Researches into the national history are, by his care, become a sort of institution, recognised and protected both at the seat of government and throughout every part of the territory of France. Funds are annually voted for this special purpose. In all the departments, and in a great number of towns, committees are formed, studious men are appointed to make or to direct local researches, and to correspond either with the Minister of Public Instruction, or with the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*; two central points, in which all these communications are received, collated, judged, and rewarded, either by extensive publicity, or by certain marks of distinction. Lastly, the *Collection des Documents inédits relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, published under the auspices of the department of Public Instruction, and at the cost of the Government, forms a vast dépôt, constantly open to inquirers and learned men—who there find means of placing their historical discoveries before the eyes of the public—and to those of the public who are in search of information or amusement.\* Such labours, and such encouragements to them, have not only a high scientific value; they are not to be regarded merely as a means of collecting and making known the numerous and precious documents on the history of France which had been dispersed by revolutionary storms: they have a political and moral effect of a far higher order; historical studies thus popularized and followed out tend to revive, both in the men who prosecute, and in the public which takes an interest in them, that spirit of justice towards all ages, that sentiment of affectionate veneration for the past, which hold so important a place in the morality and the wisdom of nations. Woe to the generation which treats the memory of its forefathers with indifference or contempt! Its next step will be to overthrow

\* We are well pleased to observe that the publication of this important series of documents, interrupted, like everything else, by the Revolution of February, has at last been resumed. The first volume of '*Négociations de la France dans le Levant*,' edited by M. Charrière, has recently made its appearance.

and destroy the inheritance it received from them, and to leave itself nothing to bequeath to its descendants but ruins and chaos !

The effective organization of the department of Public Instruction, the re-establishment of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, the law of the 28th of June, 1833, on primary instruction, the resuscitation and the encouragement of historical studies—such are the principal measures accomplished by M. Guizot during an administration of nearly four years. These measures have stood a test which renders it unnecessary for us to insist on their merits. Fifteen years have passed away ; cabinet has succeeded cabinet ; dynasties have been overthrown and constitutions abolished by revolution. M. Guizot himself came to London as an exile. What he effected as Minister of Public Instruction remains.

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ART. IX.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquess of Londonderry.* Edited by his Brother, Charles Vane, Marquess of Londonderry. 4 vols. London, 1848.

WHEN Lord Brougham, in his 'Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Reign of George III.,' published some years since a slight but, in some points, depreciatory character of the late Marquis of Londonderry, his brother, the present Marquis, addressed his Lordship in an expostulatory pamphlet, which was but imperfectly circulated, and did not attract the attention which its literary merit and historical value deserved. The truth was, Lord Brougham's political antagonism with Lord Castlereagh was so fresh in the minds of all who took an interest in those matters, that with them his unfavorable opinion needed no refutation. But Lord Brougham, even when writing under a manifest prejudice, is yet too serious an authority to be thus summarily dismissed : his *Sketches*, published in a substantive and popular form, and attractive from the vigour and variety of his pen, are not destined to oblivion, and would no doubt be hereafter appealed to as the testimony of a contemporary to which the good sense and good spirit of his latter political life (very congenial, it seems to us, with the principles of Lord Castlereagh) would give additional authority ; while, on the other hand, it would probably be difficult to recover pamphlets of the fugacious

form and narrow circulation of those by which Sir Herbert Taylor and Lord Londonderry vindicated so effectually, as far as they went and were known, the memories of George III. and Lord Castlereagh. We therefore cannot but approve of the noble Lord's having reprinted his pamphlet as an introduction to these volumes, for it is not merely a valuable vindication of his brother on the points unfavorably criticised by Lord Brougham, but it explains and justifies the production of the more extensive, more complete, and more impartial exhibition of his character afforded by his own original and confidential correspondence—a kind of involuntary and unconscious autobiography, and the only one which can command the absolute confidence of posterity. We think, too, that Lord Londonderry has done no more than his duty to himself and his brother, in prefixing to his pamphlet the testimony of some of Lord Castlereagh's most distinguished colleagues and contemporaries to its truth and justice ; the possible imputation of personal vanity in repeating praises on his own work was, we have no doubt, disregarded in the indulgence of his fraternal feelings and the execution of his editorial duties. From these testimonies we extract some of the most striking both from the nature of the judgment and the competency of the judge :—

*Sir Robert Peel to the Marquess of Londonderry.*  
'Whitehall, July 28, 1839.

'My dear Lord Londonderry,—After my return from the House of Commons last night, I read your letter to Lord Brougham. I think you were perfectly right in noticing his unjust estimate of the character and abilities of Lord Londonderry, and I think also you have noticed it in the most effectual manner by maintaining throughout that dispassionate and temperate tone which is much more becoming to the occasion, and makes a much deeper impression, than irritation or vehemence, however natural or justifiable. You well know that no vindication of your brother's memory was necessary for my satisfaction,—that my admiration of his character is too firmly rooted to be shaken by criticisms or phrases, and cavils at particular acts selected from a long political career. I doubt whether any public man (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington) who has appeared within the last half century, possessed that combination of qualities, intellectual and moral, which would have enabled him to effect under the same circumstances what Lord Londonderry did effect in regard to the Union with Ireland, and to the great political transactions of 1813, 1814, and 1815. To do these things required a rare union of high and generous feelings, courteous and prepossessing manners, a warm heart and a cool head, great temper, great industry, great fortitude, great courage, moral and personal, that command and influence which

makes other men willing instruments, and all these qualities combined with the disdain for low objects of ambition, and with spotless integrity. It is not flattery\* to say your brother had these qualifications, and that, by them and the proper use of them, he overcame practically difficulties which would have appalled and overwhelmed almost every other contemporary statesman. I need only call to mind the one I have already named.

'Believe me, &c.,

ROBERT PEELE.

*The Earl of Aberdeen to the Marquess of Londonderry.*

'Argyll House, July 24, 1839.

'My dear Londonderry,—I have only now been able to read your answer to Lord Brougham, a copy of which you had the goodness to send me the night before last. You may recollect when you first mentioned your intentions to me, I had some misgivings on the subject. I feared that it might lead to an angry and painful correspondence with Lord Brougham; and although no man differed more entirely than I did from his estimate of your brother's character, I thought, considering his political and party prejudices, that his work was much more impartial than could have been expected. I still think that this is the case; but I most cordially rejoice that you have persevered in your address, for you have executed your task admirably. With much feeling, taste, and judgment, you have touched the principal events of your brother's life, and have placed them in a light as advantageous as it is just and true. You must be so thoroughly aware of my affection for the memory of your brother, as well as of my respect for his character, that you will have no difficulty in giving me credit for the sincere pleasure with which I have read your vindication of his conduct. I believe it may be said with truth that few men have ever deserved so highly of their country, and I am sure that none could ever more effectually secure the love and attachment of their friends. Having experienced his friendship for so many years, not only in my own person, but in those also most nearly connected with me, I have always felt, and shall ever feel, the warmest interest in every thing which can affect his name and reputation.

'Believe me, &c.,

ABERDEEN.'

*Sir James Graham to the Marquess of Londonderry.*

'Grosvenor Place, July 27, 1839.

'My dear Lord Londonderry,—I am very much obliged by your present of the copy of your answer to Lord Brougham. It is a tribute justly due to the memory of your brother, on whose services and talents you have bestowed no exaggerated praise, and in whose vindication you have evinced those feelings and that spirit which the occasion fully justifies. No political

opponent, whom your brother honored by admission into his private society, and no leader of a party, was ever so generous towards his adversaries in this particular. I never can forget the charm of his amiable manners and of his noble nature. I, indeed, should be ungrateful if I did not recollect his kindness, and rejoice in the success with which you have rescued his fair fame from an unjust attack. History, I am persuaded, will be more just than his contemporaries, and he is not the first great man over whose tomb has been written—"Ingrata Patria."

'I am, &c.,

JAMES GRAHAM.'

*Mr. Plunket to the Marquess of Londonderry.*

'December 2, 1823.

'Your Lordship does me no more than justice in estimating the feelings with which the memory of the late Marquess of Londonderry affects and must ever affect my mind. His friendship and confidence were the prime causes which induced his Majesty's Government to desire my services; and I can truly add that my unreserved reliance on the cordiality of his feelings towards me, joined to my perfect knowledge of the wisdom and liberality of all his public objects and opinions, were the principal causes which induced me to accept the honour which was proposed to me. Nothing can ever occur to me in political life so calamitous as the event which, in common with all his country and Europe, I so deeply deplore.'

*The Marquess Wellesley to the Marquess of Londonderry.*

'Kingston House, July 24, 1839.

'My dear Lord,—Accept my best acknowledgments for your obliging attention in sending me a copy of your letter, which I have read with great attention. It is complete in all its parts, and, in my judgment, unanswerable.

'Ever, my dear Lord, &c.

—vol. i. pp. 130-138.

WELLESLEY.'

There are also two other letters from Lord Wellesley, expressing in detail his high opinion of Lord Castlereagh's talents and character. 'His loss,' says Lord Wellesley, 'severe as it was to his country and his friends, was to me irreparable: and I must have been ungrateful and inconsistent if I had not considered his memory with affection and reverence' (i. 131).

The following letter from the Duke of Wellington, though it does not belong to the series we are now quoting, may appropriately conclude our preliminary extracts:—

'August 21, 1822.

"My dear Charles,—I do not trouble you to tell you that of which I am certain you are convinced—my heartfelt grief for the deplorable event which has recently occurred here; but I would not allow the post to go to Vienna, with the account that the King has desired that I

\* Printed *flattering*; we presume by one of the too numerous errors of the press which disfigure these volumes.

should be sent there, without taking a few lines from myself.

'You will have seen that I had witnessed the melancholy state of mind which was the cause of the catastrophe. I saw him after he had been with the King on the 9th inst., to whom he had likewise exposed it: but, fearing that he would not send for his physician, I considered it my duty to go to him, and, not finding him, to write to him, which, considering what has since passed, was a fortunate circumstance.

'You will readily believe what a consternation this deplorable event has occasioned here. The funeral was attended by every person in London of any mark or distinction of all parties, and the crowds in the streets behaved respectfully and creditably.

'God bless you, my dear Charles! Pray remember me to Lady C. and Lady Stuart, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,  
—vol. i. p. 68. WELLINGTON.'

These testimonies leave nothing to be desired as to the vindication of Lord Castlereagh's character, and the true estimate of his abilities; and the last is additionally valuable in refutation of the slanderous and malignant misrepresentation of the public feeling on Lord Castlereagh's death by some low libellers of the day, and which the false, foul, and unfeminine pen of Miss Martineau has recently reproduced.

On the subject of Lord Londonderry's pamphlet we venture to add our literary judgment that it is one of the happiest controversial pieces that we have ever read; it is strong in facts and gentle in terms; it is sharp and polished, and the deepest cuts which the adversary receives are from his own sword adroitly turned against himself. Acknowledging, as we are always glad to do, that generous fairness and constitutional good nature that form the under-current of Lord Brougham's personal character, even when his political antipathies and prejudices ruffle or discolour the surface, we have little doubt that he read this vindication of his old antagonist with the candour of a man of good feeling—nay, perhaps with the pleasure of a man of good taste, and that now, when time must have extinguished the last smouldering embers of political rivalry and party conflict, if he were again to have to write of Lord Castlereagh, he would produce a juster estimate of his character. Indeed, we are surprised that, however their long and on one side at least vehement antagonism might have warped Lord Brougham's better judgment, he had not found in that very antagonism the motive of a more favourable opinion.

'Iste tulit præmium jam nunc certaminis hujus,  
Qui, cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.'

But, in truth, *non victus erat*—if in that

conflict the palm of dexterity and eloquence must be conceded to Brougham, the substantial victory remained with Castlereagh. This is very civilly and very forcibly put in Lord Londonderry's answer:—

'I will not attempt to follow you into verbal criticisms. I will only remark, that He, whose oratory you treat with such contempt, rose to eminence in that very assembly whose critical taste you so highly commend, even while it possessed Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Grey; that, for years, he became its leader, with the acquiescence of Mr. Canning and Mr. Plunket, and maintained that station to the end of his life, unshaken by the combined efforts of such men as Whitbread, Windham, Romilly and Brougham!

'Indeed, my Lord, you are, in point of reputation, more interested even than I am to prove that the powers with which you wrestled so long, so ably, and yet so vainly, were not of a low or contemptible order.'—vol. i. p. 93.

It may be admitted, that Lord Castlereagh was essentially a statesman, and not a rhetorician. His education seems to have been more solid than brilliant; he certainly had little imagination, no great extent of literature, and his diction, though sufficiently fluent, was not in general impressive nor always perspicuous. So far candid criticism might go—but we can hardly imagine that the Opposition could have found any very effective consolation under their constant defeats, in ridiculing, as Lord Brougham tells us was their wont, the awkward phraseology and incongruous metaphors of their conqueror. It would have been, we venture to think, a more natural course to have said,

'Great let me call him, for he conquered me.'

But in truth, Lord Castlereagh's powers as a speaker in Parliament have been very much underrated. He had many striking advantages: his voice was fine, his person commanding, his countenance both handsome and intellectual, and his whole air and manner combined dignity and elegance with singular ease and simplicity.\* He was blessed with an imperturbable temper, a most determined though calm—and we had almost said placid—courage, both moral and physical. In debate as well as in council his judgment was sure and his decision ready: he was honest and earnest, and convinced his auditory that he was so. He was

\* At the coronation of George IV. he happened to be the only Commoner (an Irish peer sitting in the House of Commons) who was a Knight of the Garter: he therefore walked alone, and his personal appearance made a remarkable sensation. He was said, and we believe truly, to have been the handsomest figure in that great procession.

always master of his subject and of himself ; he seemed to calculate with modesty and yet with confidence in his own powers, and if he seldom exceeded expectation he never fell below it. In his long and sometimes discursive speeches, he rarely if ever committed any indiscretion that could injure his cause, and he still more rarely left unsaid anything that could strengthen it. Even Lord Brougham, while strangely depreciating the *style* of his speeches, admits that his matter and manner engaged attention and won assent, and even made him 'a favorite with the most critical audience in the world :—'

'Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when—after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harrassed by the brilliant though often tinsel displays of Mr. Canning—their chosen leader, Lord Castlereagh, stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries were bold and rash enough to advance." '—*Historical Sketches*, vol. iii. p. 154.

His good sense always engaged the attention of the House, and his powers seemed to grow with his subject. When roused by a great public occasion, or by anything that seemed to affect his own personal honour or the character or interests of a friend, he would rise to what might be justly called eloquence with regard both to its substance and its effect. His speeches on the Treaties of 1815 were admirable for every quality of the orator and the statesman—a wreath, not indeed of flowers, but of laurel ; and there was one occasion which we suspect was in Lord Brougham's mind when he drew the striking picture we have just copied, and which ought assuredly to have moderated his sweeping depreciation of Lord Castlereagh's powers. It was on a summer's evening, the very last of the session, the 11th of July, 1817, in an almost empty house, that Mr. Brougham, in a speech on the state of the nation, having alluded to Lord Castlereagh as having personally countenanced the cruelties employed in the suppression of the Irish rebellion, and also accused him of making improper diplomatic employments, and especially reflected on that of his brother at the Court of Vienna, Lord Castlereagh rose with great emotion, answered all the allegations with triumphant success, and retaliated on

his assailant in a strain of vivid and indignant eloquence, that Mr. Canning (who took a subsequent part in the debate) said that he had never heard surpassed, and which, ill-reported as it is, may yet be read with interest, as a vindication of Lord Castlereagh's policy and character, as well as a remarkable specimen of parliamentary success.

It cannot be reasonably doubted that the absence of all pretension to ornate eloquence in his speeches was attributable partly to the natural turn of his mind, and partly to a private education, which has never produced orators in the same proportion as our great public schools :—but there was so much of ease and dignity in his plainness, that it left an impression of being not a defect, but the result of choice and taste. Like the most illustrious of his friends and colleagues,\* he seemed to distrust enthusiasm, to despise parade, and to disdain all *ad captandum* ornaments and colouring as unbecoming and derogatory to the high purposes and great actions which have—conjointly on many eminent occasions—illustrated their lives.

It has been said that Lord Castlereagh despised and braved public opinion. Those who knew him most intimately can bear witness that no man had, in fact, more respect for the maturely formed and well-understood judgment of mankind in general ; but what he did despise and brave was the wild and wicked delusions and the calumnious misrepresentations which so often (and in his case to a peculiar degree) miscall themselves *public opinion*. It is true that he seems to have had by natural temperament a remarkable indifference to the distinctions which the capricious favour of prince or people can confer. It was something that partook of the pride of his maternal ancestors, the Fitzroys and Seymours, and of his own philosophical temper. No man, of whatever birth, could say with more truth—*quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco*. Amongst many anecdotes of this turn of mind which might be produced, we shall mention two which happened to occur within our own knowledge.

Soon after his first going abroad he happened to be present at a *reunion* of diplomatists and general officers, who were attired in all the brilliancy of uniforms and

\* We learn from a letter of George III. to Lord Castlereagh, dated October 3, 1809 (vol. i. p. 18), that it was his Lordship's appreciation of and confidence in the military character of the 'Victor of Assaye' that overcame the reluctance of the King to intrust the command in the Peninsula to so young a general as Sir Arthur Wellesley.



orders. One of these gentlemen—to whom he was personally unknown—took Prince Metternich aside, and asked him who the stranger was in the plain coat? 'Lord Castlereagh, the British minister,' replied the Prince. '*Mais comment?*' says the other, with incredulous astonishment, '*il n'a pas de décoration!*' 'Ha!' exclaimed Metternich, 'I had not observed it. *Ma foy, c'est très distingué!*' When Lord Castlereagh repeated this as a *bon mot* (and it is a very good one) of Prince Metternich, he added, with his gentle smile, '*That, you know, was before I had the Bath.*' He never had the Bath! he meant the *Garter*; but he forgot, in his *insouciance*, a distinction which probably would have escaped the memory of no other man in the world. In August, 1821, he attended the King in his visit to Ireland, and was received on his landing, and whenever he afterwards appeared in public, not merely with respect, but with the most general and hearty acclamations and welcome from all parties and ranks. The morning after his arrival he happened to walk out with a friend, and as they passed through Dame-street (the Strand of Dublin) he was recognized, and a great crowd immediately collected so very enthusiastic in their admiration and even affection that they began to talk of *chairing* him. This he thought would be a very awkward ovation, and, with his usual presence of mind, turned, under pretence of purchasing some small article, into a shop which he recollected opened to another street, and so escaped without compromising his dignity or offending his admirers. While returning by this new route to the Castle, his friend said, 'Well, who would have expected to have found *you*, of all men alive, overburthened with Irish popularity?' 'Why, yes,' he said playfully, 'I am grown, it seems, very popular; but with quite as little merit, I am afraid, as when I was most unpopular; and after all you must agree that *unpopularity* is the more convenient and gentlemanlike condition of the two.' This, of course, was only a pleasantry, but it indicates the turn of his mind.

In fine, we cannot better sum up our opinion of Lord Castlereagh than by reproducing the incidental sketch which we gave of him in our review of the *Life of Wilberforce* (Q. Rev., vol. lxii.)—to every syllable of which we now advisedly and on the fullest reconsideration adhere:—

'Of Lord Londonderry, Mr. Wilberforce seemed at first to have formed a very low, and, we need not add, very erroneous opinion; but, when his Lordship's situation became more prominent, and his character better defined, that polished

benevolence, that high and calm sense of honour, that consummate address, that invincible firmness, and that profound yet unostentatious sagacity, won the respect and confidence of Wilberforce, as they did of reluctant senates at home, and of suspicious cabinets abroad.'

The Correspondence now published fulfils the Editor's first object, that of confirming, as far as it goes, all those favourable impressions of Lord Castlereagh's character; but we are, we must confess, disappointed at finding that they go no farther. The portion that relates personally or politically to Lord Castlereagh himself is very small, at least very disproportionate to the whole bulk. Much the greater part of the papers are from or to—not the individual *Lord Castlereagh*—but that abstract personage the *Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*, and might be more strictly said to be 'the Correspondence of Lord Cornwallis, the Duke of Portland, and their respective secretaries,' than of Lord Castlereagh. Three parts at least of the four volumes now published appear to us to be of this character. We do not say that they are therefore devoid of historical value, but a great part of them are almost obsolete, and the papers of much surviving interest are few and far between. Some of the documents have been already published—of others, that were at the period secret and confidential, the purport has been long since notorious; and there are pages on pages occupied with questions which received, near half a century ago, their public solution in the *London Gazette*. This is the general drawback from most of the publications of official and diplomatic despatches that we have seen: as long as the affairs of which they treat are in suspense, they are highly appreciated; when the matter is determined, few have leisure to concern themselves much about the means by which the result was arrived at. They are like a riddle, which only interests till it is found out. The Gordian knot, while entire, excited the curiosity of the world; when once cut, it became no more than a bundle of chips.

It is certain that a great part, at least, of Lord Castlereagh's real correspondence, that which would indeed have been a treasure, is irreparably lost. The editor, after candidly stating that the documents in his possession are, from 'chasms and losses,' very imperfect, and professing, with a becoming but unnecessary modesty, his own unfitness to be the biographer of his brother, says—

'I did hope that my task might be reduced to

little more than a discreet and judicious selection from such materials and documents as were in my possession; but a wholly unforeseen accident has deprived me of that intimate fraternal correspondence for twenty-five successive years, which would have formed the most important part of any work I could have offered to the public. On returning from my embassy to Vienna, many years since, I placed this collection in the hands of the Rev. S. Turner, who was at that time nominated and going out as Bishop of Calcutta. This excellent and invaluable divine and friend had been tutor to my son, Castlereagh; and, feeling a deep interest in the family, he had undertaken to arrange these papers, and to commence the *Life* of the late Marquess of Londonderry, aided by various other documents and information which he had collected. The vessel, however, that sailed for India with Mr. Turner's baggage, effects, papers, &c., was unfortunately wrecked; and thus ended all my hopes of leaving for posterity such a record of the statesman and the brother as I felt that he deserved.'—vol. i. pp. 143, 144.

This was indeed a loss which these volumes can but in a very slight degree repair. They will no doubt contribute, however imperfectly, to place Lord Castlereagh's public acts in their true light, but they can afford but short and misty glimpses of what would be infinitely more interesting, and now more important—the personally political and private life of, we are satisfied by a long, close, and, we may add, impartial observation, one of the most amiable men, one of the soundest statesmen, and one of the ablest ministers that society ever lost, or our history has to record.

We now proceed to lay before our readers a slight abstract of what we think the most interesting parts of the mass of papers thus over-liberally bestowed upon us.

A junior branch of the Scottish House of Stewart was settled, with a considerable grant of land in the county of Donegal, by James I., at the time of the general 'plantation' of Ulster, the effects of which still so favorably distinguish that province. The heads of this family were successively men of importance in their country—Colonel William Stewart distinguished himself in the Revolution, and was attainted by name by the Irish Parliament of James II.—his son Alexander represented Londonderry in Parliament, and purchased the Mount-Alexander, now called Mount-Stewart, estate in the county of Down—his son Robert, born in 1739, represented that county in two parliaments, and was successively created Lord Londonderry in 1789—Viscount Castlereagh in 1795—Earl of Londonderry in 1796—and finally, Marquis of Londonderry, 22nd Jan., 1816. By Lady Frances Seymour, second daughter of the

first Marquis of Hertford, he was the father of Robert, Viscount Castlereagh, afterwards second Marquis of Londonderry, the subject of these memoirs; and, by his second wife, the sister of the late Lord Camden, of Charles William, third Marquis, who, having borne a distinguished part, both in the military successes and diplomatic transactions of the great European conflict, could assuredly not more honourably, more amiably, or more usefully dedicate his leisure than in erecting this literary monument—the best that circumstances admitted of—to the memory of his illustrious brother.

ROBERT STEWART was born on the 18th of June, 1769, in the same year as his greatest contemporaries, Wellington and Bonaparte, and on the month and day which was to become ever memorable by the final overthrow of the latter and the crowning glory of the former—an event for which the world was more indebted to Lord Castlereagh than to any other man, except Wellington himself. It is stated by the editor that his brother received his early education at Armagh—we suppose at the diocesan school there; but his school education was, we believe, very short and elementary. The only anecdote told of his youth is one that marks that courage and self-possession which were so conspicuous in his public life, and that tenderness and humanity which his friends only could fully appreciate.

On the 5th of August, 1786, when about seventeen, he and a younger friend, Henry Sturrock, a boy of twelve, the son of his tutor, were overset in a boat in the Bay of Strangford, nearly three miles from the shore. Stewart could swim, and might easily have reached the shore alone; but Sturrock could not, and Stewart stuck by him, and kept him afloat *for upwards of an hour*, when Sturrock's father and a neighbouring clergyman, missing the boat in which the boys had sailed, threw themselves into another, and arrived just in time to save them both. Sturrock was totally senseless, Stewart nearly benumbed and almost blind. Few men—none that we remember—have begun life with so remarkable a proof of courage and humanity.

At the close of that year he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. It is recorded by Dr. Bushby, of St. Johns, that—

'towards the end of 1786 Mr. Stewart went to reside there, under the tuition of Mr. Pearce, afterwards Dean of Ely. That he applied himself with great diligence and success to the appointed studies of that place appears from his position in the classes after every examination. In that college, an examination of the students

took place every half year, in the elements of mathematics, in certain portions of classical authors, and in logic and moral philosophy. Mr. Stewart's name was among the first on every occasion; and at the third examination, in December, 1787, being the last which he passed, he was *first in the first class.*'—vol. i. p. 5.

'It is gratifying,' adds Dr. Bushby, 'to observe these early tokens of his future distinction, especially as they supply a sufficient answer to any disparaging remarks which may have been made with regard to his early education and want of proficiency in the studies proper for his rank and station.'

It was probably on his way from Ireland to the University, that we get a glimpse of him in Horace Walpole, which his biographer has not noticed, but which shows that he was already considered a youth of extraordinary promise. On the 26th of October, 1786, Horace, who was what is called his Welsh uncle—that is, first cousin once removed—writes to his own cousin, Conway, Stewart's grand-uncle:—

'I have had a letter from your brother (Lord Hertford), who tells me that he has his grandson Stewart with him—*who is a prodigy!*'

Walpole, with his usual sarcasm, adds, that he has seen so many prodigies that came to nothing, that he was somewhat incredulous as to this new miracle; but Lord Hertford was a man of great sagacity and knowledge of the world, and we think that the event has justified to a remarkable extent his opinion of his grandson's merits.

He remained at the University about three half-years, leaving it so early, it is supposed, for the purpose of making the grand tour. We are sorry to have no details of his travels. We should like to know what he saw, and above all what he thought of the state of Europe, standing at that moment unconsciously on the brink of the great revolutionary abyss from which in after years he was destined to have so large a share in redeeming her. That he had already political ambition is evident from his anxiety to get into Parliament, which induced his father, at the general election in 1790, to propose him, even before he was of age, for the County of Down, in opposition to the interest of Lord Hillsborough, lately created Marquis of Downshire, who had usually influenced both the seats. This was one of the severest contests ever known. It cost Lord Londonderry £60,000, a sum which he had laid aside for building a stately mansion at Mount Stewart. He was, the editor remarks, 'content to forego that object, and live the rest of his life in an old barn, with a few rooms added; but he saw the inde-

pendence of the county rescued from the monopoly of the Hillsborough family' (p. 5). We hesitate to give Lord Londonderry credit for so costly a stretch of abstract patriotism. The truth, we believe, was, that Lord Londonderry—however personally anxious to see his son in Parliament—would never have thought of spending any such sum for the 'independence' of the County of Down, but he had embarked in a contest of which the intensity increased beyond all calculation, and from which he could not consistently retreat. The pecuniary sacrifice, however great, was no doubt amply compensated to the old Lord by the distinction that it opened to his son, which he lived to witness, and, by his own promotion in the peerage, to share.

As the Downshire family were at this time with the Government, and had its support in the election contest, the Stewarts were of course of the other side. They were, in truth, like the rest of the Scotch *advena*, Whigs according to the original meaning of the term—Protestants so strict and stanch as to be almost, if not quite, Presbyterians; and Mr. Stewart, in his declaration on the hustings, and even in the earlier period of his parliamentary life, professed the principles of the then Opposition, and amongst other tenets, that of a reform of the Irish Parliament. The editor adds that, 'when in 1793 the elective franchise was conferred on the Roman Catholics, he at once declared against any further reform.' This, however, is not quite accurate. Mr. Stewart no doubt very soon changed, as Mr. Pitt had done, his early opinions in favour of reform, but certainly not at the precise time nor for the reason assigned by the editor; for the bill conceding the elective franchise to the Catholics (recommended in a speech from the throne, 10th January, 1793) was introduced by the minister on the 4th of February, 1793, and it was not till the 9th of February that Mr. Stewart made his parliamentary declaration in favour of reform. In truth, the account here given of his early parliamentary life is exceedingly meagre, being limited to the mention of a single speech on 'the right of Ireland to trade with the East Indies, which was noticed by Lord Charlemont in terms of decided approbation' (p. 9). We shall endeavour to supply, in some degree, this deficiency from the very imperfect reports of the Irish Debates.

The first speech that we find is probably that referred to by the editor, made on the 17th of March, 1791, in support of an Opposition motion of Mr. George Ponsonby's, seconded by Mr. Grattan, asserting the

right of Ireland to trade to the East Indies, independently of the British Company. Lord Charlemont's approbation of this speech would not weigh much with us. His lordship was one of the leaders of the Opposition, and would be bound to speak, whatever he might think, in approbation of his young and promising ally; but the speech seems really, from the slight report we have of it, to have deserved more impartial praise. It was modest in manner and moderate in tone, and had, we can well believe, nothing of the ambitious pretensions in which young Irish orators are so apt to indulge. He on this occasion treated the question in a merely commercial view, which was no doubt its plausible side; but it in fact involved the vital principle of English connexion. If Ireland should assert a right to trade with the East Indies and China, in defiance of the Company's charter and British legislation, she was not only an independent but a rival power. This was one of these difficult questions which the Union only could solve; and Mr. Stewart soon saw it in its true light, and accordingly when, in the following year (8th February, 1792), Mr. Ponsonby again brought forward the question, with evident hostility to the amicable relations of the two countries, Mr. Stewart, in a longer and more comprehensive speech, retracted his former opinion, and now looking on the question as one raised adversely to British interests, voted against it. He and Sir Lawrence Parsons, afterwards Earl of Rosse, one of the most respectable members of the House, were in the same position on this question, and were the tellers against the motion, which was rejected by 156 to 70. But the principle was too serious to be left in so vague a state, and the Ministry introduced next year a bill to recognise and adopt the English legislation on this point. Mr. Grattan and the Opposition artfully endeavoured to continue, and indeed to increase the difficulty, by proposing an abstract resolution asserting a community of all commercial rights between the two countries. On this occasion Mr. Stewart made a long and able speech, and urged the House for various reasons, political as well as commercial, to adopt the Government bill rather than Mr. Grattan's resolution. Two or three passages of this speech, showing how early Mr. Stewart had adopted the *principles* of a Union, are worth quoting:—

‘He was persuaded the happiest effects would result to the two countries from a spirit of mutual accommodation. He deprecated the opposition made to the bill, from a thorough persuasion that it was founded on the true principles

that should govern the conduct of countries circumstanced as these were. *It was in vain to expect that two such countries should long remain politically connected, if committed in commercial hostility.*

‘The bill goes to place Ireland and England precisely on the same footing with regard to the East India trade. It recognises the Company as an imperial monopoly, having the same privileges from Ireland that it has from Great Britain, and upon the same terms. So that in fact the only concession Ireland makes is, that she acquiesces in being placed in the same position with regard to this monopoly as the rest of the empire, and she does so with the best possible reason—because it falls in with the general policy of Great Britain, and contributes to her effectual government of those dominions in the preservation and prosperity of which Ireland has a common interest.’—*Irish Debates.*

That so young a man, thrown by so recent and so hot a contest into opposition, should have thus early moderated his party views and taken so just and statesmanlike a view of a great imperial question is very remarkable, and prepared and justified the confidence which in a very few years after awarded him the duty and the honour of carrying these principles to the highest practical result.

Previous to this speech, which we have mentioned a little out of its date to show the gradual ripening of his judgment, he had, as we have before noticed, on the 9th of February, 1793, spoken in favour of certain resolutions proposed by Mr. Grattan for parliamentary reform. This speech was much admired—the printed Debates deviate a little from the common track of reporting, to state that the speech was ‘very able,’ and the argument ‘very happily’ conducted. It was, certainly, very measured, and even cautious in its tone. He disclaimed the extreme theories of representation: he distinguished between reform in England and Ireland—thinking it much more necessary in the latter, because the preponderance of the close borough representation there, and the influence that it threw into the individual hands of a few great proprietors, were not merely an abuse of popular rights, but a usurpation on the legitimate and constitutional power of the Crown, as rendering almost nugatory the Royal prerogative of appealing to the people by a dissolution. He had not formed any decided opinion as to the extent or mode of reform; but he threw out for consideration an idea—‘which,’ he said, ‘he had but recently thought of, and had not therefore matured even in his own mind—of giving to the existing county constituencies the number of members returned by the boroughs within the respective counties—each elector voting

for one candidate.' He does not appear to have stated how the latter proposition could have been carried into practice; but it is evident that he was not favourable to reform on a democratic principle, and it seems to us that his views on the subject were suggested by his personal circumstances. His local rivals, the Downshires, had a great borough interest, which by this plan would be not only abstracted from them, but transferred to the county electors, among whom his own family and connexions were powerful.

At this period he was not yet twenty-four years of age; and the French revolution, which changed the whole system of constitutional politics, was only beginning to exhibit its anarchical and bloody democracy. Mr. Stewart very soon felt that the entire basis of the Reform question had changed—that the danger was no longer from the Crown or the aristocracy—but from the popular element; and even before the more respectable section of the English Whigs, the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Spencer, Mr. Windham, had coalesced with Mr. Pitt, he seems, with his characteristic sagacity, to have withdrawn from the Opposition, which was rapidly tending to Jacobinism, and transferred his independent and at that period, it seems, disinterested support to the Government and Constitution; while Mr. Grattan in Ireland, and Mr. Fox in England—from a mere spirit of opposition to the Minister—got themselves so entangled in revolutionary principles as to have been both most deservedly removed from the Privy Council, and driven to a temporary secession from public life. They returned to parliament much chastened, and in their acts almost Tories. George III. had no more com-  
plaisant minister than Fox; and when the *Talents* went out, an Irish *Insurrection Bill* was found drafted in the hand of Mr. Grattan. Lord Castlereagh had no such palinode to make. He himself, young as he was, had never advanced any disorganizing principles; he withdrew himself from the party when he saw the leaders running wild; and there are few public men against whom, in the whole course of his public life, a charge of inconsistency could be less justly made. Whatever modification of his opinions there may have been, it was at least totally uninfluenced by the prospect of office, which he attained at a later period, and by a mere—and for the country, perhaps more than for himself fortunate—accident.

It happened thus:—In March, 1795, nearly two years after Mr. Stewart's secession from the Opposition, Lord Camden

was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Pelham, afterwards Earl of Chichester, Chief Secretary. Lord Londonderry, we have seen, had formed a second marriage with Lord Camden's sister: this alliance, no doubt, facilitated his promotion, in 1795, to the Viscounty of Castlereagh, and in July, 1797, to the earldom;\* and Mr. Stewart, who became, on this last promotion, Lord Castlereagh, also received from Lord Camden the office of Keeper of the Privy Seal in Ireland. On the establishment of the Irish militia in 1793, Mr. Stewart had been appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Londonderry regiment, in which county there was a considerable family estate and interest. He afterwards (12th July, 1800) succeeded his uncle Mr. Connolly in the colonelcy, and took, as long as the militia was embodied, a lively interest in the discipline and appearance of that very fine regiment, and, as far as his higher ministerial duties would allow, an active part in its military duties. It was, we presume, this connexion with the militia, as well as his official position as Privy Seal, that induced the Irish Government, when Mr. Pelham went to London for a week or two in the session of 1797, to concert with the English Cabinet measures of defence for Ireland—to employ Lord Castlereagh to introduce a bill for continuing the services of the militia—whose original period of service was about to expire—by a voluntary re-enlistment on an adequate bounty to be raised and paid by the respective localities. He seems on this occasion to have acted as Minister in the Irish House, and to have conducted the important measure he had undertaken—though warmly opposed—with ability and success. This episode brought him still more forward, both as a man of business and a debater; and we find (though not mentioned by the editor) that on the 14th of October, 1797, Lord Castlereagh was appointed a Lord of the Irish Treasury—after which date he appears as a frequent speaker, on course on the side of Government.

The editor states (p. 12) that 'on the

\* At the Union, the old Lord Londonderry was offered a British peerage; but his political friends were so unwilling to run the risk of losing Lord Castlereagh's services in the House of Commons, and he was himself so reluctant to leave it, that Lord Londonderry was induced to decline the peerage, with an understanding, officially ratified by the Duke of Portland, that it should be conferred on the family whenever they should wish for it. Lord Castlereagh never wished for it: but it was subsequently, we are told, the reason of the creation of an English peerage in favour of the present Lord's second son.

first night of the official appearance of Mr. Pelham in the House of Commons, a long and stormy debate took place on the Catholic question, moved by Mr. Grattan: it was lost, popular dissatisfaction ensued, and Mr. Pelham returned in disgust to England, but continued still to hold the office of Secretary, till, being at last induced by illness to resign it, Lord Castlereagh was appointed his successor, in April, 1799.' But there are here some misapprehensions and anachronisms. It would be supposed, from this statement, that Mr. Pelham retired in disgust immediately after the defeat of the Catholic Bill moved the first evening of his appearance. This was not so; the question debated that evening was not the Catholic question, but a general motion for a Committee on the State of the Nation, meant to censure the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam and the nomination of Lord Camden, which was rejected—158 to 48. The debate on the Catholic Bill was some weeks later; nor did Mr. Pelham's retirement take place thus early: he continued in Ireland, with the exception of the short absence on public business which we have just mentioned, about two years after that debate; did not go to England, on what may be called *sick leave*, till March, 1798. It was then that Lord Camden, wanting some one to act temporarily during Mr. Pelham's absence, and not venturing to propose such an accidental and precarious tenure of office to any older statesman, induced his young relation to undertake the duties for a few weeks, as a favour and accommodation to himself and the Government. And finally, the statement that Lord Castlereagh was appointed Mr. Pelham's successor in 'April, 1799,' must be a slip of the pen; for the correspondence which follows shows that Lord Castlereagh's permanent appointment took place in November, 1798. The correction of these erroneous dates is not unimportant to Lord Castlereagh's political history.

However great may have been Lord Camden's personal confidence in the abilities of his young friend, it is obvious that Lord Castlereagh must have already acquired a high parliamentary position before—not Lord Camden only, but—the English Cabinet, could have ventured to invest him, even as a *locum tenens*, with so important a trust at such a crisis, when the administration had so formidable a parliamentary opposition to contend with, and the country itself was in a state of the most imminent danger—a complication of difficulties before which (as the editor states, and certainly was at the time supposed)

Mr. Pelham had retired rather from reluctance to face the gathering storm than from bodily illness. Some letters indeed in this collection might seem to indicate that Mr. Pelham's absence was, if not caused, at least prolonged by ill health; but we find little reason to doubt that the editor is correct in attributing his original departure to the difficulties of his ministerial position. It seemed at the time, and is not less so as an historical fact, very strange that at such a moment the chief minister should have left Ireland, whatever were his motives, without also resigning his office. We hoped these papers might have thrown some light on that transaction; but they do not; and we are only confirmed in our original suspicion that there was something in Mr. Pelham's *semi-retirement* which has not yet been explained, and at which we shall presently venture a conjecture.

The date of Lord Castlereagh's temporary appointment is not given, but we have ascertained it to have been the 27th of March, 1798, and the first despatch signed by him as Secretary is dated the 30th. The Rebellion was then on the point of exploding. A few days previous, the Executive Committee, and Messrs. Emmett, Sheares, and other heads of the conspiracy, had been arrested; and the first act Lord Castlereagh had to execute was to countersign a proclamation of the Lord-Lieutenant in Council, authorizing and directing the military to act immediately, and without waiting for the requisition of the civil power, in the suppression of rebellion and the protection of his Majesty's loyal subjects. We notice this the rather because Lord Castlereagh has been absurdly as well as calumniously charged with having fomented the rebellion with the secret view of subjugating Ireland to the necessity of a Union. Whatever may have been the causes, the circumstances, or the consequences of the rebellion, Lord Castlereagh was not in any way answerable for it—the rebellion was already flagrant before his responsibility commenced. His first duties were to suppress it. It undoubtedly afforded a strong additional argument in favour of the Union; but his views on that subject were of much earlier date, and contemplated deeper and more extensive dangers to the integrity of the empire than the unhappy accident of the rebellion: the measures of the Irish Parliament on the Regency and other subjects involving the question of independence—and indeed, the anomalous relations of the two countries—must, quite irrespectively of popular commotions, have speedily produced either union or separation.

It has been also attempted to connect Lord Castlereagh with some of the severities beyond the law—the retaliation, we may say, of the loyalists on conspiracy and rebellion. Such excesses were, we are old enough to know of our own knowledge, violently exaggerated; and, however much to be lamented, are, in the very circumstances of a civil war, inevitable—but they are in the first degree the guilt of those whose barbarities produce them—

‘nec lex est æquior ulla  
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.’

These despatches, however, as far as they give us any additional information, prove that Lord Castlereagh never countenanced any such excesses. His leaning was always to the side of mercy—and he was willing to treat even the guilty with indulgence. Indeed, Lord Brougham, who in the heat of party had, in the speech already referred to on the state of the nation in 1817, insinuated that Lord Castlereagh was privy to those alleged violences, has in his subsequent publication generously admitted that the complaints made against his Irish administration as regarded the cruelties during and after the rebellion were entirely unfounded (p.95;) and, again, that—

‘Lord Castlereagh uniformly and strenuously set his face against the atrocities committed in Ireland; and that to him, more than perhaps any one else, was to be attributed the termination of the system stained with blood,’ &c.—*Historical Sketches*, vol. iii. p. 155.

This testimony delivered by Lord Brougham with the cautious candour of an historian, in contradiction of his former declamation, is honourable to him, and a final and sufficient vindication of Lord Castlereagh.

Lord Castlereagh had been hardly seven weeks in office when the rebellion—which was already completely organized, and had in some instances actually exploded—burst out in full violence all over the country on the night of the 23rd of May. It is surprising how little of the history, either political or military, of that rebellion this Correspondence gives. We have looked in vain for anything that was not already known. The greater portion of the volumes which comprise that period is of the class we alluded to at the outset—of importance while matters were in suspense, but now of little or none: for instance, the largest class of documents is the communications of the Under-Secretary of State in England to the Irish Government, of reports concerning the armaments in the ports of France, and the probabilities of their being destined for

Ireland. Very important at the moment; but now that the object, the extent, and the result of all those armaments have become matter of history, we do not see the use of reproducing the rumours and conjectures to which they gave rise while in preparation. Lord Castlereagh’s own letters are very few in number, and most of them of a mere formal character. The following is the only passage we can select as giving any general view of the state of affairs, or of his own opinion on them:—

‘Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Wickham.

‘Private.

‘Dublin Castle, June 12, 1798.

Sir,—I am honoured this day with your letter of the 8th, the military intelligence of which will prove most acceptable on this side of the water. It is of importance that the authority of England should decide this contest, as well with a view to British influence in Ireland, as to make it unnecessary for the Government to lend itself too much to a party in this country, highly exasperated by the religious persecution to which the Protestants in Wexford have been exposed.

‘In that county it is perfectly a religious phrenzy. The priests lead the rebels to battle: on their march, they kneel down and pray, and show the most desperate resolution in their attack. The enclosed certificate is curious, as marking the complexion of the rebellion in that quarter. [It does not appear.] They put such Protestants as are reported to be Orangemen to death, saving others upon condition of their embracing the Catholic faith. It is a Jacobinical conspiracy throughout the kingdom, pursuing its object chiefly with Popish instruments; the heated bigotry of this sect being better suited to the purpose of the republican leaders than the cold, reasoning disaffection of the northern Presbyterians. The number of the insurgents is great,—so great as to make it prudent to assemble a very considerable force before any attempt is made to penetrate that very difficult and enclosed country.

‘The conduct of the militia and yeomanry has, in point of fidelity, exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Some few corps of the latter, and but very few in that vast military establishment, have been corrupted; but in no instance has the militia failed to show the most determined spirit. In this point of view, the insurrection, if repressed with energy, will have proved an invaluable test of our national force, on the disaffection of which our enemies either actually did, or professed, very extensively to rely.’—vol. i. pp. 219, 200.

This letter was written in the height of the rebellion, before the battle of Vinegar Hill, and while the issue still hung in some suspense; and the eulogy on the universal and unexceptionable loyalty of the militia was premature; in the French invasion, two months later, some regiments chiefly composed of Roman Catholics exhibited a very different spirit (vol. i. p. 337). Our readers, however, will observe the passage



in which, even under the indignation and horror which the frightful massacres committed by the Wexford rebels excited, Lord Castlereagh was anxious to be enabled to maintain a due restraint over the exasperated Protestants. And this is the more important, because this letter was written some days before Lord Camden was superseded by Lord Cornwallis, and must therefore have spoken *his* sentiments as well as his secretary's, and thus answers an imputation which has been made on Lord Camden's government, of having fostered, or at least inflamed, the rebellion in order to strengthen Protestant ascendancy. The truth is, as we have often stated, that in *all* Irish rebellions the general aspect of the parties is, that the rebels have been Roman Catholic and the loyalists Protestant.

In this mass of official detail there is so little personal anecdote that we are induced to give the following extract of a letter from Mr. Henry Redhead Yorke, then a reputed patriot, but, in *secret*, it seems the correspondent of the Government.

'August 3, 1798.—I was well acquainted in Paris with the two Messrs. Sheares, who lately suffered in Ireland. The fate of the younger did not surprise me, but I was astonished to learn that the elder was also implicated, for he was apparently a man of most meek and exemplary manners, the father of an infant, and a widower—ties sufficiently strong, methinks, to have curbed his ambition. He was, however, entirely under the influence of his brother, and, though he said little, he was quite (as the French say), when he did speak, *à la hauteur de la Révolution*. The younger was the *boutefeu* of all the exiled patriots there. He was the man who proposed an address to the Convention for carrying arms against this country. If you look into the preface of my trial, you will see the account, though while he lived, I never mentioned his name. I have heard it remarked, and I have found the remark just, that no subject of the British Crown, who entered into the views of the French, returned from France without importing with him much of the ferocity of the French character, and much of the bombast of their style. This has been fully illustrated by the manifesto that was found upon the younger. Laying aside his politics, he was a very accomplished young man. I went with both of them to Versailles, and we visited the Little Trianon, which the Queen of France had constructed. The younger Sheares was so enchanted with the taste of a person who could conceive so beautiful a retreat, that he fell on his knees, and swore he would plunge a dagger in the heart of every Frenchman he met, if a hair of her head were touched. I have sent you this little anecdote of those unfortunate gentlemen, whom I presume you did not know. I will not conceal that I felt deeply afflicted at their fate, and I sincerely wish that the impression may not be lost in any part of our country. The example is awful. May it serve to guard

the monarchy, and enlighten the deluded!"—vol. i. pp. 258, 259.

There is a great deal of correspondence concerning the machinations of the Irish rebels with the French Government, the evidence given before the Secret Committees of Parliament, and the revelations and final disposal of the state prisoners, the general features of which have been long before the public, and to which the details now given add little more than a general corroboration.

Long after the Rebellion had been driven from the field, and the two French invasions defeated, Ireland continued in a most disturbed state. Various leaders little above the lowest class of peasants still maintained themselves with predatory corps of freebooters and rebels in some mountainous districts; in fact the precarious state of the country and danger of another insurrection kept alive the alarm of all the Protestants and of all the friends to British connexion, and no doubt forced the question of the Union on the Government at large. It is strange that we find in this correspondence no hint of when, or how, or with whom the direct proposal of that measure originated. We have seen in Lord Castlereagh's early speeches that he had adopted the principles on which it was founded; but his correspondence affords no trace of his having been, as has been thought, the author of the proposition. The first direct allusion we see to it is in a private letter of Lord Camden in London to Lord Castlereagh, 'undated, but indorsed 1798,' and placed by the editor under the date of *October* in that year, but which we, from internal evidence, are satisfied must have been written in *July*—three months earlier. In this letter, after explaining his own and Mr. Pitt's views as to Lord Castlereagh's succeeding Mr. Pelham whenever the latter should think proper to resign, he says:—

'The King and every one of his Ministers are inclined to a Union, and it will certainly be taken into consideration here, and you will probably hear from the Duke of Portland upon it.'—vol. i. p. 376.

This rather looks as if the idea had *originated* in England.

The next allusion is in a letter from Lord Castlereagh to Mr. Pitt (17 September, 1798), in which, after detailing the unsettled state of the country and the disaffection of several regiments of Irish militia, and expressing his pleasure at the promise of large reinforcements from England, he adds:—

'I consider it peculiarly advantageous that we shall owe our security so entirely to the interposition of Great Britain. I have always been apprehensive of that false confidence which might arise from an impression that security had been obtained by our own exertions. Nothing would tend so much to make the public mind impracticable with a view to that future settlement, without which we can never hope for any permanent tranquillity.'—vol. i. p. 337.

This if written, as the Editor places it, before Lord Camden's letter, would look like an overture on the part of Lord Castlereagh, but it was really of a subsequent date.

Mr. Pelham writes to him on the 13th of September, that he had some talk with Mr. Pitt on a subject (evidently the Union) to which he heard that Castlereagh was more friendly than he (Pelham). Yet on the 26th of September, Mr. Marshall, private secretary to Mr. Pelham, and also very much in Lord Castlereagh's confidence, writes from London to acquaint him that the Union is resolved on—that the conditions are under discussion in the Cabinet; and he even enters into detail on some of the most important features of the intended arrangement—and this in a tone as if he was giving Lord Castlereagh information on a subject with which he was unacquainted. Early in October, Lord Chancellor Clare came over expressly to confer with the British Cabinet on this subject; but chiefly with the view—in which he unhappily succeeded—of overruling in Mr. Pitt's mind the opinion of, we believe, the majority of the Cabinet, that the settlement of the Catholic question should be a condition *sine qua non* of the projected Union. We are, on the whole, unable to affiliate the first proposition of this great measure to any individual minister, and we rather suppose that it had been suggested by the circumstances of the time—and nearly simultaneously—to the mind of every statesman who looked attentively at either the past history or future prospects of the two countries. An independent Ireland become a political, we had almost said a physical impossibility. Ireland may revolt—may even for a moment be revolutionized; but nature and the intermixture of blood, the interchange of property, the community of language and laws, and the social intercourse and habits of seven hundred years, have decided that the two islands must be one nation. And we believe that there was not then, and there is not now, one unprejudiced and disinterested person of a different opinion.

On the 2nd of November. Mr. Pelham's resignation was at length officially announc-

ed, and Lord Castlereagh was regularly nominated his successor. We hinted a few pages ago that we should venture a conjecture as to the extraordinary delay of Mr. Pelham's resignation; it is this. We think it highly probable that some of the Cabinet—the Duke of Portland for instance—were adverse to the appointment of so young a statesman, placed as they might think in so prominent a station by the *nepotism* of Lord Camden. It is certain, also, that strong objections were made, and we suspect by the King himself, to the appointment of an Irishman to that office; and we know from Mr. Pelham himself that 'he was induced by the opinion of persons, for whom he had the greatest respect, to suspend his resignation.' That 'opinion' may have been the result of a hope on the part of the opponents, that either he might be persuaded to resume his office, or some other candidate be found to set aside the young Irishman. Lord Cornwallis was, we believe, not at first inclined to continue Lord Castlereagh in office; but the crisis at which he arrived was too perilous to allow of a change, and being, after a little experience, convinced of Lord Castlereagh's official abilities, and won by his personal qualities, he recommended him so strongly, and Mr. Pitt was already so strongly impressed with his claims and talents, that all objections from whatever quarter were abandoned, and then Mr. Pelham willingly, and with much personal kindness to Lord Castlereagh, made way for him. This event concludes the first volume of the correspondence.

The second opens with intelligence from the secret informants of the Government concerning the movements of the Irish emigrants at Paris to obtain fresh assistance from France, and a corresponding activity of preparation among the disaffected at home. Amidst the mass of treason revealed in these communications, we find one passage that attests the accuracy of the informant, who states that when it was supposed that 'an expedition from the Texel was intended for Ireland, it was agreed that, as soon as the landing should be effected there, an insurrection should take place in London. Colonel Despard was to be the leading person—the King and Council were to be put to death,—and his force was estimated at 40,000 men ready to turn out.'—(ii. 3.) This information, which must at that time have appeared almost incredible, was but too completely corroborated in February, 1803, when Despard and six of his associates were convicted and executed for a plot to murder the King on his way to Parliament. We notice this, because any one

curious to trace the Jacobinical conspiracy which maintained the rebellious spirit in Ireland so long after the open Rebellion was put down, will find a good deal of such matter in the communications made by the Home Office in England to that of the chief secretary. They have little relation to Lord Castlereagh personally; they serve, however, to show a state of things which certainly the Government had no share in producing, but which rendered indispensable vigorous measures of immediate repression, and the Union as the future and inevitable remedy.

Immediately on Lord Castlereagh's permanent appointment that measure began to take an official shape. Early in November, 1798, the English Cabinet transmitted to Ireland the proposed articles of Union, and Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh began to sound their friends in both houses on the question. Here, and in the course of the long parliamentary struggle that ensued, the reader will probably look for a rich harvest of political scandal. We have heard so much of the corruption of the Irish Parliament, and of the profligate means by which the Union was carried, that it might naturally be expected that the confidential correspondence of the chief manager and tempter would afford some curious revelations. Such expectations will be disappointed. Whether Lord Castlereagh, with his characteristic good faith and honourable feeling, destroyed all papers that might have involved those who confided in him, or whether the editor's discretion has kept back anything that would tend to personal scandal, or whether, finally, the means by which the Union was carried were, in fact, not so generally and flagrantly corrupt as they were said to be, we cannot altogether decide; each of these three causes may probably have had some effect, but the result is certain, that these papers contain less evidence of corruption, or even undue influence, than we ourselves—who never believed half we heard of them—had anticipated.

We cannot say that they did not exist—they did, we make no question, to a certain degree. Was it to be expected that the Members of an independent representative assembly, who had hitherto enjoyed, and justly, the patronage of their native country—that the Bar, who found in the local parliament a ready road to wealth and rank—that the higher classes of the landed gentry, to whom the House of Commons opened the prospect of the peerage—and, finally, that the Peers themselves about to be merged by a species of decimation in the

British House of Lords—was it, we say, to be expected that all these great classes were to be voluntary accomplices in a measure which, however promising to public interests it might be, was so sudden an extinguisher of the most natural and most reasonable personal prospects? These volumes prove, and we know of our own knowledge, that many signal and noble sacrifices of private to public interests were made—but no doubt the adverse feelings of others not actuated by so high a principle were in many instances propitiated by favours, some of which might be justly stigmatised as *jobs*, or even worse. But this we also know, that if many were induced by such low motives to support the Union, a number quite as large were led by motives of just the same class, but acting in the opposite direction, to oppose it. All who are, like ourselves, old enough to recollect the time are well aware that the favour which won one vote lost sometimes another, and must admit that the conduct of the *soi-disant* patriots was liable to as much imputation as that of the courtiers. There was, however, this remarkable difference in favour of the latter—that there was not, we are confident, in either House of Parliament any man who did not abstractedly, and in his own mind, admit that the Union was necessary to the safety of Ireland, and the integrity of the empire. A needy proprietor of a borough was not sorry to receive a large sum by way of compensation for it—he supported. A rich one felt the borough to be of much more value than the compensation—he opposed. One noble lord wished for a step in the peerage; it seemed reasonable, and was given—he supported. Another asked the same favour; the circumstances were not so favourable—he was refused—and he opposed. A few such cases may be traced in this correspondence by those who know something of the under-history of the time—though they will perhaps escape younger readers. Lord Brougham, who was intimately acquainted with the most eminent opposers of the Union, frankly testifies 'that Lord Castlereagh had certainly no direct hand in the bribery practised.' We go a step farther. We believe that if there had been bribery he must have known it; and we therefore accept Lord Brougham's evidence not merely as an exculpation of Lord Castlereagh, but as a corroboration of our own opinion that the alleged corruption was extravagantly exaggerated, and we have, for example, a strong conviction that, if the whole truth were told, the *Union* transac-

tions would stand a very favourable comparison with those by which the *Reform Bill* was carried.

The Union was recommended in the Lord Lieutenant's speech on the 23rd of January, 1799, and the address was carried in opposition to an anti-Union amendment by a majority of only *two* (103 to 105). This was almost equivalent to a defeat; and on the report the Union clause was rejected by a majority of *five* (111 to 106). Lord Castlereagh's share in these stormy and most difficult debates cannot be better explained than by the Duke of Portland's reply to his letter announcing the unfavourable result:—

*The Duke of Portland to Lord Castlereagh.*

'London, Tuesday evening, Jan. 29, 1799.

"My dear Lord,—The conduct you have observed respecting the Union, in the two extraordinary debates you have had to sustain, has been so perfectly judicious and so exactly what could have been wished, that I should do the rest of the King's servants, as well as myself, great injustice, was I to defer our fullest assurances of the satisfaction it has given us, and of the important advantages we anticipate—I should say, with more propriety—which have been derived from the temper, the firmness, and the spirit you displayed on both these important and most trying occasions.'—vol. ii. p. 145.

The rest of the year 1799 was occupied by the Lord Lieutenant and his Secretary in endeavouring, not always successfully, to maintain the public peace, and in preparing for a renewal of the proposal of the Union. The correspondence shows, somewhat tediously, the great and conscientious pains with which the ministers on each side of the channel studied the question and endeavoured to reconcile the contending interests and claims, political, financial, and commercial, of the two countries; but the only object of now surviving importance is the negotiation, or rather communication, of the Irish Government with the Roman Catholics. It has been often asserted that the latter had engaged to support the Union, and did, in fact, essentially contribute to carry it, upon a stipulation on the part of the Government that their *emancipation* should accompany or at least immediately follow it. This was not so. There was in truth no such stipulation, nor, if there had been, would the Catholics have been entitled to enforce it; for although some few of their leading men were personally favourable (and yet very feebly so) to the measure, the general body professed absolute neutrality, and were in reality hostile. But both Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh were, on the general principle and inde-

pendently of the Union question, disposed to Emancipation; and it may very well be supposed that, having strongly professed that opinion while canvassing the support of the Catholics to the Union, they, as well as Mr. Pitt, considered themselves bound to resign when they found that they could not carry their views into effect. We are again disappointed at finding that these volumes give us no more, and indeed much less, insight into the real character of that transaction than we already had from other sources, and particularly the well-informed gossip of Lord Malmesbury. Though Mr. Pitt resigned, ostensibly—and, we have very little doubt, really—because he was not able to fulfil the expectations held out to the Roman Catholics by Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh, it seems as if he had had very little communication on the subject with either. Nothing, at least, in these papers shows that Lord Castlereagh knew more of what was going on in the Cabinet and the Closet than he might have heard in the clubs; and with this disappointment for us to the secret history of that remarkable resignation, the fourth volume of this work concludes.

It is one of the defects of this modern fashion\* of publishing in separate *livraisons* a work that, for aught we can discover, might be, and ought if possible to be, published together—that it interrupts very inconveniently the thread of the narrative or the course of a life; it tends also to prolixity. We see strong reason to believe that, if published at once, four volumes would have amply sufficed to comprise the whole of Lord Castlereagh's life, and all his papers that are of any permanent interest. But, as the matter now stands, these four volumes comprise barely three years of his life, and do not even bring him into the English Cabinet. We are thus abruptly forced to suspend, almost at his dawn, our sketch of his career.

But though we cannot but think that a vast deal of adventitious matter might have been advantageously omitted, there is one voluminous topic which happens, under our present circumstances, to have again become of great interest—we mean a STATE PROVISION FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY of Ireland, which Lord Castlereagh considered not merely an indispensable preliminary to the Emancipation, as it was called, of the laity, but a measure of justice and policy, which ought

\* We think it but justice to the noble Editor to say that arrangements of this sort are generally those of the publisher, who does not like to adventure a whole work at once. This, we admit, may be a fair tradesman's view; but it is in many ways injurious to literature.

to have been adopted without any reference to the general question. Lord Castlereagh proposed a considerable extension of the small allowance before made to the Presbyterian clergy, and was anxious to include the Roman Catholics in a similar arrangement. He made extensive inquiries both at home and abroad, in which he was assisted by that indefatigable advocate for a liberal arrangement with our Roman Catholic countryman, Sir J. Cox Hipplesley. The mass of information\* collected on this subject will be interesting to all who are disposed to investigate a question which is, we believe, the very most important of our day. We have already expressed our equal regret and wonder at the nature and tone of the opposition which has of late arisen to it. It is no longer, it seems, a question of policy, but of conscience—not of legislative judgment, but of religious faith—the measure would be not merely impolitic, but ‘sinful’—not a charitable provision for a destitute class of society, but a ‘criminal encouragement of idolatry.’ We have before said that we will not dispute on points of conscience, but we will say that such scruples are to us wholly unintelligible. They are of very recent date, for up to the last few years, often as this subject has been debated, no one, not even the most zealous Orangeman, ever took, that we remember, this purely religious objection—and we have before stated that when Mr. Pitt, Lord Cornwallis, and Lord Castlereagh resigned in 1801, because they could not carry Catholic Emancipation, those who were most prominent in successfully opposing that general concession—King George III., Mr. Addington, and Lord Loughborough—made no objection to a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. We have also stated that the plea of not ‘encourag-

ing idolatry’ comes too late in a State which acknowledges, protects, and pays the Roman Catholic Church established in our colonies of Malta and Canada, and which even in Ireland salaries Roman Catholic chaplains in every poor-house. By what hallucination can we persuade ourselves that it is lawful to salary the priest of the poor-house and sinful to salary the priest of the parish, who may perhaps be the very same person? But what can be answered to the case of the Roman Catholic clergy of Scotland, who received, half a century ago, from the British Government this ‘encouragement to idolatry’—as appears by the following letter to Sir. J. Hipplesley from two Scotch Roman Catholic prelates, Bishops Hay and Chisholm, men of great and deserved reputation in their church?—

‘Edinburgh, June 19, 1799.

‘Most dear Sir,—Only two days ago, the Lord Advocate found leisure to give us an audience, and this morning our affair was finally adjusted. Though you will probably know the terms on which matters were settled, we thought it our duty to let you know them from ourselves.

‘We are allowed such a sum for the support of our clergy as, with what we have of our own, will enable us to give each of them, according to our present number, 20*l.* yearly, with a small balance to be reserved for other common exigencies, as mentioned to you in a former letter would be necessary. Each of the vicars gets 100*l.*, and each of the coadjutors 50*l.*; also 50*l.* are allowed for each of our Colleges, to help their yearly support, and 600*l.* are to be given to each to defray the debts incurred in their erection. You will easily conceive how great a consolation this intelligence gave us, to see ourselves and our clergy, by this singular assistance from our generous benefactors, his Majesty’s Ministers, raised to a comfortable situation from almost absolute poverty.’—vol. ii. p. 333.

—and this in Scotland, where assuredly there never has been any disposition to encourage popish idolatry.

This allowance, we believe, was very soon withdrawn—but why, we know not. At least we have never met any other mention of it than that here made, and no farther explanation of it is given; but its grant and its acceptance are an important precedent, and particularly as affording an answer to another objection—‘the Irish priests will not accept your stipends.’ We have no doubt that great efforts would be made to induce them to reject a measure which would deprive the demagogues among them of their power of mischief; but no rational man has any doubt that it would eventually be generally accepted, though perhaps not now as gratefully as it would have been fifty years since. The various adverse

\* Amongst this mass there is, in an appendix to the fourth volume, a collection of papers, of which the Editor says that ‘though they neither belong to the period nor to the precise object of the Castlereagh correspondence, they appear too valuable, as illustrative of the condition of the English Catholics in the early part of the reign of George I., to be excluded. They must, I conceive, have originally belonged to the papers of Secretary Craggs; and form a small packet, endorsed *Letters from the Earl of Stair at Paris, in 1718, and Mr. Secretary Craggs in 1719, Duke of Norfolk, &c., concerning the Roman Catholic negotiation going on at that time in England; with a memorial and papers on that subject.*—iv. p. 486. This negotiation seems to have been a wild scheme of that audacious intriguer, the Abbé Strickland, who makes such a disgraceful figure in Lord Hervey’s Memoirs, as Bishop of Namur; but the details, however curious some of them may be thought, are certainly of no value at all, as far as depends on the good faith or morality of the negotiator.

feelings which the delay of adopting some such arrangement has fostered, cannot be expected to vanish at once; but we are well-satisfied that the anodyne effect of personal independence and domestic comfort on both the clergy and their flocks would be certain, and we even now believe that this result would be pretty soon apparent. Sir Edward Bellew, then one of the Catholic leaders, though hesitating a little to support the Union, 'was for connecting the Catholic clergy with the State' (ii. 50). Doctor Troy, R. C. Archbishop of Dublin, was, in conjunction with O'Reilly, R. C. Archbishop of Armagh, and Plunket, R. C. Bishop of Meath, authorized by an assembly of the Roman Catholic bishops to treat with the Government on the details of the arrangement—'the preliminary points having been previously agreed to and submitted to Lord Castlereagh, who expressed his approbation of them, and probably transmitted them to the Duke of Portland' (*Dr. Troy*, ii., 172). This paper unluckily does not appear, but there is abundant evidence (in addition to the Scotch case, which is directly in point) all through the correspondence that there was no conscientious or religious objection ever so much as surmised on the part of any Protestant to grant, or of any Catholic to receive, this alimentary provision. On the first defeat of the Union, the Irish Government thought it their duty to lay officially and confidentially before the English Cabinet the aspect which that question had then assumed, and the *state of parties* consequent upon it.\* This despatch, after stating that, in order to weaken the arguments for the Union, the Irish Opposition intended to introduce certain measures,—such as a regency bill and a scheme of joint finance,—that would obviate the apprehended danger of a collision between the two legislatures, proceeds to say:—

'This party will also call upon Government to make provision for the Catholic and Presbyterian clergy, as they have been taught to expect it; how far this measure, which *appears so*

\* This letter is stated in the correspondence to have been from Lord Castlereagh, to the Duke of Portland. We, however, cannot doubt that, though the draft may be in Lord Castlereagh's hand, the letter itself must have been signed by the Lord Lieutenant, who, according to official form was the proper correspondent of the *Secretary of State*. We find, a few pages later, the *Secretary of State* answering, *serialim*, to the Lord Lieutenant all the points of this letter. It seems clear, therefore, that this despatch must have borne the signature of his Excellency. This is of some importance, because there would be a difference between a private communication between two individual ministers, and the authority of an official despatch binding on the two cabinets.

*necessary in itself*, should be postponed and connected with the Union, it is for Ministers to decide.'—vol. ii. p. 141.

Thus the Irish Opposition and the Irish Ministry were both equally convinced of the popularity and the expediency, nay the necessity, of making a provision for the Catholic clergy, and inclined to run a race as to which should be the first to propose it. Now mark how these propositions were received by the English Cabinet, which contained men on whom the Protestant-ascendancy party had the greatest reliance, and whose opinion could have been hardly transmitted to Ireland without the sanction of the King. The Duke of Portland replies officially:—

'The provisions which may be proposed for the Dissenting clergy, as well of the Protestant as of the Roman Catholic persuasion, do not appear to me to require much more address, or to expose you to more difficulty or embarrassment in the treatment of them. We are of opinion that such a proposition, without adverting to the quarter from whence it may originate, or intimating a suspicion of the motives which may have suggested it, *should meet with a favourable reception, and a general good disposition should be manifested to entertain and discuss it.*'—vol. ii. p. 157.

And as if to mark even more strongly the assent of the Cabinet to this proposition, the next paragraph on the question of tithes is in a very different tone:—

'A directly contrary conduct is that which it is thought necessary for your Excellency to hold with respect to the question of Tithes. Should your apprehensions be realized by its being attempted to be made a subject of Parliamentary discussion, your Excellency will resist the introduction of it with firmness and decision, and you will let it be understood that it never can be entertained, unless some plan respecting them should so far receive the sanction of the Legislature of this country as to be thought deserving of its serious consideration.'—vol. ii. p. 158.

Further—our readers will recollect (*see Q. R.* vol. 79, p. 506) that a year later Lord Loughborough, then Chancellor of England, drew up and communicated to the King an answer to a paper\* of Lord Castlereagh's

\* We stated (*ubi supra*) that it was not exactly known to what precise paper Lord Loughborough's 'Reflections' replied; we have now no doubt that it was to a paper printed in these volumes, but, which, having no title or endorsement, the editor gives as anonymous. We must also, in reference to the passages on the same article of this Review relative to the date of Mr. Pitt's communication with the King on the Catholic question, add the following new evidence from Mr Cooke:—

'I find from Carter, the Primate's Secretary, that Mr. Pitt sent all your Catholic and Tithe papers to the King on the 18th of September [1800];

in favour of Emancipation, and that Lord Brougham attributed to Lord Loughborough's representations his Majesty's adverse determination on that subject. Now Lord Loughborough's paper, by him delivered to the King and by the King handed to Mr. Addington when he became minister, while it repels all the rest of Lord Castlereagh's proposal, cordially adopts that for the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. These are the English Chancellor's words:—

'The state of the Catholic clergy is quite a distinct consideration; it ought to have been taken up when the laws that proscribed the exercise of their functions were repealed: at that time it was unfortunately neglected, but it cannot be too soon resumed. That the clergy of a tolerated sect of religion should feel a certain dependence on Government is a wise and liberal policy: the mode of creating that dependence is a subject of much delicacy. It must not be such as to impair their influence over their people, nor lessen their respect, and therefore cannot be entirely precarious. The Government is stated to have already entered into some engagements on the subject, and they ought to be fairly fulfilled.'—vol. i. p. 511.

As individual authorities in favour of this measure we could produce almost every public man of the last half-century: indeed, we know not where, until within the last very few years, we could find a single dissentient voice. But individual authority,—even that of Pitt and Burke, Loughborough and Cornwallis, Castlereagh and Canning, George

that the King, in answer, expressed strong objections to the Catholic business; that Mr. Pitt mentioned the subject again on the 18th December, and again on the 18th, when the King stated that, sooner than concede, he would part with his life, expressing the strongest regret on Mr. Pitt's decision to resign.—You recollect our idea that his Majesty had not been early consulted.'—vol. iv. p. 83.

This seems at variance with several circumstances quoted in our article, and particularly with the King's own assertion, that he had never heard of the question being discussed in Cabinet till the 1st February, 1801. The least improbable solution of these discrepancies is, that Mr. Pitt transmitted Lord Castlereagh's paper without any explanation or intimation that he at all partook of his Lordship's opinions, and that the King had no idea that the matter had been made a Cabinet question, or was seriously intended on the part of Mr. Pitt. We find (iv. 2) that the most important person in the Irish cabinet, Lord Clare, was as much in the dark as the King. He complained of the silence of Lords Cornwallis and Castlereagh as a deception upon him, and they defended themselves by saying that they had no authority from the English cabinet to open the matter to any one. The fact seems to have been that, although there had been a good deal of preliminary discussion, it was all conditional—that it was not till just before the meeting of Parliament in January, 1801, that Mr. Pitt had made up his mind to bring forward the measure—and that it then took every one by surprise.

III. and Lord Sidmouth,—is, it seems, on this point alone to be disregarded by those who profess to be their disciples, followers, or admirers in all other respects. Those, however, of our readers who may have adopted the modern—indeed, we may say the recent—argument of 'the peril of idolatry,' will perhaps be startled at the following passage in a letter of Mr. Under-Secretary Cooke, a man of great talent and sagacity, of true independence and originality of character, and whose short, terse, and pregnant letters occupy, we think, nearly the best pages in these volumes. Mr. Cooke, just upon Mr. Addington's accession, writes to Lord Castlereagh:—

'It would be pleasant to look over all the laws relating to religion which were passed since the Reformation. The Reformed Church—I mean the Church of England—began by persecuting all other sects, and forbade the exercise of any religion different from the Established. They then tolerated the Protestant forms, legalised their places of worship, and enjoined the Sectaries to attend them. They, last of all, in the same manner, tolerated and legalised the Catholic worship, and enjoined Catholics to go to mass.

'Presbyterianism has been established in Scotland; and the Presbyterian and Catholic worship are as fully legalised and as fully in a legal sense established as the Church of England at this day.'—vol. iv. p. 91.

Mr. Cooke alludes, we presume, to the act of the 31 Geo. III. c. 32, introduced by that able lawyer, honest statesman, and stanch Protestant, Lord Redesdale; in which, amongst other relaxations of the penal code, there is a provision that the penalties for not attending the divine worship of the Established Church shall not attach to those who attend the places of worship authorized by that act—viz., places of Roman Catholic worship. This in spirit and effect amounts to what Mr. Cooke states it—a legal injunction to attend mass, which yet other co-existing laws pronounced to be 'impious and idolatrous.'

It is with sincere pain that we recur to this question, on which we have within the last few years had to regret a difference of opinion with a large class of friends, from whom on no other question have we any difference, and with whom we have walked hand in hand for forty of the most eventful years of domestic or European history. But we are obliged to do so on this occasion; first, because the subject occupies the most important as well as the most extensive portion of the volumes before us, and also because we feel the question to be of the most vital interest to the empire—of more even than the Union itself. But it is espe-



cially as Protestants, as affectionate and dutiful members of the united Church of England and Ireland, and as most deeply anxious and alarmed for the safety and honour of that portion of the Church now in a state of siege in Ireland, that we urge with all the united force of our conviction and our apprehensions—of our reason and our fear—of our sense of justice and of our sense of danger—that we urge—that we press upon our friends the peril of the course which some of them are pursuing. We wonder that these excellent men are not spontaneously alarmed at finding themselves associated on this question with the notorious and avowed enemies of all ecclesiastical endowments and establishments—with sectarians and infidels, who oppose anything that resembles an endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy only because it bears some relation, and would afford additional security, to the Established Church. We are not slightly acquainted with the sister kingdom—and we have no doubt that if the members of the Established Church in Ireland, and particularly the clergy themselves, could be brought to a ballot on this question, it would be carried by a large and overwhelming majority, both lay and clerical. We abstain from all discursive or theoretic reasoning; we lay aside for the moment all regard to the claims, the feelings of our Roman Catholic countrymen; we waive the doctrine of natural justice, and will not dwell on the example and experience of almost all the other civilized nations of the world. We submit to all the disadvantage of arguing the question on what may be called a narrow and selfish ground—the *safety of the Established Church in Ireland*: this may seem, we admit, compared to the great extent of the other arguments, a narrow ground: but so was Marathon, so was Thermopylæ. The Irish Church is, we have no sort of doubt, the frontier pass where the Protestant Establishment of the Empire is to be fought for—saved or lost! and it is with the deepest concern and most reluctant conviction that we avow our opinion, that if a reasonable and honourable *state provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland* be not adopted, the Established Church of Ireland will be swept away by the irresistible pressure which our own folly and injustice will have accumulated against her. *Deus avortet!* but such a consequent catastrophe appears to us infinitely more probable than was the generation of the Reform Bill from the unhappy obstinacy of the Tory cabinet in the cases of Grampound, Penrhyn, and East Retford. This provision for the Roman Catholic clergy is the EAST RETFORD

of the Irish church; but, if rejected—it is something more than *Reform* that will follow—in Ireland first—but as surely, and at no distant day, in England!

It is very remarkable that this work, originally intended by Lord Londonderry as no more than an historical vindication of his brother's character, should, by circumstances which he could not have foreseen, have obtained at the moment of publication a very peculiar character of interest and opportunity—that the *three* great leading objects and measures of Lord Castlereagh's political life—measures of infinitely greater importance than had been for near a century and a half connected with the individual responsibility of any British statesman—should have been, in that great Chapter of Accidents which bears the date of 1848, brought, we may almost say, to the *experimentum crucis*—to a trial such as no human foresight could have anticipated, and the result of which no human judgment can venture to predict:—

First, The provision for the Roman Clergy just treated of, which, after having been twice unexpectedly defeated in 1800 and 1825,\* is now, we are told by public rumour, upon the eve of a third ordeal—on the favourable result of which we believe the safety of the Protestant Establishment and general tranquillity of Ireland to depend.

Next, The Union—which, after having been for twenty years the pretended grievance of artful agitators, and employed by them as the means of bullying the Whig Ministry out of all their Irish, and much of their English patronage—fell into the hands of a crack-brained coxcomb, who—by an attempt richly deserving the gallows, if Bedlam had not a prior claim—has afforded to all who needed it, an additional proof that *repeal* is a mere stalking-horse in seditious debate, and, when brought into action, neither more nor less than High Treason.

The third measure, or rather series of measures, of Lord Castlereagh's policy which this eventful year has brought into question, is the great European settlement of 1815. The present generation has almost forgotten, or at least seems very inadequately impressed with, the difficulties and the merits of that arrangement. We do not now-a-days sufficiently appreciate how perilous was the attempt, and how desperate seemed the prospect on the accession of the Tories in 1807, of overthrowing or even arresting the gigantic despotism of Bona-

\* See Quarterly Review, vol. lxxvi. p. 231, for the details of the last proposition, which was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 48.

parte—nor when, contrary to the expectation of nine-tenths of mankind, that was accomplished in 1814–15, how arduous was the task of reconstructing the European system which had been overthrown as by an earthquake, and obliterated as by a deluge. Though the documents now published do not reach those times, the preliminary and biographical notices of the noble editor come seasonably to reproduce the early aspects of those great historical events, and to remind us of the gratitude that this country and the world owe to the statesmen of those days, and especially to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh—both in a peculiar degree the authors and agents of our power and our policy—for seven-and-forty years of the greatest material prosperity that these countries have ever enjoyed; and, strange to say, the longest peace that the civilized world has ever known. When before in the annals of Europe has the sword been so long sheathed? There was, as we have seen, a twenty years' war, and there was, as we have read, a *Thirty years' war*; but when before had the Western world known a three-and-thirty years' peace?\*

We cannot venture to guess—and it could be but guessing—what is to be the ultimate result of the convulsions under which the greater part of the Continent has been struggling for the last nine months; but thus much we are entitled to say, that the treaties of 1815 must have been based in a wise and liberal policy, and must have in an extraordinary degree consulted the interests and feelings of the various nations they comprised, when we see that in the midst of those convulsions—notwithstanding all the obloquy that the disaffected and agitating faction in all countries had for thirty years been lavishing on these treaties, there has been a manifest disinclination to disturb their principle or even their details. M. Lamartine, in his first vapouring circulars, blew as it were hot and cold upon them—he thought to make himself popular with the giddy multitude of revolutionists in his own country and throughout Europe by incidentally disavowing them, but he did not dare to interrupt or renounce them. Prussia has been revolutionised—Germany is a chaos of unintelligent and unintelligible confusion—Austria has been on the brink of total dissolution—the Emperor forced twice to fly, and final-

ly to abdicate—the Pope expelled\*—Lombardy conquered and reconquered—but, except in the single case of Naples and Sicily, we do not recollect that in all this confusion, there has appeared any serious and substantial derangement of the general principles of the international arrangements of 1815. The question of Sleswig-Holstein has no relation to that arrangement. We are well aware of the cry for an Italy, one and *indivisible*, but that vision is older than the Treaties of Vienna themselves, and does not seem, even after all the efforts and all the successes of the Italian revolutionists, to be one jot more rational or more feasible than it originally was; and, in the single open, distinct, and practical violence that has as yet been offered to the legitimate unrepealed authority of the Treaties of Vienna—the case of Naples and Sicily—we are obliged to confess with grief and shame, that it was the England of 1847 that in the first and greatest degree contributed to disturb the arrangements which the England of 1815 had been so earnest and successful in making. The irregular, insidious, and unconstitutional mission of Lord Minto to Italy in the autumn of 1847, was beyond all doubt the prime incentive to the disturbance in that portion of Europe. It is possible—indeed we have heard it alleged as if it were a defence, that he only anticipated the French Revolution—that the mischief which we charge him with doing in autumn, would have been as certainly produced in the following spring by the *propagande* of Lamartine and the Republic. This, if it were true, would only make the matter worse—that the Lord Privy Seal of England should be the harbinger of French Jacobinism. But even the Republic has practically repudiated the imputation. She has, in defiance of her own early professions, and of the sympathy which all her founders felt or affected for democratic revolution everywhere, and especially in Italy, in despite of solicitations from without and pressure from within, she has, we say, resisted the impulses which would have carried her into Belgium, the Rhenish provinces, and Lombardy, and inevitably kindled either a universal civil war or an anarchical chaos throughout the Continent. Her 'Army of the Alps' has been used, in fact, only to overawe Lyons and help in keeping down Paris. The only practical exception to the rule that she can be reproached with is, we repeat, one in

\* The suppression of the insurrection of Warsaw and Cadix, and the siege of Antwerp, can hardly be considered as exceptions to the general peace of Europe; they were topical remedies for local disorders, which fortunately the general system was strong enough to bear.

\* 'Ille viam secat ad naves—  
Tum se ad *Cadix* recto fert limite portum.'  
[Æn. vi. 899.]

which she was encouraged by and associated with ourselves—the menacing presence and unjustifiable intervention of the English and French fleets in the Straits of Messina to restrain the King of Naples from pursuing his advantages over his insurgent subjects—a conduct which, as we said in our last Number, exposed our Government to the unanswerable remonstrance and humiliating rebuke conveyed in the suggestion that Russia or the United States might under that precedent have sent their fleets into the Irish Channel to protect Mr. Smith O'Brien and the Irish insurrection. But this has been the sole exception—and of it we have said enough in a preceding article (*Italian Intervention*); and in spite of that exception we may still say that the treaties of 1815 remain public law—and we are as satisfied, as in such a stormy atmosphere as surrounds us we can be of any political prospect, that when Europe shall resettle herself, any arrangement that promises stability, tranquillity, and real independence must be founded on the general basis of those treaties, or on some analogous principles.

The result of the Presidential election in France corroborates, as far as we can judge of its influence, that expectation. On the state of Europe its immediate influence promises to be sedative. Without attempting to analyze minutely all the component feelings that ranged so enormous a majority under the banner of Louis Bonaparte, it is impossible not to be struck with the grand feature which—as recognized and admitted by all parties—it presents, namely, of being a gigantic *protest* against both the Revolution and the Republic. The numbers announced are worth recording:—

Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte	-	5,534,520
General Cavaignac	-	1,448,302
Ledru-Rollin	-	371,431
Raspail	-	36,964
Lamartine	-	17,914
General Changarnier	-	4,687
Sundry Votes	-	12,434
Blank or Unconstitutional Tickets	-	23,219
Total	-	7,449,471

—a total that, considering that there are not above 18 millions of males of *all ages and conditions* in France, seems to us an almost incredible number of actual and *bonâ-fide* voters.

It cannot be doubted that in this vast aggregate of votes given for Louis Napoleon a considerable number were influenced by the name—*magni stat nominis umbra*. But when we examine the returns, and compare the similar results produced in the

cities and great towns, where this class of voters is confessedly very small, with those of remote departments where it is thought to have been so numerous, we find strong reason to doubt that it was so influential as the Republicans would persuade us; and, indeed, the higher they could carry it the worse it would be for their case, for such votes, if really given to the memory of Napoleon, would be a demonstration in favour, not of monarchy merely, but of despotism. We have, in short, very great doubts as to the alleged extent of anything really deserving to be called Bonapartism. We know on the most undisputable authority that the peasantry in general went to the poll with the feeling and the cry of *il faut en finir avec la République*.

Even in General Cavaignac's minority we believe that there was a very great number whose votes expressed no very real devotion to the Republic. The General had on his side the strong hand of power and the strong box of influence; seven-tenths of the National Assembly had identified themselves with him, and what with the enjoyment of the government patronage and their own twenty-five francs a day they were, we admit, Republicans *à la Cavaignac*, and used whatever influence they had in their departments in his favour—but that was not much; for the majority of them were themselves elected under the influence of the cliques of the '*National*' and '*Réforme*,' and have really no substantial and hardly any personal interest in the places on which they had been imposed as representatives—while the direct influence of Government is, everywhere, in France so enormous that we confess we are very much surprised that the Dictator's numbers were not larger. From what we have seen, both formerly, and still more lately, of elections in France, we have very little doubt that half Cavaignac's electors would have voted for Bonaparte or Lamartine, or old Nick, if he had occupied the seat of power; and so far, indeed, we must admit that this large class of his voters were sincere Republicans, inasmuch as they consider their places as identified with the Republic. But another and more respectable class of Cavaignac's supporters were those who saw in him an antagonist to those who called themselves Republicans *par excellence*; they voted for the man whom they believed to have put down the socialist and democratic revolts of June, and to stand as the barrier between social order and the Red Republic. To those persons the sword of Cavaignac seemed a surer guarantee than a character so totally untried as that of Louis

Napoleon; and we are, therefore, satisfied that if some real Republicans may have voted for Bonaparte, a great many of a more respectable class voted for Cavaignac out of mere terror of the Republic.

Of the Real or Red Republicans—and after all there are no real Republicans in France except the Red ones—the united numbers that voted for Ledru-Rollin and Raspail seem but as dust in the balance. We, on the first burst of the Revolution, stated on the best authority that infinitely the smallest of all parties in France was the Republican, but it made up in noise, activity, and courage what it wanted in numbers. We now see how just our information was: but we must at the same time confess that we think it is in reality greater than it appears in these returns; for it cannot be doubted that many Republicans, placed in office by the Revolution, have voted for Cavaignac; and that a still greater number preferred, to either Ledru-Rollin or Raspail, the candidate who professed himself 'proud of being the son' of a Regicide and a Terrorist. It is certain, however, that they are and have been all along in number the weakest party, and that they owe all their success and their miraculous imposition of a Republic on the reluctant nation in last February to the maxim of one of their grand prototypes of 1793, '*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*' Low as they stood on the late poll, we have such a conviction of their activity and audacity, and have had so sad an experience of the want of energy in any other party, and, indeed, in the nation at large, that we shall not be surprised to find this knot of desperate adventurers very soon resuming a forward part, and exhibiting once more their formidable predominance.

But, of the general character of the election, as a protest against the régime of the last nine months, nobody affects to doubt: it is the boast of the majority, it is the complaint of the minorities, that the contest was between Republic and Reaction, and that Republic has been distanced. The two great agents and organs of the February Revolution—the '*National*' and the '*Réforme*'—attest the unpalatable fact with equal reluctance and bitterness. They talk of the 'felon hands of the royalists which filled the electoral urns with adulterous votes.' They see in the result a 'terrible reaction in which all the parties that the Revolution had overthrown and kept down were now coalesced against it;' and they go so far as to hint that universal suffrage may be so abused, that it might become necessary to resist by force its hostility to the

Republic. Their trust is now in the National Assembly, which, chosen by a mere Jacobinical exercise of universal suffrage, they are inclined to prefer to that which has produced the President, and, with a view to this antagonism, they urge the Assembly to prolong its own existence and retain its sovereign power as a restraint on that of the President. On the other hand, the public opinion of France calls loudly for the dissolution of the Assembly, which, having fulfilled the constituent duty for which it was called, had no right, it is contended, to extend its mission under pretence of voting what they call organic laws. This affair seems to us very serious, and may perhaps produce—as the '*National*' already prophesies—the same kind of struggle that a similar usurpation on the part of the Convention produced on the 13 Vendémiaire (5th of October, 1795), when the *mitraille* of Bonaparte gave the victory to the Convention against the Constitution. Our doubt is, that the Assembly, which suffered itself to be so often outraged, and once ignominiously expelled, and which must feel that it is not the voice of the country, will ever venture on a *coup d'état*. It certainly will not, unless the state of the public mind should undergo a radical change.

All the world now sees why neither the Republic itself, nor,—contrary to every precedent (and there have been ten or a dozen)—the Constitution was submitted to the sanction of the people: the first would probably, the last certainly, have been rejected. But what a spectacle does so great a country as France now exhibit; submitting herself to a form of government which she had not chosen and against which she protests by such an enormous demonstration as we have just seen in favour of a person for whom not one in ten of the electors cared a rush, who had been twice since the Revolution most unjustly denied the common rights of a French citizen, without one friendly voice being raised in his behalf, and who now is elevated to the Government of the State by five millions and a half of voices, with no other real recommendation than a degree of personal insignificance that made him a fit receptacle for every class of vote hostile to the Republic, and a stop-gap for the more important personages whom their friends do not yet venture to produce! The whole revolution—Republic, Assembly, Constitution, President—all have been and are—let us be forgiven the expressive term—a gigantic humbug from beginning to end. It is a solemn farce, intermixed with deplorable episodes, in whose duration no man, friend or foe, has any confidence; and

in which all that is real is the misery it has caused to individuals and the ridicule and disgrace which it inflicts on a great country. But this state of things, much as we deplore it for the sake of France herself, promises at least this beneficial consequence: that the new Government has been notoriously elected on principles of peace and order at home and abroad, from which it will have, we trust, neither the wish nor the power to depart. The President will have more than enough to do in endeavouring to manage his Assembly, and to keep together that rope of sand by which he was hoisted to the chair; and the Assembly, and all the various parties which divide it and the country, will, we hope, be indisposed to increase their difficulties at home by aggression on their neighbours. We are very well aware of how short the duration of the Presidential administration may be—it may not last as many months as the written constitution prescribes years. It has opened with one of the strangest anomalies of this whole *annus mirabilis*—the last Minister of Louis-Philippe is the first Minister of Louis-Napoleon; and it requires no great foresight to anticipate the discordance and confusion which must arise from the placing at the head of the Republic a man, who, both by his personal position and the avowed object of a majority of his supporters, is anti-pathetical to a Republic. We have no great doubt that he himself, in spite of the awkward *je le jure* so lately pronounced, has some visions of the *Empire*. We even believe that the army and populace would to-morrow proclaim him *Emperor* on very slight provocation; and that the friends of

Monarchy in the abstract would not unwillingly lend themselves to such a transition. But, on the other hand, many of those who were the most active and influential promoters of his election are already, if we are rightly informed, to be reckoned amongst his most formidable enemies; and we ourselves have, on general principles, little expectation that a bare pole, without root or branches, can long stand in that stormy region of storms.

But all this, whichever way the internal struggle may turn, must, we think, tend to discourage whatever faction may predominate from disquieting other countries; and we therefore venture to indulge a hope that the international peace of Europe is not likely to be further endangered; and on the part of our own country we also hope that even Lord Palmerston himself, so long considered—and we fear but too justly—to be the *boute-feu* of Europe and the disturber of all legitimate governments, will be restrained—if not by some return of his earlier good principles and good sense—at least by the force of events and the alarm which those events cannot have failed to produce on the mind of his colleagues and his Mistress. But if not—we trust that early in the next Session the voice of Parliament will authoritatively communicate to him and his colleagues its resolution that the foreign policy of this country should be conducted on the principles of Castlereagh, and of his friends, colleagues, and successors, Aberdeen and Wellington—the only system that can be honourable to this country or safe for Europe.

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- ART. I.—1. *A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar.* By the Rev. Dr. Brewer. 1848.
2. *The Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life familiarly explained.* By Charles Foote Gower, Esq. 1847.
3. *Astro-Theology.* By the Rev. Henry Moseley. 1847.
4. *Traité Philosophique d'Astronomie Populaire, ou Exposition Systématique de toutes les Notions de Philosophie Astronomique, soit scientifiques, soit logiques, qui doivent devenir universellement familières.* Par M. Auguste Comte. Paris, 1845.
5. *The Danger of Superficial Knowledge : a Lecture* by James D. Forbes, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and Corresponding Member of the French Institute. 12mo. 1849.

POPULAR science is less a concession to the spirit of our age than is by many imagined. It has always in modern times been the humble attendant on mathematical philosophy, like the squire on the knight in the days of chivalry. 'Let us,' says D'Alembert, 'find out the thing—there will be no lack of persons to put it into shape;' and, in fact, since the revival of letters, whenever a discoverer has delivered the text, there have been plenty of commentators to expound it to the multitude. His immediate pupils have become his interpreters to the larger audience, who, without taste or time for algebra and geometry, were eager to be initiated into the laws of the universe. But though several manuals, either original or translated, existed previously, it was the publication of the *Principia*—the greatest step ever taken in mathematical physics—which gave in England, by the splendour

and interest of its discoveries, an equal impulse to popular science. The homage which innovators must often await from posterity it was Newton's good fortune to receive from contemporaries. A system above attack, and a genius too pre-eminent for envy, might not of themselves have silenced opposition; for ignorance and prejudice hear no reason and respect no claims. But the abstruseness of the *Principia* ensured him a trial by a special jury. None could approach who were incapable of appreciating the work, and in its main positions to understand and be convinced by it were identical things. Being written in a language which only scholars could read, and consisting of reasoning which only the profoundest geometricians could comprehend, the sale of necessity was exceedingly slow. A single edition satisfied the demand for more than twenty years. Philosophers are always a minority, and Halley wrote to Newton while it was printing, that even of philosophers 'by much the greater number were without mathematics.' But the scientific literature of those twenty years is a conclusive proof that it was not neglect which retarded the circulation.\* It found an audience fit though few—persons who received it with the reverence of disciples, and placed their glory in extending

\* The interval which elapsed between the first and second editions of the *Principia* is the principal argument of those who delight to discover that great works were received with indifference on their original publication. Our remarks throughout are confined to Great Britain, but it would be easy to refute the assertion of Voltaire that Newton at his death had not above twenty followers out of England. It was a gross and wilful exaggeration to enhance the importance of his own services in spreading the Newtonian philosophy.

the renown of the master. The fondest idolatry could hardly heighten panegyrics which were only not extravagant because Newton was their object. 'The incomparable' and 'the illustrious' were the epithets bestowed on him; his genius was said to be more than human, and it was affirmed that the united discoveries of mechanical science from the creation of the world did not amount to a tenth part of what he, in a single publication, had disclosed. Stamped with the approbation of consummate judges, the majority accepted the conclusions of the *Principia* without cavil or mistrust, and joined in admiring truths the demonstration of which they were incompetent to understand. Locke, after obtaining from Huygens, with characteristic caution, an assurance that the mathematical propositions of the *Principia* were unimpeachably correct, studied for himself, in the original work, the physical laws, and enrolled himself among the adherents, as he was before among the friends, of its author. Newton appears to have been proud of the circumstance, for he often related it. The bulk of the public might well be content with the authorities and arguments which satisfied the sceptic scrupulosity of Locke. In the mean while the first students constituted themselves the centres of fresh circles, for whom they simplified a geometry obscure from its depth and often from its brevity, and supplied connecting links to what Newton left a disjointed chain, seemingly unconscious that the intuition of others was less than his own. Each succeeding circle, as when a stone is flung into the water, gave birth to a wider, which, after the lapse of a century and a half, is still enlarging as population increases and education is diffused.

It was in 1687 that the *Principia* appeared, and within three or four years at furthest its doctrines were taught officially in the universities of England and Scotland. Newton himself took care of Cambridge. Edinburgh and St. Andrews, worthily represented, the first by David Gregory, the second by his brother James, had, previous to 1690, began to train their scholars in the new philosophy. Oxford, which, notwithstanding the celebrated Wallis filled the chair of geometry, was, we suppose, deficient in indigenous mathematicians, imported David Gregory from Scotland in 1692, and made him Savilian Professor of Astronomy. He justified their choice by the publication of his *Elements of Physical and Geometrical Astronomy*, which won from Newton the praise that it was an excellent explanation and defence of his system, and which Keill, the countryman, pupil, and successor

of Gregory, predicted would last as long as the sun and the moon. But the plaudits of a generation are not immortality. Gregory's sun is almost set. The remaining copies repose upon upper shelves, and the spider spins its web from cover to cover, secure that it will not be snapped by the opening of a book which time has closed.

It was Gregory's object to bring down the *Principia* to the average level of mathematical minds. Keill went further, and sought to reduce science to the lower level of instructed mankind. What Gregory in his *Elements* did for Newton, Keill did for Gregory in his *Astronomical Lectures*, which were first read to his class at Oxford, published in Latin in 1718, and again in English, translated by himself, in 1721. That a treatise on astronomy should involve a certain amount of geometry is little more than to say that to write implies the use of an alphabet. But a partial knowledge of Euclid is nearly all that Keill's lectures require, and though only explaining the movements of the heavenly bodies, and not the physical causes which produce them, they have never been surpassed, within their limits, for clearness of conception and simplicity of exposition. Another work of Keill, less laborious but more esteemed, preceded his *Astronomy*. He delivered in 1700, in the schools of Oxford, a course of lectures in Latin on the elements of mechanics, and a year afterwards committed them to the press under the title of '*Introductio ad veram Physicam*.' Maupertuis had such an opinion of this little treatise, that on his visit to England in 1729 he procured its translation into the vernacular tongue, and it is stated in the *Biographie Universelle* that when the Newtonian philosophy took root in Paris, it was considered the best introduction to the *Principia*. It deserved the distinction. The fundamental principles of mechanical science are here made easy to ordinary apprehension, with a sparing use of geometrical demonstrations—and those clear, elegant, nearly self-evident—what most knew and all could learn. But a greater merit was the familiar illustrations which, rendered traditional by their singular aptness, are as surely repeated, as the laws they elucidate, in every succeeding work of the kind. What proportion of them was due to his predecessors, and what to himself, it is difficult to determine. Writers on science have generally professed a greater awe of pedantry than of plagiarism, and contenting themselves at most with general acknowledgments, have declined to distinguish borrowed from proper wealth. It is not always they are willing to submit to the



treatment they inflict. It is amusing to see authors, who are rich in rifled plumage, eagerly asserting a claim to some solitary feather plucked from themselves. Keill's originality is rendered probable by the repeated references of his immediate successors, who, if earlier claimants had existed, were likely to have known them.

Keill now took the final step in popularising science. The system of Descartes was supposed to owe much of its success to the circumstance that it was independent of mathematics. All adopted what all could understand. Many had been heard to say that if geometry was indispensable to the Newtonian philosophy, they would continue Cartesians, preferring sloth and fiction to labour and truth—and more were influenced by the same motive, although ashamed to confess it. Keill was desirous to deprive the enemy of the advantage derived to error from indolence, and he hit on the scheme of making experiment do the work of geometry—of demonstrating through the action of mechanical contrivances what had hitherto been established by mathematical reasoning. In the year 1704 or 1705 he commenced a course of lectures at Oxford, in which, by means of philosophical apparatus, the conclusions of theory were reduced to practice. Others had exhibited isolated phenomena:—Keill was the first who gave a connected system of Natural Philosophy in which every experiment was the proof of a proposition, and every proposition a step in the argument. From hence dates a fresh era for science. The Cartesians, finding the abstractions of the mind made visible to the eye, no longer objected to the Newtonian philosophy that it was in alliance with mathematics: and the more numerous body who in assenting to discoveries, the pride of their country, believed they scarce knew what, and scarce knew why, were enabled to exchange a blind trust for an enlightened conviction. A logical system of science was converted into an entertaining exhibition, and crowds flocked to the lectures not more to be instructed than amused. Thus out of a university which has often been accused of its anti-popular tendencies in education, issued Natural Philosophy in its most popular and attractive form, and there are some who have since sought honour in the same path who little dreamt that they drew their pedigree from an Oxford professor.

Keill left Oxford in 1710. A pupil (son of a Nantes refugee), by name Desaguliers, afterwards the friend and assistant of Newton, succeeded to his office, and continued lecturing for three years at Hart Hall. Then

he removed to London, where he enjoyed a long and triumphant career. He states in the Lectures he published in 1734 that he was engaged in his hundred and twenty-first course; that of eleven or twelve persons who pursued his profession in different places, eight were his scholars; that he had numbered among his audience two successive monarchs, George I. and George II.:—and shows that the patronage was likely to descend with the crown, by subscribing himself in the dedication 'Experimental Philosopher to the Prince of Wales.' What was more to the purpose, 'all ranks and all professions' hastened to be initiated into the Newtonian physics, and he specially records that 'the ladies' went to school to him as well as the men. They appear to have intended something more than to while away a tedious hour when weary of parties, concerts, and plays; for Keill mentions in the translation of his Astronomy that he made it 'at the request and for the service of the fair sex.' England had then no Mrs. Somerville. But in other respects the female generation which heard the lectures of Desaguliers and read the Astronomy of Keill have left their descendants slender reason to boast the march of intellect in science, to think with contempt of their ancestors, or with pride of themselves. Natural philosophy had, in fact, for a period, become the fashion, and it is the fate of fashions, both wise and foolish, to pass away. While the world grew wiser its accomplished teacher did not grow richer. It is mournful to relate that from want of prudence, or want of patronage, Dr. Desaguliers fell into penury, and Cawthorne tells in nervous and pathetic verse—

'How he who taught two gracious kings to view  
All Boyle ennobled, and all Newton knew,  
Died in a cell, without a friend to save,  
Without a guinea, and without a grave !'

It was said by a French wit that wives and almanacs were only of value for a year. Books of science, without much exaggeration, might have been placed by the side of almanacs and wives. Discovery is the companion of Time, and new doctrines incessantly added, erroneous notions as constantly exploded, soon render summaries of knowledge inaccurate and incomplete. There are no standing classics among the manuals of science—not owing to any deficiency either of talent or of industry, but because a portrait loses its resemblance when the features of the subject are altered by time. The works on Natural Philosophy which, from primitive defects, do not perish of disease, in the nature of things must die of old age.

But apart from the disadvantage of writing from a scroll continually unrolling, the popular authors of Newton's era will stand a comparison, as instructors, with nearly all of the many who have built on their foundation. The art of explanation has received few improvements. In its methods and resources it remains much as it was left by Keill and Desaguliers. Their principal point of inferiority is their style. They never thought of tempering the severity of science by the graces of literature. Unless when restrained by a learned language, they were more mindful of what they said than how they said it, and wrote with all the carelessness and familiarity of conversation. But though this negligence was a defect in itself, it was the cause of a merit; for only labouring to be plain, they sacrificed nothing to dignity of phrase and harmony of periods. They are often in consequence easier to be understood, especially by beginners, than those that came after. If their style, too, is without art, it is likewise without effort; and if it never delights, it seldom tires. It may, indeed, be doubted whether the change from loose to elaborate composition has not been rather brought about by the ambition of authors than the requirements of readers. It is, we think, generally felt that the present tendency is to soar too high; and we fear, to be candid, that the florid rhetoric of not a few of our instructors is of kin to their eagerness for small titles and decorated button-holes.

\* One of the earliest English authors who adopted a style befitting the subject, was the well-known Maclaurin, whose popular account of Newton's *Principia* was published in 1749. He never attempts to round sentences, he deals in none of the artifices of composition, and rigidly eschews every species of ornament; but there are no traces of colloquial feebleness. His unadorned language is as masculine as the sense—the natural product of a vigorous mind which expresses with force what it sees with clearness. A year before the publication of the work of Maclaurin appeared the first of Franklin's *Letters on Electricity*, which, if they had not been celebrated for the discoveries they contain, would have become so for the manner in which the discoveries are conveyed. Circumstances rendered Franklin a politician; Nature meant him for a natural philosopher. He was equally formed for finding out new facts or elucidating old—could dig the ore or work the metal. His style is plain, but always racy, with a due admixture of point and terseness. In the departments of science to which he gave his attention his explanations are the clearest

ever penned. He never sat down satisfied with a vague conception, or attempted to pass one off upon others. He understood himself, and took care that his readers should understand him also. It is to be wished that he had made a wider application of his skill. He would undoubtedly have enabled us to read many things running which now oblige the student to halt in his progress, and lose time and patience in interpreting an obscure and imperfect direction. What Franklin did not complete himself, his example may still teach others to perform. His scientific essays should be the model of the popular instructor to show him to what a point of perspicuity it is possible to attain. Natural philosophy no longer appeared in a dress which disgraced her. But, after all, perhaps the first who wrote upon science like a true man of letters was Oliver Goldsmith. His latest production was '*A Survey of Experimental Philosophy*,' partly printed during his life, and published after his death. It is very improbable that Goldsmith troubled his head about science till the bookseller gave him an order for the work, or that he lingered over his studies when urged by duns and bailiffs to hasten on. Yet it is a remarkable proof of the versatility of his talent, and the quickness of his apprehension, that there are few inaccuracies except what arose from the state of knowledge in his time, though certainly he only reeled off the thread while it came disentangled, and forbore to meddle with Gordian knots. But one excellence he could never want. Whatever passed through Goldsmith's mind was sure to come out in a better form than it entered in. With many marks of haste, his treatise abounds in felicities of sentiment and expression which cost him nothing, and are nevertheless beyond the reach of imitation. They belong to those peculiarities of individual genius which are never repeated, and there is scarce more chance of the reproduction of Goldsmith's face than of that happy art by which he made *Natural History* and *Natural Philosophy* 'as entertaining as a Persian tale.'

\* Intellectual pursuits have all their vicissitudes, and are more in favour at one time than another. Popular science, never altogether without professors and pupils, shared the general fate, and sometimes thrived and sometimes languished. But it would be useless to trace the ordinary variations of its progress year by year, or attempt to estimate the host of productions which marked its career. They were written for contemporaries, not for posterity. They mostly died with their authors, and are nearly as much forgotten as though the authors, like

the wizard Michael Scott, had carried their works with them to the tomb. There is no eventful occurrence to record till the establishment, in our own day, of Mechanics' Institutes, of which a prominent design was the propagation of elementary science among the people. By means of libraries, reading-rooms, and lectures, the knowledge appropriated to the upper classes was to be shared by the lower. The most extravagant hopes were entertained by some of the supporters of this movement. They were persuaded of the existence of numerous 'mute inglorious' Bacons and 'village' Newtons, who only lacked the aid of a Mechanics' Institution to dazzle the world by the lustre of their genius. They looked for glaziers' shops to send out fresh D'Alemberts, printing-offices to pour forth Benjamin Franklins, millwrights to furnish Brindleys, and mathematical instrument-makers a succession of Watts. Not a single luminary has yet appeared, nor is one likely to appear who would not anyhow, despite impediments, have worked his way into notice. Heaven-born geniuses may take advantage of the opportunities which mechanics' institutions afford: but they are not dependent on them:—they can make opportunities for themselves. Others formed more reasonable expectations. They conceived that if workmen, who passed their lives in the execution of arts and manufactures, were put in possession of the philosophy of their employments, they could hardly fail to descry defects and invent improvements: or if the accommodations of life were not enlarged, that a body of men would at least be refined in their habits and tastes. There were even instances which seemed on the ground of the merest philanthropy to demand interference. Ignorance is foolhardy. Miners constantly fell victims to the explosion of inflammable gases, because they persisted in removing the wire-gauze, which is the protective part of Sir H. Davy's lamp, preferring a clear and dangerous to a dim and innocuous light. Miners, however, had the chances in their favour. But needle-grinders were exposed to destructive influences which left them with barely a hope of escape. They died by wholesale in the prime of manhood from the constant inhalation of particles of steel which, settling in their lungs, caused a fatal disease called 'grinder's asthma.' Mr. Abraham of Sheffield discovered a preventive. Masks of ~~craps~~ were studded with magnets which attracted the steel and stopped it short in its passage to the mouth; but the needle-grinders could never be got to wear them. Rather than submit to an innovation, they persisted in sowing the seeds of a lingering

disease and an early death, and went to their graves the victims of a prejudice. It was thought that in cases like these better knowledge might add to the sense of danger, or, where that was unquestioned, give faith in the remedy. With such views, and such anticipations, was popular science served up to the million. But the thirst for instruction had been greatly overrated. When the water was brought to the horse, either he would not drink, or would only take it by sips. Bodily fatigue is a poor preparation for mental exertion, and none were willing to add midnight studies to a hard day's work. A certain number were found to play with the parts of knowledge which stimulate and amuse, but they paused at the point where recreation passes into toil. The managers themselves seemed by their proceedings never to have intended serious instruction. Every meeting the entertainment was varied, and fragments from all the arts and sciences, from all descriptions of literature, moral, metaphysical, historical, imaginative, were dealt out in succession, without regard to their connexion, the wants of the audience, or to anything except the fancy of the performer for the night. In the phrase of Johnson, there was a mouthful of all subjects and a bellyful of none.

From such a system nothing could be gained except crude ideas forgotten as soon as heard, or, if remembered, more likely to mislead than to direct. Results are seldom completely negative. Where good is missed evil is produced. Many a worthy mechanic was injured in his morals, his manners, and his mind by the sudden smattering he obtained of a craft which was not his own, and never were there more examples of the truth that, though a great deal of knowledge steadies the head, a little overturns it. It has, indeed, been answered, that the little knowledge of the present day is more than the famous Friar Bacon could boast, which is only correct of certain facts that the progress of science has rendered familiar, and would be false if affirmed of the aggregate of Bacon's lore. Nor is there the slightest force in the observation so far as it applies. What is much in comparison with former ignorance may be little relatively to its effects upon the mind. Most of the slender physical knowledge which Friar Bacon possessed he had wrested himself from the realms of darkness by patient investigation, or gleamed from mystic books by long study and laborious thought. It is this exercise and discipline of mind which gives it power and depth, which teaches man humility, and enables him to use his knowledge with wisdom. The modern sciolist, on the contrary,

may learn a thousand things unknown to Bacon, simply by opening his eyes and ears, because, like the problem of the egg proposed by Columbus, when once discovered they are apparent to a child. But as they are acquired without reflection or perseverance, so the mind is left in its native weakness, and may be unable to apply with judgment its pittance of learning, or may turn it to vain and evil purposes. The acute and patient thinker of the dark ages, who never guessed the atmosphere in which he lived had weight, was nevertheless a philosopher of profound understanding, while he whose lecturer has taught him *ex cathedra* that it presses fifteen pounds to the square inch, may, notwithstanding the superiority of his information, remain a feeble, conceited, shallow man. A few easy acquisitions will not diminish the distance between a modern dunce and an ancient sage. 'Facts,' says Professor Forbes, 'are not knowledge, any more than books have understandings.\*' Some love of science mechanics' institutions have probably diffused. But hitherto they have remained inefficient schools for the labouring classes, and done more to justify the fears of opponents than the hopes of friends.

In the same spirit, and under the same auspices, Mechanics' Institutions were followed up in 1826 by the foundation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Very few of the multifarious productions which they sent forth rose above mediocrity, and many fell below it. Of the scientific treatises, which were unquestion-

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\* In a speech delivered two or three years ago at some Edinburgh Institute, Mr. Macaulay, then M. P. for that city, introduced not only Friar Bacon but Strabo, and the comment of Professor Forbes is worth transcribing:—'If we would implant a principle dangerous to the intellectual character and fatal to real progress, it would be that of measuring the value of our acquirements by any *fixed* standard whatever. Yet Mr. Macaulay says, "The knowledge of geography which entitled Strabo to be called the prince of geographers, would now be considered mere shallowness on the part of a girl at a boarding-school." The contrary is the fact. The knowledge of Strabo was a profound knowledge of geography, and it produced the effects of profound and well directed knowledge—it was a knowledge ever increasing, yet ever tempered by the conviction of ignorance—a knowledge which taught his contemporaries to enlarge their acquaintance with the common family of man, to extend commerce and to preserve human life,—whereas the knowledge of the boarding-school, unless it be tempered with more humility than can be reasonably looked for whilst such comparisons are uttered by men of talent upon such occasions, will begin in ostentatious displays of memory, and end in pedantry and contempt.'—*The Danger of Superficial Knowledge*, pp. 44, 45.

ably the best, it is praise enough to say that they were moderately good. The rank and eminence of some of the founders of the society, joined to audacity in puffing and lowness of price, secured for the first tracts issued an immense circulation. Thousands bought who never read them, for cheap literature would have a short reign if people were not tempted to put more on their shelves than they do into their heads. But thousands, who purchase to peruse, had their attention drawn to a neglected study, and, as the appetite could be satisfied by the means which created it, the early publications of the Society largely promoted the spread of popular science. The service begun was not carried on in the more ambitious departments of a work that otherwise deserves much praise—their 'Penny Cyclopædia.\*' To write above the larger portion of the world, and below the remainder, is, in effect, to write for no one. The 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' was an improved imitation of the publications of the Society; and here again the Natural Philosophy bore away the honours of the day. Not one of the eminent authors, who treated upon historical and literary topics, wrote up to his reputation. They conspired to show that men of high mark can, upon occasion, sink nearly to the level of a bookseller's drudge. But the 'Discourse on Natural Philosophy,' and the 'Treatise on Astronomy,' added fresh lustre to the name of Herschel, and the masterly Treatises of Dr. Lardner can hardly be praised too highly for the clear and full development of principles, for the precision of the language, and the accuracy of the statements. His great superiority over ordinary writers will be felt by all who read the 'Manual of Electricity and Magnetism,' commenced by himself, and afterwards completed by another hand. To pass from the portion of Dr. Lardner to that of his continuator is like the sudden transition in railway travelling from open daylight to subterranean darkness. Particular branches of science may have been treated better than in the Cabinet Cyclopædia; but for a *series* it is the best in the English language.

The most general enumeration of the aids and incitements afforded of late to the study of Natural Philosophy would be incomplete without the mention of Mrs. Somerville's 'Connection of the Physical Sciences.' The wonder of a woman sounding the depths of the severest studies of men could not fail to attract curiosity:—but what is merely strange is soon forgotten. Her book created

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\* The Treatise on Gravitation by Professor Airy forms a remarkable exception.

a sensation because it was written by a woman, but keeps its ground because it is written well. Nor must we omit to number the appearance of the Bridgewater Treatises among the casual impulses to popular science. Nothing was less wanted than a work upon Natural Theology, for Paley had left little to add, and little to amend. He presented no weak point in which particular excellence might compensate for general inferiority. Method, argument, illustration, style, he had them all, and had them to perfection. His rivals could only follow in his footsteps, and follow at a distance. The authors of the Bridgewater Treatises appear to have felt the embarrassment, and, Dr. Chalmers excepted, whose contribution has been truly characterized as Butler done into bombastical Scotch, they turned more of their attention to science than theology. This was the light in which the Treatises came soon to be regarded, and, the circumstances of their publication ensuring a passport to readers of every description, they circulated a good deal of pleasant information, and doubtless lured some, by the specimen of the fruit, to climb the tree for themselves.

Concurrently with the abundant supply of books, partly occasioned by the demand and partly the cause of it, colleges and lectures for the middle classes have been continually increasing. The inducement to learn has been extended in a ratio as rapid as the means. The application of chemistry to agriculture, of steam to travelling, of electricity to telegraphs, of light to the printing pictures of all it irradiates, has so surrounded us with the wonderful effects of science that indifference with many becomes inquiry, and self-interest is often active where curiosity sleeps. The tendency of the age is, moreover, to universality. The former ground-plan of education has been enlarged, though it is to be feared that the elevation is proportionably dwarfed. We have done with building up single pyramids, and prefer to pile a number of scattered heaps. It fares with science as with the rest. It was a saying of John Della Faille that mathematical knowledge was common enough, but mathematicians were rare. So multitudes know something of natural philosophy, but natural philosophers are seldom found. Instead of reaping the harvest, we pluck an ear or two in passing. But whoever complains, the zealots of Natural Philosophy must be dumb, for their occasional followers are mostly truants from other studies which, were they to make an election, would absorb their regards, and deprive scientific pursuits of that sympathy of fel-

lowship which, taken altogether, they never enjoyed in a larger measure than now.

A glance at the long list of writers, English and foreign, upon popular science, ought at once to remove a common prejudice that it is of necessity superficial, for in the catalogue are the names of half the most distinguished mathematicians in Europe. Those who speak of it with arrogance are usually influenced by other motives than enlightened criticism. Among all professions there is a quackery of learning as well as of ignorance, and plodders in mathematics, to preserve the importance conferred by their peculiar possession, will sometimes despise, or affect to despise, the lesser acquisitions obtained by methods which are open to all. An envious thirst for a monopoly of reputation leads them to exalt mathematical science that they may exalt themselves, and decry the science which is divested of the mysteries of their craft, that intruders may be lowered and competition seem absurd. Another class of men, whose race is not extinct, are mentioned by Desaguliers as ridiculing experimental philosophy in the lump, and maintaining that mathematics were too sublime an exercise of mind to be degraded to the level of material things. They used them like chess, as a game of skill, and conceived it enhanced the dignity of their study that it was a game, and nothing more. Desaguliers tells from personal observation the ground of their opinion. They were destitute of the aptitude for experimental philosophy, and, confident that nothing could be too large for their grasp, they took for granted it was too minute. No quarter could be expected to popular science from persons who held cheaply all science whatsoever, unless as materials for barren problems, which exercised ingenuity without rewarding it. D'Alembert, a man of different calibre, eminent for his genius in mathematical physics, yet cared no further for natural phenomena than they could be subjected to the rules of his favourite symbols, and when remonstrated with for his ignorance of discoveries which it became him to know, he would answer, that 'for those pretty things there would be time by and by.' But he never found the time, because, from a certain contraction of mind, he never found the taste. Truth had no charms for him unless she was clothed in a mathematical dress. His narrow partialities contrast unfavourably with the Catholic spirit of Newton, who took the whole of natural philosophy for his province, and, though beyond any man illustrious for his skill in mathematics, valued truth for herself, whatever her garb, and 'looked upon

geometry as no further useful than it directs us how to make experiments and observations, and draw consequences from them when made.' But the example and authority of Newton are not wanted to accredit common sense, nor does experimental philosophy stand in need of defence from the disparagements of ignorant jealousy.

X Mathematics, in their turn, are sometimes under-rated. Every branch of literature and learning to be appreciated must be explored. The exterior of a house affords an imperfect indication of the rooms within, and the outlines of a study an inadequate representation of the interest and importance of what those outlines include. But mathematics are under the peculiar disadvantage that, unless they are learnt to a certain extent, it is difficult to form the vaguest idea of their mode of operation. Hundreds of well-informed persons are incredulous that physical facts can be evolved out of a juggle with uncouth-looking symbols, and are persuaded in their hearts that they are toys for the amusement of college-fellows. Proud of their contempt for what they deem a profitless pedantry, they think ignorance wisdom and knowledge folly. The reputation of the art is not always assisted by the bearing of the professor, for frequently mathematicians appear to disadvantage upon common occasions. Swift told of Newton that, when he was asked a question, 'he would revolve it in a circle round, and round, and round, before he could produce an answer.' By long habits of cautious meditation his mind had lost the power of concluding quickly, and he submitted trifles to the same process to which we owe the theory of universal gravitation. The exile of St. Helena has left it on record that Laplace proved incapable in the business of the world—that, seeing in every subject the same kind of subtleties which abound in mathematics, he deserted the practical bearings of a question, to lose himself in refinements which were overborne by the massive course of events. Bonaparte could see all this, without disparaging the great man in his proper walk, to which alone his step was familiarized; but the bulk of observers make no allowances, and are slow to recognise genius beneath the mask of mediocrity. Contempt for the mathematician goes far to destroy the respect for mathematics. It is imagined that there can be nothing surprising in attainments which are mastered by men of seeming incapacity. The satire of Swift shows the impression which the uninitiated oftentimes imbibe. In the common actions and behaviour of life mathematicians are represented as the most clumsy of people,

slow and perplexed in their conceptions on all subjects except their own, very bad reasoners, and entire strangers to fancy and invention. Their demonstrations of physical truths are classed with the dreams of former ages—the Newtonian doctrine of attraction with the errors of Aristotle, Gassendi, and Descartes—the attempt to discover the longitude with the pretensions to compound an universal medicine. When varied accomplishments are combined with a knowledge of the intricacies of quantity, they often only serve to throw suspicion upon both. It was a standing sneer against D'Alembert that he was a man of letters among geometers and a geometer among men of letters—than which nothing in his case, could be less deserved, though in general mathematics are as a jealous mistress, who shows most favour to him that serves her singly. To the misapprehensions of ignorance must be added the hostility of envy. There are some dispositions that will revenge themselves upon the study in which they want the opportunity, taste, or talent to excel. Scaliger attempted to square the circle, and, on his errors being exposed, did not blush to excuse himself by the axiom, invented for the occasion, that 'no great genius could be a great mathematician.' 'Tis an old tale and often told. We would fain think beneath our notice what we find above our reach. A French poet used every exertion to be made a member of the Academy, and, failing, left for his epitaph the distich,

' Ci gît Piron, qui ne fut rien—  
Pas même Académicien.'

The use of mathematics as an instrument for learning science can only be questioned by those who are ignorant both of science and mathematics. There are points which can no more be resolved without them than we can see without eyes, or work without hands. They are in numerous cases the exclusive language of Natural Philosophy; and where they are not its sole language are often its best. Common arithmetic suffices to teach us that the operations of number can neither be anticipated by simple thought nor carried on in ordinary language. We require the aid of symbols and artifices to perform the computations, and conduct us to the answer. But Natural Philosophy deals with force and motion, with time and space—in a word, with number and magnitude in endless complications, and in every gradation, immense and minute: and no penetration of genius, deprived of the peculiar processes and signs that constitute ma-

thematics, could estimate and compare quantities which are infinite and perplexed, and track a principle into consequences that are intricate and remote. Unfortunately the higher, which are the most useful branches of mathematics, are difficult to learn, and demand, when acquired, incessant practice to apply them with ease. The conditions of humanity will never permit them to be widely diffused, and where science is inseparable from high mathematics, the labour of reaching the eminence will lead most to abandon the pleasure of the prospect. But, as says the monkish proverb, 'the pilgrim that cannot get to Palestine may go to Rome.' There will still remain an imposing body of truths which are no ways under the dominion of mathematics, many that may be considered as common ground, and many more that can be reached by such a knowledge of geometry, algebra, and trigonometry, as is not difficult to attain. The progress may be further assisted by sometimes receiving results, where the proof is abstruse, upon the assertion of others, which is merely what is done by the deepest philosophers, who often rely on experiments they never tried, and trust to admeasurements they never made. Natural Philosophy, it should be remembered, is founded altogether upon the evidence of our senses; and to the evidence of our senses a considerable portion of it entirely belongs or may be readily reduced, with a slight assistance from mathematical notions within everybody's reach. It was said by Fontenelle, with lively exaggeration, that with a little better sight the discoveries of chemistry would have formed a portion of our common experience; and now that they are made it is to simple vision that they chiefly appeal. Nor need the remark be confined to chemistry. The secrets of nature, in multitudes of instances, differ rather from the facts of universal observation by being hidden beneath a veil, than by the difficulty of apprehending them when that veil is withdrawn. Mathematical reasoning in its higher forms is an invaluable art, and in some branches of science carries us a vast deal further than observation assisted by a few geometrical ideas can go; but there are no better grounds for rejecting a large and systematic part, because it is beyond our power to attain to the whole, than for the mathematician himself to remain in ignorance because his utmost knowledge is an insignificant fragment of the volume of nature. Without having recourse to transcendental mathematics, enough remains, if steadily pursued, to exercise memory and reason, to delight and instruct, to fill agreeably and usefully the leisure of a life.

The inferior method, so far as it extends, has occasionally one advantage over the higher. The symbols of the mathematician stand for actual things; but when his problem is stated, he handles them according to mathematical rules, and needs not to trouble himself, between the premises and the answer, with the realities they represent. Hence he is apt to sit down content with the literal result, without straining his imagination to picture the mode in which nature works. But the popular author, deprived of the resources mathematics afford, must teach by illustrations that are a species of representation of what actually occurs, and impress the mind with livelier ideas than the mere abstractions of reason can convey. Every one who goes through the process must experience the truth of what is stated by Sir John Herschel and Professor Airy, that in attempting to adapt the intricacies of science to general apprehension they have sometimes made them clearer to their own. But a defence of popular science is not to be considered an argument for the mass of productions which go by that name. Legions of manuals and catechisms consist of a bare enumeration of facts without the principles which govern or the experiments which prove them, and can neither give the beginner, for whom they profess to be written, an insight into science, nor initiate him into the rigour of demonstration. In nineteen cases out of twenty they are the work of persons who, having themselves learnt Natural Philosophy in six lessons, profess to teach it in half-a-dozen—who fill their small phials from another's bottle and adulterate what they steal—who render science easy by suppressing difficulties instead of explaining them, and who keep to its shallows less from the fear of advancing beyond the pupil's depth than of being detected in wading out of their own. It would be a waste of criticism to examine their defects with a view to their removal. Such meagre compilations are wrong, as Garrick said of Elphinstone's play, *in the first concoction*. But the excellent treatises of eminent authors are not free from defects which impede the progress or exhaust the patience of the student; and of these it may be thought idle to mention even the principal—for though the complaints have been often repeated, they appear never to reach the only ears that it is important should hear them.

It is an old objection against commentators that hard passages are dismissed without a note, and easy ones expounded with barren verbosity. Philosophers, like grammarians and divines, have often most to say where least is to be said. When there is a mole-hill in the path, they are fearful it



should obstruct the scholar's progress ;\* but when a mountain stops the way, he is left to climb it with little assistance, or is deserted at the point where the ascent grows steepest. The reluctance to grapple with difficulties is accompanied more or less with an inability to see them. We overlook the obscurity which has ceased for ourselves. The master who kept a single lesson ahead of his scholar was alone perhaps sufficiently fresh from the journey fully to remember the ruggedness of the road, though, we fear, in such a case his appreciation of the obstructions would much outstrip his power to remove them. His pupil's perplexities would too often be his own. But self-taught men make a near approach to the instance of the master. There is no friendly assistance to which they can have recourse to clear up obscurities. Whatever difficulties their minds evoke their own minds are obliged to lay. The toil they undergo keeps alive a vivid recollection of embarrassments which cost so much to overcome ; and when afterwards they undertake to instruct others, they know by experience the value of explanation and what to explain. Of this description of men were Franklin and Cobbett. 'I remember,' says the latter, in his French Grammar, 'the parts which were to me the most abstruse, and which it cost me the most time to be able to understand. These parts, therefore, I shall take particular pains to make plain and easy to you.' There lies the secret of the success of his didactic works. He sometimes wrote with imperfect information, often dishonestly, and always with arrogance, for vanity is the vice of self-instructed men ; but he and Franklin were unrivalled in the art of bringing into sunshine what others left in shade. The intricacies of knowledge represented in *their* books, and in the books of writers in general, differ as much as objects seen through the horn windows of an ancient house from objects seen through modern glass. Those who have forgotten their early hindrances need to learn them from be-

ginners, for it is vain to undertake to elucidate difficulties without ascertaining them. Molière tried on his housekeeper the effect of his wit, that he might discover what would set the galleries in a roar ; Swift read his sermons to the lady's-maid, that she might stop him at the words which were above the comprehension of a country congregation ; and a philosopher, to be useful, must condescend to inquire of Ignorance the perplexities which Science presents. But before the author is blamed, it must be seen what it is he undertakes to perform ; for books which profess to demand from the reader preliminary knowledge will be obscure to all who have not undergone the required preparation. They have no more reason to find fault, as is frequently done, than to complain of a treatise on the Differential Calculus, that it did not instruct them in the rules of arithmetic. Nor must they impute to want of skilfulness in the explanation the difficulties which are inherent in the nature of the subject. Science can never be made lazy reading. Those who think it worth the having must buy it with what Butler calls 'the *pain* of attention.' If the master brings knowledge, the scholar must contribute diligence. A blaze of light will not enable the blind to see, nor perspicuity make the thoughtless understand.

When the difficulties of Natural Philosophy are neither altogether evaded nor overlooked, they are very commonly disposed of with a conciseness which leads the indolent to acquiesce in imperfect information, and obliges serious inquirers to chase through twenty books to collect the facts which should be contained in one. Brevity may be the soul of wit, but assuredly it is not the soul of science. Of no branch of knowledge can it be said with equal truth that by labouring to be short we become obscure. It is no doubt the case that principles which can be expressed in a few lines are the important acquisition, for a principle is the key which picks every lock. Once completely mastered, and they furnish the solution to endless constantly-recurring phenomena, which, without their assistance, no diligence could interpret and no memory retain. But principles can only be understood through particulars, and require to be exemplified under every aspect. They are constantly ramifying into branches, whose common source is by no means apparent till they are specially traced, and error and confusion are the certain consequence where it is omitted to be done. The older works were more profuse in illustration than is usual at present, and they are proportionately better. We are aware that the public verdict is generally in favour of

\* The scientific works of Count Rumford abound in examples of the ludicrous extent to which sensible men will sometimes carry their exposition of matters known to everybody. In one of his economic treatises he gives a receipt for a pudding, and then a page of description how to eat it. The concluding sentence will serve for a specimen :— 'The pudding is to be eaten with a knife and fork, beginning at the circumference of the slice, and approaching regularly towards the centre, each piece of pudding being taken up with the fork, and dipped into the butter, or dipped into it in part only, as is commonly the case, before it is carried to the mouth.'—*Rumford's Essays*, vol. i., p. 267, fifth edit.

small books. They take less money to buy, and less time to read—two strong recommendations were not time and money thrown away. Bossuet complained in his day that there was a large class of readers for whom it was impossible to write. To be brief was to be unintelligible, to be minute was to be wearisome. Matters have not been improving since. Hallam speaks of 'the *languid* students of our age;' and no one can question that the appellation is deserved. But languid students never yet made learned scholars; and as the first have already so many to write for them, it would be well for some one to take compassion on the last. When books are made big by necessary developments, they are a great good instead of an evil, for to those that are really anxious to learn they will be found in the end the shortest and the cheapest. Blanks in the information are a worse grievance than even a few superfluous pages. It is not so easy to repair the one as to skip the other. So, too, if it is indispensable to fly over the heads of some or to sink below the level of others, it is better that a few should meet with a little they knew before than that the rest should miss what they wanted to learn. Whatever in a work of pure instruction saves laborious research, and confusing and often ineffectual thought, saves toil and time and temper and money, and increases its value to all that are in earnest. The many that make short excursions for pleasure may shrink from the tedious journeys of those who travel on business—but there should be conveyances for both.

A minor evil of scientific works is the neglect to define ambiguous words. Volumes were filled in former days with angry disputations on *force* and *motion*, which, after much recrimination, were terminated by the discovery that different persons used the same word in different senses. It is common at present for popular writers on Natural Philosophy to commence by the announcement that they will pursue a *synthetic* or an *analytical* method. But they seldom stop to state what analysis or synthesis mean—apparently unconscious that the terms are repeatedly interchanged, and that the analysis of one is the synthesis of another. When Newton discovered universal gravitation he began by the observation of isolated facts which suggested the law. This ascent from particular effects to general causes he entitled analysis. Once possessed of the principle he applied it to explain the remainder of the phenomena, and this was his synthesis. Hooke, his contemporary, employed the same words in the same way, except that he reversed them; and to

this hour, though ignorant of the disagreement, some follow Hooke and some follow Newton. The terms have been adopted into the vocabulary of education, to distinguish the plan of commencing with rules and thence deducing their consequences, from the system of beginning with details and proceeding up to rules. A few years ago two individuals of some distinction got into an argument, which grew to an altercation, about the proper method of teaching arithmetic. One was for Analysis, the other was for Synthesis. A third person, who read with a judgment unheated by disputation, at last pointed out to them that they agreed in everything except a name, or the controversy might possibly have been raging still. A definition, perhaps, is given; but the beginner is haunted by inveterate associations, and endeavours to reconcile the notion he brings with the definition he finds—an embarrassment he would be spared by the simple warning that the term in natural philosophy means something different from the same term in the language of life. Some of the words, again, in the nomenclature of science are directly expressive of false ideas. They derived their origin from mistaken theories, and have survived the errors which gave them birth. At a period when the stars were supposed to be, what they actually appear, equidistant from the earth, they were classed into magnitudes in the order of their brilliancy—the brightest being called of the first magnitude, and the rest in succession according to the gradations of increasing dimness. But now that it is known that the distances are various, and uncertain, the splendour no longer determines the size;—a smaller star may be bright because it is near, a larger one faint because it is remote; yet the ancient classification into magnitudes is retained, and though a sentence suffices to prevent misapprehension the sentence is often wanting. But nothing has occasioned equal confusion with the use of loose and dubious language. The phenomenon, for instance, of double stars is constantly described with an ambiguity of expression which betrays readers and copyists into the wildest exaggeration. These stars, thousands in number, appear single till viewed through powerful telescopes, when they are seen to consist of two, or more, in apparent proximity. In a few cases one has been ascertained to be larger than the other, and the less to perform revolutions round the greater. A late Professor of Astronomy, in a London college, misled by the lax language of some who were better informed, announced to the world that what, by the observation of many

years, had been found to be true of thirty or forty, Sir John Herschel had discovered to be true of *the whole*—a feat, which with the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, he might possibly have performed. When independent inquirers are beguiled into statements which carry their own refutation, what is likely to be the fate of the simple docility which reads and believes? The instances of ambiguity are past counting up; and though a critical examination will sometimes save the credit of the author, the meaning which stands out, and catches the attention, may be erroneous still. To uncertain phraseology must be added the fault of unqualified propositions, where the truth of the assertion depends upon limitations, which many assume to be present to the minds of others, because they are present to their own—or suppose it, perhaps, enough that a subsequent page corrects the error by implication—forgetful that some, the meantime, are embarrassed by the inconsistency, and some are misled. Unless the language of science is as rigorous as its truths, facts may be intended, but fiction will be inferred.

Some descriptions of defects are peculiar to individuals, and those not generally of the highest consideration. In the shadowy parts of science which lie beyond the boundary of well-defined discoveries, there is a tendency to carry assertions further than the evidence—to lend certainty to what is doubtful, and distinctness to what is vague. Imagination is always in advance of observation, and impatient of delay counts itself already in the possession of treasures yet to be realized. To give speculations for facts is much the same as to mix up dreams with a narrative of waking experience. But there is one class of conjectures which, however related, we could wish to see confined within narrower limits—the guesses at causes. The story of the snare which Charles the Second set for the philosophers, when he asked them to explain why a fish could be plunged into a vessel full of water without making it overflow, was doubtless a fictitious satire on the propensity of men of science to concoct a cause for every effect. The attempt, indeed, is often legitimate. In the undulatory theory of light, though neither ether nor undulations can be shown to exist, the supposition explains such a myriad of facts that we can hardly suppose it to be destitute of foundation, and even as an artifice for conceiving and connecting the phenomena, is worthy of its fame. But to invent a cause, without proof or plausibility, for every isolated occurrence, adds nothing to our knowledge, nor imparts order and consistency to what we knew before. A

piece of spongy platinum dropped into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gas will make them explode; the reason is unknown. An inventor of causes suggests that electricity is at the root of the matter, on no other ground than that it is safe to assert what no one can disprove. To conjecture is easy: the difficulty is to conjecture rightly, and show your conjecture to be true. It is owing to this itch of divination that scarce a discovery can be made but a prior claimant is brought into view; for when a cloud of arrows are shot in the dark, chance may direct one or two to the target. But never did Paley say a truer thing than that *he alone discovers who proves*. If the early guessers had a genuine insight into what they propounded, they would explain themselves better, for no one can interpret their dark sayings till they are read by the light of subsequent knowledge. Popular writers, however, in general are not obnoxious to the failing, nor is it in a spirit of hostile criticism that we have pointed out defects which, in varying degrees, are common to them all. They are faults which dulness may detect, and genius itself cannot totally avoid. They are small in comparison with the many merits, and any one that undertakes the study of science will have more reason for gratitude that so much has been done well, than for murmuring over what might have been done better.

All studies, properly pursued, are capable of yielding pleasure and advantage, and all should have their professors and enthusiasts. But enthusiasm is often the parent of bigotry, and ignorance of contempt. The proficient wonders that the world should remain indifferent to his pursuit, and the world, in return, is inclined to marvel at the extent of his infatuation. Sir Isaac Newton, who spoke ill of no one, could not, we are told, resist a sneer at antiquarians. 'I cannot imagine,' he said, 'the utility of such studies. All their pursuits are below nature.' He held poetry in equal abhorrence, for he quoted with evident approval the observation of Barrow, 'that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense.' The exclusive exercise of a single faculty blunts the remainder, as the blind owe their exquisite sense of touch to the want of sight. But though an overweening contempt for the studies of other men exhibits *our* want of taste, and not *their* want of sense, all descriptions of knowledge have not an equal claim on our attention. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, endeavours to recommend to general notice the study of the law, by descanting on its uses to every class of society. Useful no doubt it would be if we

possessed it, but would it be worth the labour of the acquisition? Life is short and knowledge is inexhaustible. Everybody must be content to be ignorant of much, and must make a selection of what best befits his station, his profession, and his partialities. For the dignity of the information, and the exercise of the intellect, there is nothing to be preferred to natural philosophy, and not much that can rival it. But in regard to utility other pursuits have a higher claim on the public at large. Religion and morals are out of the competition, for whatever we may be besides, at least we must be Christians. Social relations are next in importance, and, after professional lore, these are best served by the literature which furnishes social ideas, and teaches the art which renders them attractive. To play creditably their part in the world, to contribute their quota of amusement and instruction at home and abroad, to be useful citizens, and agreeable neighbours, are qualities more to be prized in the bulk of mankind than a devotion to the sublimest contemplations of science, than an acquaintance with the laws of light and water and earth and air, or with the motions of the sun and moon and stars. In short we must be men before we are philosophers. But letters and popular science, and of popular science alone we are speaking now, may go hand in hand, without clashing together in an inconvenient degree; for if the busy part of the world have no leisure to entertain it, we may particularise some of the disadvantages of ignorance, and the advantages of knowledge, for the sake of the idle who are in want of a pursuit to make existence endurable to themselves, and, we must add, to make themselves endurable to others. We only apprehend that we may be met by the answer of the young and athletic peasant when asked by Marivaux why he did not work. 'Ah, Sir!' said he with a sigh, 'you do not know how lazy I am!'

Desaguliers, without setting out the necessity for knowing science in the formal way in which Blackstone recommended the study of the law, has scattered through his work some amusing instances of the effects of ignorance on all descriptions of men, from Members of Parliament down to humble artisans. A committee of the House of Commons reported, on one occasion, that a man by a machine could raise ten times more water to a certain height in a certain time than was possible from the very constitution of things. The report was followed by a bill to establish a company, or in other words a bill to ruin the simple and enrich the cunning, when a scientific noble-

man exposed and defeated it. 'Our legislators,' is the reflection of Desaguliers on the occurrence, 'may make laws to govern us, repeal some, and enact others, and we must obey them; but they cannot alter the laws of nature, nor add or take away one iota from the gravity of bodies.' In another place he relates a history, which shows that a member of Parliament, without science of his own, could turn the possessors of that commodity to account. A person to secure his election for Shaftesbury undertook to supply the town with water at his private expense. He employed Mr. Holland, a clergyman noted for mechanical skill, to design the engine and superintend the works, but, on their completion, suffered him to be thrown into gaol for the debts contracted in their execution, while he himself boasted that the engine was his own contrivance, bribed away Mr. Holland's foreman that he might be able to put up waterworks for the king, and on the strength of his vote in Parliament, and the credit of the machine, got the appointment of Surveyor to the Board of Works. Electioneering manœuvres have degenerated since. So bold a stroke and so successful is not to be found in the modern annals of corruption and impudence. Desaguliers himself was made a victim in the same sort of way. He had invented a plan for drying malt, which he was about to patent. A Captain Busby, whom he courteously calls a Buckinghamshire *gentleman*, borrowed his workman, in friendly guise, to learn the method, when lo, shortly afterwards, comes a letter from Busby announcing that he had *found out* an excellent system of *drying malt*, and inviting Desaguliers to purchase shares in the project. Busby, who to the art of purloining a scheme joined the tact to recommend it, realised no less than twenty thousand pounds. The fortune, however, thus made by one piece of roguery was lost by another, for those were the days of the South Sea Bubble, when men might be literally said to be 'ruined at their own request.' But waterworks were the grand *scientific* imposition. A well-informed lord might hinder an Act of Parliament from passing, which avouched that the laws of gravity had been superseded, but private gentlemen continued to fall a prey to plausible pretenders, and persisted in erecting expensive monuments to their own folly in the shape of some useless and unsightly machine. It is to this water-work epidemic that Swift alludes when the nobleman shows Gulliver a ruined building on a mountain, and tells him that there stood half a mile from his house a convenient mill, which was turned by a stream, till a

club of projectors persuaded him to destroy it, and erect another three miles off on the hill, where he had to cut a long canal as a reservoir for the water that had then to be conveyed to it by engines and pipes. He employs a hundred men for two years, the work miscarries, the projectors go off, lay the blame entirely on himself, rail at him ever after, and persuade others to make the same experiment with the same result. Many who did not put up engines of their own lent their money to contrivers. 'What they lost by them, and reading this,' says Desaguliers exultingly, 'will make them remember it.' One pompous knave, who obtained considerable subscriptions to his scheme, got leave to pump out the water from Rosamond's pond in St. James's Park. 'That performance,' says Desaguliers, 'and the repayment of the money, will come at the same time.' Several workmen expended their all in the purchase of patents for inventions, the product of unenlightened conceit, and which, if they had possessed the barest rudiments of science, they would have known to be fallacious. Desaguliers sometimes opposed the patents out of charity, and they consoled themselves with the conviction that he did it out of envy. A principal object which Dr. Young proposed to himself in his celebrated Lectures on Natural Philosophy, was to hinder projectors from becoming the dupes of their own presumption and ignorance, for it is amazing with what rashness they will enter upon undertakings for which they are utterly unprepared. It was remarked, when the reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by Parliament for a method of obtaining the longitude at sea, that the greater part of those who contended for the prize did not even comprehend the problem to be solved; and hundreds wasted months, and years, in the attempt to discover Perpetual Motion, and often fancied their attempts had been crowned with success, because they were never at the pains of ascertaining what perpetual motion meant.

The mania is over for erecting water-engines which refuse to work; but while there is game to be caught it will not be difficult to find a bait for the trap. Not an eminent geologist but can tell of mines dug where the disposition of the strata foretold that the search must be vain, and of timely warning repaid by the indignation of suicidal projectors. There is nothing that more irritates a sanguine speculator who is building castles in the air than the friendly admonition that he is walking into a pit. The thoughtless and the greedy, who concentrate their attention on possible gain and

avert their eyes from probable ruin, prefer that the dream should be dispelled by the event.

Among smaller articles close-stoves have, in recent years, been a fruitful source of vexation and expense. The authors, or more frequently the plagiarists, of the numberless expedients which were annually born to disappoint and disappear, often railed at the public for not blocking up their bright hearths and warming themselves cheaply—by a black and sullen mass of iron. They seemed to imagine that nothing could be desired except warmth, and that people must be crazy to think of purchasing comfort into the bargain at the cost of a few additional bushels of coals. It is certain that if they had known enough of science to be aware of one of the principal circumstances on which the economy depends, the thousands who have since pulled down their stoves would never have put them up, or would have left them to keep company with their hats in the hall. An open grate consumes fuel with rapidity because the air, which is the supporter of combustion, has uninterrupted access to the fire; while with a close-stove the air can be limited to what is just sufficient to keep the fuel ignited. There is the gain, but the gain is not all. With the common grate, the air which goes to the fire is carried up the chimney, and gives place to colder currents from the crevices of windows and doors. As the close-stove draws less than the grate, in the same degree less air is taken from the room, and less abundant are the fresh streams brought into it from without. It is this absence of ventilation which constitutes a large part of the economy of stoves. The departure of the heated air is retarded, and the shades of evening find a portion which was warmed by the morning fire still lingering in the pent-up apartment. Dr. Fyfe has demonstrated in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the startling fact, that in a moderately-sized room, if the air were kept at the promised temperature for the promised price, the action of the fire in an entire day would be incapable of changing once the whole of the atmosphere. No independent system of ventilation has ever been found sufficient to remove the close smell which is the heavy accompaniment; and if it did, the economy would be proportionably diminished, for the heated air would be carried off, and there must be larger fires to furnish sufficient relays of warmth to compensate for the loss. The cheapness, therefore, reduces itself to what is the usual secret of cheapness of every description—that the article is bad as the cost is less. Stove-

inventors, who, like all the interested advocates of change, equally overrate the evil of what we have and the benefit of what they propose to substitute in its stead, experience none of these annoyances themselves. They are invariably men of peculiar sensations. They allege that the backs of their legs are frozen by draughts from the door in a degree to which the rest of mankind are strangers, or for which they find a remedy in a screen. But the whole of their sensibility seems to have descended to their legs, for their eyes never miss the joyous blaze, their heads never ache from tainted air, and their noses can never detect the slightest closeness in connexion with their stoves. One man's meat is another man's poison. They luxuriate in circumstances which are obnoxious to different constitutions; and hence, perhaps, their wonder that so many Englishmen, who usually have the sense or selfishness to adopt a good thing, should persevere in refusing to be coal-wise and comfort-foolish.

Not only loss of money, but loss of life and limb, is sometimes the result of inattention to natural laws. Persons who ride in a carriage seldom reflect, unless they read it in a book of science, that the motion of the vehicle is communicated to themselves, and that whatever the rate at which they travel they have a forward impulse to the same amount. A horse runs away; they leap out, and expect to alight as gently as if the carriage was standing still: instead of which they are hurried to the ground with their acquired velocity, and probably break their legs, if they are not killed upon the spot. But terror often impels to rashness where knowledge counsels prudence. It is not the only occasion in which science is easier to learn than to apply. No one can be better aware than a seaman that the world is round, and yet a sailor was once flogged because his captain had forgotten it. Two men-of-war, one larger than the other, were sailing in company, when the man on the look-out from the larger descried a ship in the horizon, which was not reported by the watch of the smaller vessel. The cat-of-nine-tails was the penalty of his negligence. But the same occurrence happening shortly afterwards to a second person, it was remembered that the taller mast could overlook a portion of the curvature of the earth which must interpose to hide distant objects from the man on the lower, and that the sole fault of the supposed culprit was not to have been able to see through the ocean. The anecdote is related in the 'Fragments of Voyages and Travels;' and those who have not read it there should do

so, for the story that has been told by Basil Hall must lose in the repetition.

The inconvenience and injuries which arise from an ignorance of natural philosophy are casual, and happen comparatively to few; but the advantages of knowledge are certain and constant. It is an especial characteristic of natural philosophy that the subjects of its lessons hem us in on every side. We live and move in the midst of them. Were it to be studied solely with reference to its domestic uses and bearings, those who made acquaintance with it for the first time would learn, with equal surprise and delight, that, applied to every-day facts about which there seemed to be nothing to know, it unfolds a world to which indifference is blind. Wherever he may be and whatever he is doing—sleeping, dressing, eating, drinking, walking, riding—man has within himself and the objects which surround him a perpetual exemplification of the greatest discoveries of some of the noblest intellects that ever adorned the earth. If the speculations of science are sublime, the materials from which it is constructed or to which it applies, are ordinarily the homely things which we see and touch and taste every instant of our lives. Nature, if we may so speak, is a humble artificer. What she does on a grand scale she reproduces on a small one. Newton's eye, glancing from earth to heaven, saw the cause of the planetary motions in the fall of an apple; and a school-boy who whirls a stone in a sling has actually produced a close imitation of the machinery which is hurrying the earth round the sun. The man of science that sips his cup of tea and ponders its phenomena must summon to his aid hydrostatics, pneumatics, chemistry, with some of the most refined and beautiful parts of optics; and though he should be what Dr. Johnson playfully styled himself, 'a hardened and a shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool,' he would find that he had finished his tea-drinking long before he had exhausted the philosophical lessons. Or to take an instance, the most unlike we can recall—the almanac, which is in every house and hand, is a mere convenience of domestic life: but how intimately is it connected with the laws of the universe? Not one in a thousand properly comprehend it for the want of a general idea of the movements in the solar system. The theory of eclipses, the changes of the moon, the distinction between mean and apparent time, are matters about which the current notions are vague or erroneous. M. Comte heard a well-educated man tell a youth, at a striking eclipse of the sun, that

the obscuration would have been greater if the moon had been full. He fancied that the larger the moon appeared the more it must obstruct the solar light: in total ignorance that if we see the whole of its illuminated face it cannot be revolving between us and the sun. When it interposes to cut off the solar rays and cause an eclipse, its dark side is of necessity to the earth. M. Comte insinuates his conviction that this gentleman was not in the rear of his generation. He was not even singular, we may be sure, in the temerity with which he undertook out of the depths of his own darkness to enlighten his son. Few things are more astounding than the confidence with which absurdities are asserted in conversation, unless it be the credulity with which they are received. But we make progress notwithstanding. We are in advance of the days when Protestant countries refused to adopt the reformation of the calendar because Gregory XIII. had set the example. It was thought to be a piece of Romish superstition, and it was considered better to differ from the sun than to agree with the pope. With something done there is much to do; and M. Jourdain, in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, made a sensible request when he begged his master in philosophy to teach him the *Almanac*. With the vulgar notion of the almanac in our heads the petition is diverting; but deeper consideration would tell us it was no bad text-book from which to teach, and no contemptible lesson to learn. Common things, we again find, are in the closest connexion with the grandest truths. We may begin at the house, but we cannot stop there. By the dependence of facts we are driven to take the world for our province. Thenceforth it becomes a different world from what it was before. In every object there is something to see beyond what common eyes can behold. The marvellous operations of nature are incessantly receiving fresh illustrations. Ingenuity is taxed to apply the principles with which we are stored, and we have the double pleasure of familiarity and novelty—of old truths in an unexpected form. If Lord Bacon could say that the history of the world, without literary history, was as the effigy of Polyphemus with his eye out—that part being wanting which did most show the spirit and life—it is no less certain that nature is without its eye, its spirit, its life, to him that remains ignorant of its interior laws. It may be made to minister, through its ordinary operations or through the instrumentality of others, to his bodily comforts, but it is only through his own exertions that it can minister to his mind. Natural phi-

losophy is like the Genius of the Allegories. The ordinary gazers behold the vision, but he alone can inform them of its meaning.

The universal presence of the materials of science peculiarly adapts it for the instruction of children. Madame de Genlis prefaces one of her tales by the announcement that she is about to relate a history in which what is improbable shall be true, and the only things credible shall be the fictitious adventures round which the marvels are arranged. These matter-of-fact wonders are the operations of nature upon which she ingeniously makes the fortunes of her characters to depend. But the children for whom the story is designed need not the charm of artifice to interest them in knowledge to which they are attracted of themselves. When the world is new its phenomena never fail to excite attention and provoke inquiry. Yet while we endeavour, and often vainly endeavour, to enlist the sympathies of children in studies to which they are naturally averse, we strangely neglect to avail ourselves of their instinctive tastes, and by our negligence convert their ardour to indifference. Wonder ceases with novelty, and curiosity ceases with wonder, and we soon sit down quietly under an ignorance we no longer feel. We repress the thousand interrogations with which children assail us, till they become habituated to the want of knowledge and forget that the craving ever existed. The little boy marvels why spectacles enable his grandfather to see, and his grandfather, who once marvelled too, is now content with the result, and leaves the cause to the optician. By marking and obeying the bent of youthful inquisitiveness, we should fill the mind with an additional class of ideas that use would make as familiar as the mother-tongue, and invest with interest a multitude of objects upon which now we gaze with listless, because with undiscerning, eyes. Those who assume that the curiosity of children to know is not accompanied by the capacity to understand, would find on a trial that their aptitude is greater than we commonly suppose. To attempt to thrust upon them at the outset a connected system of natural philosophy would, indeed, be absurd: at first they must be followed rather than led. We must wait their questions, suffer their discursiveness, tell them what they are willing to learn, and not everything there is to be told. With natural truths, and in early years, they should hunger and thirst for knowledge before they are fed. When they are satisfied we should stop, and not oblige them to feel the sickness of satiety:



the appetite that is forced is less likely to return. Nor is it any use to set them to study science in books. They must be taught by word of mouth and visible examples; for natural philosophy, unintelligible to them when read, is readily taken in when told or shown. But their teachers must understand what they attempt to explain. Children are not to be imposed upon, like their elders, by mystic verbiage; and we infallibly confuse them when we are confused ourselves. Aptitude on their part must be met by intelligence and skilfulness on ours. It is indeed the great drawback to the scheme that the requisite qualifications are rarely to be met with in mothers, upon whom the early education of children devolves; and the deficiency is one which, in spite of all that has been said of the unfitness of the study for their sex, we cannot but think they would do well to supply. Miss Edgeworth justly considered the defence of the Edinburgh wit to be complete when he gave utterance to the lively and happy observation,—‘I do not care about the blueness of a lady’s stockings if her petticoats are only long enough.’ It is the ostentation of knowledge, and not the knowledge itself, which disgusts, and is doubly offensive when female aspirants are voluble upon subjects of which they understand little—except perhaps the jargon. Pretension is repulsive where we look for reserve, and the woman purchases knowledge too dearly who exchanges for it the attributes which are the charm for her sex. Her native virtues are of more value than acquired learning. The Marchioness du Châtelet, who translated and annotated Newton’s *Principia*, was one of these pedantic ladies who studied science that it might minister to vanity, and Madame de Stael, the bedchamber woman of the Duchess of Maine, well known by her lively *Memoirs*, has handed down some traits of her character, which should scare away imitators as the drunken slave scared Spartans from intoxication. She arrived on a visit at midnight, the day before she had settled to come, occupied the bed of another lady who was hastily displaced, complained of her accommodation, and tried a fresh room on the following night; and, still dissatisfied, inspected the whole of the house, to be sure of securing the best apartment it contained. Thither she ordered to be carried half the furniture of the place, chose not to appear till ten o’clock at night, when she made her company less agreeable than her absence, by her arrogance and dictation; could endure no noise, lest her ideas should be disarranged, and, some ink being spilt

upon a piece of her translation, raised more disturbance than Newton did himself when his store of invaluable manuscripts were burnt. She complained that she found in her bed-room smoke without fire; and methinks, says Madame de Stael, it was the emblem of herself. She expected to excite homage, and provoked contempt. Her knowledge was doubted, her airs ridiculed, and she was not more hated than she was thoroughly despised. Madame du Châtelets are fortunately rare; but in whatever proportion knowledge, which should ornament and enliven existence, is turned to exaction and ostentation, in the same degree will it be wished that philosophical women were more feminine and less profound. These are the abuses of knowledge, which need not affect its use. There is a medium between ‘a quiet, humble fool,’ and the female pedant, ‘who should walk in breeches and wear a beard.’

We hope there are few specimens left of the sensual school who overlooked the highest part of man, and denied the utility of everything which did not minister to bodily comfort. It is inconceivable that any one of them could be consistent in the doctrine, could only see in a noble tree the materials for boards, food for cattle in the verdure of the field, and medicinal properties in the flowers of the garden; or, if such a man did really exist, he was a subject for compassion, not for argument. Tried by the mere test of pleasure, intellectual gratification is a deeper delight than corporal luxury. But natural philosophy combines both advantages in the highest degree. It has helped on the useful arts to that extent that there is hardly a philosophical speculation which has not yielded, sooner or later, a substantial result, and added to the convenience or the indulgences of life. What can appear to concern us less than the eclipses of Jupiter’s satellites, or the thousands of stars, which merely look like spangles in the sky; and yet both one and the other are made the means of determining the longitude at sea, of finding the road to any given place over the wide and pathless waste of waters. The niceties of astronomical observations are not within the compass of popular science. But without travelling out of our beat, it would be easy to show that an ordinary knowledge of philosophical truths has filled the world with substantial products. The greater part of the history of scientific civilization is lost, of course, in the night of time. The aggregate result of improvement is apparent. From a rude hut, and a few rude utensils, we have advanced to a pitch of refinement

in which the common possessions of the poor outstrip, not rarely, the former luxuries of kings. But the circumstances of the discovery, and the name of the discoverer, are rarely preserved. 'In vain,' says Dr. Watson, 'shall we inquire who invented the first plough, baked the first bread, shaped the first pot, wove the first garment, or hollowed the first canoe.' The authors alone of the vast array of mechanical contrivances which are concerned in the production of the commodities of life, conferred an inestimable boon upon the world—but it would be no more use to seek the names of the majority than to ask with Southey—'who ate the first oyster?' The truth is, that those who have contributed to bring any article whatever to its present perfection are usually legion. The addition of each has been insignificant, and, taken separately, neither the merit nor the advantage were extraordinarily great. Everybody is acquainted with Johnson's story of the man who announced himself to a stranger at an inn as 'the great Twalmley, who had invented the new flood-gate iron:'—a description of ironing-box with a sliding door like a flood-gate, and heated by a heater dropped into it, to save it from being blackened by exposure to the fire. The vanity of Twalmley has handed down his name—not indeed to fame—but to ridicule. Yet his contrivance, trifling as it was, must have been serviceable to have kept its ground to the present day; and if he had styled himself the *useful* Twalmley no one could have disputed his right to the appellation. His case is the case of thousands. Their names are not, nor deserve to be, in the Biographical Dictionary, but the fruits of their ingenuity are in every house. The circumstance is encouraging. All may aspire to assist in the work of improvement, when we see the issue of small advances and humble talents. The slow and gradual accumulation of generations of improvement may rival the proudest monuments of genius in the ultimate result. It happens here, as in other things, that what is beneficial to the world is not always that which brings glory in its train.

The simplest contrivances are the offspring of the ordinary experience of natural laws; for science is often only common experience with a prouder name. Our ancestors had not made a formal classification of the varying degrees in which different bodies conducted heat, but they had discovered that wood confined it longer than stone. For the sake of the warmth it was extensively employed in the construction of houses, and for the same reason many of the finest

mansions in St. Petersburg are composed of it still. That Russian houses should be some day burnt is almost as much a matter of course as that those who occupy them should some day die. But mankind will always run a great risk for a great advantage, and it required the Fire of London to wean our forefathers from their fondness for timber edifices. So long as houses were consumed in detail, every man hoped that his neighbour's case might never be his own. Nothing short of a general calamity could teach them that the laws of nature have no partialities, and that while fire burns and wood is fuel they can never be brought together with safety. Driven to have recourse to less combustible materials, they continued to profit by their observation of natural laws, and since stone transmitted heat more readily than wood, they built their walls of a goodly thickness, to counter-balance the drawback. The experience that is not recorded has to be bought anew; for a practice may seem absurd if the reason is unknown. When old houses are pulled down, and the quantity of rubbish within the walls is brought to light, it is common to hear a good many gibes at former folly. 'A little more solidity,' it is said, 'in the masonry, instead of a loose mass of dirt and stones, and half the thickness of the wall might have been spared.' But it was exactly the thing they did not wish to spare, for they considered warmth no less than strength, and to have warmth there must be thickness. They filled in rubble for its cheapness; and though solid masonry would have stood longer, it is not for modern builders, upon a question of durability, to take antiquity to task. We are beginning to discover that there is something else to be considered in houses besides security from tumbling down. The thin walls so common during the last half-century reverse every effect that it is desirable to produce: the sun's heat penetrates them in the height of summer, and the heat of the fires filters through them in the depth of winter. We have heard the inhabitants of modern streets in London complain that they spend three months in a fryingpan and six in a well. It may be long before better knowledge produces improvement; for houses are built by speculators not to live in but to let.

Patients long bed-ridden with disease suffer from the continued pressure on the skin, till at length the slightest movement is pain, and sickness is denied its own poor privilege—to toss. Dr. Arnott provided a preventive in the water-bed, which has saved many hours of agony to lingering illness, and would save many more if patients had al-

ways the strength of mind to conquer the first repugnance to its use. But though every one is familiar with the properties of fluids upon which the value of the water-bed depends, it is very unlikely that the thought would have occurred to Dr. Arnott unless he had been a scientific man. Such instances are numerous. The contemplation of nature draws attention to resources which, ordinarily unobserved, are courting the notice of watchful eyes, as a man who walks upon the shore may tread, without perceiving it, upon a precious pebble that is picked up by another who searches for what he can find. But science has chiefly assisted art in the appliance of the less conspicuous powers of nature, which are little known save to those who make them their special study. Mirrors are silvered by a mixture of tin and mercury, which combine in definite proportions and crystallise on the glass. The date of the discovery is uncertain, but according to the best evidence it proceeded out of Venice, at a period when the Alchemists were busy with metals in the wild expectation to transmute them into gold. In searching for a chimera they lighted upon a beautiful domestic invention. Their science had many similar results. Of them might have been written the fable of the dying father, who bid his sons dig in the vineyard for a deposit of gold.

To whatever capital invention we turn our attention, we find that elementary science was at work in its production. A scientific amateur, the Marquis of Worcester, described in his *Century of Inventions* a rude method of employing steam to force up water. Captain Savery, a Cornish miner, who contrived the first engine of practical service, borrowed the idea from Lord Worcester's book; of which, anxious to conceal his obligation, he purchased and destroyed all the copies he could find. His own improvements were by no means small, and they were founded upon a very trifling scientific experiment. The engine was next taken in hand by Newcomen an iron-monger, and Cawley a glazier, who were no mathematicians, nor, in a wide signification, natural philosophers; but they studied the science connected with the subject, and by a mixture of skill and luck greatly increased the utility of the machine. The boy Humphry Potter next comes upon the stage. A fabulous story, introduced by the suspicious formula 'it is said,' is related by writer after writer to the effect that, having to turn the cocks upon which the working of the engine depended, he one day observed, in the agony of his anxiety to join his companions at play, a method of attaching cords which would

make the machine perform his office for itself. The original source of the anecdote is the narrative of Desaguliers, who was contemporary with the events, and investigated them with care. The authority is the refutation. The steam-engine, he tells us, was self-acting before, and the effect of Potter's improvement was solely to increase the working-speed. It was, too, a complex invention, 'perplexed with catches and strings,' which it was quite impossible to have extemporised upon an impulse. Many of the authors who have related the fable must have seen the truth in Desaguliers, whom they quote—and, strange circumstance for men trained in the rigours of science, could not resist the temptation to relieve their history by romance. Humphry Potter must be taken from the catalogue of idle boys, and placed in the list of thoughtful and inventive minds. He was a pupil in the best school, the school of example, and living in the midst of ingenious mechanical contrivances was incited to add another to the number. Here was the starting-point of Watt, and it is well known that he brought to his task acquirements more profound than can be included under the designation of popular science; but the information it supplies would have sufficed for his principal invention—the separate condenser—as well as for the majority of the improvements which the steam-engine, in its multiform applications, has since received. Slight knowledge, directed sometimes by talent, and sometimes by genius, actually made many of the steps in the most surprising creation of modern days, and was all that was needed to have made many more. A large volume would not contain the history of kindred examples. As science is diffused the more they will be multiplied, for what escapes one mind occurs to another. Contrivances which seem obvious have not been always the earliest made. The building a separate channel for smoke does not appear to us a far-fetched idea; yet Greek and Roman magnificence was polluted from their inability to devise the arrangement. Shot, which is made by passing lead through a cullender that separates it into drops, lost its globular form, which is essential to its carrying true, by alighting while it was soft, till a Bristol workman in 1782 hit on the simple expedient of letting it fall from a tower, that it might cool in the descent. Invention is not exhausted. Every year something is found out, and we have often less reason to wonder that the discovery has been made than that it should never have been made before. Newton met Bentley accidentally in London, and asked him what philosophical pur-

suits were going on at Cambridge. 'None,' replied Bentley, 'for you kill all the game; you leave us nothing to pursue.' 'Not so,' said Newton, 'you may start game in every bush, if you will but beat for it.'

Lord Bacon assigns to science a two-fold object, the relief of man's estate, and the glory of the Creator. There has never, in this country, been a disposition to underrate its last, and most honoured use. In the same spirit in which they studied the 'book of God's word,' Englishmen have studied the 'book of God's works.' Maclaurin heard Newton observe that it gave him particular pleasure that his philosophy had promoted the attention to final causes, and his followers, who could not rival him in his genius, have not degenerated from his piety. It has been their delight to dwell upon the fact, that though a casual survey of the world proclaimed a Maker marvellous in goodness and in power, yet every hidden law which was brought to light afforded additional evidence of design, and showed him beyond what man could conceive, 'wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.' With us the exceptions at least have been few, and none of them deserve to be remembered. But in France atheism, without limitation or disguise, has too often been blended with an extensive acquaintance with natural philosophy; and a living man of science, M. Comte, imputing to the works of creation the imperfections which in reality are in his own judgment, has come to be of the opinion of that impious king, who said that if the Deity had condescended to consult him he could have given him some good advice. Supposing it impossible that a philosopher who had run the range of physics, and written a bulky work in which he contends for the utmost strictness of reasoning, could take up a dogma which shocks the instincts of mankind, without some plausible pretence, we read his observations with close attention and painful interest. We laid down the book astounded at their imbecility, and could only re-echo the Psalmist's declaration, that it is *the fool* which has said in his heart there is no God. His argument might have been penned expressly to prove that there is a credulity of scepticism as well as a credulity of belief, and it is difficult to assign any motive for his creed except the morbid passion for distinction which leads some men, and especially Frenchmen, to prefer the elevation of a gibbet rather than walk upon level ground. Yet he had every advantage, for he only undertook to insinuate objections, which must always be easy on mysterious questions, about which knowledge is imperfect.

Atheists are cowards in discussion; they dare not meet the united evidence, and set out in a formal shape the contending system by which they are bound to establish that the contrivances of the world did not call for a contriver. Even of evils we can fix upon nothing tangible, amidst the cloudy language of M. Comte, except that the arrangements we make are usually superior to the arrangements we find. And this is the argument which is to disprove that there is a maker and governor of the world! Is it so much as a *defect* in the scheme that man has often to plan for himself? With every thing ready prepared to our hands, ingenuity would languish for want of stimulus; and if it be a curse to eat our bread in the sweat of our brow, a greater curse still, in our present condition, lights upon him whose forehead neither sweats from toil nor aches from thought. As Alexander wept when no more worlds were left to conquer, so we likewise should sigh if a too bountiful nature left nothing to be discovered and nothing to be improved. It is part of our enjoyment here to employ our talents in neutralizing evils, in turning apparent disadvantages into benefits, in finding in hostile agencies elements of power which a presiding genius converts to as many friendly ministers. Nor need we suppose that a progressive development of material advantages, instead of a complete and original perfection, bore hard upon earlier generations, who, living in the infancy of the world, lived also in the infancy of civilization. Man, with respect to corporal comforts, is the creature of habit. To whatever he is accustomed, that he enjoys. The Greenlander, with his wretched hut and barren soil, believes himself the most favoured of created beings, and pities the lot of nations which are destitute of the luxury of seals. In like manner it is probable that the early inhabitants of Britain were as satisfied with a cave or a cottage of clay, as we with our mansions adorned with all the products of the arts. So, too, in the same age the king would think himself meanly accommodated in the house of the gentleman, the gentleman in the abode of the peasant—and yet custom has adapted each to his own. It is not the absolute degree of refinement that confers the pleasure; it is the improvement on what we are used to, the addition to what we already possess—and this pleasure has been common to every period in which the wants of mankind were sufficiently keen to excite invention and summon art to the aid of nature. But in all our improvements we can only, by the strength and intellect which God has given us, mould the matter which God has

made. If we can sail in ships upon the great deep, it is because *He* supplied us with the wood for their construction, and endowed it with buoyancy to float upon the waves. If we perform prodigies with steam, it is because he gave it an elastic power, ordained that fire should evolve it out of water, and provided us both with the water and the fire. We merely use the things with which he has presented us, and presented with a foresight of the end to which our capacities and wants would enable us to devote them. We can adapt, but we cannot create. The greatest genius that ever lived is impotent to give being to the most insignificant particle of dust. It required the powers of Sir Isaac Newton to detect many natural laws; but even the Newtons of the human race can only discover laws—they cannot make them. We may worm out the secret powers with which Nature is invested, and by new adaptations produce effects of which the native elements are utterly incapable; but at best we only avail ourselves of properties already existing, merely develop the latent energies innate in our materials. We pull to pieces, and put together, we shape, and we arrange, but we cannot add to the world a single atom, no—nor even take it away. Whatever our triumphs, we never passed this limit to human interference, which teaches everybody, capable of being taught, that we are after all only creatures, and that another is the creator. But M. Comte can believe any fable rather than believe a God. He is willing to imagine that the sun, the earth, and the planets may have come into being without an author, being whirled in their orbits, endowed with gravity, peopled with wonders: for parodying Scripture, he asserts that the only glory which the heavens declare is the glory of Newton. The remark is one example out of many that French wit is often nothing but English flippancy. If the heavens declare the glory of Newton, then whose glory does Newton display? But the poison is too weak to take effect, except upon vain and vicious understandings. The arguments of atheists are like chaff in the wind—they may settle for a moment, but from their natural levity the first opposing current sweeps them away. We do not require the lessons of Natural Philosophy to teach us to believe. Their use is, that they assist us to adore. The further we go the more we are constrained to wonder and admire; and though we see but in part, and often retire baffled from the effort to interpret nature, we see enough to bring away the most inspiring sentiment with which man can glow—the deep feeling of the Psalmist's words:—'All

Thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and talk of Thy power; there is no end of Thy greatness.'

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- ART. II.—1. *Dog-breaking.* By Lieut.-Col. W. N. Hutchinson (20th Regiment). London. 12mo. 1848.  
 2. *Stable-Talk and Table-Talk.* By Harry Hieover. The 2d Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 1846.  
 3. *The Pocket and the Stud.* By Harry Hieover. London. 12mo. 1848.  
 4. *Field Sports in the United States and the British Provinces of America.* By Frank Forester. London. 2 vols. 8vo. 1848.

We need no apology to our readers for coupling hounds with horses; destined for each other, they have run lovingly together from time immemorial and will keep company to the end of the chapter; the connexion is natural, and we fancy—the chase being mimic war—few will think it strange that military men, in these piping dog-days of peace, should take first and foremost rank in the nice conduct of perdricide and vulpicide campaigns, or that those who mould their sabres into steel-pens, should feel themselves fully commissioned to teach the young idea both how to shoot and be in at the death—the end of country life. Nor is there anything new in such change of pursuits; Colonel Hutchinson and Captain Hieover do but follow where Generals Xenophon and Arrian led before; the former, unrivalled as a retreater and retriever, consoled himself when on half-pay by composing Hippias and Cynegetics in choice Greek, which no private family in Melton should be without; the latter borrowed his name and richly supplemented him by a classical treatise on coursing, for which task he states himself to be not unfit, from having been ἀμφοτέρωθεν ἀπο νεοῦ ἐστρου-δαῶς, κυνηγέσιον, καὶ σαρπηγιαν, καὶ ΣΟΦΙΑΝ. Meanwhile, as to 'hark back' is always a bore, we recommend the volumes before us, as coverts which may be drawn during a hard frost without fear of a blank day.

Our Colonel and Captain have many kindred characteristics, common, we are proud to say, to British officers; both alike advocate drill, discipline, order, and obedience; both denounce unnecessary flogging and extravagance; and assuredly mercy, a quality of the brave, and economy, the soul of efficient armies, ought also to animate well-regulated stables and kennels. The

former is favourably known in the military world by the publication of his 'Standing Orders, issued to the two Battalions of the 20th Regiment:' which may be safely pronounced an encyclopædia of duty and good soldiery, from the drummer-boy to the officer in command. The author, during prolonged services in every quarter of the globe, made sporting his healthful recreation, and took his hound for a hobby. 'Love me, love my dog,' has been his motto, whether his stanch comrade kept him company over the burning plains of India or the frozen regions of Canada; and we shall not pronounce these warm affections misplaced. *Man, says Burns, is the god of the dog*; to worship him is his happiness, to serve him his freedom; his allegiance is neither divided nor based on compulsion; he watches willingly over our couch by night, and wakes the cheerful companion of our walks by day; the chances of time or place, the changes of fortunes for better or worse, effect no alteration in his free full love; with a fidelity above suspicion—

'His honest heart is still his master's own:  
He labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone.'

But although poets—Burns and Byron—have done justice to these dog-like excellences, prose-writers, like us, must blush at their non-appreciation by the world at large. The turbaned infidel Asiatic agrees with his antipodes, the hatted and hated Christian European, in using the poor dog worse than one, in holding him dog-cheap, and giving him a bad name, inasmuch that whatever the sex to which the name is applied, whatever the metaphor to which it is adapted, it is anything but complimentary.

A portion of our provincial readers must pardon the suspicion that they imperfectly understand the philosophy of sport, the physiology of the dog, and his psychology, so to speak, for we admit the words are somewhat hard: test however the amount of information possessed on these points, by discussing them post-prandially at most of the tables of forty out of the fifty-two counties:—let the deipnosophists be of good *gaudet equis canibusque* breed, both to inherit broad acres, to consume cereals, and deprive fere nature of a share in nature's banquet:—how jejune their chase reasonings—how rarely do any two disputants coincide in opinions, but each, swearing by his own system, votes all beyond it leather and prunella! We would fain hope that the Hutchinsonian duodecimo will prove useful to many of these good lords of the soil. This serious and earnest treatise elevates dog-

breaking to the dignity of a science; notwithstanding the modest statement of its opening paragraph, that so far from being a mystérie, it is an art easily acquired, when commenced on rational principles, and continued by instructors possessed of temper, judgment, and consistency; moral desiderata, be it said at starting, scarcely anywhere so plentiful as blackberries. Much, however, depends, according to our considerate author, on the degree of finish required in educating a four-footed recruit; whether, for instance, he is to be drilled to perfect manœuvring in the field, and to veteran steadiness under fire, or trained to only such a respectable mediocrity as satisfies those whose best beat is from Albemarle Street to the Athenæum; in either alternative we agree with Lord Chesterfield, that, if a thing be worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and we also quite agree with our gallant Colonel, however unfashionable the opinion, that more than half the pleasure of the chase consists in watching the hunting of well-broken dogs, and that it is nearly doubled if they chance to be of one's own breaking: the better the dog, the better the sport; for when neither temper nor nerves are ruffled by bad behaviour, the shooting is calm and killing. The Colonel actually asserts that he would sooner put up with water for his sole beverage than shoot over a bad dog; a biped beater is better—although we totally condemn the battue imported from Germany since the peace, as a base, brutal, bloody, and most unsportsman-like butchery.

It will be as well, however, to say here, *in limine*, that it is not our intention to re-open the interminable cases of Pointer versus Partridge, or of Yoicks versus Reynard; we have in some of the former numbers pretty well exhausted the Chase, the Turf, and the Road; our present argument will be directed to instructional and pecuniary points, in the hope of showing how these pastimes may be pursued with the least pressure on the pocket—a view of the question which must interest all who deem

'The inflammation of their weekly bills  
The consummation of all earthly ills.'

Be it remembered at the onset, that the intelligence of a dog is second only to that of man. His powers of smell are incalculably superior; and though he shares in his master's prerogative of going mad, he never joins him in getting drunk. What pastor better minds his flock?—what patriot more vigorously agitates his tail? Even 'honest John' never went truer to win. 'You may bet on your greyhound boldly,' says Hic-

ver, 'for he carries no jockey.' Again, dogs are not laughing hyænas, or untamable: no amount of instruction is thrown away on them—(what would not Dr. Kay Shuttleworth give for such raw materials?)—their capability of acquiring knowledge grows with its acquisition, until they play at dominoes and point fish. A time-honoured friend of ours in Dorsetshire has so perfected the education of a well-bred house-dog, who had previously waged war, from sheer goodness of nature, against beggars and suspicious-looking characters, that his conservative Cerberus now noses a radical, freetrader or freebooter, be he dressed even as a gentleman, and gives tongue 'ware wolf in sheep's clothing, and 'bristles' ere either can darken his doorway. Hutchinson, Hieover, and all true and loyal Englishmen, will, we are confident, thank us for making known this important discovery. This good beast is, it is to be hoped, destined to found a numerous family; for Dr. Prichard has demonstrated, in his luculent Treatise on our own species, that the race of dogs has an irresistible turn—'an instinctive hereditary propensity'—to do, untaught, whatever the parents have learned. Thus canine talents are transmitted from father to son, which by no means obtains in the human race divine.

If teachers of dogs will only make their pupils clearly understand what is wanted, they willingly and pleasantly will perform all that nature has given them the power to do, and the instinct to comprehend. Their memories are excellent; and if they seldom forget ill-usage, they never fail to remember kindness: let them once learn to associate the idea of holiday with your presence, they will become the partners of your joys—anticipate wants and wishes—love, honour, and, above all, obey. Under all circumstances spare the rod; break the self-will of your young dogs, but never their courage and temper. If their moral qualities be destroyed, your scholar, says the grave Buffon, becomes 'a gloomy egotist instead of an honest courtier.' Occasional flogging certainly does good to inattentive idlers; but, however Moslem masters may hold the bastinado a special boon from the Prophet to true believers, the specific is not infallible with Christian dogs. Could learning be thus fundamentally inoculated, few of them, says the kind Colonel, would be found unbroken in England and Scotland, and none in the Emerald Isle, where a Conciliation Kennel—not Hall—is the thing wanted: and we might quote the equally observant Hieover to the same salutary tune. Send, therefore, your boys to Eton, to Winchester if you will;

and we say this, although six lustra have neither blotted from our memories the awful writing on school-wall—'Aut disce aut discede, manet sors tertia cædi'—nor effaced the cicatrised interpretations of Dr. Goddard, 'Plagossimus Orbilius.' Send your pachydermatous sons there, we repeat, but 'take heartily and earnestly to educate your tender dogs yourself,' counsels the Colonel; bring them up and out at home, like your daughters: begin with your puppies in their seventh month to teach them self-respect, and inculcate a moral feeling that they are destined for higher game than a life of play and barking. Finally, as a poetical sportsman sang in long-past days—

'Keep them cautiously from curs,  
For early habits stick like burrs.

Dogs degenerate in bad society: thus the coach-dog, from living with stablemen, is deficient in sagacity, and only fit to follow 'the rumbling of the wheels;' while a bull-dog, from his brutal associates, becomes incapable of learning anything beyond fighting and ferocity. The unhappy dogs who once have contracted these radical defects are tabooed by all their fellow-creatures who have been better bred and brought up. Honest Launce, whose canine lectures are familiar to more than two gentlemen in and out of Verona, found how soon his retrograded Crab was nosed and cut when he fell into the company of 'two or three gentlemanlike dogs' at the Duke's.

That the spouses of bachelors were the best managed we already knew, and we now learn that their dogs are the soonest broken.

'So long,' says the Colonel, 'as you are unmarried, you can make a companion of your dog without incurring the danger of his being spoiled by your wife and children. The more, by the bye, he is your own companion and nobody else's, the better; all his initiatory lessons can be, and can best be, inculcated in your own breakfast-room.'—*Hutchinson*, p. 12.

He must never be taken out until perfectly master of the sixteen words of command which constitute his drill; and these are enumerated and explained by the Colonel with such perspicuity (pp. 42, 46), that neither dogs nor men can henceforward misunderstand them. One or two extracts will suffice to put our readers in possession of the principle of this private preparatory schooling:—

'Let no one be present to distract the dog's attention; call him to you by the whistle you purpose always using in the field; tie a slight



cord, a few yards long, to his collar; throw him a small piece of toast or meat: do this several times, chucking it into different parts of the room, and let him eat what he finds; then throw a piece—as you do so, say *Dead*—and the moment he gets close to it check him by pulling the cord, at the same time saying *Toho* (but not very loud), and lift up your right arm almost perpendicularly. By pressing the cord with your foot you can restrain him as long as you please. Do not let him take it until you give him the encouraging word *On*, accompanied by a forward movement of the right arm and hand, similar to the swing of an underhand bowler at cricket. At other times let him take the bread the moment you throw it, that his eagerness to rush forward and seize it may be continued, only to be instantly restrained at your command.—*Ibid.* pp. 13, 14.

The magic word *Toho* will soon suggest agreeable emotions, and that of the final *Drop* unpleasant ones. Nevertheless, implicit, unhesitating, immediate obedience being the triumph of your art, there must be no compromise: you must never in the least relax either then or for the future; for, as Mrs. Jameson has detailed in her 'Sacred Art,' if one moment's weakness in even an anchorite (see her delectable legend of Saint Shitano Boccadoro and the King's Daughter) can cancel the virtue of a long life, how shall a poor frail dog resist temptation? Until, therefore, this obedience to a given signal becomes a second nature, hemp is your only help, and the sudden jerk of the cord must be repeated; should the culprit be overfrightened, make much of him, and particularly by the aforesaid toast or meat. Never forget that, in dealing with animal natures, eating may be always advantageously combined with education, provided care be taken (however legitimate the connexion between gastronomy and literature) that the meat be not overdone.

'Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits  
Make the ribs fat, but bankrupt quite the wits.'

*Ingenii largitor venter*, says Juvenal; and as an empty stomach, argues the Colonel—and it will not be disputed at Guildhall—sharpens the reasoning faculties, a little fasting may be tried with the pupil who evinces squeamish appetites for learning, and these initiatory principles may be discussed before feeding-time—*impranso*, as Horace proposed. Hunger gives a relish to dry bread, the reward of labour and learning—which Soyer's last Reform Sauce never will; hence the quintessence of mortal bliss is centred with poor dogs and men in eating; nor do the highest intellects disown the savoury impeachment. The whole secret of diplomacy lies in the kitchen, by which the

most ponderous protocols are lubricated and a *liberal* loaves-and-fishes logic makes more converts than Bacon or Plato, who reasoned well—as whippers-in well know at St. Stephen's, and elsewhere. Jew and gentile, Christian and infidel, hound and shooting-pony succumb to this reasoning. The object in regard to the latter, says the Colonel, is to prove not only that the sound of a gun won't kill him, but be of great bodily comfort. The patient is to be argued into loving it after this process. Commence gradually, burn a little powder, snap a copper cap, and at last fire in his presence, always turning your back upon him, as if he were not a party concerned, for he must not even suspect you are thinking of him; at every report give him a bit of carrot; his greedy ears will soon connect sounds with slices, as a groom's do dinner-bell with beef, be he ever so deaf to its tintinnabular summons to family prayer; both animals soon join in chorus, and in encoring the sweet strains, which appeal to their digestive reason through their acoustic organs. By persevering in similar arguments a pony will delight to stand stock still whenever the reins are thrown on his neck, a double-barrel discharged, and carrots the consequence. It is by these vegetable charms, coupled with gentleness, patience, and perseverance, that horses at Astley's and poodles at Paris are taught to dance, and not by hot plates and horsewhips, as grandpapa squires, who still stick to the port, and their gamekeepers imagine. Accordingly, by practising this artful and amiable discipline, the last word of command, '*seek dead*,' is made easy and agreeable to the canine capacities. Toast or meat is to be concealed under carpets or—should there be no wife—sofa-cushions, and the pupil bid to find it; his eager inexperience is to be aided by particular waves of the hand. This manual exercise is an axiom, and silent signals must always supersede sounds; the report of a gun does not scare birds so much as the voice of man—the natural enemy of game; therefore first-rate sportsmen never speak when they expect to find. A dog educated on this electric-telegraph system always manœuvres as if the eye of the commander-in-chief were on him. He constantly is looking out for the signal, and, when the right one is hoisted, a Junot does his duty as well as Nelson.

It is of paramount necessity, whatever the code of signals you use, that they should invariably be the same; like the laws of the Medes and Persians, they must never change: false indications are fatal; the animal gets perplexed and falters; the master

loses temper, uses violence, and the poor beast becomes and dies a misanthrope. Colonel Hutchinson, from feeling the folly and unfairness of this, has often contemplated a new sporting vocabulary, in order that a dog may never hear a word used in giving commands on any other than its specific occasion.

If space permitted, we could confirm the importance of true indications from the excellent 'Hints on Horsemanship' of Colonel Greenwood, than whom few men ever rode better. 'When,' says he, 'you go to the right, pull the right rein stronger than the left; when you go to the left, pull the left rein stronger than the right, and urge your horse strongest on the side opposite to the guiding rein; he who does so, if not a perfect horseman, will at least be a more perfect one than a million out of a million and one.' Many may call these great odds, and think little of such infinitesimal directions, but beasts and men acquire knowledge by accumulating small facts; and pyramids are only piled up particulars; and without entering more into particulars at present, the result of this synthetic, bit-by-bit, in-door dog education is, that the pupil may be taken out for the first time, be shot over, and yet behave creditably.

Of course the last finish can only be given out of doors: it is as superfluous to speak of hares, hedges, and field exercise, as to enforce the necessity of shooting to a young dog with straight powder—keep it dry of course—for when the animal is excited, missing is dire disappointment. The Colonel instances 'a bitch named Countess, who took it into her head and heels to run away in disgust' at a bungling cockney. The great aim of a good shot should be, to make his dog as fond of the sport as himself; you must therefore never work him after he is tired, as some keepers do; it infallibly decreases his delight in the chase, imparts a slovenly carriage, and most likely in the end injures his constitution. If he be over-buoyant, couple him with a provisional partner—the link tames, be it even of gold, and placed on neck or finger; hence the Spanish word for handcuffs is *esposas*. At all events, whenever your dog has had a hard day's work, and done it well, have him rubbed dry on getting home, then give him a warm supper, and let him be confined in his straw as comfortably as a countess.

This Hutchinsonian system is in all essentials that of Hieover—but simple and sensible, and justly favoured by all gentle spirits, as the system is, professional dog-breakers generally reverse it altogether; they begin out of doors; their plan is to inspire fear,

not love—to effect by fatigue and punishment what is far easier and better done by reward; for no work is so well done as that which is done cheerfully and voluntarily. Alas! that the horse and dog, the two noblest of animals, should so often be consigned to the veriest brutes of the human race; and yet the Sir Oracles, who let no dog or master bark when they open their mouths, prefer to drive with a ramrod, rather than guide by a straw; they add the tyrant's spirit to a giant's strength. 'Oh!' says Colonel Greenwood, when discussing cognate colt-breaking, 'put off the evil day of force; forgive seventy times seventy, and be assured what does not come to-day will to-morrow.' But then it saves trouble, for those who never think, to cudgel the backs of others rather than their own brains. They begin by expecting their young dog to know his business, and guess the mysterious meaning of their words of command by instinct; and if, when he for the first time sniffs the delicious odour of game, and, obedient to untaught nature, rushes in and springs the covey in spite of *sohos* and *tohos*, he is therefore cruelly rated and flogged, can it be wondered that he should confound the word with the blow, and construe *toho* as *tuus tu*? or is he to be led to the halter because, when thus scared and discouraged, the next time he winds birds he either sulks or sculks?\*

On the nosology of the pointer, the Colonel, although less technically erudite than Mr. Delabere Blaine, the father, as he tells us himself, of canine pathology, is brief and satisfactory; quack yourself, if you have a fancy for it, but never throw physic to your dog; a little grass and his own tongue are his best remedies; let the patient minister to himself, and nature, unobstruted by art, will work wonders. For the over-fed darlings of fine ladies solitary confinement in a garret for three days, with a pan of water, may be advantageously prescribed:—but this is only giving nature a fair chance.

Apropos of ladies: they may take a leaf

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\* We have read the lively pages of *Frank Forester* with so much pleasure that we could not lose this opportunity of introducing them also to our readers' acquaintance; but it is only a small part of them that is given to the doctrinal department; wherefore we must content ourselves with expressing our satisfaction that he in that department pretty generally, but especially as to humanity, agrees with the two senior campaigners on our list; and congratulate him on the success with which he has handled in detail the rich and unhackneyed subject of field-sports in North America. 'Frank Forester,' of course, is a *nom de chasse*. The Preface is signed by Mr. Henry William Herbert, a son of the late accomplished Dean of Manchester.

from our gallant lecturer's treatise. 'The fair sex,' says he, 'although possessing unbounded and proper influence over us, notoriously have but little control over their canine favourites: this solely arises from their seldom enforcing obedience to orders. If a lady takes a dog out for a walk, she keeps constantly calling to it, lest it should go astray and be lost. The result is that, ere long, the dog pays not the slightest attention to her; his own sagacity telling him, that he need not trouble himself by watching her, as she will be sure to look after him' (p. 48).<sup>\*</sup> Ladies' pets are not to be stimulated by common rewards; which proves, says the Colonel, 'that their puppies as well as their children, can be completely spoiled' (p. 51). The natural instinct of women enables them indeed to teach successfully one important lesson—even the oldest and oddest of them (always excepting Jane Eyres) insist that the slave shall *beg* before he is served. But here the capacity for instruction seems to stop. Their inborn tenderness renders them prodigal of favours to the happy dogs on whom they set their affections, and canine nature is at least constant—nothing ever obliterates its first love, as Dido swore before her fancies pointed to a son of Venus:—

'Ille meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores  
Abstulit; ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro.'

And here we would remind all surly, and some Surly Hall scholars, who, full of Virgil and Mr. Youatt on the Dog, growl at the injury done to hound and history by giving the name of fickle Dido to a faithful bitch, that it is only by this kennel nomenclature, that coveys of country gentlemen keep up their connexion with the classics at all. We wish them to live and learn, and therefore point out a pretty wrinkle of the Colonel's how to gain and rivet canine affection. An old hand, whenever he gets a young and untaught pupil, for some time never lets any one play with his Venus or Dido but himself; the first come are the best served in these matters, as in pottages: so says hungry and beloved Sancho Panza. 'On revient toujours à ses premiers amours,' sighs the fickle Frenchman. But we must conclude, and cannot do so better than by quoting the 229th section, with which the Colonel terminates his treatise:

<sup>\*</sup> We do not know whether the Colonel is, like Captain Hieover, the illustrator of his own text; but if he be, the woodcuts at pp. 48 and 49 do credit to his pencil, and will gratify the ladies.

'I have one very important direction to give—**NEVER LEND YOUR DOG.** If you are a married man you will not, I presume, lend your wife's horse to any man who has a coarse hand [Cato, we fear, lent both to Hortensius], and (I hope she will forgive me for saying so) you should feel far more reluctance and much more grief should you be obliged to lend a good dog to an ignorant sportsman, or to one who shoots for the pot.'

Thus loan oft loseth both itself and friend, and in a bad cause, for 'Tout pour le pot,' your foreigner's full cry, turns the plain stomach of an English sportsman, to whom the chase for its own dear self is whet enough; his object is rather the sport than the larder; the run, not the 'varmint,' whom Ude could hardly cook, or an omnivorous *table d'hôte abonné* consume; except, it is true, in the Abbruzzi, where Mr. Lear, himself taken for Palmerstoni, found roast fox considered *cibo squisito*, the delicacy of the season. Our chase from beginning to end is modern and insular: it belongs to us, and to us alone. All the pursuits of the savage, the classical, and the continental sportsman are marked by a constant eye to the kitchen; by them eternal war to the knife and fork too was and is waged against fish, flesh, and fowl: all—provided it be eatable—is fair game, from the wild boar of Apicius to the plural larks shot over a well-clipped poodle by a *sous-préfet*, or the single and singular thrush, which formed the whole bag of a French baron, who nevertheless was considered by his compatriots as the 'premier chasseur de son arrondissement.' For the full and true particulars of this feat, we must refer to Hieover, who was in at the death and dinner. His *Stable-talk* and *Table-talk* on 'La Chasse Etrangère' (ii. 330) affords capital sport; and it is high time to turn over the rest of his pages.

A foxite and Briton to the back-bone, he dotes on our hounds, horses, and ladies; at their very mention the patriot and sportsman warms. 'Hail to thy name, oh Chase! Hail—doubly hail—to my country, honest England, land of the chase; thou only Elysium of the lover of true sport!' (*ibid.*) 'No Frenchman is a fox-hunter,' he adds: 'voilà un grand mot,' as M. Thiers would say. Lead perfidious Albion as he may in cookery, poodle-clipping, and civilization, after hounds he is 'nowhere.' Accordingly, he votes our Christian country-craft *une chasse diabolique*; and denounces as unmilitary those Peninsular red-coats who took to hunting in winter-quarters, and who being somehow the first over stone walls, were not the last in charging certain *colonnes de granite* to their hearts' content. Now that the

temple of Janus is shut, a good day's run is followed by a better dinner; 'then,' according to the gay though half-pay hero, Hieover, 'fairy fingers of sylph-like forms fly over the particoloured keys of the piano. Lovely, thrice lovely woman! this is thy bright prerogative; this thy empire; this is the scene of all thy many conquests; thy self-created Elysium, where none but the manly should be permitted to enter!' (*ibid.* 333.) These aspirations, glowing and gallant as they are, may pass; nevertheless, we must, in duty bound, lament the Captain's too frequent departures from the decorous handling of his colleague the field-officer, whose chapters may be safely scanned by the purest, brightest eyes, though we question whether the most sporting lady or gentleman would trust him with their daughters. As the other heads every page with some motto, it is a pity some friend did not suggest for his first and last ones 'Swear not at all.' In rapping out oaths a cad outcups a Chesterfield; scarcely bearable in a buss, oaths in type are too bad, and at such *malice prepense* printers' devils recoil. We admit that words not fit to be thrown at a dog form, unfortunately, part and parcel of kennel vernacular; yet the custom—more honoured in the breach than the observance—can be corrected. 'Williams,' said his Grace mildly to his huntsman, whose discourse was less polished than his stirrups, 'do you hunt the hounds, and I will swear at the gentlemen.' Hieover will take, we trust, this punishment in good part, and henceforward use a martingale.

We have less quarrel to find with his sporting terminology, not to say slang, with a soupçon of which we have larded these remarks. As to his other sayings and doings, it must suffice to say that he writes as he rides, straight across the country, neither style nor stiles stopping his racy bursts; he published, we conceive, for brother 'bricks' in scarlet, trumps who seldom take offence at fence or phrase, but hie over everything. But whether he held cheap the praise or blame of grave, potent, and reverend signiors in black, who fish not, flute not, hunt not, shoot not, one thing is certain—he is perfect master of his art, and up to all the knavish tricks of trade by which her Majesty's lieges are circumvented. We learn from the preface to the 'Pocket and the Stud'—a brief but remarkable bit of autobiography—how this knowledge was 'forced upon him,' and at what cost he purchased practical experience, a valuable commodity, which many who spend their whole fortunes never contrive to buy.

Captain Hieover's has truly been a many-

coloured life; checkered and exchequered was the apprenticeship he served; by birth a gentleman of a spending, not money-making race, raised on Enfield Chase in an old hunting-lodge, and bred within half a mile of Dog-kennel farm, the *genius loci* marked him in the cradle for his own, and mamma co-operated. Loth to part with her only one, instead of sending him to a public school—best workshop of men—she gave him a vulpicide tutor, and a private, or what Lord Dudley said was its equivalent, no education at all. So the docile pupil ended by 'loving horses and hunting enthusiastically, and hating Homer and Horace cordially.' Gifted with much natural, not to say mother-wit, provided with a decided bump of philippotiveness in his upper story, and with whippers-in for under-masters, the child was early trained which way to go, and reared by accident altogether equestrian. He rode before he could well walk, saw a fox killed with Lady Salisbury when he was six years old, had two horses of his own at twelve, and a stud at sixteen. The *toga virilis* and top boots once put on, so long as his good dog-star shone in the ascendant, he steeple-chased the years away, and distanced care so completely, that he outran the constable also; caught then at fault, a galloping consumption of cash—no fox goes faster—arrested his career; duns and distresses ran into him—until chancery suits settled what tallyhoing, coupled with drags, dragooning, and concomitant *et ceteras* commenced; then fickle fortune, as might be expected, stole away, leaving him nought save a stable mind. There is little new under the sun; the downfall of Phæton, a fast man, and the death of Actæon, eaten up by his own dogs, indicate, if there be meaning in myths, that driving four-in-hand and keeping hounds have from time immemorial conducted to untimely ends. Master Harry Hieover's alacrity in sinking was prodigious; his screws once loose, he broke down from ducal thrones to dealers' dens, from the court of Carlton House to the racket-court of the King's Bench and Fleet. On emerging from this slough of despond, our tennis-ball of the capricious goddess tried boldly to pull himself up; first he took to farming, which, we need not say, did not answer; next he kept commission stables and 'went into harness,' *Anglice* turned stage-coachman. Even a deeper bathos still awaited him: he passed to driving the quill, and became, poor fellow! an author. But all's well that ends well, and he has now made books better in many respects for others than those which, when on betting bent, he made for himself. Indeed, 'Sugden on Purchases'

excepted, we hardly know a more pregnant treatise in its way than 'The Pocket and the Stud.' Few have been fated to fill the parts of gentleman and professional horse-master; characters as unlike as gentleman and real farmer—performances as distinct as a campaign at Waterloo or Wormwood Scrubs. He has now, however, made a clean breast of it for the benefit of others; and whoever hereafter deals in horseflesh, without first donning his 'wide awake'—with no particle of nap on it,—may thank himself if 'dugged;' so legibly is notice given of the traps by which kennels and stables are beset, and the possible compatibility of stud and pocket confirmed.

This adventurous adept's intervention with pen and pitchfork for the public good, has maddened every horsefly of booth and yard. The hundred and more legs, whose cloven hoofs he has bared, and for whom double irons at Newgate are too light, threaten to drag him at Smithfield with its four worst screws, thereby adding horrors to the idea of death, as a noble English ex-Chancellor is said to have exclaimed on hearing that a noble Irish ex-chancellor had already begun his Life. Hieover dares his centipede tormentors to do their best; he wants the loan of a bark from no man's dog; catch him who can—

'Blow wind, come wrack,  
At least he'll die with harness on his back.'

Having introduced the Captain to our readers, we proceed to string together some of his condensed experiences—pearls, albeit picked from the dunghill, and wrinkles precious alike to young and old. To begin—a *faux pas*, but especially a false start, is fatal in the affairs of men, women, and horses—*c'est le premier pas qui coule*. Few persons, except in church, like being told their faults; the touch of truth, says Hieover (*Stud*, p. 19), is too rude for sensitive vanity, and self-love resents the superiority implied by givers of unasked-for advice; all this, however, he is ready to risk, and leads gallantly off with a golden rule, and prints it in capital letters—

NEVER BUY FOR YOURSELF.

He presumes that every one must have some friend on whose judgment he can rely, and whom he can commission to look out for him. Thus a purchaser has a chance of escaping the Scylla of being taken in by an oleaginous dealer, and the Charybdis of being captivated by some whim of his own which hoodwinks judgment, or of being bitten by some fancy which, as in fairer and more fascinating pursuits, seduces those who

act for themselves: meanwhile a cold-blooded, firm friend, who knows well that whistles must be paid for, falls only in love with points of intrinsic value, and so matches his customer that 'the money is likely to be kept together' when the illusion-dispelling day arrives of parting, or selling may be with a rope in market overt. *N.B.*—Always buy the wardrobe, the saddle and bridle, to which your acquisition has been accustomed. We omit the curious but painful details, how the most bewitching bargains are got up, being at a loss which mystery of iniquity most to admire—the consummate thimble-rigging by which a regular screw is converted into 'quite a nice one,' when Mr. Green wishes to buy, or how his really good horse is changed into a brute when Mr. Green must sell for what he will fetch. The legerdemain practised in certain repositories is most dramatically and grammatically described by Hieover; all the moods and tenses of the verb 'to do' are conjugated; all the logic of scoundrels major and minor, is chopped better than by Archbishop Whately. Let the galled jade wince; and he does indeed 'double thong and over the ears' those Grecians who to this day carry on the Attic dodge of diddling the Trojans by a made-up horse; and, by this process of bringing the dealers on their own stage, he lets them trot themselves out for our inspection and benefit.

In common with all dealers, high or low, the 'cute chapman instantly gauges his customer's amount of horse-knowledge, and shapes his tactics accordingly, for alligators are not to be tickled like trouts; woe waits the horse-fancier who thinks himself up to their weight; quickly is he done, and as nicely as *côtelette à la minute* by Carême; the partnership of a fool and his money is never of slighter duration than in these equine transactions, nor can we now be surprised that such a yard, and those who practise in it, should stand almost as low in general dislike and disrepute as the Court of Chancery—'not,' says Hieover, 'that I mean or intend that there is any affinity between the honesty of a huntsman and a denizen of Stone Buildings; God forbid that there should be!' This state of things is bad enough, we admit; let not clients, however, totally despair, but specially retain Hieover. According to him, those who, like Richard, want 'a horse! a horse!' and have neither friend nor even Sir George Stephen's luminous hoof-book, 'Caveat Emptor,' will find the least dear and dangerous chance to be this:—

'Go to a first-rate dealer—state what is wished for—trust to him—and give a good price.'

Money is the momentum in facilitating horse causes; a customer appearing in a crack yard *in formâ pauperis* is welcomed precisely as he would be if he went to the London Tavern or the court of law just alluded to. There is no economising luxuries. Many of our readers will be agreeably surprised to learn that the popular belief, *no trust is to be placed in horse-dealers*, is not orthodox; the withers of the merchant-princes in the west are unwrung; and unless a fellow-feeling makes him wondrous kind, Hieover is warranted in saying that 'they do business to the full as uprightly as any other of the upper tradesmen of London.' It is no business of ours to decide whether these analogies be complimentary, or these comparisons odious; at least we agree in our author's eulogy, of admittedly the first seller of horses in Europe. He, take him for all in all, is 'a man as incapable of making a guinea by any means that could be construed as bordering on what was dishonourable, as of neglecting to make one where it was to be got in a perfectly honourable way.'

To give dealers their due, it must be remembered, be they all honourable men or not, they drive a ticklish trade at best. If good men are scarce, good horses are not common; first-rate articles, whatever readers or writers may be pleased to think, are not to be had at a moment's notice, like bundles of asparagus in spring, or laid in at a profit equally certain as mahogany dining-tables. Review the cost of breeding, the risk of bringing up and out a young thing, which eats its head off if long on hand, and seldom improves in the using; consider the moving accidents that will happen in field, flood, and the best-regulated stables, which become *certainities* when the poor creature is handed over to a new master, who never fails to impute the inevitable diminution of value, that has been occasioned by his own ignorance or ill usage, to the dealer's having deceived him. A dealer's business is to find horses of all sorts and sizes to suit every variety of customer, and he has other things to do besides pointing out the blemishes of his animals; neither can he be expected to give lessons how to ride or manage them. Possibly, although he cannot construct a horse as the Greek carpenters did, he is up to manufacturing the raw material, and can adjust a screw quite as well as Sinon, and teach a step or two like a dancing-master. A two-legged donkey, whether he buy a watch or a Pegasus, is more likely to injure than improve their going; nor does it much signify—he can buy another—but to sell is the sum and substance of a dealer; so he

gets his nags into tip-top condition, 'round and shining as a bottle' (so Hieover phrases it), 'and only shows them when in full blow, as a florist does tulips.' He knows his trade from beginning to end, and does everything in the right way. Gentlemen and ladies, on the contrary, mostly go on the other tack; they commence by paying too much, and, having bought a bad sort, they manage them badly, drive them badly, and employ bad people to look after them. Sad is the change which comes over the spirits and coats of horses when bought, sold, and driven like bullocks from pastures fat to straw-yards lean; no animal loses condition, and, consequently value, so fast as a horse; and the finer he is the faster he goes back; at all times his real value is what mathematicians call indeterminate—racers and cart-horses excepted. In other sorts value becomes nominal when it exceeds a certain point, on so many local and accidental circumstances does it depend. Buying and selling are distinct operations; and the turn of the market favours the jobber, whether the bargain be for three per cent. Consols in Capel Court, or for four-footed beasts in a Piccadilly yard.

The section, 'How a first-rate horse-broker purchases his stock,' may be quoted as a fair specimen of doing business, and of the style of description which soon attracted notice to Hieover's *Stable-talk*. Decision marks the man; our dealer cannot afford to lose his time or money—indeed they are convertible terms; he minds the main chance and looks to averages, well knowing, if some horses turn out worse, others will turn out better than was expected. Well—the lots as soon as they are purchased are started off to some neighbouring village, and thither—the horse-fair over—he comes in person, to have a private and more careful view;—and there, if the reader were in his confidence, he would hear something like the following remarks made on the different horses as they are led out. You are to suppose the broker has a friend or a brother of the craft with him overlooking the lot:—

'That's a useful sort of nag, and not much too dear. Run on, Jack; that horse goes well; that'll do, go in.' Something like this, perhaps, is said of four or five: 'Come on, Jack; now I like this horse a great deal better than I did when I saw him yesterday. I was very near losing him. I am glad now I did not; he is a better nag than I thought he was; he'll do; go in.—Now here's a horse wants but little to be quite a nice one; I booked him the minute I saw him. Run on, he can go; he cost a hundred, and cheap at the money; come on.' The next alters the tone a little: 'Why, Jack, that ain't the grey I got of the parson.' 'Yes it is, sir.'

'Why, I thought him a bigger horse; but then he makes a deal of himself when going, and that deceived me. The parson got the best of me; he ain't a bit too cheap, and not a very bad one neither; there, go in.'—Now here comes one of the best nags I have bought for some time. I look on him as the best horse in the fair for leather. I gave a good deal of money for him—a hundred and fifty; but he is sold at three hundred (N.B., being sold in this case does not mean that he is actually so, but that he will be sold to some particular customer so soon as he gets home). I offered a hundred for him last year: he was only a baby then; I like him better now at the odd fifty; there, go in.'—'Come on; why, that horse is lame. I said yesterday I was sure he did not go level; but the gentleman said he never was lame in his life; I dare say he thought so; he must go back. Let him be put in a loose box, and I will write about him.'—Ah! there comes one I was sure I should not like. I hated the devil the minute I saw him; but I was a fool to be tempted by price; I thought him cheap—saves me right. There, take him away; we'll ship him, as soon as he gets home, to somebody at some price.'—Here's a horse I gave plenty of money for; but he's a nice nag; I wanted him for a match for Lady —. She is a good customer, and I mean to let her have him just for his expenses. Go in, Jack, and bring out the pony.'—There now, if I know what a nice pony is, there's one; I gave eighty for him. He'll roll over (roll over means just double his cost price). I mean him for Lord —; he won't ride one over fourteen hands, and rides eighteen stone; he's cheap to him at a hundred and sixty. If such men won't pay and want to ride, let them go by the road waggon.'—*Stable-Talk*, vol. i. p. 226.

Such ponies 'sell themselves,' and, we admit, require no puffing. Corpulent and contemplative riders will think our author presses elsewhere too heavily on cobs, towards which, in Devonshire and out, we plead a long-standing partiality. Hie over—*gracilis puer*—whose horse must be brisk as a bottle of champagne, handy as a fiddle, and over five-barred gates like a bird, would sooner ride a rhinoceros than a comfortable cob. According to him, these 'hundred-guinea pigs, with bodies like butts of sherry,' were constructed to carry tons of congenial diners out, to whom, after all, a rocking-horse offers a cheaper and safer vehicle for peristaltic exercise.

On the points of a really fine horse this Hotspur is entitled to attention in prose or verse, page or picture—his songs, set to the music of hounds in full cry, partake, 'tis true, more of Anacreon than Somerville; but ride, drive, and keep a horse he can, and 'hit him off' with a brush too, or 'make a good cast' in clay. But in contrasting animal-painters as they were, such as Sneyders, Stubbs, and Sartorius, with

those that are—Ward, Marshall, and Landseer, for choice against the field—our amateur comes to pretty near the conclusions broached by the 'Oxford Graduate,' when comparing the true and careful representation of nature, never wanting in Turner's works (unless when Turner chooses to play crazy,) with the vague and general conventionalities observable in the old masters:—

'Look,' says he, 'at an original by Sneyders—two dogs running, their shoulders looking as if they had been driven back into their ribs from the animal having attempted to run through some iron gate too narrow to allow him to pass; a third or fourth lying on his back with his bowels protruding, with a great red open mouth as large as an alligator's; while two more appear coming up, with their bodies half cut off by the frame of the picture, holding forth two pair of fore-legs in about the same animated position as the poles of a sedan-chair,—their only earthly merit being that they look so decidedly and (as Jonathan would say) so everlastingly stationary, that we are under no apprehension of ever being treated by the appearance of the rest of their bodies. Ward would have hanged himself if, by mistake, he had manufactured such beasts; he might have copied, but he could not have conceived such for the life of him.'—*Stable-Talk*, ii. 284.

The hunters of Seymour and Sartorius match these hounds by Sneyders:—

'Two-and-twenty couple to wit, and a given number of horses, all, if galloping, resting on their hind-legs, and looking as if they would rest for ever; the horses behind them resting in their gallop on the toes of their hind-feet, like those we see as toys balanced by a piece of curved wire stuck into their bellies by one end, with a weight at the other.'

All this is lively, but the point may be pushed too far. Undoubtedly, the closer the mirror is held up to Nature the truer will be the imitation; but to our minds, great artistes like Rubens, Sneyders, and Velasquez, flew at nobler game than mere servile animal portrait-painting. Pygmalion-like, they breathed their own living spirit into brute beasts, and in their action, energy, and riotous animal impulse there is no mistake; hence Besonians and Meltonians, all the world in short, whether they can or cannot ride, are carried away with equal satisfaction and sympathy, dissecting 'vets.' to the contrary notwithstanding. 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam,' said Apelles, who would be pretty well 'placed' too in any painter handicap. The coaching subjects by Henderson, the Derby-winners by Herring, and the hunting scenes of Alken, full as they are of practical truth, are more fitting for Mr. Fore's attractive coloured-



print window in Piccadilly, than the picture saloons of Florence or Dresden. The fact is, the jealous and exclusive love of our amateur towards individual horse and hound for its own sake, will not take less than absolute identification nor bate one single hair. Short almost as the life and love of any one man is, less enduring is the art which is limited to give the form and pressure of his particular ends and affections ; to confer immortality and fill the gallery, art must soar as high and free as Ariel ; the utmost mere resemblance can do is to stock the garret—that sure and sole refuge of the destitute, that last bourne, and from whence there is no return, to which the third generation dutifully consigns daubs of grandsires, their dams and studs.

Enough, however, of his errors in æsthetics : for these he makes ample amends in other departments. Especially are we pleased to observe that Hieover, albeit no ultra-moralist, preaches and practises principles of humanity to the full as much as his gallant rival in sport and authorship. Cruel as he admits the chase to be, a fact which foxes probably will not dispute, he urges all who pursue them to be as tender at least to horse and hound, as that judicious hooker Isaac Walton was when trolling for jack with live frogs. It is as much, too, from hating their cruelty as despising their ignorance that he expresses such undisguised contempt for the whole pack of grooms ; vulgar pedagogues, says he, and pains-taking perhaps, but whose instructional principle—condemnation of their charge's visual organs, enforced with a pitchfork—is wrong. *Naturam expellat furcâ*. Such a course of education, and adorned eloquence, is only suited for that great and growing nuisance the stable-boy. Colts may be frisky from play—but these urchins play tricks from pure monkey-fondness for mischief and lad-love of cruelty ; 'the lash ad libitum is mercy to this age sans pitié ;' to reason with them he holds to be no less a waste of words than with most grown-up grooms, whose conceits and prejudices neither permit them to unlearn the bad nor learn the good ; they for ever fall back on what they call experience, which is, nine times out of ten, a dogged continuance in the old and generally the worst way, and which merely enables them to do wrong with greater facility. Even those expensive articles, stud-grooms, differ (if we may rely on the plain-spoken demi-solde) more in degree than kind ; fortunately they only occur in strata where grooms of the chamber and tier upon tier caxon coachmen are deposited ; such cormorants can only col-

lect where the carrion is commensurate. Aply therefore may Hieover quote from Zara—

' 'Tis education makes us all,'

although his own was picked up on the highways and byways ; but whether it be got in college or on coach-box, a man's life is too short to obtain a perfect knowledge of fox-hunting—so say professors who have died in the vain pursuit. We neither pretend to teach it, nor the art of driving ; from well knowing that in a course of classics a little learning is a dangerous thing, we conclude it is not less so in careers where collar-bones may be compromised ; and yet men, and women too, in the mass, imagine that they can drive by intuition and mere volition, as a Frenchman fiddles. According to Hieover, ninety-nine out of a hundred of such charioteers labour under monomania, and, fit at best for hearses, are on the road to ruin and suicide every time they mount the box ; an amateur driving a gig may be more safely pronounced respectable than longevous ; and we suspect the life of a dandy, ignorant of rudder and rigging, and caught yachting in a storm off the Needles, is scarcely more insurable at Lloyd's, than the neck of a volunteer Jehu, who does not know a bit from a brace, would be at Tattersall's if run away with in Rotten-row.

Hieover is never more pithily instructive than when handling the ribbons. For their successful manipulation a special talent is required, combining a clear head, quick eye, fine hand, strong nerve, and presence of mind ; and these rare gifts must be perfected by much practice, whether the feat be to insinuate a French diligence waggon into a porte cochère, or to halloo a Spanish coche de colleras along a dry river-bed—whether the passengers' van from the Red Sea is to be full-galopped into Cairo by an Arab cad in a bernouse, or a fast coach brought to time into the Saracen's Head by a top-sawyer in an upper-benjamin. Happily the rail, which has ruined half our sweet valleys, country inns, and ostlers, has delivered English horses from the rack and wheel of 'fast oppositions ;' these torturing concerns, now scheduled away, could only be horsed by thoroughbreds, so essential were blood and pace—blood, because it endured more, not from its suffering being less, but fortitude greater—pace, because matched against time ; and how killing both are, few fast men fail to find out. It was in these rival Comet coaches, which kept pace with the double quick march of intellect, that

the last stages of cruelty, were gone through by the high-mettled hunter, who, having during his prime faithfully served the lords of creation, was in his old age 'bought cheap to drive to death'—no Wakley near, no crowner's quest law handy! 'Look ye,' said a proprietor (one of Hieover's pleasant acquaintance) to his executioner, 'I don't mind skinning a horse a-day—only keep your coach in front.' Let no more be said against the brutal bull-fight of the blood-thirsty Spaniard: there one horn-thrust gives the coup-de-grâce to blindfolded barbs, and a brief pang supersedes protracted agonies—peace to their manes! And if below there be retaliation in Rhadamanthus, a particular paddock, out of sight and hearing of Master Harry's pianistic Elysian Fields, will be assigned to these monster masters when their course is run. Hieover, judge-advocate general for friendless four-footed ones, never spares the lash where biped culprits are brought up to the bar. Far more true and pathetic is his picture of poor English posters than Sterne's sickly sentimentality over French donkeys. 'The fresh horses out' and changed for happy pairs in chariots and four, the inside fare, swiftly wafted as love thoughts over hard roads, heed not the panting flanks they leave behind, more than suppression-of-cruelty societies do in London, or dozing senators at St. Stephen's; but humanity now-a-days is local, and confined within the bills of morality—and we leave Colonel Hutchinson to explain why the cruel dog-cart is prohibited in the capital—possibly that parliamentary Broughams may not be incommoded—and yet the canine nuisance is left to stink no less in country nostrils than the city sewers do to those of cockneys, Lords and Commons in their wisdom having also declined meddling with the unsavoury monopoly.

Hieover dips deeply into these matters, which we must decline; his philippics cannot fail to touch the hardest hearts of gentlemen; a something, too, is hinted at carriages being kept waiting by gentlewomen 'long after midnight in rain and cold, while warm nothings are listened to. Assuredly the tender hearts of the fair sex have no conception of the pains they often unwittingly inflict on noble creatures who administer to their pleasures. Ill betide, however, the churl who looks for moles in bright eyes; their white hands can do—designedly, at least—no wrong: naturally, therefore, Hieover and Co., while they merely glance at a little thoughtlessness about certain points, spare neither space nor pretty words to laud the tender rein-handling of equestrian ladies. In this, depending as it does on smoothness

of restraint and delicacy of feeling, they necessarily must excel; hence trying as long-continued cantering is to the horse, with what perseverance does the gallant beast keep on! 'Oh! happy beast to bear the precious weight!' This female tact is the secret why Colonel Greenwood 'has seen the taper tips of the most beautiful fingers in the world restrain the highest-mettled, hottest horse, and rule him at his wildest.' The importance of the hand in riding and driving might be seen exemplified in Miss Ducrow, and may be conceded, without going the lengths of most gipsies and some veterinary professors in cheirollogical inductions—for the hand, we fancy, is quite as likely to indicate the condition of its giver's stomach, as of his or her mental disposition and future destiny. Sir Charles Bell's scientific and charming work on the Hand human is in every one's; suffice it therefore to say that the sporting variety is defined to be 'spathulate [*Anglicè*, shaped like a battledore], fully developed, rounded with cushionary termination of fingers, and a large thumb.' Such a sporting conformation, whether male or female, must be no joke; but, be it clenched or open, a stud-owner will be constantly perplexed how to keep it most out of his pocket, and probably agree with poor Theodore Hook, who used to maintain that everything in this world turned on six-and-eight-pence.

Money undoubtedly makes the mare to go; but the uncertainty of the cost is the question which deters many, who otherwise would rather be carried than walk, from meddling with stables. In proof of how much the consequent expenses vary, Hieover cites instances of different friends of his own where the outlay for keeping two horses ranged from one to three hundred pounds a year—sums which he thinks may have been spent on food, if butchers or bakers were included among the purveyors. Neither Mill nor Malthus ever propounded sounder principles of political economy than our author as regards animal and vehicular locomotion. Let his disciples of both sexes only be true to themselves, admit their incapability of managing stables, make no pretensions to it, nor prate about things which they don't understand, and they may reckon on their paths being rendered pleasant and peaceful, and in the long run for much less money. Gentlemen and ladies, especially the latter with good fortunes, who from widow or spinsterhood have unfortunately no male guardian to look after their stable concerns, are advised by all means to adopt the plan which, since the Reform Bill, has been tried in Downing Street, on a large scale, with com-

mensurate success. They should make a point of always jobbing. Tiptop jobmasters, unless Hieover be a Whig or a wag, are all as 'honourable men' as first-rate horse-dealers; they would sooner suppress a despatch than a feed of corn; and then they always keep a goodly supply of rough sturdy veterans to do the more trying night-work, while sleek and pampered prancers are exclusively dedicated to the lighter duties of the day. And here we may just remark that a perfect lady's riding-horse is no less desirable than a perfect bachelor: to secure one is the great difficulty, and no good offer should be rejected; nor should absolute perfection be required, for a first-rate palfrey, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*: so much must nature do for him; besides good looks, generous disposition, great courage and power, too, are essential—'none but the brave deserve the fair'; moreover, as a lady's work is considerable and continuous, he should be equal, according to Hieover, to a stone or two above her weight. Let not our fair readers despair, for something may be made of a less accomplished beast of burden, if, like a husband, he be early broken in; then his duties end in becoming rewards and pleasures; one thing our ex-dragon insists on—no alarm or even notice must be taken of a drum or a red coat.

Not only carriage-horses but coachmen and helpers should be all jobbed in the lump: those indeed must get up early who hope to grapple with such centaurs, not fabulous, who consume more oats than clans of Highlanders. If the job-master is not to keep the furnished animals, biped and quadruped, board wages and livery stables are the lone dowager's best security; the cost may then be calculated on to a certainty and the worst known at once. Hieover found, upon comparing a hundred horses kept in private and public stables, three to one more cases of rough coats, coughs, colds, cracked heels, and other ills to which horseflesh is heir, in the former than the latter. A respectable liveryman hates a beggarly account of empty stalls and boxes; let him thoroughly understand that the turn-out will be continued with him so long as justice is done to it, and no longer—that is enough. He thoroughly understands his business, and so do his stablemen; sad scamps as in sober truth they are, none ever try kicking over the traces with a master who is their match. The difference between professional and private stablemasters, according to Hieover, is grammatical; 'the one at the nick of time says, *Eo*, and goes himself; the other says *Ito*, go thou—which naturally ends in I O U.' And here we may observe that our author, how-

ever fond of quoting Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian, drives four horses better than four languages; we are no less puzzled how to scan 'ne fronte fides' (*Pocket and Stud*, p. 21), than to construe '*Humanum sum*,' &c. (*Stable Talk*, i. 99); but dog Latin is natural to foxhunters. We have, *per contra*, no fault to find with the summing or calculations of our polyglott Cocker, who, having enumerated the many causes, besides food, which make the expense of keeping a pair much more than double that of a single horse, as bachelors discover when they marry, defies the majority of grooms and coachmen to throw out his bill, when he puts one horse, with four feeds of corn a-day, at 10s. 8½d. per week, and two at 75l. 10s. per annum. This, which he proves to be the fraction of a barley-corn—we omit the arithmetical vexation—will open the water-filling eyes of many Clarendon spinsters and charioted widows, when their accounts are next brought in. It may conduce to some comfort to set before them a correct dietary irrespective of cost; for neither man nor beast can enjoy *bonne chère avec peu d'argent*, nor live, like lovers, on flowers. Locomotives, whether horse or steam, require more substantial fuel.

Be it therefore remembered, that fragrant, soft, sweet upland hay, although the dearest, is the cheapest in the long run; bad hay is poison anyhow—'bellows to mend, and no mistake.' Sixteen pounds of good hay a-day is enough, and better than a feast, for any horse; 12 lbs. is fully sufficient for a hunter, although few grooms can be brought to believe it. Horses' stomachs vary like men's; but servants, 'whose good digestion ever waits on appetite,' have an instinctive love for wasting whatever their master (*à fortiori* their mistress) pays for. Oats should be rationed, as in the army, by weight, not measure, and they should be two years old, and heavy into the bargain, for horses will set seriously to work on a 40 lb. to the bushel sample, who only think about it, '*tenui meditantur avena*,' and trifle with lighter husky stuff. If his labour be hard, a horse should have a peck and a half per diem, and *after* he has done his work some bruised beans may be added, not *before*, or cholic is the corollary. The beans must be old, and then they comfort a beast, as tawny port does a senior fellow at Brasenose; inasmuch that, once upon a time when oats were at a killing price, Hieover fed his stud entirely on beans and bran, and compares the benefits to a course of brandy with, or of one of sherry without, water. The bran is as essential an addition to high feeding as rice is to curry; and kin to bran is chaff, and

very useful it is as a mixture—but then chaffing must not be carried so far in man-gers as it is sometimes in cavalry messes. Horses are very fond of carrots—and so unfortunately are coachmen's wives. Enough of this; the great secret of getting horses into tip-top condition is good care, sufficient corn, and fast work: give them plenty of these, and they are seldom sick or sorry; but should such a sad casualty befall them—for even horseflesh is grass—send them at once to Field. 'No disease, your ladyship may depend upon it, is so dangerous or so expensive as a doctor-groom.'

The transition to stables is easy; and although horses do live in them, more die from them than is dreamed of in some men's philosophy, so seldom do they unite what is essential to health and comfort: they are constructed by blundering builders or ornamental architects, who borrow more from Vitruvius than the Veterinary College. The first requisite is dryness—your damp is a sore decayer. Ample means for ventilating should abound, so as to insure an average heat of about 60° Fah. An iron rack in the corner prevents waste of provender and crib-biting; and gas is preferable to candles, as a little straw makes a great fire. Everything should be kept in its right place: buckets in the way break shins, and are neither ship-shape nor stableman-like; above all, no nails—and mark!—no lodgings in lofts: a married coachman, with an active wife and restless cubs above, will banish innocent sleep, Nature's best restorer below, to say nothing, if the good housewife deals in fresh eggs, of her poultry's partiality to oats. As a standing rule, the pavement of the stalls should be perfectly level. On the relative merit of stalls *versus* boxes, which perplexes the Haymarket, we differ entirely from Hieover; he is an examiner of motives, not muscles, and, exceedingly well as he anatomises a 'leg,' has by no means got the length of the horse's foot. Mr. Miles must be his monitor; his capital book, we learn, is now in its sixth edition, so completely has the public verdict ratified our summing up of its humane and philosophical principles (Q. R. No. clv.). Hieover is already far too knowing to be ashamed, and by no means too old to learn more; *Ancora imparo* was the motto of Michael Angelo when rising eighty.

From the lesson which the captain gave to a bright ornament of French law, it would appear that the schoolmaster abroad will have no sinecure, since even the judgment of Paris is no longer infallible in horseflesh: and these matters are better managed in our shop-keeping horse-dealing nation than across the water. Once upon a time it fell out that

Hieover was driving his tilbury over the hideous roads of *la belle France*, and encountered a bebloused charretier, who gave him just one foot of room less than the width of his axletrees; consequently the British gig was smashed, and cost twenty pounds in repairs. Our countryman, not satisfied with soundly thrashing the Frenchman and his dog, went to law for damages, but did not obtain one farthing, because the lighter vehicle ought to have given way to the heavier. On his pleading ignorance of the Code Napoléon, the judge rejoined, 'Il faut donc qu'il l'apprenne.' Presently, trotting home by night on the soft side instead of the centre of a paved road, down came his valuable horse into an open drain, getting up thirty pounds per knee the worse for the fall. Again he went into court, and again redress was denied, because he had not kept the right side of a French *grand chemin*, and the judicial admonition was repeated, 'Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc.'

Soon after it chanced that M. le Juge's wife, whose passion was riding, pined for an English palfrey. Hieover, remembering a beautiful lady's horse at home, which had gone broken-winded and was worthless, sends over his groom, buys him for an old song, and lets an English girl ride him about; 'le beau cheval, doux comme un agneau,' attracts all eyes, and M. le Juge begs to send a friend to inspect him. 'I have not,' complacently observes Hieover, 'spent so much money about horses without being able to make a broken-winded fit to be examined.' The horse passes; and one hundred and fifty napoleons are paid down. 'Out of kindness to the animal,' continues Hieover, 'I desired the French groom not to give him any cold water that day; those initiated in such matters will know why, the groom did not. Il faut qu'il l'apprenne donc, thinks I.' Next evening M. le Juge requests M. le Capitaine Hieover to look at the animal, who, of course, was blowing away like a blacksmith's bellows. 'What was de matter? Vas de horse indisposé?' 'Eh, non, Monsieur, il est poussif, voilà tout.' 'Vat vas he to do?' 'Ce n'est pas mon affaire cela,' said the Captain. The Juge got frantic. 'Now,' says our hero, 'for the *coup de théâtre*—I reminded Monsieur of the broken gig and broken knee decisions: he recognised me in a moment. "Now, Monsieur," says I, "what have you got to say? You wanted a beau cheval—you have him. You wanted a docile one—you have that also. I said nothing about his being sound; you have no fault to find with me." "Mais mille tonnerres! I no vant de hors broke in de wind, dat go puff

all de day long." "C'est possible," says I, "mais cela m'est parfaitement indifférent: you trusted to your friend's judgment." "Bote my friend have no jugement for de horse." "Il faut, Monsieur," said I, making my bow, "qu'il l'apprenne donc."—*Stable Talk*, vol. i. p. 452.

We have done enough, we hope, to recommend this writer's *octavos* to such lovers of horses and hunting as have not chanced to encounter them—his new *duodecimo* to all who desire to consult the interests of the purse in the arrangements of the stable. Few books are so sure to save large amounts of L. S. D. to those who duly study their precepts as 'The Pocket and the Stud' of Mr. Hieover. The least the single ladies of this congregation can do in return is to present him (now that he is a sober preacher) with a handsome service of plate for his tea-table.

ART. III.—1. *Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses.* By Alan Stevenson, Engineer to the Northern Lighthouse Board. Edinburgh and London. 4to. 1848.

2. *An Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.* By Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer. Edinburgh. 4to. 1824.

3. *Narrative of the Building and Description of the Construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse with stone.* By John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, F. R. S. Second Edition. Folio. 1813.

THERE is pleasure in the pursuit, and pride in the discovery, of any fragment of the literature of Greece or Rome. There is joy in the Vatican over the discovery of a Palimpsest. Such feelings are legitimate, and we should be sorry to disclaim them for ourselves, ashamed to depreciate them as entertained by more devoted slaves of the lamp. We confess, however, that our own sympathies with such are tempered by the conviction that, so far at least as works of fancy and imagination, of poetry and eloquence, are concerned, the best productions of the best authors are already in our possession. In these departments we might hail additions with a sober joy, but we have no intense craving for any large accession to the creditable stock which has survived the sentence of Omar, and escaped the baths and wash-houses of Alexandria. It may be—for is it not written in Niebuhr—that Virgil made a mistake when he attempted hexameters,

that his true vocation was lyrics, and that he should have studied to emulate Pindar rather than Homer; we are, however, content with such mistakes as the *Æneid* and the *Georgics*. If, indeed, we were privileged to select for resuscitation from the list of works no longer extant, but of which the authors and subjects are known, any one production, we suspect that our choice would rest upon the narrative of the construction of the Parthenon by its architect Ictinus. Much of interest would assuredly attach to the record of a process every step of which was evidently founded on deep thought, and directed by high intention, till that result was attained which neither decay nor mutilation has deprived of its matchless grace, and which common consent has pronounced to be the nearest approach to perfection accomplished by human artificer.

Apart from the charm which attaches to classical associations and to remote antiquity, something of kindred interest belongs to the narratives now before us. It is indeed among the noblest functions of genius to devise forms of beauty and sublimity for the structures destined for the performance of man's homage to his Maker. Within those limits which, fortunately for the purification of that homage, were exceeded by Leo, it has been a wise devotion of wealth which has enabled that genius to embody its bright visions in enduring and costly materials. Next, however, to the great testimonials which men like Ictinus and Buonarotti have reared to the consciousness of our spiritual nature and immortal destinies, we can imagine no triumph of constructive skill more signal, no labours more catholic in their purpose, and more deserving in their success of human gratitude and applause, than those recorded in the trilogy of works enumerated in our title—the labours of Smeaton and the two Stevensons, father and son, men of whom Father Ocean, could he exchange for articulate language the *αυγισμὸν γυλασμοῦ* of his summer calm, or the sterner accents of his equinoctial mood, might say—

'Great I must call them, for they conquer'd me.'

There is a passage in Byron, often selected for quotation, in which, towards the close of his greatest poem, he brings the power and immensity of the sea into contrast with the weakness and littleness of man. The charm of verse has, in our opinion, seldom been more abused than in this splenetic pæan to the brute strength of winds and waves, leaving, as it does, unnoticed the great fact of their habitual submission to the moral and intellectual powers

of man. To make the pervading sentiment of these famous stanzas as sound as their cadence is sonorous, shipwreck should be the rule, and safe passage the exception. Among the greatest assertors of that qualified supremacy which Providence has delegated to the human race over the destructive agencies of the billow and the storm, the architects of such buildings as the Eddystone and the Bell Rock Lighthouses are pre-eminent; and the story of their construction is well worthy of the minute detail and costly illustration with which it has been recorded.

We cannot be surprised at the cordial satisfaction with which the narrators have evidently discharged a task of justice, not to themselves alone, but to many brave and skilful coadjutors and subordinates. It must be remembered that in all these cases the presiding genius had to struggle not only with difficulties which would have foiled the skill, but with toils and dangers which would have cowed the spirit and exhausted the endurance of ordinary mortals. Bloody battles have been won, and campaigns conducted to a successful issue, with less of personal exposure to physical danger on the part of the Commander-in-chief, than for considerable portions of successive years was hourly encountered by each of these civilians. They could not and did not sit apart from the field of action, and send their staff with orders into the fire. They were the first to spring on the lonely rock, and the last to leave it. They had to test the solidity of their own contrivances in their own persons, to take up their quarters in the temporary barrack, and to infuse by example their own high courage into the breasts of humble workmen unaccustomed to the special terrors of the scene. It will be found that if these edifices were not, like the Pyramids of the Pharaohs or the canals of Mehemet Ali, completed at a cost of human life, that immunity was obtained, under Providence, by the constant presence, the cool and judicious directions, and the prompt resources of the architect. Like Desdemona, we listen to the tale, and admire the narrator for the perils he has passed, as well as for the benefits he has conferred. What these benefits are, those best can tell who have neared their country's coast in a season of starless nights and wintry gales—who have had experience of the navigator's struggle between hope deferred and the fear of unknown danger and sudden wreck. These know the joy and confidence infused into every bosom by the first gleam of that light which, either by its steady lustre, its colour, or its periodical occultation, identi-

fies the promontory or the reef. In that moment, when the yards are braced, and the good ship put upon her course, which she can thenceforward pursue with confidence towards the Sound, the Forth, the Mersey, or the Clyde, the merits of the Smeatons and the Stevensons will best be felt, their eulogy may best be spoken.

Our special business being with the last in date of the three constructions above enumerated, we have cited the two former chiefly for the sake of occasional reference and comparison. In position, the tract of foul ground infamous under the name of the Skerryvore Reef offers in many particulars a pretty exact counterpart to the famous Inchcape or Bell Rock. Placed in the same parallel of latitude, it presented the same obstacles in kind and degree to the navigation of the west coast of Scotland, as the Bell and Carr Rocks opposed to that of the east. While the access to the Forth and the security of the northern coasting trade were mainly affected by the one, the great issue to the Atlantic from the Irish Channel and the Clyde was endangered by the other. It would require deep study of a wilderness of Blue Books to pronounce what annual amount of tonnage was affected in either case, so as to strike the exact balance of anxiety and inconvenience. The statistics of actual loss, previous to the erection of the works in question, would perhaps be even more difficult to collect with precision. The list of ascertained wrecks is a long one in either case, but the fishers of Tyree took little note of the comminuted fragments which reached their coast, and many a good ship has left no traces for recognition after a few minutes' collision with the gneiss of Skerryvore. Situated considerably farther from the mainland than the Bell Rock, it is less entirely submerged, some of its summits rising above the level of high water, but the extent of foul ground is much greater, and hidden dangers even in fine weather beset the intervening passage between its eastern extremity and Tyree, from which it is distant some 11 miles. In rough weather the sea which rises there is described as one in which no ship could live. This terrible relic of a volcanic æra had long attracted the attention of the Northern Commissioners, under whose direction the Bell Rock and other Lighthouses had been constructed, and so long ago as 1814 an Act was obtained for a light on Skerryvore, in which year Mr. Robert Stevenson landed on the rock, in company with several members of the Commission, and Sir W. Scott, who has noted the visit in his diary. The difficulty of the undertaking

appears, however, to have deterred the Commissioners from any active proceeding till the autumn of 1834, when Mr. Alan Stevenson received directions to commence a preliminary survey, which he was only able to complete in 1835. That difficulty was not confined to the position and character of the reef itself. The distance from land, strictly speaking, was some three miles less than in the case of the Bell Rock, but the barren and over-peopled island of Tyree afforded neither the resources of the eastern mainland, nor a harbour like Arbroath. It was necessary to construct, at the nearest favourable station in Tyree, a pier and harbour, and the buildings for workmen and stores of all descriptions—all materials for which, except the one article of stone, and after a little stone too, were to be transported from distant quarters. The gneiss quarries of the island did, in the first instance, supply a stock of stone fit both for rubble and masonry; and the liberality of the proprietor, the late Duke of Argyll, who took from the first the interest which became him in the proceedings, gave every facility to the architect. This supply, however, soon failed.

The younger Stevenson's narrative bears, as might be expected, continually recurring testimony to the advantage he enjoyed in the instruction afforded by the example of his father's operations, who in many respects was under similar obligations to Smeaton. In neither case, however, was the imitation servile, nor did either fail to adopt such changes in design and contrivance as were indicated by the variations, slight in the main, between the local peculiarities of the respective sites. These changes are ably detailed and justified by Mr. A. Stevenson in a preliminary chapter.

The earliest, and about the most anxious, of the many questions which present themselves to the engineer intrusted with such a work are those of height and mass. In Smeaton's time, when the best light in use was that of common candles, elevation beyond a certain height could do no good. The application of the mirror or the lens to oil enables us now to illuminate the visible horizon of any tower which, in Mr. A. Stevenson's works, 'human art can hope to construct.' The question of mass is affected by other considerations, and principally by the greater or less facility of communication with the shore—which must govern the question of space for stowage of supplies. The extent of the Skerryvore reef, some three miles to seaward of the spot available for the base of the edifice, indicated the expediency of a greater elevation than had been attained in the case of the Bell Rock,

which is little more than 100 yards in its extent. It was determined that the light should be elevated about 150 feet above high water, so as to command a visible horizon of 18 miles' radius; and it appeared that for interior accommodation a void space of about 13,000 cubic feet would be required.

These elements settled, the question of general proportions came next. This was partly dependent on the preference to be given to one or the other of the two principles, by applying which the solidity of a compacted and unelastic mass can be obtained—the principle of vertical pressure, in which the power of gravity supplies the strength required—or that of artificial tenacity, involving the more elaborate and costly contrivances of dovetailing, joggling, &c. It appears clear that, in the construction of buildings in which resistance to a recurrent action of disturbing forces is a main object, the principle of vertical pressure is to be preferred. The power of a given weight to resist a given force is calculable and constant—the strength which results from the artificial connexion of component parts is less enduring, and cannot even at first be so accurately estimated. These considerations had influenced the Commissioners in their rejection of a plan for an iron pillar, and they governed Mr. A. Stevenson in the design which he was called upon to execute for an edifice of masonry, and justified him for some departure from that of either Smeaton or his father.

'There can be little doubt,' he says, 'that the more nearly we approach the perpendicular, the more fully do the stones at the base receive the pressure of the superincumbent mass as a means of retaining them in their places, and the more perfectly does this pressure act as a bond of union among the parts of the tower. This consideration naturally weighed with me in making a more near approach to the conic frustum, which, next to the perpendicular wall, must, other circumstances being equal, press the mass below with a greater weight, and in a more advantageous manner, than a curved outline, in which the stones at the base are necessarily further removed from the line of vertical pressure of the mass at top. This vertical pressure operates in preventing any stone being withdrawn from the wall in a manner which, to my mind, is much more satisfactory than an excessive refinement in dovetailing and joggling, which I consider as chiefly useful in the early stages of the progress of a work when it is exposed to storms, and before the superstructure is raised to such an height as to prevent seas from breaking right over it.'—p. 64.

Of the three works the principle of vertical pressure has been most consulted in



the case of Skerryvore, and least in that of the Bell Rock. In the Eddystone, indeed, as well as in the Bell Rock, Mr. A. Stevenson is of opinion that the thickness of the walls towards the top has been reduced to the lowest limit compatible with safety. Proportions were therefore adopted for the tower at Skerryvore which, involving a less projection of the base as compared with the summit, afforded a nearer approximation to the form of greatest solidity, the conic frustum. It does not, however, follow that the curve resulting from the proportion taken at Skerryvore could have been advantageously substituted at the Bell Rock for the curve there adopted. The latter is covered to the height of fifteen feet at spring tides. For two winters the latter part of the tower was exposed not merely to wind and spray, but to the direct action of the sea, without the advantage of any superincumbent weight. During this period the architect had to rely on the compactness, not on the weight, of his structure, and it became necessary to give the portion thus periodically submerged the sloping form least likely to disturb the passage of the waves.

On the interesting question of the best shape for such buildings, Mr. A. Stevenson thus sums up a singularly clear explanation of his views:—

‘In a word, the sum of our knowledge appears to be contained in this proposition—that, as the stability of a sea-tower depends, *cæteris paribus*, on the lowness of its centre of gravity, the general notion of its form is that of a cone, but that, as the forces to which its several horizontal sections opposed decrease towards its top in a rapid ratio, the solid should be generated by the revolution of some curve-line convex to the axis of the tower, and gradually approaching to parallelism with it.’—p. 56.

This is nothing more nor less than the conclusion which Smeaton reduced to practice in the case of the Eddystone, and, for aught we are aware, for the first time.\* The process of reasoning, however, by which Alan Stevenson arrived at his results is far different from that by which Smeaton describes himself to have been influenced. He thinks that Smeaton’s famous analogy of the oak, which has been often quoted and extolled for its felicity, is unsound, and was only

employed by him for the purpose of satisfying readers incapable of understanding the profounder process by which he had really arrived at truth:—

‘There is no analogy,’ says the modern architect, ‘between the case of the tree and that of the lighthouse—the tree being assaulted at the top, the lighthouse at the base; and although Smeaton goes on to suppose the branches to be cut off, and water to wash round the base of the oak, it is to be feared that the analogy is not thereby strengthened; as the materials composing the tree and the tower are so different, that it is impossible to imagine that the same opposing forces can be resisted by similar properties in both. It is very singular that throughout his reasonings on this subject he does not appear to have regarded those properties of the tree which he has most fitly characterized as its elasticity and the coherence of its parts.’—*Ibid*.

A choice remained to be made between at least four different curves, which would each comply with the conditions specified in Mr. Stevenson’s conclusion—the logarithmic, the parabola, the conchoid, and the hyperbola. The logarithmic, though not unfavourable to the condition of vertical pressure, was dismissed as clumsy; the parabola displeased the eye from its too rapid change near the base; the similarity between the conchoid and the hyperbola left little to choose between them, but the latter obtained the preference. The shaft of the Skerryvore pillar, accordingly, is a solid generated by the revolution of a rectangular hyperbola about its asymptote as a vertical axis. Its exact height is 120·25 feet; its diameter at the base 42 feet, and at the top 16 feet. (p. 61.) The first 26 feet from the base are solid, and this portion weighs near 2000 tons. The walls, as they spring from the solid, are nine feet thick, and gradually diminish to two. Mr. A. Stevenson considered himself safe in dispensing generally with the system of dovetailing, which had been adopted throughout the building in the two preceding instances. By an improved construction of the floors of the chambers he also supplied the place of the metal chains which Smeaton had used to restrain any disposition to outward thrust in the circle of masonry, and the copper rings by which the cornice of the Bell Rock building is strengthened. The above are some of the principal features of the differences suggested by study and experience between the three works. We must refer our readers to p. 63 for a diagram which makes them sensible to the eye. The following table, however, may be sufficient:—

\* The only great work we know of, antecedent to Smeaton’s Eddystone, and resembling it in situation and exposure, is the Tour de Cordouan, in which the conical principle is not adopted. Mr. Rudyard’s tower on the Eddystone was a rectilinear frustum of a cone—a form suitable to his principal material, which was wood.

	Height of Tower above first entire course.	Contents.	Diameter.		Distance of Centre of Gravity from Base.	Height of Centre of Gravity.
			Base.	Top.		
Eddystone . . . .	68	13,343	26	15	15.92	4.27
Bell Rock . . . .	100	28,530	42	15	23.59	4.29
Skerryvore . . . .	138.5	58,580	42	16	34.95	3.96

The last column shows the ratio which the height of the centre of gravity above the base bears to the height of the tower.

Those who have perused the 'Diary' of Mr. R. Stevenson's voyages to and fro, and long residences in anchored vessels at the Bell Rock, will anticipate that much of the difficulty with which the father had to contend was obviated in the case of the son by the application of steam-power to navigation. The first year's operations at Skerryvore were, however, not assisted by this new auxiliary. A steamer was advertised for, but the river and harbour craft offered for sale were quite unfit to encounter the seas of Tyree, and it was found necessary to build a vessel for such rough service, of 150 tons, with two engines of 30-horse power each. Mr. Stevenson found, as he conceives, compensation for the delay in the accurate knowledge of the reef and surrounding waters which constant trips in the *Pharos* sailing-vessel of 36 tons procured for him.

One peculiarity of the Skerryvore, in which it differs from the Bell Rock, was found from first to last to occasion much inconvenience. The sandstone of the Bell Rock is worn into rugged inequalities. The action of the sea on the igneous formation of Skerryvore has given it the appearance and the smoothness of a mass of dark-coloured glass, which made the foreman of the masons compare the operation of landing on it to that of climbing up the neck of a bottle. When we consider how often, by how many persons, and under what circumstances of swell and motion this operation was repeated, we must look upon this feature of the spot as an obstacle of no slight amount.

The 7th of August, 1838, is noted as the first day of entire work on the rock. It consisted in preparations for the temporary barrack, which in this case, as in that of the Bell Rock, was considered a necessary preliminary, and was in most respects a copy of its predecessor. Little more than the pyramidal pedestal of beams for this building could be accomplished before the 11th of September—the last day of work for that season—and this commencement was swept away in the night of the 12th November:—

a calamity which mortified those whom it could not daunt nor discourage, and which only led to various improved devices for reconstruction. The quarriers meanwhile had been busy in Tyree, but the experience obtained during this winter, 1838 and 1839, of the gneiss-rock of that island led Mr. Stevenson to resort for further supply to the granite-quarries of Mull. In specific gravity the gneiss has a trifling advantage, but it is less fissile and far more uncertain in quality. Of the quantity hitherto obtained in Tyree not more than one-tenth was found fit to be dressed as blocks for the tower.

The next important operation was that of excavating the foundation. This occupied the whole of the working season of 1839, from the 6th of May to the 3rd of September. The gneiss held out stoutly against iron and gunpowder, and Mr. Stevenson calculates the labour at four times that which granite would have required. In the case of the Eddystone, Smeaton was compelled to follow the shape of the rock, and to adapt his lower courses of masonry to a sort of staircase of successive terraces carefully shaped for the adjustment. The formation of Skerryvore enabled Mr. Stevenson to avoid this delicate and expensive process, and to mark out a foundation-pit of 42 feet diameter, the largest he could obtain at one level throughout. This basin, however, required for its excavation the labour of 20 men for 217 days, the firing of 296 shots, and the removal into deep water of 2000 tons of material. The blasting, from the absence of all cover, and the impossibility of retiring to a distance farther in any case than 30 feet, and often reduced to 12, demanded all possible carefulness. The only precautions available were a skilful apportionment of the charge and the covering the mines with mats and old netting made of old rope. Every charge was fired by or with the assistance of the architect in person, and no mischief occurred. The operations of 1840 included the reconstruction of the barrack, in which, though rather more pervious to wind and spray than what Mr. Robins in his boldest mood would have ventured to designate a 'desirable marine villa,' the architect and his party

were content to take up their quarters on the 14th of May. 'Here,' says the gallant chief,

'during the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, &c. On one occasion also we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer, and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which was at times so loud as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed on my mind, on being awakened one night by a heavy sea which struck the barrack, and made my cot swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and the tremor, sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea.'—p. 153.

This spell of bad weather, though in summer, well nigh outlasted their provisions; and when at length they were able to make the signal that a landing would be practicable, scarcely twenty-four hours' stock remained on the rock.

As yet nothing of weight but iron and timber had been landed. The first trial of the landing of heavy stones from the lighters, on the 20th of June, was a nervous one. It succeeded, but difficulty and hazard in this operation were of constant recurrence; and as the loss of one dressed stone would frequently have delayed the whole progress of the building, the anxiety was incessant. Eight hundred tons of dressed stone were, however, deposited on the rock this season without damage. On the 7th of July the ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by the Duke of Argyll, attended by a party of relations, including the Duchess and Lady Emma Campbell, and many friends.

The summer of 1840 was a stormy one, and it required some habit to contemplate calmly, even from the height of thirty feet, the approach of the Atlantic wave. The exhibition of its power was more formidable during that period of ground swell which follows a protracted gale than amidst the violence of the actual storm. Cool and careful observation led Mr. Stevenson to conclude that the height of an unbroken wave in these seas does not exceed fifteen feet from the hollow to the crest; but this was mag-

nified to thirty or forty in the estimation of less scientific watchers—some of whom could scarcely familiarize themselves even by repeated experiences of safety to the illusive appearance of imminent destruction. The greatest trial of such a residence was doubtless the occasional inaction resulting from the violence of the weather, which sometimes made it impossible to land a sufficient supply of materials on the rock, and at other times made it impossible to use them. At such intervals the architect's anxiety was great for the safety of the stones deposited on the rock, but which they had as yet been unable to move beyond the reach of the surf. The loss or fracture of any one of these would have occasioned much delay. The discomfort of wet clothes, and scanty accommodation for drying them, after exposure to sleet and spray, was severe. And yet the grandeur and variety of the surrounding scene, combined with the deep interest of the work in hand, were sufficient not only to compensate for the tedium of occasional inaction, but, in the words of the narrator, 'to reconcile him to, nay, to make him actually enjoy, an uninterrupted residence on one occasion of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.'

In addition to the magnificent phenomena of inorganic nature, an object of interest was afforded by the gambols of the seal, which is said by report of the neighbouring islanders to attain a remarkable size in the neighbourhood of the reef. There is something to our apprehension very human in the seal. The voice, the expression of the eye, its known affection for musical sounds, and its docility, and even attachment to individuals, when caught young, give it claims to better treatment than it usually receives from man. The greatest living authority in matters of zoology has conjectured that the strange animal seen from the *Dædalus* frigate was a seal of the largest (sea-lion) species; that it had probably been drifted into warm latitudes on an iceberg which had melted away, and swimming, poor brute, for life, had neared the strange object, the ship, with some faint original hope of shelter and rest for the sole of its flipper. If Captain M'Quhae could admit a theory which attributes to him and to his officers so large an amount of ocular deception, we are sure he would share our regret at his inability to accommodate so interesting a stranger. The seals of Skerryvore made no such demand on Mr. Stevenson's hospitality. They enjoyed the surf which menaced him with destruction, and revelled in the luxuries of a capital fishing station—

'They moved in tracks of shining white;  
And when they rear'd, the elfish light  
Fell off in hoary flakes.'

Perhaps, like the Ancient Mariner, he  
'blessed them unaware;' but thus he writes  
of them :—

'Among the many wonders of the "great deep" which we witnessed at the Skerryvore, not the least is the agility and power displayed by the unshapely seal. I have often seen half a dozen of these animals around the rock, playing on the surface or riding on the crests of the curling waves, come so close as to permit us to see their eyes and head, and lead us to expect that they would be thrown high and dry at the foot of the tower; when suddenly they performed a somersault within a few feet of the rock, and, diving into the flaky and wreathing foam, disappeared, and as suddenly reappeared a hundred yards off, uttering a strange low cry, as we supposed of satisfaction at having caught a fish. At such times the surf often drove among the crevices of the rock a bleeding cod, from whose back a seal had taken a single moderate bite, leaving the rest to some less fastidious fisher.'—p. 157.

In July, 1841, as the masonry rose to a height which made the stationary crane difficult and even unsafe to work, that beautiful machine, invented for the Bell Rock, and which rises with the building it helps to raise, the balance crane, was brought into requisition with all the efficiency and success described in the narrative of the elder Stevenson. With such aid the mass of masonry built up during this working season amounted to 30,300 cubic feet—more than double that of the Eddystone, and somewhat more than that of the Bell Rock tower. Such was the accuracy observed in the previous dressing of the stones in the work-yards on shore and in their collocation by the builders, that the gauged diameter of each course did not vary from the calculated and intended dimension one-sixteenth of an inch, while the height exceeded that specified by only half an inch. Mr. A. Stevenson only does justice to his father in stating that much of the comparative rapidity of his own work was due to the steam attendance at his command. No death from accident or injury occurred during the entire progress of the work—but the loss of Mr. Heddle, commander of the steamer, who died of consumption in the course of the winter, was probably due to exertion and exposure in that service. On the 21st of July the last stones for the tower were landed under a salute from the steamer. On the 10th of August the lantern was landed. It was, however, impossible to do more this season than to raise and fix it, and cover it with a

temporary protection from the weather and the dirt of sea-fowl for the winter.

The summer of 1843 was occupied in repointing the joints of the building—a tedious operation conducted from suspended scaffolds—and in fitting the interior. It was not till the 1st of February, 1844, that the light was first exhibited to mariners. For reasons most ably and minutely detailed in a concluding chapter, the apparatus adopted was identical in its general arrangements with that—in the main dioptric, but combining some of the advantages of the catoptric system of illumination—which had been applied some years before to the Tour de Cordouan. The light is revolving, appearing in its brightest state once in every minute. Elevated 150 feet above the sea, it is well seen as far as the curvature of the earth permits, and even at more than twice the distance at which the curvature would interfere were the eye of the observer on a level with the sea; for it is seen as a strong light from the high land of the Isle of Barra, thirty-eight miles distant.

In a chapter which Mr. Stevenson devotes to the general history of lighthouses, he has collected the few and meagre notices which remain to us of those constructed by the nations of antiquity. We can hardly doubt that some must have existed of which no record has been preserved. The torch in Hero's tower, and the telegraphic fire-signals so magnificently described in the 'Agamemnon' of Æschylus, could hardly have failed in times anterior to the Pharos of Ptolemy to have suggested the use of continuous lights for the guidance of the mariner. In later periods, when the coasts of France and Britain were more frequented by the predatory northman than by the peaceful merchant, and when the harvest of shipwreck was considered more profitable than the gains of commercial intercourse, it probably often appeared to the inhabitants of the seaboard more their interest to increase than to diminish its dangers. It is related of one of the Breton Counts St. Leon that, when a jewel was offered to him for purchase, he led the dealer to a window of his castle, and, showing him a rock in the tideway, assured him that black stone was more valuable than all the jewels in his casket. The only modern work of consequence anterior to the Eddystone, cited by Mr. Stevenson, is the Tour de Cordouan, situated in the mouth of the Garonne some two leagues from Bordeaux, which in respect of altitude and architectural grandeur and embellishment remains, as Mr. Stevenson says, the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. Whether that embellishment is

as well suited to the subject-matter as the severer grandeur of the curvilinear towers of Smeaton and the Stevensons, may be questioned. Commenced by Louis de Foix, A.D. 1584, in the reign of Henry II., and finished in 1610 under Henry IV., it exhibits that national taste for magnificence in construction which attained its meridian under Louis XIV. The tower does not receive the shock of the waves, being protected at the base by a wall of circumvallation, which contains also casemated apartments for the attendants. Hence a construction in successive stages and angular in the interior, consequently less adapted for solidity, but more susceptible of decoration, than the conical, has for two centuries stood uninjured. In this, as in our own lighthouses, the inventions of science have been gradually substituted for the rude original *chauffoir*, or brazier of coal or wood, such as within memory was in use in the Isle of May. In the latter case it is supposed to have led to the destruction of two frigates, which mistook for it some kilns on the coast, and ran ashore on the same night near Dunbar. The *Tour de Cordouan* has, in our times, been made illustrious by the first application of the dioptric contrivances of Fresnel, which Alan Stevenson has borrowed, not without ample acknowledgment, nor without some improvements, for the service of his own country.

Mr. Stevenson, while treading in the footsteps of Smeaton and his father as historians of their great works, has largely availed himself of the progress which has taken place in the art of engraving. It is amusing in Smeaton's folio to observe the costume of days when the rough business of life was transacted under wigs and in shorts and shoebuckles; but the lapse of time is no less apparent in the delicacy and beauty of the modern illustrations. On no part of his work has Mr. Stevenson been more lavish of this useful and instructive adjunct to a pregnant text than in the treatise which he devotes to the curious subject of the illumination of lighthouses. No such assistance, indeed, can bring a disquisition so profound and such an array of mathematical science within the grasp of the unlearned. It needs, however, but an uninstructed glance at these pages to show that when the engineer rests from his architectural labours he has further difficulties to encounter and problems to solve, which require an extraordinary combination of theoretical science and practical skill. The Promethean task remains to which the construction of the corporeal frame is but subsidiary. It may at first appear a simple matter to

accumulate within a limited space instruments and materials of luminous combustion, and to trust to the unassisted laws of radiation for the diffusion of the light produced. The result, however, of this process would be to direct an immense proportion of the rays in sheer waste towards the zenith or the centre of the earth. It becomes the business of the engineer, no longer an architect but an optician, to control the rays and to direct their divergence on the system best suited to the local conditions of the edifice, to adapt the range of visibility to the circumstances of the navigation, and to give a specific character to the flame which shall enable the mariner, without hesitation or mistake, to distinguish it from others. It is laid down by Mr. A. Stevenson that no two lights similar enough to be confounded should be placed on the same line of coast nearer than one hundred miles to each other.

The various inventions which have been, with a view to these various objects, substituted for the candles of Smeaton and the brazier of the Isle of May, are of recent date. Many of them were, as is usual, preceded by those vague suggestions which often put in a claim for original invention, but scarcely diminish the honour of successful accomplishment. Among the names of those who have contributed most effectually to the present efficiency of the system of marine illumination, Argand, Borda, and Fresnel are conspicuous. The hollow cylindrical wick of the first was a sudden and immense advance in the art of economical and effective illumination. The second applied the parabolic mirror to the light of Cordouan—an invention which has multiplied the effect of the unassisted flame in the case of a fixed light by 350, in that of a revolving light by 450. For the merits of that great master of the more complicated system of the refracting lens, termed the dioptric, Fresnel, we must refer our readers to Mr. Stevenson's pages and their elaborate engraved illustrations. It may, however, for the benefit of that portion of our readers whose comprehension of optical contrivances cannot be assisted by the use of Greek terminology, be permitted to us to state here in few words some of the leading and distinctive features of these two systems of illumination. In the catoptric, a certain number of Argand lamps are disposed on a frame-work, each in front of a metallic reflector, which latter is always moulded to a parabolic curve. Both in this and the dioptric system the first great division adopted for the important purpose of distinction and identification is into fixed and revolving

lights. The catoptric system, by the aid of various contrivances, has been made susceptible in practice of nine conspicuous and unmistakeable varieties; for which differences of colour, periodical gradations of splendour, and absolute temporary occultation are the means employed. The relative arrangement of the lamps with their reflectors to each other differs according as the light is fixed or revolving. In the fixed light the lamps and reflectors are disposed on a circular frame with the axes of the latter inclined to each other at such an angle as shall enable them to illuminate as completely as possible every quarter of the horizon. The revolving light is produced by the revolution on a central shaft of a frame with three or four sides, on each of which the reflectors are disposed with their axes parallel. One variety, indeed, the flashing light, is produced by a somewhat different arrangement, involving an inclination of the axis of each reflector to the perpendicular. In the dioptric system a powerful burner is placed in the centre of a frame, usually octagonal, fitted with a refracting lens to each of the sides.

Contrivances of great ingenuity and complexity have been superadded by Messrs. Fresnel and Stevenson both for reflection and refraction of much of the light, which, without their aid, would be wasted in an upward or downward direction, entailing the whole apparatus, combining, as it then does, the qualities of the two systems, to the designation of Catadioptric. We are sorry to confess that, in spite of the removal of those vexatious excise regulations which so long paralyzed the glass manufacture of England, we are still dependant on France for the glass used in the construction of our dioptric lights. Mr. Stevenson has entered fully into the subject of the comparative merits of the two systems. For lights of the first order in range and importance, specified by him—as those which are first made on over-sea voyages—and which embrace within their action a large portion of the horizon—it seems clear that the dioptric system is to be preferred. In respect of intensity, equable diffusion of light in the direction required, and economy of oil, it has decidedly the advantage—in the latter particular in the proportion of three and a half to one. The consequence, however, of extinction from accident is, as Mr. Stevenson terms it, infinitely great in the case of the one central burner of the dioptric system as compared with that of the numerous lamps of the catoptric. There are also cases, such as those of fixed lights in narrow seas, where it is only needful to illuminate a limited

segment of the horizon, in which he prefers the reflected light. He condemns the employment of coloured media on the score of absorption, and considers it only admissible in the case of a line of coast crowded with lighthouses in which the other and better processes of revolution and temporary occultation have been exhausted. In such the red glass may be used, but blue and green, from their greater absorption, are not entitled to promotion from the shop of the apothecary.

The critical position and permanent requirements of the lighthouse make it improbable that the oil-lamp will soon be supplanted on the sea-girt tower either by gas or by any of those still more recondite devices which are almost daily engendered by the advancing chemical science of the age. Gas, indeed, has sometimes been applied to marine lights on the mainland. For the dioptric light, where there is one large central flame, it possesses, at least, two decided advantages—the form of the luminous cone is less variable, and the inconvenience of mechanism in the lamp is avoided. These advantages are, however, more than compensated in all positions, to which access is difficult and precarious, by the difficulties of the manufacture of the gas and transport and storing of fuel; perhaps in all cases by the risk, however reduced by modern inventions, of explosion. For the catoptric revolving light it is obviously unsuited.

To the Drummond and Voltaic lights there are other objections than those which adhere to any process involving delicacy of adjustment and manipulation. A full exposition of those objections would require some of that mathematical disquisition and graphic illustration which Mr. Stevenson has lavished in his pages for the use of the learned. It is sufficient here to explain that, to fulfil the purpose of a marine light, whether fixed or revolving, some degrees of divergence are essential—that to produce this divergence, and to control and direct it either by the mirror or the lens, a body of flame, as distinguished from a luminous point, is equally necessary. Such operators as the Fresnels and Stevensons leave nothing to chance—to any chance, at least, but that of fog, or violent accident. That effect, whether of slowly increasing and waning splendour, or of fixed radiance, which at the distance of twenty miles cheers the spirit and directs the judgment of the mariner, is previously calculated and rigorously governed by so small a quantity as the measured diameter of the cylindrical wick placed in front of the mirror or behind the lens. If this diameter, as

in the case of the Drummond and Voltaic processes, be reduced to a luminous point, of however concentrated and increased intensity, practical utility is annihilated. An experiment was made by Mr. Gurney in 1835 for adding power to the flame of oil without reducing its dimensions by a combination with oxygen, but the plan was rejected by the Trinity House.

Such, however, is the intensity of the light produced by some of these processes, that we cannot despair of their ultimate application to purposes and situations which afford a safer field for ingenuity, where accident is of less consequence and economy may be fairly consulted. Our children, perhaps we ourselves, who remember the old lamps and older watchmen of London, may live to read gas-shares at a discount, and to see the nocturnal duty of the policeman simplified by the radiance of artificial suns which shall fill whole regions of streets and alleys with light from one central source.

Apart from such extended speculations, we consider it not unlikely that the experiments pursued and the processes adopted for marine illumination may suggest minor improvements which, though of less importance, may conduce to public and private convenience. The House of Lords, club-rooms, and other large enclosed spaces, have been assisted by Mr. Faraday and others by various methods to get rid of unhealthy gases and superfluous caloric. The great saloon of Lansdowne House has, if we mistake not, long been partially lighted on festive occasions from without; and Lord Brougham, we hear, has lately availed himself of a similar resource in the old hall of his seat in Westmoreland, without at all disturbing—on the contrary, aiding and enhancing—its impressive character. We are not aware that any attempt has yet been made towards the effective illumination of a large room without any interior combustion. We understand, however, that Mr. Barry has such an attempt in contemplation for the picture-gallery at Bridgewater House, and this by the aid of the parabolic reflector of the Cordouan and the Bell Rock. Guttering candles and broiling lamps are behind the age we live in, and we have every reason to wish Mr. Barry success.

We cannot attempt the delicate task of a biography of living worthies. The peculiar line in which the two Messrs. Stevenson have attained eminence sufficiently distinguishes them from that family of English engineers who have made illustrious a name so nearly similar, that confusion between them and their respective achievements might otherwise possibly arise. It is a satisfaction to us

however to relate, that the architect of the Bell Rock, having retired from the office of engineer to the Northern Lights, is still enjoying an honourable repose in Edinburgh, and that his son and successor in office is at present superintending the building of five lighthouses in Scotland.

For the last century England has been a great school for the practical application of mechanical science. It is somewhat curious to compare the present condition of her intellectual resources in this department with those of the earlier attempts to light the Eddystone—the proceedings and results of solid instruction with the desultory efforts of amateur ingenuity. A country gentleman and a silk-mercator were the predecessors of Smeaton at the Eddystone. The first, Mr. Winstanley, had distinguished himself by a talent for practical mechanical jokes, which must have made his country house in Essex an agreeable and exciting residence for an uninitiated guest. You placed your foot in a slipper in your bedroom, and a ghost started up from the hearth; you sat down in an easy chair, and were made prisoner by its arms; you sought the shade of an arbour, and were set afloat upon the canal. That the more serious device of such a brain should have been fantastic and unsound is less surprising than that it should have endured the weather of the Channel for some three seasons. Mr. Winstanley commenced his operations on the Eddystone in 1696, a period when the doctrine was scarcely obsolete that storms might be raised by the malignity of elderly females. If storms could be provoked by the excesses of human complacency and presumption, Mr. Winstanley was quite the man to raise them. Having completed a structure deficient in every element of stability, he was known to express a wish that the fiercest storm that ever blew might arise to test the fabric. He was truly the engineer of Mr. Sheridan Knowles' pleasant lines—

'Who lays the top-stone of his sea-girt tower,  
And, smiling at it, bids the winds and waves  
To roar and whistle *now*—but in a night  
Beholds the ocean sporting in its place.'

Short time indeed had poor Mr. Winstanley to 'stand aghast;'—for, alas! the undaunted gentleman was engaged in a visit of inspection when the storm he had challenged occurred, and its fury left no trace of the lighthouse, its attendants, or its architect.

Mr. Rudyard, who next undertook the task, was certainly a man of genius. It is possible that England at this time contained no man more competent for the undertaking than the silk-mercator of Ludgate-hill, the



son of a Cornish vagrant, who had raised himself from rags and mendicancy, by his talents and industry, to a station of honourable competence. He designed, and with the assistance of two shipwrights constructed an edifice mainly of timber, courses of stone being introduced solely to obtain the advantage of that principle of vertical pressure of which we have already spoken. In this respect it did present some of that analogy to the oak-tree which the artist of Skerryvore impugns in the case to which Smeaton applied the illustration. It might be said to resemble a tree with iron roots, for the balks of timber which formed the base were bolted to the rock, so as to resist lift or lateral displacement, by iron branches, so called, spreading outward at the nether extremity, on the principle of that ancient and well-known instrument, the Lewis. Mr. Rudyerd did not indeed invent that simple and very ingenious contrivance with which heavy stones have for ages past been raised by the crane, but he, as we believe, in the case of the Eddystone, first applied it to the fixture of bolts and stanchions—an application which is extolled by Smeaton as a felicitous and material accession to the practical part of engineering. It was largely adopted by Mr. R. Stevenson in his operations on the Bell Rock, especially in that difficult and anxious one, the construction of the temporary barrack. In the case of Skerryvore, the hardness of the rock made the process slow and unsuitable, and led Mr. A. Stevenson to adopt other contrivances. The worm had commenced ravages on Mr. Rudyerd's wooden structure, which, though capable of timely repair, would have led to considerable toil and expense had a longer duration been permitted to the edifice. It had presented, however, no symptoms of serious instability or irremediable decay when, in 1755, it met with a fate from which its situation might have appeared to be its security—destruction, rapid and complete, by fire. The catastrophe left Mr. Rudyerd's skill unimpeached as an architect, for in respect of solidity his work had stood the test of nearly fifty winters; but the many instances of marine conflagration should have warned him that an edifice cased to the summit with tarred timbers was quite as combustible as a ship, and precaution against such accident seems to have been neglected in the arrangements of the lantern.

The flashes of amateur ingenuity have paled their fires before the steady lustre of brighter lights and surer guides. The voice of a commercial people demanded aid for daring enterprise and great designs. Men like Smeaton and Brindley answered

the call; and not among the least of their followers are those to whom the humble tribute of these pages has been paid. At this moment we shall be pardoned for observing that the selection and employment of such agents does credit to the Northern Light Commissioners. Did any doubt exist as to the merit of the services of that body, given, as they are, without fee or reward, we should be tempted to reply to the sceptic in something like the language of Wren's epitaph—*'Si quæras monumentum, circumnaviga.'* It is known that suggestions have been made for the amalgamation of this and the Irish Board with the Trinity House. We do not claim an acquaintance with all the bearings of the question which would justify us in endeavouring to rouse the fervid genius of Scottish nationality against such a proposition. We trust, however, that no hasty concession will be made to the mere principle of centralization—a principle misapplied when it disturbs the working of machinery which experience has shown to be adequate to its functions and successful in its operation.



ART. IV.—*The Book of the Farm; detailing the Labours of the Farmer, Farm Steward, Ploughman, Shepherd, Hedger, Cattleman, Fieldworker, and Dairymaid.* By Henry Stephens, F.R.S.E. Second Edition, in 2 vols., with numerous Illustrations; 8vo.; Edinburgh and London. 1849.

WE purpose to confine ourselves on the present occasion to that department of agriculture which is engaged in furnishing a supply of animal food to the inhabitants of these realms. Though we trust that we may be pardoned for offering to our readers, almost exclusively, statements and remarks drawn from our personal experience and observation, we hope it will not be supposed that we are indifferent to the rich and interesting literature of contemporary agriculture. Mr. Stephens' *'Book of the Farm'* (of a new and improved edition of which one volume has just reached us) is only one of several comprehensive Manuals that have been received with very general approbation by the classes best able to judge of their merits. The agricultural magazines published on both sides of the Tweed may well be referred to with satisfaction as evidences of the spread of curiosity and speculation as to all questions connected

with this great department of national industry; and though neither France nor Germany has of late been sterile in the same line, we believe we may safely say that foreigners are ready to admit as yet the superiority of this branch of our insular manufacture. At any rate, the great extent to which their best writers rely on the facts and reasonings of ours, cannot be questioned. Nor can it be denied that this rapid succession of dictionaries, treatises, pamphlets, journals, and the large circulation which many of them deservedly attain, are features of the time—and features somewhat remarkable when we call to mind that, within the memory of living men, agriculture had scarcely advanced since Virgil wrote the *Georgics*; that the volumes of Tull and Arthur Young were the only agricultural publications which could be found in an English farmer's library, even where such a phenomenon existed; and that in the department of cattle-breeding, in which we have now distanced the rest of the world, the Roman poet appears to have had much the same perception of the cardinal virtues of a bull or cow, as most of the practical British farmers of those generations which preceded Collins and Bakewell.

Up to their time cattle and sheep were produced according to the generosity of the land on which their lot happened to be cast. Perhaps we owe it to difficulties of internal communication that very distinct races maintained in some districts of small extent, as compared to the surface of Great Britain, a separate existence. Over the rest of the country some little attention was paid to the qualifications of the ox as a beast of draught, but beyond this the cow was merely a milk and calf producing animal. The bull was selected for his proximity, and his best recommendation was that he had given sufficient evidence of the talent which Mr. Shandy desiderated in Obadiah's grave pet. 'Their bull gendereth and faileth not.' When he had served the parish in this capacity for three or four years, he was discarded from a prevalent and probably well founded idea that uncanonical connexions were, on more than one account, inexpedient. He was then marched off to Stilton or Porchester Castle to feed French prisoners, or, if his size and substance were favourable, he was degraded into an ox, and took his place in the team. Of his progeny, the males, with the exception of a successor or two in his own vocation and a few oxen for the plough, were made into very immature veal. The females were reared. Such as were seasonably prolific,

and as showed milking qualities, succeeded their mothers in the dairy, and the remainder, after having been indulged with the best pasture which the district afforded, served to relieve, with the tenderness of youth, the uniformity of old cow beef which formed the staple supply of the provinces.

Of the pure races we must speak more definitely. England preserved the Devons and the Herefords. We add, with some hesitation, the appropriately named Long-horns, which still struggle for a separate existence in a small district round the point where the counties of Warwick, Derby, Stafford, and Leicester approach each other. To fix on a known point we should say they hail from Atherstone. Some splendid horns from this race are preserved by Lord Bagot at Blithfield. As late as the year in which the General Agricultural Meeting was held at Derby a bull of this sort obtained a prize. The earliest, and that very recent, representative of the Short-horn, of which we have knowledge, was a large, uncouth, patch-coloured animal from the district of Holderness—a milk-seller's cow. Wales furnished a mean, black, mountain bullock, dignified with the name of a runt, which still appears in considerable numbers in the markets of the western and southern grazing districts. Perhaps the improvement which has of late years been made in this race by the infusion of West Highland blood can hardly be called a cross. We apprehend that both races speak Gaelic. Scotland gave us the unquestionable West Highlander, whose head-quarters are now fixed in Argyshire and West Perth, and the somewhat more equivocal Galloway; perhaps even the rough east country stot, from Aberdeenshire and its associate counties, may claim some *locus standi* in this enumeration. In Ireland we trace no distinctive breed. The distinction of the Irish ox and heifer was, that they were the worst shaped and worst fleshed animals which ventured to appear in an English market. 'Good things scarce: plenty of Irish,' became an almost proverbial description of a cattle fair. The same system of haphazard breeding, which overran a large portion of England and Scotland, prevailed universally in Ireland. As with the human, so with the bovine race. Each endowed with a marvellous fecundity: maidens and heifers equally precocious. The same circumstances of penury, hardship, and neglect which made the Irish (not 'the finest,' but) the most degraded peasantry who came into permanent contact with civilization, made the Irish ox the most degraded of oxen.

So stood the case a short century ago. But a great change was at hand. The early systematic improvers of our stock took the readiest, and perhaps, under the circumstances, the most scientific, course. Having come to a definite end, in the main, an accurate perception of the objects which it was desirable to attain, they selected and commingled, without any regard to affinity of race, the animals which appeared likely to realise their vision. Immediate success attended their efforts. The merits of the first cross are proverbial, and even while we write the newspapers offer us a confirmation of the proverb in the statement, that the prize ox, which this year furnished the baron of beef for the Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle, was bred by Prince Albert, was an animal of rare symmetry, quality, and fatness, and was the produce of a buffalo cow by an Ayrshire bull. In sheep, Bakewell put together white-legged and black-legged, horned and polled, long-woolled and short-woolled. Nor was the case much different in cattle. The late Earl Spencer traced much of his standard short-horned blood to a Galloway cow, which is still, we believe, a luminary of the Herd-book, and which produced one or more animals of agricultural celebrity. Still the desire for something distinctive prevailed; and as every three or four years brought a fresh generation of these animals, their fleeting series enabled a successful experimentalist to establish something of uniformity within the limits of one human life. So, from most heterogeneous materials, breeds both of cattle and sheep having respectively distinctive qualities, were called into existence. Of either sort one—of cattle, the improved short-horn, and of sheep, the new Leicester—obtained a decided pre-eminence. They gained a footing in almost every agricultural district of England and Scotland. The uncivilised herds and flocks of our predecessors shrank before them as rapidly as the red man before the white in the New World; and though fashion certainly pushed them into some districts for which they were unsuited, and in which they degenerated rapidly, yet in the main they have retained their conquests. No doubt they trenched on the dominion of the old and pure races. They drove in their outposts, and even made inroads into their territory. Meanwhile the possessors of the old races were not insensible to the spirit of improvement which was abroad, nor to the fierce competition which was forced upon them. To them, as to men in higher station, three courses were open. They might discard their own stock as unequal to the

occasion, and adopt that which the enterprise of other men placed within their reach; or, following the example before their eyes, they might aspire to success by crosses of which their own herds should be the foundation; or, thirdly, they might seek improvement by judicious selection and rejection within their own domains. Happily, they adopted the last course, and the purity of our old races of cattle was maintained. Who would not regret the disappearance of the beautiful Devon and the picturesque West Highlander? Either position or design had kept these races pure, and they retained all the distinctive marks of purity. Thus they were improved without being adulterated, and remain to this day as marked in their respective characteristics as they were before an improved Short-horn or a new Leicester had been called into existence. Their improvement has perhaps not been so rapid as that of the new breeds, but they did not start from so low a point of degradation. Nor should it be forgotten that they occupy districts below the average of the kingdom in fertility. On the whole, they have maintained the contest for superiority with various success—a success regulated perhaps at times by fashion and caprice, but resulting on the whole in good judgment and truth.\*

We should now, perhaps, be in condition to estimate the results of a struggle which has continued for more than half a century. But before we can pronounce even a qualified opinion, we must have a very clear perception of the principles on which a decision ought to be founded. The real and only question for the farmer is what breed of cattle will year by year yield me the largest money return per acre, or per given quantity of various sorts of food consumed by them? And this question is not settled by saying, Taken—10 tons of short horns and 10 tons of Devons; 50 tons of food of equal quality were consumed by each lot;

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\* A split has arisen in the Herefords, of which we cannot explain the origin, but which we regret, though we cannot say that it has produced any deterioration. The difference, though small, is decided, and the respective parties are of course very positive. The general Hereford is an animal with a white face, upward horns, and a tawny side. The animal of the offset has a speckled face, generally a broad white stripe down his back, and shorter legs and more horizontal horns than his relative. Of the speckled-faced Herefords the late Mr. Price, Earl Talbot, and Sir F. Lawley have been the most distinguished breeders. The contest between speckled-face and white-face is not worth carrying on,

'Facies non omnibus una  
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum.'

the short-horns give beef as 21 to 19, or *vice versa*. 1st, we must know the respective histories of each 10 tons; we must have a debtor and creditor account of each up to the time of weighing in. The one may have credit for services in the dairy, the other for services in the team; or the creditor side may be blank in the case of either or both. We must *here* consider the breeder and the feeder as one man. Before we can answer the question so interesting to him, we must know the antenatal cost of each 10 tons, and their respective debits and credits up to the day when they leave the hands of the beef manufacturer for the shambles. 2dly, We must know which fetched the most money—the beef represented by 21 or that by 19. It is easy to say, 'I have bred a beast of rare symmetry, great size, early maturity, first-rate quality.' Equally ready are the inquiries, 'After how many failures?—At what cost?—How stands the balance?' These questions are answered by many brave and contradictory assertions, by many wild and contradictory guesses, but by no statistics on which we can found a safe conclusion. And yet on the answer depends, on average agricultural farms suited to any description of cattle, the whole question of successful breeding and feeding. The statistics are not forthcoming, first because few farmers keep any accounts but a cash-book, and secondly, because considerable intricacy arises from the circumstance that the breeder and feeder (in the case of cattle) are ordinarily not the same person. To those who give to the public accurate statistics of one farm, or of one animal, we are under great obligations; but the questions at issue can only be solved by a multitude of instances. Being therefore without the sure monition of arithmetic, and left to our own observation, aided by the opinions of men of sagacity, and finding no very definite or decided preponderance in those opinions, we are not in condition to offer to our readers any guidance on which we could safely advise them to found their practice. But we may mention some of those characteristics of the various animals which we have under review, which must be important points of consideration whenever increased knowledge shall enable us to bring the main question to a definite issue. Before we do so we may be allowed to premise in a single sentence that in the breeding of cattle, as in every other important human pursuit, national objects are promoted by the successful skill and industry of individuals. The first vocation of a cattle-breeder is to furnish his countrymen with the dairy, with all its multitudinous

comforts and luxuries. We scarcely know a more important national object of its class than to place a free supply of milk within the reach of the great body of our population. The next vocation of the breeder is to supply animal food—milk and animal food in the case of cattle, wool and animal food in that of sheep. Animal food is suited both to our climate and to the hard-working energy of our people. The breeder has to cater for appetites which bodily exertion has made rather active than critical, as well as for others, of which sedentary and intellectual pursuits have blunted the desire for quantity, but at the same time stimulated the appreciation of quality. Bearing these objects in view, we proceed to remark on those qualities of the various descriptions of agricultural animals which subserve to their attainment.

From their general and hitherto progressive prevalence, the new breeds of cattle and sheep claim our first notice. We have already adverted to the manner in which (if at the expense of a little accuracy we may use the most expressive phrase) they were *created*. To the short-horns we must award the merit of uniting milking qualities with a propensity to get fat, in a degree which rarely, if ever, had been previously found in the same animal. We doubt, however, whether the mothers of the prize bullocks are the animals which fill the milk-pail. To that very simple agricultural implement is, as we fancy, to be traced the slack and bare loin which is the characteristic failing of this breed. In the shambles at Birmingham, where a large proportion of the well-fed cows from our dairying districts are slaughtered, you may generally perceive the blue and bare spot on the loin, though the rest of the carcase is loaded with fat. The advocates of the new breeds claim for them, that with a given amount of food, and in a given time, they will yield a larger weight of beef and mutton than animals of the old races. With some qualification we are prepared to admit the claim. In the case of selected individuals, previously brought to a certain age or point of maturity, we think that the claim is well founded. Our qualification has reference to the previous history of the animals. As we hinted above, we must begin at the beginning. We have no doubt, we might almost say experience has proved, that if 1000 short-horned females were subjected to the breeding process in competition with 1000 West Highlanders, Devons, or Herefords, not only in the first named would there be more failures of produce, but among the products there would be more animals of low quality,

coarse, and utterly exceptionable, than would be the case in any of the three old races. As little doubt have we that 1000 Leicester ewes would produce fewer lambs, and among those fewer more rickety, wry-necked, and turninthehead, than 1000 ewes of any other breed. This is because, though art may improve upon nature, it never can become so unvarying and sure in its operation. The varieties and incongruities which have been introduced on account of their connexion with some coveted quality, will from time to time re-appear. The concocter of a new breed is always liable to disappointment. He introduces into his herd some unknown animal on account of certain apparent excellences, but he cannot tell what qualities, though latent in the individual, run in the blood. The flat side, vulgar head, or hard flesh of some paternal or maternal ancestor may re-appear in the offspring. We have heard Mr. Buckley of Normanton, the owner of one of the oldest and purest flocks of Leicestershire sheep, say that from time to time gray faces and black feet appeared among his lambs. We have before us a letter from the late Earl Spencer to a friend who had consulted him on a point in breeding, in which he says, 'Your cross will not justify a very high-priced bull, but in order to secure you against *anything monstrous* in his stock, you must ascertain that you have several generations of real good blood.' With such incidents a breeder of horses is familiar. He selects a bay mare with black legs and unites her with a male having the same characteristics. If the produce should be chesnut with a bald face and what the dealers call white stockings, we can assure him of sympathy from many fellow sufferers. To disappointments of this class the proprietors of original or very old races are less liable. Every connoisseur in cattle is aware, that in a drove of short-horned bullocks or heifers there will be more diversity of shape, of quality, of colour, and of aspect, than in a corresponding drove of West Highlanders, Devons, or Herefords. Another difficulty besets the breeders of short-horns, and all others who have attained to animals of great merit by many mixings and crossings. You have selected the breeding stock for size, symmetry, propensity to fatten, or for what a Frenchman would call a '*je ne sais quoi*,' and a breeder a sparkly appearance. When you have secured the recurrence of these qualities in their offspring, as far as bovine frailty permits, you have invariably attained this object at some sacrifice of fertility. We have known some breeders of short-horns who have been, and perhaps

still may be, desirous of having bulls with the heads of heifers and the thighs of bullocks. The offspring of such males is always deficient in quality, and is of weak constitution; the progeny inherits the paternal effeminacy. When such a blunder has established itself in a herd, it can only be redeemed by recurrence to a male,

'cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,  
Et crurum tenuis à mento palearia pendent.'

These are the true and natural indications of taurility.

Our lamented friend Mr. Edge of Strelley, having shaped in his imagination a breed of cattle formed on his own model, great size, symmetry, and a propensity to fatten, spared no expense to realise his vision. Aided by a most correct eye, and with no prejudices personal or local, he selected at any cost, and from any quarter in which he found them, the animals, both male and female, which he thought likely to answer his expectations. Nor was he disappointed in the qualities of their offspring. But after some years, when he seemed to have attained, or to be on the point of perfection, he came to a dead lock; his females, though much solicited, refused to give him produce. On this ground, and on this only we believe, he broke up his herd and discontinued the pursuit. Lord Spencer, an enthusiastic advocate of short-horns, admitted in more than one public speech that in his herd fecundity had diminished to an inconvenient degree, and was only maintained by a degree of care and attention which could hardly be extended to the general breeding stock of a kingdom. We know the ready answer—The females are too fat. But that is not the whole question. We lately inspected a herd of Herefords, the property of a distinguished and (we speak on the authority of his farming accounts) very successful agriculturist. The breeding cows and heifers, living solely on crushed gorse, were considerably above the point of marketable beef in fatness. We have no doubt they would be very bad milkers. The bulls were loaded with fat; but there was no deficiency of calves; the drafts on account of barrenness were very few. The expression of the owner was, 'I have no trouble on that score.' Twins were by no means unknown in the herd. Since short-horns have been very generally introduced into the midland counties, barrenness has been a great 'trouble' to the cheese-making farmer.

We will endeavour to sum up impartially. Even the improved short-horn is by nature a coarse animal, requiring a good climate and

a generous soil, and unprofitable for *merely* feeding purposes. Sterility is a serious tax on any herd which, by great care and attention, has attained to a respectable quality of flesh and to symmetry of form. The dairy sustains the short-horns. The cast cows soon acquire a rough coating of fat, and form a valuable supply of low-priced beef for the manufacturing and colliery districts—for those appetites which we have described as being active without being critical. But we should be unjust if we did not assign to the short-horns one quality of great value in an agricultural animal—composure of mind. The males have lost the combativeness of their species. We can hardly conceive a more ludicrous sight than a bull from Althorp or Babworth thrust into the arena at Seville or Ronda. The females yield precedence without contest. If you introduce a little petulant highland cow into a dairy of short-horns, of which every individual is double her own weight, she at once becomes mistress and leader of the herd. We have been in the habit of attending annually a sale of fat cattle where the stalls are filled with beasts of various descriptions. The short-horn is released from the stake to which he has been tied for four months, and proceeds to the hammer with all the solemnity which befits an animal who is walking to his own funeral. The West Highlander, as soon as he ascertains that he is free, rather in frolic than in fury breaks through the ring of his intending purchasers, blunders over a fence, and celebrates his recovered liberty by most extraordinary antics. The butchers get but a passing view of him. ‘Now, gentlemen,’ says the facetious auctioneer, ‘you must shoot him flying.’ His sale proceeds without the solemn pinching and punching, and the wise looks which, in the case of a more patient animal, are preliminary to a bid. Some excitement has been produced by the scene, and, if the gin-bottle has done its duty, he generally sells well. But we beg pardon.—We must not altogether pass by the important point of early maturity. Here the short-horns claim a decided pre-eminence. We will not altogether negative the claim, though we do not find it borne out by the declared ages of the animals which are exhibited for prizes at the Smithfield show. We only desire to ask and to receive candid answers to two questions, and, in order that we may dismiss the subject, our questions shall have reference to new Leicester sheep as well as to short-horned cattle. Have or have not these two breeds possession of the most fertile districts which are devoted to breeding? Have they or have they not during their two first years

more indulgence than falls to the lot of the young of other breeds?

So many general points have entered incidentally into this review of short-horned merits, that we can be more concise respecting the old races. We will take Devons and Herefords together as having many points in common. They are confessedly prolific; neither are suited to a farmer whose rent is to be made by the produce of his dairy; we reckon little of the services rendered by their bullocks in the team; human labour must be at a low ebb where it can be profitably associated with so slow a beast as an ox; bullock-teams and railways will not, we think, long co-exist. We must admit that something will be sacrificed, for we are not insensible to the superior quality of meat of mature age. The claims of these two races are founded on good constitution, on the very rare occurrence of animals without merit, on a considerable capacity to bear hardship without suffering, on symmetry sustained with less care than in any artificial breed, and on the high quality of their beef. When their symmetry does fail, it is generally in the fore quarters; where the high-priced beef lies, they seldom fail. They are unrivalled in the deep cut of lean meat well covered with fat along their whole top and sides, which butchers find so acceptable to their best customers. If compelled to give a decision between the two races we should say, with much hesitation, ‘If you wish to please your eye, take the Devons; if your pocket, the Herefords.’

We approach the West Highlander with some fear, lest we should ramble into romance instead of adhering to plain agricultural truth. How can any man leave either his garret in Grub Street, or the tails of a set of lumbering short-horns in a Lincolnshire homestead, to visit the free and spirited denizen of Gare Loch Side, Glen Lyon, and the storm-swept Hebrides, without feeling some excitement? Unless the West Highlander has gazed on you from a rocky knoll in his native glen—unless you have felt how much he ornaments and animates the scene, you will not admire and love him as we do. The first merits of a West Highlander are his hardihood and his great industry. Whether you order him to find his living on a black moor in summer, or to gather up the crumbs which have fallen from the rich man’s table on your feeding pastures in winter, he is equally prosperous and cheerful. In storms or severe weather you never see him setting up his back and shivering under a hedge or wall; he is constantly working for his bread. We knew a grazier who always cleaned up his pastures in win-

ter with West Highlanders, and who objected on principle to giving them any fodder, even when there were several inches of snow on the ground, saying that it only taught them idle habits. Some years back we saw annually at Falkirk a lot of West Highland bullocks bred by Mr. Stuart of Harris, and brought by him to that market. They were the best lot of one man's breeding which we ever saw; Mr. Stuart kindly gave us their history. From the day of their birth they had never been under cover; neither they nor their mothers had ever received a scrap of food from the hand of man. In the summer they roamed through the mountain glens. The Atlantic storms throw up on the west of Harris long ranges of sand-hillocks, which become fixed by the roots of a coarse grass, to which, if we remember right, Mr. Stuart gave the name of bent. We believe it is the same grass which such of our readers as visit Paris may see extensively planted on the railway sides between Boulogne and Abbeville for the purpose of fixing the drifting sands. Mr. Stuart's herd, when driven from the hills by storms and snow, retreated to these sand hills, and found from them all that they ever received of shelter and food. Both summer and winter they were almost independent of man. The bullocks began their southern travel by a sailing voyage of 60 miles over a very uncertain sea; they then walked about 220 miles to Falkirk, mostly over open moors, on which they bivouacked at night, picking up a living by the wayside as they journeyed. At Falkirk they appeared healthy and lively, fresh as from their native glen, firm in their flesh, and with the bloom of high condition on their long and silky coats. Nor, indeed, were their health, strength, and condition superfluous; for, through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael or some other eminent Scotch dealer, we believe that their general destination was the Vale of Aylesbury (another walk of nearly 400 miles, for it was before railways were in general use for cattle), where they revelled in the, to them, unwonted luxury of such pastures as are found on the farms of Mr. Senior or Mr. Rowland, and before the day twelvemonth on which they had stood on Falkirk Moor, they had probably all appeared in the shop of Mr. Giblet, or some other west end butcher. The West Highlander is eminent for the excellence of his flesh; it is not very easy to put on, but when there, it is of first-rate quality and price. This animal does not compete in size with the short-horn Hereford, but, in the hands of Mr. Stuart and of the principal Perthshire and Argyllshire breeders, he seems to us to be large enough. About six

years ago one bred by Mr. Campbell of Monzie obtained the first prize in his class at the Smithfield show, and was sold to a butcher for nearly 50*l*. At the same time the higher and more barren glens furnish the same animal in a smaller compass, and to a gentleman residing in his country mansion he is almost as well worth having for his beauty as for his beef. The West Highlander has one natural defect, which, however, skilful men have much remedied by judicious selection and rejection without tampering with his purity. He has it in common with the wild and with the least cultivated races of his species—with the bison, the buffalo, both of Italy and South Africa, the bullock of Caffraria, and the mountain bull of Spain. The defect is thinness in the thighs and a general falling off in the hind-quarters. It is a grave agricultural failing. The West Highlander is not very docile, nor very observant of artificial boundaries. His habits of free ranging are not very easily overcome.

Having carried our readers to the Highlands, we must, at the risk of being somewhat episodic, request that on their return south they will accompany us to Falkirk Moor on the second Monday or Tuesday in either September or October. They will there witness a scene to which certainly Great Britain, perhaps even the whole world, does not afford a parallel. On the Monday morning they will see the arrival on this flat and open moor of flock after flock, to perhaps the average number of 1000 in each, of sheep—some black-faced with horns, some white-faced and polled—the individuals of each flock being, however, remarkably uniform in size and character. They will probably observe that the flocks arrive in pairs, the first being a draft of wethers, and the second of ewes from the same farm. Each flock will be attended by two or three men, and at least as many dogs. They take up their respective stations on the moor without confusion, and stand in perfect quietude in little round clumps, which are separated from each other by only a few yards. The dogs are the main guardians, and though they are generally lying down and licking their travel-worn feet, no unruly animal who breaks the ranks escapes their vigilance, but is instantly recovered. Among the shepherds friendly recognitions are taking place; the hand and the mull are freely offered and accepted, and the news from Ben Nevis, Dunvegan, Brahan, Jura, John o' Groat's, and The Lewis is communicated in a singularly soft language, strange to southern ears. We doubt whether we do not much underrate the whole number of sheep thus collected at



100,000. Mr. Patterson, Mr. Sellers, Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Cameron of Corachollic will each have several thousands on the ground. We have heard that this last patriarch has 50,000 head of cattle and sheep on his several farms. The greater part of the sheep are in the hands of their respective breeders, though no inconsiderable number have been purchased, without being seen, at the Inverness wool fair, by dealers who are perfectly acquainted with the qualities of every large flock. Soon after the groups have been collected in the manner which we have described, a large number of agricultural-looking gentlemen on horseback and on foot begin to move among them; these are partly southern dealers, but more generally the large turnip-growers from the east coast of Scotland and from the northern and eastern counties of England. The merits of each flock are so accurately known by those who have an interest in frequenting Falkirk that a cursory inspection suffices. No stranger accustomed to the bustle and the crowd, the handling and the haggling of an English fair, would suspect that transactions of a magnitude to which Barnet, St. Faith's, and Wey Hill afford no parallel, were on the eve of taking place. The owners are seldom with their flocks, but their whereabouts is easily ascertained by those who want them. 'What are ye seeking for the Gordon Bush ewes? or for the Invercashley wethers the year?' says the purchaser; and if the parties are well known to each other, a price is named within 1s. or perhaps within 6d. a head of what the vender means to accept. A few words pass about the abatement of the odd shilling or sixpence, and, with a half-jocose complaint that the vender was shabby with his luck-penny last year, several thousand sheep have changed hands. The news of the price at which the best lots are sold spreads through the fair, and, within a very trifling per centage, the value of every other lot is at once ascertained. A large proportion of the lots pass from year to year into the same hands. No purchaser of a smaller number than 500 must expect to get sheep at first hand from any of the standard flocks; indeed, these magnates generally decline to divide their lots at all. On the outskirts of the fair will be found small, mixed, and inferior lots, where the buyer may have haggling for 1d. a-head to his heart's content. The settling at Falkirk is as peculiar as the dealing. No man brings money, *i. e.* currency, with him to Falkirk. On a portion of the moor adjoining the sheep-ground, and adjoining also to long lines of booths, a wooden

penthouse about 5 feet square announces itself by exterior placard to be 'The Royal Bank of Scotland'; the British Linen Company, the Commercial Bank, and every other banking company north of Tweed appear there also by similar wooden representatives. The purchasers come to the fair provided with letters of credit, and, stepping into the tabernacle to which they are accredited, bring out in large notes the amount required; these are handed to the vender in an adjoining booth, and are probably within a very few minutes at his credit with the issuer or with one of his rivals; for a Scotchman, dealing with a banker who is very reasonable in his charges, and who is to be found in every village in the land, always throws on him the responsibility of keeping his money. The bankers in the aggregate carry from the ground the same notes which they brought in the morning, a few scratches of the pen in their books having sufficed to balance all these large transactions. The clearing of the ground is as orderly as the other proceedings of the day, and, under the superintendence of the best herds and the best dogs in existence, the immense fleecy mass moves off, with almost military precision, on its southern and eastern journey.

What shall we say of the gathering of the morrow? Every isle and holm which opposes its rugged crags to the fury of the Western Ocean between Islay and the Orkneys; every mainland glen from the Mull of Cantyre to Cape Wrath pours in its pigmy droves, shaggy and black, or relieved only, as to colour, by a sprinkling of reds, and of duns graduating from mouse to cream-colour. From Northern and Eastern Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, and Inverness, they come in longer on the leg, smooth, and vulgar. From central Argyle, Perth, and from some of the islands, come the carefully-bred West Highlanders; these are the flower of the show, engage every one's talk, and attract every one's attention; every individual of them is a delight to the eye of a connoisseur. Aberdeen and Forfar send in droves of large and bony, but useful bullocks. A few Ayrshire cows and heifers for the dairy, some miscellaneous lots, and a few Irish, make up the account. We do not know the numbers; we have heard of 30,000, and again of 60,000. The October show is the most imposing. The almost universal colour is black; the moor is in appearance one black mass. You may be accommodated with every size, from that of a Newfoundland dog to a bullock of 100 stones. The cattle

are mostly in the hands of dealers, having been bought up at the Northern and Western markets; many, however, of the best West Highlanders are brought to the tryst by their breeders, and you may see a kilted laird from the Hebrides standing, like Rob Roy, at the tails of his own bouny stots and queys. Every dealer in small cattle offers you Skye beasts, and you would be inclined to attribute almost miraculous productive powers to that celebrated island, till you were informed that (as a merchant would say) 'that is the favourite brand,' and that large numbers of these beasts are brought from the other Hebridean isles to the Skye markets. To speak generally, every one of these animals has his predestined course; the smallest, called six quarters, from being only 18 months old, will clean up the rough pastures and eat a little straw in Clydesdale, Dumfriesshire, Cumberland, and the neighbouring districts. The older of the small cattle will proceed to Brough Hill, a very favourite fair with dealers, because it is said to be attended by more gentlemen's bailiffs than any other in the United Kingdom. The finest West Highland heifers are for Yorkshire, and the bullocks for the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Buckingham. The heavy north-eastern bullocks will supply the Lothians with stall-feeders, and will go in large numbers for the same purpose to Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and the south-eastern counties of England. These are all Norfolks when they get to Smithfield market. The proceedings are as orderly and the dealings on as large a scale as those of the preceding day. A few small lots of a score each may be found, but generally they run from 50 to 300 and upwards. A purchaser of less than the whole of one of these large lots gets his number not by a selection, but by a cut: a drover passes through the black mass, and cuts off by estimation the number; they are then counted and made up to the required figure by alternate selections on the part of the buyer and seller. A third day follows, but it is not of much account. The cattle are for the most part miscellaneous lots, and what a Scotchman calls his shots, and an Englishman his culls. We have been somewhat minute in describing these proceedings, because they are on a scale of magnitude quite unknown to Southern agriculturists. We can assure our readers that the men who carry them on are quite equal to the occasion. We always considered our annual intercourse with them to be both a privilege and a pleasure. No trading class can furnish more intelligent men than the Scotch stock-

farmers, perhaps, indeed, than the Scotch agriculturists generally; men well educated, of courteous and simple manners, of great intelligence and much general information, enterprising, and keenly alive to every reported improvement. We never could associate with them without drawing rather disagreeable comparisons. Many of these men are originally and still from the Cheviot district of the border; several of them hold stock farms in districts separated by hundreds of miles from each other, besides a more agricultural farm on which they reside. Their system must be excellent, for they only see their mountain farms a very few times in the year. Others hold only one farm and reside on it; and of these, some on the west coast of Sutherland have long been the resident gentry and quasi lairds of the district, though holding under their great superior, the Duke of that ilk. Till the very recent introduction of roads and inns their houses were the only refuge of the traveller from the mountain and moor. We must always have a grateful recollection of a lady who strongly objected to these innovations on her generous and refined hospitality. Though 60 miles from her doctor, and dependent on coasting traders for luxuries and fashions, she looked back with regret to the days when she had no conveyance but a horse or a boat.

Having spoken of the stock-farmer and of the shepherd, we must introduce to our southern readers the third member of the triumvirate, the Dog. To any inquiry at a Scotch shepherd as to the race of one of his faithful ministers, you would receive the answer, 'Hout! he is jist a collie.' But this designation is far too indiscriminate, for it is applied equally to the malapert animal which, at the sound of your wheels, rushes from every black hut, and, having pursued you for a few score yards with his petulant yaffle, gives his tail a conceited curl, and trots back to inform the family that he has driven you off the premises. Far different is the sheep-dog. Whether employed in driving on the road, or herding on the hill, his grave and earnest aspect evinces his full consciousness that important interests are committed to his charge. When on duty he declines civilities, not surlily, for he is essentially a good-tempered beast, but he puts them aside as ill-timed. At an early age the frivolity of puppyism departs from him, and he becomes a sedate character. At home he shares his master's porridge; lies on the best place before the fire; suffers with complacency the caresses of the children, who tug his ears and tail, and twist their little fingers into his long coat;

and, without inviting familiarity from a stranger, receives him with dignified courtesy. When accustomed to the road he will, in his master's temporary absence, convey the flock or herd steadily forward, without either overpacing them or suffering any to ramble; and in the bustle of a fair he never becomes unsteady or bewildered. But the hill or moor is his great theatre. There his rare sagacity, his perfect education, and his wonderful accomplishments, are most conspicuous. On the large sheep-farms a single shepherd has the charge of from three to six or more thousand sheep, varying according to the nature of the country and climate. In performing his arduous duties he has in ordinary seasons no assistance except from his dogs. Those shepherds who have studied political economy introduce the principle of division of labour into their kennels. When on the hill they are usually accompanied by two dogs: of these one is the driving out and the other the bringing in dog. To the first he points out a knot of sheep, and informs him by voice and action that he wishes them to be taken to a distant hill. The intelligent animal forthwith gathers the sheep together, and acts according to his master's instructions. By similar means he informs the second that a lot of sheep on a distant hill are to be brought to the spot on which he then stands, and with equal certainty they are shortly at his feet. To either dog he indicates the individual sheep which he is to catch and hold. The eagerness and impetuosity with which the dog rushes at the neck of his captive would lead you to suppose that the poor animal was in great danger. Nothing of the sort. The dog follows Izaak Walton's precept, and handles him as if he loved him. The hold is only on the wool. The sheep stand in no habitual terror of the dog; though within a few yards of him, the elder will quietly chew the cud, and the younger shake their heads and stamp with their feet, provoking him to frolic or mimic war. We have spoken here simply of the daily occurrences of the sheep-walk—milk for babes—for we fear that the more staggering, but not very well authenticated, instances of canine shepherding, with which we might fill our pages, would prove too strong for southern stomachs. Whoever has not read the Collie stories of the great Ettrick herd and bard has anyhow a rich amusement before him. We love the long face, sharp nose, and sincere countenance of the sheep-dog:—

'His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face  
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.'

One word of advice to our southern friends who rent Scotch moors for grouse-shooting: keep on good terms with the shepherds. With a little encouragement, a collie-dog will find every grouse-nest on the moor. A dinner for the shepherds, with whiskey in moderation, followed by tea and a dance for their wives and daughters, are among the cheapest and most effectual modes of moorland gamekeeping. '*Experto crede*.\*

We hardly know how to apologize for this wild digression; but we must recall our thoughts from their wanderings, and return to more homely matters. Having spoken of Shorthorns, Devons, Herefords, and Highlanders, we should be unjust if we passed altogether without notice the great improvement which has taken place in the last thirty years in Irish cattle. Though large in amount, it has not been in any uniform direction. As far as we know, there is still neither a race nor a breed of cattle in Ireland. We have heard of Kerry cows, and we know there are cows in Kerry; but, though rather extensively versed in cattle, we have no idea what a Kerry cow is, as distinguished from any other mongrel. The improvement in Irish cattle began, we believe, by the introduction of long-horned bulls from the neighbourhood of Atherstone. The rage for short-horns quickly crossed the Irish Channel, and contributed its share to the general progress. Into the mountain districts there has been a large infusion of Scotch Highlanders. We saw lately a drove of some hundreds of small cattle from

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\* We wish that some competent classical authority may be able to assure us that, in the *Odyssey*, 14th book, lines 24 and 26, the words 'Οἱ δὲ ἐπὶ ἄλλοι,' 'Οἱ τρεῖς,' and 'τοὺς δὲ τετραπύους' refer to the *κύνες τετραπύους*, which are mentioned only two lines before; and not, as some commentators suppose, to four assistant swineherds, who have not been previously mentioned at all. The latter interpretation receives some colour from the number of portions into which the supper was divided, which favours the idea that the number of Eumæus' assistant herds was four. Still, however, we are inclined to hope and believe that Homer spoke of the dogs. It is curious to find that the ancients were so well aware of the refined education which the canine race are capable of receiving,—that the poet could, without comment, represent that Eumæus had sent a dog, *alone*, to take a fat pig from his country station to the city, where, for very good reasons, he was somewhat chary of trusting himself. In the 'Υμνος εἰς Εὐρυπύλον Apollo's cows were committed to the sole custody of four dogs,

'πυρὸς φάσγαντος ἐκδοφάροντες'—

equivalent to the saying of our South Country hinds 'he's as 'cute as a Christian.' We know an old Whig lord, who, during the long Tory rule, always said of his favourite dog, 'he has more sense than any of our ministers.'

the county of Down, of which nearly one-half showed unmistakably the Highland cross, and a few had a touch of the buffalo. We have been told that a resident Irish nobleman has buffalo milking-cows for domestic use. The general result is, that Ireland now supplies a large quantity of very useful second-rate bullocks to the Leicester and Northampton fairs, and furnishes beef, quite equal in quality to the average of the United Kingdom, to Liverpool, Manchester, and the surrounding district. This comes for the most part in the shape of strong heifers, admirably grazed, and the supply is now continuous through the whole year.

From cattle we must descend to sheep. The sheep is by nature an animal of the mountain and the wilderness, and the sheep of agriculture is eminently artificial. If we should attempt to reduce the various sorts into races, or even, with one or two exceptions, into breeds, we should find the task far beyond our knowledge and powers. We know that from time immemorial a small dingy white sheep, which has had the honour to give a name to the first quality of mutton and of flannel, has existed on the mountains of Wales. Probably, these, if any, have a title to the name of Ancient Britons. Very similar were the fleecy inhabitants of the Scotch Highlands till they were superseded, it is said not above 150 years ago, by a black-faced sort from England, which have again been driven from all but their most rugged and inhospitable fastnesses by an incursion of white faces from the border. To the old race, which still exists in Wales, in Orkney, St. Kilda, and in the parks of some Highland lairds, the Portland sheep seems to bear a close affinity. In the hands of persevering Scotchmen the black-faces have attained a consistency and an uniformity which does not exist in England. The old Norfolk is their nearest English representative. The Cheviots, also, have much improved by their migration to the north; they have also acquired considerable consistency, and we doubt whether it has been judicious to tamper with it by the introduction of Leicester blood. A white-faced horned sheep which inhabits a moorland district called the Derbyshire woodlands, the old Cambridgeshire, and a Dorsetshire sheep, bear to each other a marked resemblance. The Southdown, far the most comely of our English sheep, has about him several of the characteristics of an old race. But how gat he without his horns? In agriculture the Southdowns are invaluable. Grazing the shortest and driest pastures—bearing, from their hardihood and

from the closeness of their fleece, confinement on a claggy lair, either in the turnip-field or in the fold, better than any of their congeners—they are not only of more general utility to the mixed farmer, but they also yield a supply of mutton considerably above the average in quality. The black-faced Shropshire ewe is a vulgarized Southdown, which has acquired size and has lost quality. We hear that a big Cotswold sheep is studying refinement and trying to force himself into favour. But of all the polled and white-faced sorts, the New Leicester, though he may of late have somewhat declined in favour, remains still far the most important. With no pretensions to be a race, they have become beyond all dispute a very distinct breed. The New Leicester tup, in his best form, has a smart head, is long and low, with a tabular back, with wide rumps, 'thick,' as graziers say, 'through the heart of him,' with wonderfully covered sides and shoulders, but very inferior to the Southdown in his legs of mutton. The colliers in the north say that 'a little fat mutton makes a many fat potatoes.' To furnish that mutton is the vocation of the New Leicester, and he performs it worthily. He is mutton food for the million; and sincerely we hope that, in his present or in some improved form, he will be brought year by year more within their reach. With some deductions, analogous to those which we urged in the case of the Shorthorn, we must admit his superiority over his competitors in this particular, that he yields at the least cost, and in the shortest time, the largest weight of meat. There our eulogium must end. His flesh is coarse, his wool is inferior, his constitution is tender. Obesity of body and serenity of mind act and react on each other, and have conspired to make a Leicester tup a marvel of idleness. He is equally difficult to provoke to love or war: he dies soft under hardships. Showmen find it to be their interest to place together a giant and a dwarf—the extremes of the human race. In order to exhibit at one view the extremes of the 'genus ovinum,' with a Leicester ram, prepared for the show, should be coupled a Welsh ewe from Cader Idris, fresh from the hill, newly shorn, and having just weaned her lamb. We throw out the hint to Mr. Burgess or Mr. Stone.

If the sheep of agriculture is an indefinite animal, the agricultural pig is still more so. Every tyro in breeding has tried his hand on them. Every gentleman farmer presents his friend with 'a gilt of my own breed.' 'Encourage the breed of pigs,' said the Bishop of Chester (now of London)

to his clergy, if credit is to be placed in the metrical version of his lordship's Charge, indited by the Rev. Sydney Smith. We hope that what was enjoined on a parson is not forbidden to a reviewer, for we have had our experience in pig-breeding. We inherited a long-legged sow, hog-backed, bristly-maned, flat-sided, slouch-eared, rather a ferocious-looking animal. Twice a year she was followed down the lane by an almost interminable series of little grunters—reduplications of mamma—sixteen, eighteen, we believe even twenty at a litter. But how could these satisfy the eye of a critic? So we began afresh, and a few years of judicious selection and crossing gave us animals of almost perfect symmetry. The litters, however, from far in the teens, dwindled to six, four, and at length our favourite sow produced one. Nor was this all. The roaded bacon three inches thick, for which, when trimmed with beans, we have seen gastronomes of undoubted authority desert farther-fetched dainties, was replaced on our table by six inches of rather flabby fat, unredeemed by lean. So when we could not even save our bacon we gave up the pursuit; and we are inclined to think that our experience was a sort of epitome of high breeding. A snub-nosed race, called Chinese Pigs, or Tunks, have some distinctive marks. They may, for what we know, elaim an antiquity coeval with the Sheeking and Shoo-king, though, indeed, we are not precisely aware of the authority on which they are said to have come from 'the Flowery Land.' They are funny little fellows; pert and queer in their ways; very asymmetrical; poor breeders; and not exactly the pigs to furnish contract bacon. The Neapolitan, the Portuguese, and the Berkshire pigs have many points in common. For a constant supply of pleasing pigs we should select the Lisbon market. They are the only cleanly animals of a domestic nature (we make no exceptions) in Portugal; very uniform, very symmetrical, very fat, and of sufficient activity to get their living in the chestnut woods during the early part of their lives. To this feeding we should have attributed the delicacy of their pork, if we had not heard, on good authority, that in America mastfed bacon is very inferior both in firmness and quality to that which is fed on grain. Whether the animal which, by an agreeable alliteration, is called a Hampshire Hog, owes any of the celebrity of his bacon to acorns and beech-nuts we will not pronounce. We are inclined to attribute a good deal to careful and scientific curing. Pigs, both in their natural and domestic state, deteriorate if exposed to cold.

We are told that the wild boars of Barbary, Bengal, and Scinde are much finer animals than those which endure the severity of a northern winter in the forests of Germany. Nature made the pig an animal of great activity and spirit. Man, in the due exercise of the power which has been conferred upon him of moulding nature to his own convenience, has made him a creature of flitches and hams. We think, however, that in the case of the pig, the transforming power has been exercised rather wantonly. Of all the overloaded animals which deform our cattle-shows, none so entirely outrages delicacy as the *improved* pig. Unless his legs shrink under the weight of his shapeless carcass; unless his belly trails on the ground; and unless his eyes are quite closed up by fat, he has no chance of a prize. The extremes of domestic swine are Prince Albert's prize-pig at the one end, and the pig whose domestic hearth is in the hut of the Finn, all the way from St. Petersburg to Archangel, at the other. This latter is an animal of skin and bone. From his looks you would not suppose that he has any vitals: there seems to be no room for them. His bristles, if not his ornament, are at least his distinction. He furnishes them to our markets to an extent both in quantity and value which, but for customhouse statistics, would be thought fabulous, and to which we only reconcile our judgment by recollecting that he appears by these his representatives on the toilet-table of every lady, we might also say of every female in Great Britain. As to flesh, if one could conceive such an animal to be ever subject to the tender passion, the epithalamium with which Porson honoured the union of the lean master of Benet with a leaner bride would be highly applicable to him:—

'Though you could not, like Adam, have gallantly said,  
"Thou art flesh of my flesh," for flesh ye had none,  
You at least might have said, "Thou art bone of my bone."'

Such are the extremes. 'Medio tutissimus ibis.'

But in swinecraft we are pigmies when compared with the ancients. Ulysses, at one swine-station in Ithica (and we are told that he had others on the mainland), which was under the care of Eumæus, had 600 breeding sows. They were lodged in twelve stately chambers (fifty in a chamber), built of quarried stone, and adequately furnished with yards, fenced in by a substantial paling. The male pigs (πολλοὶ παυροτέροι) were only 360. This disproportion of num-

bers is accounted for by a statement of the insatiable voracity of the 'godless suitors.' So much for swine. On the subject of turkeys, geese, fowls, rabbits, and 'such small deer,' we must refer our readers to the 'Book of the Farm.' Be it noted however (though not mentioned in this new *Stephani Thesaurus*) that the prime turkeys of East Anglia, whom we apologize for classing among 'small deer,' are *capons*. This is true at least of the huge Goliaths, the glories of Guildhall, one of which an astonished Paddy pronounced 'fit to draw a gig.'

In comparing the merits of the various agricultural animals which furnish food to man, we have frequently spoken of quality, and we wish to explain a little more definitely what we intend thereby. We consider firmness in the fat and a fine grain in the lean to be the criteria of quality. We believe that in those animals where fat and lean are associated, the firmest fat invariably covers the finest-grained lean. Any person who has had the good fortune to eat Highland venison with fat on it will have observed that the fat of a stag differs from that of a Lincolnshire tup much as heart-oak differs from the wood of a Weymouth pine or poplar. The wild deer's fat is a substance of firm texture, hardly degradable, we should think, into dips or short sixes. The fat of the fallow-deer possesses much of the same enviable quality. When we descend from the forest and the park to the pasture and stall, we can form a series both for sheep and beasts which will hardly be called in question. For sheep—the Mountaineers, the Southdowns, various non-descripts, down to the New Leicesters. For beasts—Scots generally, Devons, Herefords, indiscriminate crosses and mongrels, down to the Improved Shorthorns. In each case the butchers' shops will confirm our lists. There the animal which stands at the top will sell for at least 1d. per lb. more than the animal which stands at the bottom. In both cases, in the article of quality, the new and very artificial breeds stand decidedly below all their competitors. To them must be awarded the merit of producing a coarse article in great abundance and at a low price, suited to those whose appetites are keen and not critical, and whose means are limited; whereas the old races will furnish an article of higher quality for those whose tastes incline, and whose means permit, them to be more fastidious. Whether any individual farmer shall produce one article or the other must be left to his own decision; and, if wise, he will decide the point on the same grounds of position, facilities, and connexion which determine a cotton spinner to

make forties cotton-twist or to make one-hundred-and-sixties; and which determine a calico-printer to manufacture prints for ladies or prints for housemaids.

Our readers will have observed further that in all these lucubrations we have made a marked distinction between races and breeds, and we wish to state the basis on which that distinction rests. Of late years certain sages have brought prominently before the public a science to which, in the prevailing rage for a Greek nomenclature, they have given the name of *Ethnology*. This science occupies itself in investigating the localization, the affinities, and the distinctive qualities of the various races of men. It is a circumstance which we would rather call satisfactory than singular, that the observations made and the facts collected—made and collected with true philosophic indifference as to the conclusion to which they might tend—all lead to the belief that mankind have sprung from one original pair. At this conclusion, on grounds merely philosophical, Cuvier and Humboldt have both arrived. We call the conclusion satisfactory, because it may reassure some very worthy people, who discountenance philosophical investigations because they entertain narrow-minded apprehensions that revelation will not be able to take care of itself. As men multiplied, their different families were placed in different circumstances of climate, soil, food, security, and demands for exertion, both mental and bodily. These external circumstances produced modifications both in the form and capacities of their bodies, and in the qualities and capacity of their minds. When successive generations had been so long subjected to the same influences that these modifications had become so far engrafted and permanent, that they were found in all the individuals who remained under the influences, and would endure for long periods even in those who were removed from them, a distinct race of men had been called into existence. Two familiar illustrations of this permanence will occur to every one: the Jew, though by ethnologists he would only be considered as one subdivision of an important race, is said to have maintained his national physiognomy in all the various circumstances in which the Dispersion has placed him: and we know that the negro, when not contaminated by white blood, retains his woolly hair, his thick lips, his long heel, and his mental incapacities, though he has been transplanted for generations from the banks of the Tchadda to those of the Mississippi. To any investigation into races of animals the aid of language is wanting altogether: history also is



more silent, and tradition more obscure, than in the case of man. Still considerable materials remain to those who may be inclined to pursue an interesting inquiry, for which we have neither leisure nor knowledge. Even zoologists, who seldom pretend to have much respect for the Mosaic records, seem on the whole inclined to an orthodox conclusion—to wit, that animals came as individual pairs from the hands of the Creator. This opinion is favoured, it must be owned, by operations of nature of which unphilosophical people are daily witnesses. Nature permits the connexion of many animals and birds, which have considerable apparent similarity, to be productive of offspring, but refuses to carry fertility farther. The horse breeds with the ass, the dog with the fox, the pheasant with the domestic fowl, the goldfinch with the canary; but all the offspring are sterile. On the other hand, the buffalo breeds with the short-horn, the dray-horse with the Shetland pony, the deer-hound with the poodle, the Dartford-fowl with the bantam, the Caucasian with the Bushman; and all the offspring are fruitful. And yet the outward dissimilarity is greater in the individuals forming the respective pairs in the latter series than in the former. Is it an unnatural hypothesis, then, that in all cases in which the offspring of a connexion is fruitful, the father and mother are both descended from one original pair? We think not; but for our immediate purpose—and it is a practical one—it is sufficient that we should feel assured that the same influences of climate, soil, security, ease, or hardship, which have exercised so permanent an effect on man, have also formed different races from animals originally of the same type.

To come to our own case of cattle—where we find much uniformity of size and shape, a self-colour, and a similarity of disposition and aspect recurring generation after generation, and even remaining after the external circumstances of the animal have been materially changed, we have reason to conclude that these distinctive marks have been produced by natural causes; in short, that Nature without the interference of man has produced a *race* of cattle; and further, we shall be confirmed if we find that this race does not require the assistance of man to preserve it from deterioration. Should history, ancient painting or sculpture, or even reasonable tradition, give evidence that animals, having the same distinctive marks, existed at a remote period, our conclusion will have received still further confirmation. On the other hand, we witness daily the immense power which man

possesses of modifying the various animals which he has reduced to domesticity. Sir John Seabright bred pigeons to a feather; and thirty years ago we were used to see here and there dairies of sheet cows which some very fanciful gentleman had called into existence. But these artificial animals had a constant tendency to relapse, and to lose those coveted distinctions which the sedulous care of man had impressed upon them. Still by patient and judicious perseverance a breeder of cattle may produce considerable uniformity, and impress distinctive characters and qualities on the animals which he calls into existence, and by dint of liberal rejections may maintain the distinction for a lengthened period. When he has done so he may be fairly said to have created for all agricultural purposes a new breed of cattle: and in this sense Collins (perhaps) and Bakewell (certainly) may be said to have respectively created a breed of cattle and of sheep. But these breeds never have become, and probably never would become, races. We have abundant evidence that their distinctive qualities can only be maintained by the sedulous care of man. When Devons or Herefords are transplanted from the banks of the Exe and the Wye to those of the Hawkesbury, their offspring continue to be Devons and Herefords. But the Short-horn, under similar circumstances, resolves himself into his elements, and distinct traces of all the mongrels out of which he was concocted re-appear within a few generations. In Midland dairies short-horns have nearly supplanted all other breeds. No one can move among them without observing how very inferior they now are to what they were ten years ago. When they came from the north they had all the merits which belong to the breed. Under the ordinary care of the dairy-farmer they have deteriorated rapidly. Several large farmers have appealed to the north again, and have procured bulls of undoubted blood (whose dams and sires were No. this, that, and the other, in the herd-book), without producing any very satisfactory results. We doubt whether improvement is to be found within the limits of the herd-book; our faith is, that, when an artificial breed has been created by crossing, it can only be maintained by crossing. We looked lately through stalls containing 50 short-horned cows in course of preparation for the Birmingham market. Wherever one appeared somewhat better than her neighbours, the invariable explanation was, 'She has a good cross in her.' When Bakewell died he left on his farm a good flock of sheep, perhaps for their purposes the best in the kingdom. His successor imagined that



a breed had been created which could perpetuate itself and its merits; but under that system and in his hands, the flock came to a melancholy end—size, constitution, fertility, flesh, wool—all gone: nothing but a little tallow left. The successor of this gentleman was a Derbyshire man; and he brought with him on to the farm a good flock of sheep. They had in them a good deal of Bakewellian blood; but when their owner saw them dwindle, he had recourse to a large roughish ram from the limestone district of his native county: a big-headed, big-boned, big-muscled animal;

‘omnia magna,  
Pes etiam.’

Under such management this flock, of which we have now lost sight, for a long time retained its celebrity.

We have appealed to self-colour as one characteristic of a race of cattle. We have done so partly because, with few exceptions, quadrupeds in a state of nature are self-coloured; and we are not aware of any wild animals whose colours are patchy or glaring. The British wild cattle, as preserved in the parks at Chillingham, Cadzow, Chartly, and Lyme, are of a dingy white, with tawny ears. The cattle of mountainous countries, which have been very inaccessible to agriculture, are always of self-colours—black, red, or dun. The Caffrian cattle are black. The queer little cow which, within the memory of man, had a pure existence in Normandy and the Channel Islands, and which, being celebrated for the richness of its milk, came to our markets under the name of an Alderney, was fawn-colour, with tawny ears. So-called Alderneys are still brought to those vicinities in which gentlemen's seats abound; but by crossing they have lost their uniform colour, and some of their other characteristics. The voice of antiquity indicates self-coloured cattle. The bulls which Nestor sacrificed on the strand at Pylos were *παμμελάνες*. The bull which escaped Mercury, when at three days old he started on a foray to drive Apollo's cows, was *καυνός*, probably black; but, whatever were the exact shades, certainly self-coloured. The bull over whose sacrificed carcase the oath of the *Ἑπτα σπῆθη* *Θησαῖς* was sworn was black. Indeed the only instance which occurs to us, in which party-coloured cattle are alluded to by any classical author, is the line in which Virgil declares his own toleration of motley:—

‘Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo;’

and this very expression seems to indicate

the prevalence of self-colours, and that the variety which he mentions was not in very general favour. Then comes the *vezata questio* of horns. Wide-horned and lofty-horned are constant epithets applied to cattle in the Greek authors. It always appeared to us that, in a claim for antiquity of race, any animal who came into court without horns exhibited a *prima facie* case against himself. On the other hand, a gentleman who is as enthusiastic as ourselves about Scotch cattle, but who, while we prefer the highlander, fixes his affections on the graceful Galloway, always maintains that horns raise a presumption of a bar sinister in the escutcheon, and considers our horned cattle as the offspring of what Mr. Thomas Moore calls ‘a museum of wittols.’ The Hereford brings good evidence that he is the British representative of a widely diffused and ancient race. The most uniform drove of oxen which we ever saw consisted of 500 from the Ukraine. They had white faces, upward horns, and tawny bodies. Placed in Hereford, Leicester, or Northampton market, they would have puzzled the graziers as to the land of their nativity; but no one would have hesitated to pronounce that they were rough Herefords. The splendid cream-coloured ox of Lombardy is a Hereford in form. You might dye him into a Hereford, but all the dappling in the world would not make him into a short-horn. So much for modern affinities. There are hints also from antiquity. The calf ‘*fronte niveus videri, cætera fulvus*,’ must have been a Hereford. According to the description in a fragment of Bion, the bull which ferried Europa across the sea from Crete was so complete a Hereford, that he might have come from the herd of Mr. Price or Sir F. Lawley. We are gratified by these evidences of permanence. A few years ago we had some apprehension that, under the influence of fashion and favour, the democratic insurrection of the breeds would have swept away the races. We knew the origin of the breeds; they had been loosely put together under our own eyes. Nothing in their career satisfied us that we knew accurately what was to come. Our aspiration was for something standard. We did not think that what Horace Walpole called the union ‘of nobody's son with everybody's daughter’ was a satisfactory basis on which to found the supply of cattle for a great beef and mutton eating nation. Now the tide has turned. The new breeds have manifestly declined in popular favour. They will no doubt still occupy the position which may be due to their ascertained utility. The current of authoritative decision

has also turned. It did for many years run in favour of the new breeds: now the balance is the other way. At every important exhibition the highest prizes have of late been carried off by the races. As good Conservatives we rejoice at this, for they are the Bovine aristocracy, and we wish to see them maintain their position in society. If we should seem to our readers to have spoken with too little favour of those enterprising and persevering men who originated our new breeds, and have carried them to their present point of excellence, we beg at least to disclaim all sympathy with those scoffers who represent the breeders and the bred-as being much on a par in intellect—

‘Strong as his ox, and ignorant as strong.’

In our estimation, no man ever became an eminent breeder without possessing many very valuable mental qualities—the power of accurately observing matters both important and minute, and of appreciating their value—judgment and decision—perseverance—and another quality still more valuable than these, self-reliance.

Having travelled so far with our mute companions, we must say a few words on their more immediate preparation for the final stage in their career.

Of cattle made fat on natural pasture little need be said. No doubt a grazier, to be successful, must exercise considerable judgment in the selection of animals, and must discern with an experienced eye when his land is stocked to the exact point at which it will give the greatest produce. We have heard it said of one old gentleman, that he could tell when there was half a bullock too much or too little in one of his 100-acre fields. A very small proportion of the grass land in England will, unassisted, turn out animals of the degree of fatness which is required by modern customers, and a still smaller proportion in other countries. Such lands, however, do exist about Boston and other fen-land vicinities in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire; sparingly on the alluvial borders of some of our principal rivers, and in the vales of Belvoir, Aylesbury, and Evesham. Equal, perhaps, to any of these, and far above their average, are the splendid upland pastures which are found in Burton, Great Bowden, and other townships in Leicestershire (many of which our fox-hunting friends overlook, with an enthusiasm not purely agricultural, from Carlton Clump near Kibworth Beauchamp), in Braybrooke and Fawsley in Northamptonshire, and in Liddington and another township of which we forget the name, in Rutland. Nor must

we omit the celebrated 100-acre field at Cestus Over, of which local tradition sayeth that, on a fine showery day in May, the farmer laid down his stick on a bare spot, and, being hastily summoned home by his dinner-bell, left the stick behind him. After his dinner he smoked only one pipe, and returning straight to the field, was unable to find the stick, which, having in the interval been smothered by the growing grass, was only discovered when the pasture was eaten bare in the succeeding winter.

The history of the grazing-lands in the Midland Counties is singular. For no other district has nature done so much, and industry and science so little. A generation, with which many of us who are still in a green old age have had personal intercourse, saw these upland pastures in the state of ploughed common fields, the enormous ridges having been produced by many centuries of ploughing, the furrow being always turned upwards. These ridges still remain (and he is a good hunter who skims them cleverly), very frequently describing an easy double curve. When enclosed and devoted to pasture these lands were not sown with artificial grasses, but were left to acquire the turf with which it pleased Nature to clothe them. For forty or fifty years they improved progressively. From that time they have been stationary, at least, if not retrogressive. Except a little, and generally very imperfect, soughing, they have received no improvement. Lord Gardner and Mr. Little Gilmour fly over the same ox-fence now, which was charged of yore by The Meynell, Lindo, and Germaine. Some graziers, to be sure, have diminished the size of their fields by subdividing, and some have increased it by grubbing up fences, and no doubt such spirited men were, in this British *Bœotia*, considered to be improving farmers. But ‘adhuc sub judice lis est.’ The real improvements in agriculture passed these men by, or were brought to their doors without exertion on their parts:—take as an instance the improvement of cattle and the improved mode of conveying them to market. They had a monopoly, and the sluggishness which attends monopolies. But John Bull will never submit to be stinted in his beef.

To avoid, however, all disagreeable points—somehow land of a quality which would graze cattle had become inconveniently scarce in proportion to the demands of John’s increasing family: and thus stimulated, his ingenuity has found a substitute in an immense extension of artificial feeding. Our ancestors had an ample supply of beef from August to November. By dint of latter-

maths and a little hay a few beasts were kept on, rather in a stationary than in an improving condition, till the cold weather had fairly set in; then they were slaughtered and by pickling and salting dry (nothing exists now on which Mr. Moore could found his joke, 'hung beef, my Lord, if you try it') furnished beef for the winter and spring. A stalled ox was a luxury, and a rare one. We believe we need not go far back to the period when the Midland Counties did not furnish a single systematic stall-feeder. By most farmers the process was considered to be ruinous. Artificial green food is now grown on land of every description. The tables have been turned on the mere grazier. The mixed farmer overwhelms him with numbers, with weight, and with fatness. We have daily under our eye lands, now united into one farm, which bring to market annually 250 beasts, averaging about 100 Smithfield stone each, and a still larger number of fat sheep. Within thirty years those lands supplied about a score of the former, of about two-thirds the above-named individual weight, and only a few score of the latter. On two somewhat smaller and neighbouring farms the change has been still greater, and in the same direction. The mere grazing-farms have receded in value more than any other lands in Britain. Men of capital occupying largely in the Lothians, Northumberland, Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Norfolk, have improved their systems, have stood their ground, and have many of them been blessed with prosperity. Those who live in the vicinity know the melancholy list of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire graziers who, starting with undoubted capital, and carrying on business on a large scale, have occupied as their fathers occupied before them, and, with no fault but that of belonging to a stationary system, have been overwhelmed, have disappeared from the scene, having commenced with property and ended with debt. Our remarks apply with increased force to the second and third-rate grazing-lands of the Midland District. A few years ago we should have looked for the least improved district of agricultural England from the top of Robin-a-tiptoes, on the confines of Rutland, Leicester, and Northampton. No prospect could, in an agricultural point of view, be more melancholy. Large spongy pasture-fields, so encumbered with vast ant-hillocks that nothing but an accomplished hunter could gallop among them with safety, bounded by rambling fences—land of considerable power and inconsiderable produce. 'I went by the field of the slothful; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and

nettles had covered the face thereof, and the fence thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction.\*

The stall-feeding of cattle is no modern invention, though, as a general agricultural practice, it may almost be said to be new in England. The 'stalled ox' is cited as a luxury in the Book of Proverbs. The difference between stall-fed and grass-fed oxen is marked in the daily consumption of Solomon's household—'Ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures.' But though stall-feeding is now general as well as ancient, no agricultural practice has proved a more fruitful occasion of controversy. Cooked food and raw food, warm food and cold food; open yards, open sheds, and close cattle-houses; tying by the neck and turning loose in boxes: each of these practices has its enthusiastic and unhesitating advocates. So also as to the description of food. The object is admitted—the greatest produce at the least cost. One man would be ruined but for gorse; another cannot dispense with hay; a third declares hay to be superfluous, and that the object may be attained by the 'corpus vile' of straw. So in roots; mangold-wurzel has its enthusiastic advocates, and equally so parsnip, carrots white and red, cabbage, and swede turnips respectively. And, again, in the cerealia and their congeners; men of nice observation discriminate between the beneficial effects of each: some by chemical analysis; some by the Baconian process of induction; and the result is that meals of every description—barley neat and barley malted, grains, linseed, oil and oil-cake—are accepted and rejected with most perplexing confusion. We really wonder that those who feed by book do not throw up the case in despair. We should be as unwilling to decide these points on the conflicting testimony of the correspondents of agricultural journals as we should to give a verdict on the evidence of Irish witnesses. The controversies will generally be best settled by a reference to local facilities. Gorse is good—where you have poor and congenial land and ready access to a water-wheel or steam-engine to crush it effectually. Grains are good—where you are near a large brewery and can buy them at or under 4*d.* per bushel. Hay is good—where you have meadows which are effectually manured by some river or stream; and you may, or perhaps you must, make straw an article of diet

\* We are told by a resident that something in the way of improvement has been done near Robin a-tiptoes, and that much remains to be done.

to your feeding-cattle, where hay would cost you 3*l.* per ton. We believe that 10*s.* per ton would more than balance the feeding-value of any two sorts of meal. Where a stall-feeder has on his premises the means of grinding or crushing, there can be no doubt as to the economy of consuming by his cattle any sort of unmarketable corn. Where he is distant from a mill it may be economy to give it whole. We do not think that the controversy between barley and malt is ripe for decision. As to roots: if you are so fortunate as to occupy a deep dry loam, you may grow parsnips or carrots, or anything else short of tropical exotics; but beware of them on the sharp gravels or shallow sands, from which, by a plentiful application of manure, you may coax an ample crop of turnips, and may feel yourself much at your ease as to the mode of using them, as you may draw them off, or consume them on the land, in all weathers. On land which, however well drained, has an inclination to be sticky, you must make up your mind to have more trouble with your green crops: but if used tenderly it will give you a heavy weight of mangold-wurzel, turnips, or cabbage. They should, however, be sown early, for you will have no comfort with them if they remain on the land after November.

So we dispose of all articles in general use for cattle-feeding—except *oil-cake*. It is amenable to no local facilities, and is just as applicable to one situation as to another. In spite of repeated denunciations it maintains its ground. The popular tradition respecting it is singular. For many years linseed-crushers threw what they considered as the refuse of the mill to the manure-heap. A cottager's lane-fed cow, having access to one of these heaps, was observed to be frequently feeding at it; and she gave evidence by the sleekness of her coat and the increased fulness of the pail that the food was highly beneficial. So it came into use, and was soon found to produce fat as no article had ever produced it before. Veterans of our standing will remember the denunciation of cake-fed beef. It had an unnatural taste—the shambles where it prevailed had an unnatural smell—the grain was coarse—the fat was liquid or rancid—the meat would not keep—and so forth. Now Mr. Gibley or Mr. Slater gives 6*d.* per Smithfield stone extra for a Norfolk-fed Scot (the animal of all in the market which has eat the most oil-cake), simply because they dare not send any other sort of beef to the nobility and gentry, who are their customers. No other article of food (except perhaps bean-meal, which has the

disadvantage of making the flesh hard) gives to a butcher the same full confidence that the dead weight of an animal will be fully equal to his appearance when alive. All the prejudices against this food were founded on the three letters O I L. Persons who are prejudiced neither investigate nor reason, or they would have discovered that linseed-cake consists of the husks and farinaceous parts of linseed from which all the oil has been expressed by most powerful machinery; and that though the quantity of oil expressed from a given quantity of seed has been constantly on the increase in consequence of improvements in the machinery, there has been no corresponding, nor indeed any, decrease in the fat-producing properties of the cake. A more refined investigation would have informed them that a ton of cake contains less oil than a ton of any sort of grain. The same delusion which appalled the consumers delighted the producers of beef. They fancied that it was about to lead them to an important discovery. They argued, not illogically—‘If the remains of oil in this article of cake have such great feeding properties, how vast must they be before any oil has been expressed from it!’

Forty years ago we saw at Bretby, under the charge of Mr. Blackie, and at Swarkestone Lowes, then occupied by Mr. Smith, the earliest systematic stall-feeder in the midland counties, considerably expensive preparations for crushing and steaming and steeping linseed. Some other feeders went a step farther, and said, ‘If oil adulterated with husks, &c., is so feeding, how much more feeding must oil unadulterated be!’ and they gave the oil neat. But all the parties soon relinquished such practice. The result did not bear out the *a priori* reasoning. The beasts so fed never got very fat, and the fat they had was very loose and oleaginous. Experience soon showed that neither linseed nor oil could be used with advantage until they were let down by a very large admixture of chopped straw or of some other low-qualified matter. On this experience the recently-renewed practice of feeding with linseed (of which Mr. Warnes is the apostle) is founded. We give the account of the preparation in his own words:—‘One pailful of linseed-meal to eight of water.’ This makes a jelly. ‘A large tub being conveniently placed, a bushel of pea-straw or turnip-tops cut into chaff is put in;’ ‘two or three hand-cupful of the jelly are poured in,’ stirred up, &c. ‘Another bushel of the turnip-tops, chaff, &c., is next added;’ and so on till the tub is full. And besides this, when Mr. Warnes begins to have a near view of the butcher, he adds ‘barley or

pea meal' to the mixture. The prejudices against cake are now exploded. It has a fair hearing, and stands or falls on its merits. No doubt it is expensive food; but it is so effective, so clean, so easily stored, and so much less liable to pilfering than any sort of meal, that we expect to see it stand its ground.

When farmers have determined on the description of food, how are they to give it?—hot or cold? cooked or raw? We have seen an argument as follows (we have not space to extract the passage, but we will state the argument fairly):—A certain sustained temperature of body is necessary to the health and growth of every animal. Liebig has shown that this animal heat is produced and sustained by combustion—oxygen inhaled into the lungs burns carbon which it finds in the blood—if it does not find carbon enough in the blood it seizes on the carbon which exists in the fat, and if there be no fat, then on the carbon in the muscle of the body. Food supplies the carbon to the blood, and through the blood to the fat and muscle. If you introduce a quantity of cold food into the stomach of an animal you lower the temperature of its body. The first duty of the food so introduced will be to furnish as much carbon for combustion as will restore the normal heat, and the residue only can be applied to making fat and muscle. If you give warm food, the quantity required for the above purpose will be smaller, and the residue applicable to fat and muscle will be larger. Therefore there is a waste of food in giving it cold.—We detect no flaw in this reasoning: but a sort of instinct founded on long experience always prompts us to look out for practical qualifications of abstract reasoning. We were just preparing to say to the reasoner—'Before we can consent to found our practice on your argument, you must prove to us that burning the extra food in the body is not the cheapest way of restoring the heat destroyed. Charge yourself with the very considerable outlay requisite for warming the food—with the fuel—with the labour and waste: take into account that, when you have heated your food, it will cool very rapidly while it is before the beasts; that it will cool very rapidly while it is being divided into portions; that any which is left must be heated over again.' We were just going to say, 'When you have taken all this into the reckoning, tell us the result,' when we stumbled on the following passage in an account of the Cattle Lodge at Howick:—'The opinion of the feeder is that the animals did not thrive so well on steamed straw as when it was given

naturally. We believe that, with the exception of linseed—if, according to Mr. Warnes' experiment, that is an exception—it will not be found that the cooking food for cattle, even if it be beneficial, will repay the extra cost,' &c. Remembering that Mr. Warnes has been the great advocate for warm and cooked food, we turn back to his experiment, and we find as follows:—Eight Scots shut up in October; four fed 'on the cold linseed mucilage;' 'the other four have had boiled linseed.' 'His own opinion, and that of many other farmers who have seen the animals, is, that the four fed on raw linseed are superior to their competitors.' Mr. Warnes says, 'But admitting the fattening properties of both systems to be equal, the cold must possess the greater advantages—1st, because firing is dispensed with,' &c. And again—'So satisfied has Mr. Warnes become of the superiority of the cold linseed that he means at once to adopt it in the feeding of the rest of his cattle.' It is somewhat singular that we have made the whole of these extracts from the same publication, in which we had previously found the Liebigian argument, which we have abstracted, put forward as conclusive. Year by year prizes have been offered to agricultural machine makers for the best apparatus for preparing warm and cooked food for cattle. Many feeders have within our knowledge gone to a great expense in putting up such an apparatus. Every one of them has, we believe, discontinued its use. Nothing is so contemptible as to sneer at unsuccessful experimentalists. Truly our very best hopes for agriculture are founded on the entire explosion of the spirit which used to prevail at our farmers' market-tables in this respect. The reasonable experimentalist is now looked up to as a general benefactor. The patriotism of those who, having the means, make promising experiments, either in agriculture or in anything else, without a view to their own personal advantage, takes a very rational line. Every one knows and regrets that many discoveries made by ingenious men in the spirited prosecution of commercial enterprise, though they have proved to be of great national advantage, have failed to realise a profit to the inventors, and have in some unfortunate cases resulted in their ruin. We are inclined to believe that the experiment of giving warm and cooked food to cattle has failed.

We have already adverted to the very ambiguous sounds emitted by the oracles when consulted on the subject of the lodging of cattle. Our own experience, in a moderately sheltered situation, is, that beasts do

best in open sheds well flanked, but open to the S. or S. E. The Norfolk man is prodigal of his straw, and his beasts come out beautifully clean. The Midland and Western man is per force more economical, and the same cleanliness is hardly to be attained. We know an instance in which cows lie habitually without litter, and are decently clean. Their hind legs stand on a strong flag (the produce of the district, probably of the farm), and behind them is a flagged trench 14 inches wide and 3 deep. In twelve years no injury has occurred to the cattle from this trench. At regular intervals holes of an inch diameter are drilled through the flag in the bottom of the trench, and communicate with a drain. The more solid matters are removed with the least possible labour, by means of a shovel which exactly fits the trench. The fore parts of the animals lie on the natural ground. The feeding beasts are as prone to recumbency as in any well-littered stalls, and, except on the east coast, we have seldom seen a cleaner cow-house. The arrangement for bullocks is more complicated, involving the necessity of a drain covered by a bored flag or grating into the middle of each stall. We are bound to admit that the tails, to the great injury of their cleanliness, are apt to slip into the trench when the animals lie down. We wish we could suggest a remedy short of docking that ornamental member. On this farm the proportion of arable land is very small, and every straw is cut up for cattle keep. The cow-house which we have described is a great favourite of ours, because it solves a difficulty which very much perplexes every improving Midland and Western farmer, namely, scarcity of litter. We are inclined to think that the sphere within which this difficulty is felt is extending; the tendency of modern agriculture being to longer courses, and to a less frequent recurrence of straw-giving crops. The real vocation of straw on farms having a large proportion of grass-land, if not on all others, is to give bulk to more nutritive articles of cattle keep. When it is cut up and properly sugared, cattle will eat it to the stumps. Box-feeding is a recent practice, and highly commended. It must involve a liberal use of straw or other litter. The idea that the animal should be confined for months in a loose box, from which nothing is removed, is not very comfortable; but the practice is connected with the consideration of the injury which manure may suffer by exposure to the weather. We know one spirited experimentalist who has gone to a very material expense in roofing, in order that he may have the whole of his

manure under cover until it is laid on the land. This is a strange innovation on the practice which prescribed repeated heapings and turnings before the manure was brought into use. Some years ago we read in an agricultural journal, that to mix up a large quantity of snow with a heap of manure was highly beneficial, and philosophical reasons, which we have forgotten, were given for the practice. Should the doctrine of a dry lair now prevail, the liquid-manure tanks will be deprived of their principal source of supply.

Till very lately flesh-meat in general, and beef in particular, had its seasons of plenty and low price, succeeded by scarcity and high price, just as regularly as summer and autumn are succeeded by winter and spring. The extremes were from August to December, when naturally fed beasts poured into the market, and from February to June, when those which were fed artificially came in by driblets. Those who have watched the markets for the few last years will have observed, first a tendency to equalization, and then to a complete turning of the tables, which has been fully developed in the season now in progress. The first-named period gave, in the year 1848, to Smithfield, for the Monday's market, from 2000 or 2500 bullocks, with a price for the first quality from 3*s.* 10*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.* per stone. The second period, now in progress in 1849, is giving from 3200 to 3600 bullocks, with a price for the first quality from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.* 8*d.* Nor do these figures represent the full difference of the supply of meat, because there can be doubt that a larger amount of dead meat comes in by railway in the cold months than in the warm. This is a great revolution, which we have no doubt will be in some degree counteracted by an increased prevalence of artificial feeding in summer, either as auxiliary to grass-feeding, or as independent of it.

We have now brought to a close the principal remarks which have occurred to us as bearing on that vocation of the occupier of land, in pursuance of which he furnishes a supply of animal food to his country. We take leave of our cattle-loving friends, and we hope they will not think us less friendly to them because we have omitted any prominent mention of the distressing position in which we and they are placed by the unprecedentedly low price of this article of agricultural produce. Whatever measures they may consider it incumbent on them to take with reference to protection or to taxation, general or local, we think it must be wise to keep these matters quite distinct from



the question of the most efficient practice. We cannot look around us and doubt that, in order to maintain our position, to the most efficient practice we must resort; and if our remarks can assist any struggling farmer in discovering and adopting it, we shall have attained our object.

We had hoped to have included in this article some remarks on draining, a subject so intimately connected with artificial feeding that it may almost be called its foundation. But time and space forbid. A few memoranda which we had made must be returned to our desk, perhaps to be reproduced on some future occasion.

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- ART. V.—1. *Highlands and Islands of the Adriatic*. By A. A. Paton. 2 vols., 8vo. London. 1849.
2. *Adventures on the Road to Paris, during the Campaigns of 1813, 1814*. Extracted from the Autobiography of Henry Steffens. Translated from the German. 12mo. London. 1848.
3. *Le Congrès de Vienne dans ses Rapports avec la circonscription actuelle de l'Europe*. Par M. Capefigue. 8vo. Paris. 1847.
4. *Ist das Kaiserthum Oesterreich bloss ein Länder-Complex, oder ein Staatenbund, oder ein Bundesstaat, oder ein unheilbare Monarchie? [Is the Empire of Austria merely a cluster of Lands, or a Confederation of States, or a Federal State, or an Indivisible Monarchy?]* Von Anton Bauer, Syndicus. Wien. 8vo. 1848.
5. *Austria*. By Peter Evan Turnbull, F.R.S. 2 vols., 8vo. London. 1840.
6. *Bericht des Ausschusses über den vom Reichsministerium in der Oesterreichischen Frage gestellten Antrag vom 18. Dezember. [Report of the Committee on the Proposition of the Ministry of the Empire on the Austrian Question.]* Frankfort. 1848.
7. *Die Deutsche Diplomatie wider das Deutsche Volk. [German Diplomacy against the German People.]* Wiesbaden. 1848.
8. *Die Wiener Oktober-Revolution. Aus dem Tagebuche des Dr. Schütte. [The October Revolution of Vienna; from the Journal of Dr. Schütte.]* Prag. 1848.

ON the breaking up of the territorial arrangements of Switzerland, consequent upon the shock of the French Revolution of 1789, we find the partisans of the Revolution and of the Ancient Régime respectively distin-

guished as Centralists and Oligarchs; the former ambitious to shake off the nullity of a federative government, the latter anxious to maintain the constitutional independence of the cantons. The ancient Confederation had been nominally made up of six democratical and seven aristocratical cantons; but the government of the Forest cantons themselves, the kernel of the federal league, had long been oligarchical in substance, though disguised under democratical forms. The circumstance may serve to account for the democratic spirit becoming almost universally identified with the Unitarian spirit. The party which was opposed to the ancient order of government in the cantons, and whose feelings were hurt by their systematic exclusion from political power, saw in the substitution of Central Unity for Federal Union the most effective means of securing great changes in the cantons themselves—and they were desirous to recast their institutions in a French mould, not merely from sympathy with the spirit of the new institutions of France, but also from observing the irresistible influence which Paris exercised over the departments by reason of the intense centralisation of the French system. Accordingly, upon the entrance of General Brune into Bern, the Helvetic Republic was proclaimed, and at the same time it was announced that the ancient Confederation had ceased to exist. The traditions, however, of five centuries could not be at once swept away by a mere proclamation. The accidents of the various localities, out of which those traditions had grown up, continued unaltered. The soil, the manners, the spirit of the different populations, which had given its peculiar colour to each local government, remained unchanged:—and thus we find, after the short interval of five years, the new order of things is reversed, and the Diet once more assembled at Schwytz, with the object of restoring the ancient constitution. At this crisis the First Consul intervened. He had carefully studied the peculiarities of the Swiss question, and he had satisfied himself that an organic change such as the partisans of the French system insisted upon, was at variance with the nature of the political elements, as well as with the international vocation, of Switzerland; and with this conviction he counselled the Swiss Deputation, that had waited upon him at Paris, to renounce the idea of Absolute Unity, and to resume their character of a Confederation of States. He said—this is the language in which M. Thiers expresses the First Consul's views—

‘Il faut rester ce que la nature vous a faits :



c'est à dire une réunion de petits Etats Confédérés différents par le régime comme ils le sont par le sol, attachés les uns aux autres par un simple lien fédéral, lien qui ne soit ni gênant ni couteux.'

And again, in passing onwards from the geographical configuration of Switzerland to its political situation, he added :—

'Etre chez soi, libres, invincibles, respectés, c'est une assez noble manière d'être. Pour celle-là, le régime fédératif vaut mieux. Il a moins de cette unité qui ose, mais il a plus de cette inertie qui résiste.'

Considerations analogous to those which actuated the First Consul on this occasion had their weight in determining the basis upon which Germany should be reconstructed after the campaign of 1813. The ancient empire had crumbled to pieces, as all edifices, the foundations of which are decayed, must crumble when they receive a powerful shock from without. The aggrandisement of Prussia had necessarily sapped the foundations of the Germanic Empire; the mediatisation of the small secular states, and the secularisation of the great ecclesiastical bodies in 1803, had so loosened the ties of the building—already grievously shaken by the wars of religion in the seventeenth century, and the separatist policy of Prussia in the eighteenth—that it fell asunder almost as soon as it was touched by the rude hand of Napoleon. It was impossible to restore it, because a large mass of the elements of which the ancient Empire had been composed, had disappeared before its fall, and the rest had been crushed under its ruins; and the attempt would have been impolitic, because its success must have entailed the mediatisation of all the princes who had become invested with full sovereignty upon the dissolution of the Empire in 1806, and the more powerful of whom would have become formidable enemies to the new order of things. Besides, the good sense of the Emperor Francis recoiled from setting up a sham Empire, whilst his good feeling revolted from ascending the throne of a Jacobin emperor, and although he was strongly urged to resume the old Imperial crown, he steadily refused to abandon the defensive system, upon which the policy of the Austrian cabinet was essentially based. The same policy, however, forbade that those German princes, who had been united in the Confederation of the Rhine, should be left in the isolated enjoyment of sovereign power. Such an arrangement would have been calculated to defeat the very object which the allied powers had in view. Their declaration, conveyed in a letter from Prince Met-

ternich to the Duke of Vicenza, which is preserved in Baron Fain's 'MS. of 1814'—was: 'Nous ne poserons les armes sans avoir le seul fruit de la guerre que nous croyons digne de notre ambition, la certitude de jouir pendant des années d'un état de repos, qui ne vous est pas moins nécessaire qu'à nous.' To leave the smaller States on the Rhine detached from all federal ties would have been an obvious provocation to a renewal of the ambitious projects of Napoleon; to allow them to place themselves under the protection of France would have been suicidal on the part of the allied powers. A third alternative presented itself, the germ of which may be traced in the memoir presented by the Abbé Piatoli to the Czar in 1805, which seems to have formed the basis of the magnificent conception of 'the Alliance of Mediation for the pacification of Europe,' before the 'Third Coalition. According to this design France was to be restrained within reasonable limits by a Germanic Confederation, excluding indeed Austria and Prussia, but including a proposed kingdom of the two Belguims, and the whole of Switzerland. It is needless to criticise this ideal combination. M. Thiers, who has been the first to call attention to the secret memoirs of the bosom-councillors of the youthful Emperor Alexander, has very justly observed:

'En supposant ces diverses combinaisons bonnes et praticables, nous ne saurions nous empêcher de faire observer, que retrancher la Prusse et l'Autriche du Corps Germanique, ce n'était pas affranchir l'Allemagne; car ces deux ambitions, restées en dehors, auraient agi à son égard comme les états absolus placés autour d'un état libre—comme Frédéric et Catherine autour de la Pologne; ils l'auraient divisée et agitée; au lieu de vouloir y exercer de l'influence, ils auraient tendu à la conquérir.'—*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, vol. v. p. 330.

We cite this passage the more readily, because similar considerations apply in the present day to the proposal to exclude Austria from the Confederation.

It would appear, however, from a confidential letter of Prince Metternich to Prince Hardenberg—published in Von Gagern's work, to which we have been indebted on a previous occasion for much original information—that the practical design of a Federal Union of the States of Germany, in which both Austria and Prussia should be included, originated with the Cabinet of Vienna :—

'L'idée première d'un système de puissance intermédiaire, basé sur l'union la plus intime de l'Autriche et de la Prusse, renforcée par celle d'une fédération Germanique, placée sous l'influ-

ence égale de deux états, sans que l'Allemagne cessât de former un seul corps politique; l'initiative de cette idée appartient au cabinet Autrichien; la marche entière de l'Autriche, tous les traités conclus par elle, portent l'empreinte de cette idée, qui dans son développement et par l'intimité des Puissances Centrales que ce développement amènerait, offrirait à l'Allemagne une garantie de repos, et à l'Europe entière un gage de paix.—*Mein Antheil an der Politik*, vol. ii. p. 269.

The cabinet of Vienna, whose voice could not but be most influential in deciding the question of the reconstitution of Germany, saw in the application of the federal principle the only sure means of combining internal peace with external security. Two facts were patent on the surface of history—that the great powers who guaranteed the treaty of Westphalia, had thereby indirectly declared the *political unity* of Germany to be inconsistent with the general interests of Europe—and that Richelieu and his successors had been enabled to paralyse the *international action* of Germany by fomenting internal dissensions amongst the members of the Empire. It was thus necessary, on the one hand, to keep clear of any arrangement which would be inconsistent with a real and durable balance of power in Europe, at the same time that it might give umbrage to the friendly powers, and deservedly alarm France; on the other hand, to avoid establishing in the heart of Germany, and in the person of any one of its members, a State whose power of aggression would be out of all proportion to the means of resistance which the combined action of the other States could present—as the peril to which the smaller States would be constantly exposed, would sooner or later force them to seek the alliance of foreign powers, and so nullify the system of defence against any disturbance of the European balance, which the intimate union of the Germanic body was calculated to maintain. A Confederation of States, properly adjusted, might secure both these objects; whilst a Central State was clearly inconsistent with the former, and had been shown, by the conduct of the Germans themselves in the Thirty Years' War, to be in their own opinion at variance with the latter.

It is difficult to study the history of the Germanic Empire, and to resist the conviction that the Germanic body is essentially anti-Unitarian in its nature, and that the tendencies of its members have been rather to separate themselves from the body, than to merge their individuality. The historical view, it must be admitted, does not coincide with the poetical view embodied in the

celebrated verses of Arndt; but poetry is from the nature of things more philosophical than history, and the poet is privileged to feed the mind with splendid generalities, whilst the historian is restricted to the soberer fare of dry facts. Accordingly, in the earliest period of the Empire, we find the dominions of the Crown subject to the same law of inheritance and division as the general estate of the Emperor on his decease, nor was it until the accession of Otho the Great in 936 that the indivisibility of the throne was established; but this indivisibility led indirectly to the abolition of its hereditary character. Twice had the reigning family become extinct, in the Saxon and Franconian races respectively, when at last, in the person of Frederick I., the principle of a free election to the chiefdom of the Germanic Empire was established as a part of the Germanic Constitution. By this change, which took place early in the twelfth century, the seven Electoral Princes became the real depositaries of power—and almost simultaneously with this great practical modification in the tenure of the Imperial crown, the secular states succeeded in acquiring for themselves hereditary rights. Early in the following century both the ecclesiastical and secular states obtained large territorial prerogatives, and with the grant of territorial power the provincial estates became of increased importance, and the custom was introduced of holding Provincial Diets, so that in the middle of the thirteenth century Germany had acquired its singular constitution, by which, although it remained one empire, it was really a composite body of particular states, which in the aggregate only so far continued to form one state, as they preserved their connexion under one common head. The alteration in the tenure of the crown, when it became hereditary in the House of Hapsburg, did not import any legal alteration in the attributes of the central authority.

On the accidental effects of this change some curious reflections occur in an abstract which was found amongst the Mount Vernon Papers in General Washington's handwriting, on the subject 'of the general principles of ancient and modern confederacies.' The great federalist statesman, in noting the vices of the constitution of the Germanic Confederacy, observes, 'that the establishment of the Imperial Chamber in 1495 as a means of preserving the public peace, would not have been found capable of giving force to the laws and maintaining the peace of the Empire, if the House of Austria had not acquired force enough to

maintain itself on the Imperial throne, to make itself respected, and to give orders, which it might be imprudent to despise, as the laws themselves were heretofore despised.' He adds this further observation, that, 'Jealousy of the Imperial authority seems to have been a great cement of the Confederacy.'

Prussia, on the other hand, appears to have clung with considerable pertinacity to her favourite idea of uniting the northern states of Germany in a separate league, which she had attempted to set up on a smaller scale before the battle of Jena. The military question, however, caused great difficulty, for Austria insisted on the line of the Maine and the fortress of Mayence, as necessary for the defence of South Germany, as well as of the Austrian dominions themselves. By this arrangement, which the Emperor Francis made a preliminary condition, South Germany would have had a tolerable military frontier—whilst, without the possession of Mayence, Austria would have had no means of arresting the march of a French army until it had reached Linz, North Germany, on the other hand, would have been exposed, without the possession of Mayence, to be cut into two parts by a French army crossing the Rhine at Wesel, and so turning the mountainous centre of Germany, and debouching by Westphalia on the great plain of the north. It is true that the Elbe might have formed an effective bulwark to the hereditary dominions of the House of Brandenburg, but it could afford no defence to Hanover or to Prussia's newly-acquired territories in the west of Germany. The division, therefore, of Germany into a northern and southern state would have been inconsistent with one of the primary objects in view, its external security; and we thus find the military question on the side of the Rhine ultimately settled in a manner which made Mayence equally available for the protection of both Prussia and Austria.

Another project was circulated in the *salons*, though it by no means met with general favour, according to which a German constitutional monarchy was to be set up in the place of the ancient empire. This, however, seems not to have been a German notion, as we may gather from a passage in the interesting memoirs of Professor Steffens:—

'Amongst the most distinguished persons whom I met at Grüner's table [at Dusseldorf in 1814] was the present Duke of Coburg. I remember a conversation which I held with him one day after dinner, on the wish which then generally prevailed for a closer reunion of the German Empire. I was surprised to hear him argue that

it was desirable to suppress or merge the smaller states, through which the strength of the empire was broken up. Whether he thought his own dominions safe, or whether by his disinterested speech he meant to discover my private opinions, I cannot tell. I was quite decided against remodelling the empire according to the *erotchet* that filled people's heads at the time, which was to have a German constitutional monarchy with a great metropolis like Paris or London, and I stated my objections. "My wish," said I, "to see Germany composed of so many separate states, is not altogether disinterested—it affects men of science too nearly. The progress of free and individual intellectual development depends on such an arrangement now in Germany, as it did in former times in Greece; the contracted views which pervade all English and French literature are owing to the influence exercised in the capitals of those countries. At this moment I can instance a philosopher, who, restricted in the free dissemination of his peculiar views in one state, found ready protection in another. Fichte, banished from Jena, found a refuge and freedom in Prussia." The Duke laughed, and reminded me that he had taken part in suppressing Fichte's teaching. I answered that I was fully aware of the fact, neither was I presuming to censure the decree; but I could not resist so apt an illustration of my argument. On many other occasions I heard opinions from persons of high stations, which I always ventured to resist to the uttermost, since they involved principles which I thought opposed to the complete regeneration of Germany.'—*Adventures on the road to Paris*, p. 133.

There was further a practical difficulty in the way of suppressing the smaller states, independent of the consideration that the alliance of the four powers had been announced to be essentially based upon principles of reparation, or, to use the language of Austria, was *un système réparateur*. So much of the new element, which Napoleon had introduced into Germany in 1806, had been received and adopted by the allies before it was certain on which side victory would declare itself, and so strongly was it rooted, that justice as well as policy required that the smaller sovereigns should not be mediatised. Their admission as members of the Confederation may have been a blot in its constitution, but they were a link between the old and new order of things. As States, they were associated with the time-hallowed traditions which still hung about Austria; as Sovereigns, they served as companions to Prussia, and softened down the hitherto harsh pre-eminence of that youthful kingdom. That the internal arrangement of the Confederation would have been different from that which was ultimately adopted, had Napoleon not returned from Elba, seems hardly questionable; but for the reasons already mentioned, there can be no doubt

that its outward form would still have been a confederation of states. The evil which the return of Napoleon entailed upon Germany, affected rather the political than the international organisation of the states. According to the project first submitted by Austria and Prussia jointly, each component State of the Confederation was to have Constitutional Estates, and the minimum of political rights was to be fixed by the Federal Act. Bavaria and Wurtemberg, however, objected most vehemently to this proposal, as interfering with the plenitude of their newly-acquired sovereignty. It is not unusual to suppose that the great powers were on this occasion advocates of absolutist principles of government—whereas *Austria*, in the person of the President of the Congress, declared that the subjects of every German State under the ancient Empire possessed rights against their sovereign, which had of late been disregarded—but that such disregard must be rendered impossible for the future; whilst *Hanover* demanded, that it should be declared as a fundamental law of the Confederation, that Constitutional Estates should be created wherever they did not already exist: and both these powers conjointly with *Prussia* placed on record a note (November 16, 1814) in which they maintained the necessity of introducing universally Constitutional Estates, and giving to them voice in questions of taxation, public expenditure, the redress of public grievances, and general legislation. The Emperor Alexander is well known to have supported the proposals of his allies in the strongest possible manner.

It may be asked with plausibility by what strange combination of circumstances were the great powers—if really on this occasion in earnest—induced to give way? The answer, however, is not far to seek. The same considerations which had led Austria to sign the treaty of Ried in 1813 with Bavaria, and that of Fulda with Wurtemberg, again commanded some concessions to be made to those powers. The conferences on this subject had been broken off in November, 1814, when the King of Wurtemberg abruptly quitted Vienna: scarcely had they been resumed in 1815 when tidings of the return of Napoleon arrived, and all other questions became of secondary importance to that of uniting universal Germany in arms against the foe. Wurtemberg on this occasion was absent. The King, indeed, from the despotic character of his temperament, had opposed the very idea of a confederation, much more the project of a federal resolution to establish everywhere Constitutional Estates. Bavaria, however, was

represented, and she contested from the same point of view as Wurtemberg the thirteenth article, whilst on the opposite side Stein and his friends were anxious to pledge the Confederation to the establishment of a popular representation (*volksvertretung*) in each State. A middle course was at last adopted, after a discussion of four weeks, chiefly through the influence of Austria, and the result was the concise wording of the thirteenth article of the Federal Act, which, like the Delphic oracle, committed its authors to no very definite result, and of which the true meaning has been to the present day a subject of dispute. The occurrence of the *Hundred Days* must ever be a subject of deep regret for Germany, by reason of its having precipitated the settlement of this and other important internal questions.

It might have been supposed, from the very remarkable part which Professor Steffens played in arousing the spirit of the German youth against Napoleon, that the sentiment predominant in his mind would have found a responsive echo in their breasts. Such, however, does not appear to have been the case. We have on previous occasions cursorily alluded to the *Association of Virtue* which was formed in Prussia soon after the peace of Tilsit, and had the special approval of the King. The *Tugendbund*, however, was not the only secret association of that kind. When Napoleon dissolved the University of Halle in 1806, the spirit which afterwards displayed itself in so intense a form among the German students did not, according to Steffens, exist. The *Burschenschaft*, in fact, did not originate before 1808. It was not altogether a novel institution, but rather an old vessel into which new wine was poured. The term *Bursch* had been employed from early time in the north of Germany as a familiar synonym for student—its use, however, in this sense had never extended to the south; but both in the north and south of Germany the universities had always exhibited that peculiar organization of the students which prevailed in the universities of France and Italy under the name of *Nations*, and which is still preserved in some of the Scotch Universities—as at Glasgow in the well known divisions of *Clydsdalia*, *Thevidalia*, *Albania*, and *Rothsia*—at Aberdeen in the *Nationes* *Marriana*, *Buchanensis*, *Moraviensis*, and *Angusiana*. In the German universities, the clanship of the students was regulated according to the ancient circles of the Empire, and thus we find associations of Saxons, Franconians, Suabians, &c., everywhere formed under the denomination of *Landmannschaften*. This early

national or provincial organisation was *disciplinary* in its object. In Oxford, for instance, where it seems to have prevailed in a modified degree, until the Caroline statute of 1628 regulated the procuratorial cycle in a different manner, the two proctors were the representative officers of the two Nations of Northern-men and Southern-men. In Paris, the four Nations elected their proctors, who, according to Bulæus, acted as their registrars. At Bologna the thirty-five Nations had each its own officer, called consiliarius, but the German Nation (Alamania) enjoyed a peculiar privilege; it had the right of electing two proctors, to whom, instead of the rector of the university, it took an oath of obedience. In a similar manner the Landsmannschaften in the German universities had their own presiding officers, and enjoyed certain, as it were, corporate rights. In the English universities this geographical distribution of the students had entirely disappeared in the seventeenth century. Not so, however, in Germany, where the universities had preserved their traditions of the Empire long after the circles of Maximilian had become politically obliterated.

It is true that the branches of this ancient tree were mainly swept off by the invasion of Napoleon; but the trunk still remained, and the institution of the Burschenschaft was engrafted on it, similar apparently in form, but with a totally different object from that of the ancient Landsmannschaften. The latter had kept alive the local feelings and were strictly social: the new institutions, on the other hand, had a great political design in view, and were specially intended to fuse all local attachments into one universal feeling in behalf of the common fatherland. They served as excellent auxiliaries in the War of Liberation, but even at that time the far-sighted statesmen of Germany could not but tremble at the power which had been evoked. They felt that the mind of Germany was making giant strides in advance of the body; and that it threatened, if it pursued its course without a check, to part company from it.

With the conclusion of the war the secret societies, instead of dissolving themselves or contracting their sphere of action, assumed a much wider development, and the moral of the fable of the Horse and the Stag could not but suggest itself to the Prussian cabinet. It attempted accordingly in 1816 to put them down by a royal edict (Capefigue, p. 115), which, after declaring it to be the duty of all good citizens to make known to the authorities the object of every society to which they belonged, with some inconsistency went on

to prohibit any one within the Prussian dominions from printing or publishing anything on the subject of secret societies. The reason does not readily suggest itself for this concluding provision, which at first sight would appear calculated to defeat the discovery of such societies. In the following year the fraternisation of the Burschenschaft took place at the festival on the Wartburg, in Saxe-Weimar, where the students of Jena welcomed the students of twelve other universities, and a general association of the Burschen of Germany was formed under an established directory. The next year saw the union still more effectively organised, with its leaders and its banners—the flag of the ancient Empire, black, red, and gold. The further development of this association, combined with the assassination of Kotzebue by Sand, called forth the Carlsbad decrees, upon which history, it is hoped, will some day throw a clearer light. At present it is difficult to form an opinion with any confidence, whether the spirit which actuated the Burschenschaft in 1820 might at that time have been turned to account by a different system of treatment, or whether it was already essentially revolutionary, and challenged the suppression which it underwent.

In 1827 the Burschenschaft was revived with a more definite object; and within a short time we find it divided into two parties, the Germanen and the Arminien—the counterparts of the Mountain and the Girondins in the French Convention. The *Germans* proposed to themselves a political line of action which should conduct them straightway to the political unity of Germany as their goal; whilst the *Arminians* had in view an ideal unity, and advocated as a means to that end the adoption of a special scientific, moral, and bodily training. The party of the Germans, as may be readily supposed, carried the day, shortly before the second French revolution of 1830; and their inclination to immediate political action received no slight encouragement from the successful issue of that movement in France. It was not, however, until 1832, that they publicly declared war against the Federal system of Germany, by an announcement that ‘their object was to achieve the unity and freedom of Germany by revolutionary means’—‘Die Allgemeine Deutsche Burschenschaft soll ihren Zweck, Einheit und Freiheit Deutschlands, auf dem Wege der Revolution erstreben, und deshalb dem Vaterlandsverein in Frankfurt sich anschliessen.’ When the Frankfurt Attentat took place a few months later, the duty of the German governments to put it

down was as imperative as that of the British government on the late occasion of the criminal excesses of 'Young Ireland.'

We should risk doing great injustice to the statesmen whose counsels have maintained the federal arrangements of 1815 during the life of an entire generation of men, if we overlooked the fact that their situation throughout that period has been a prolonged struggle between the Unitarian and the Federal principles; and that the governments have always had to carry on their operations in the face of an enemy,—namely, the Unitarian spirit of an active minority seeking to supersede the Federal system. What the temper of that enemy was may be inferred from a remarkable passage in the letter of a student, disclosed in the course of the inquiry which the assassination of Kotzebue called forth—'Lasst euch nicht irre führen durch das was man den Geist der Zeit nennt und was wir selbst als solchen ausrufen. Der Geist der Zeit ist das, was ein Starker in die Zeit legt'—that is, 'Do not be led astray by that which is called the Spirit of the Time, and which we ourselves proclaim as such. The Spirit of the Time is that which a strong mind impresses upon it.' It was only requisite that the Hegelian doctrine of individual Reason (*die Vernunft*) should be ingrafted on this sentiment to render the student-mind of Germany incapable of any longer discriminating between an *idea* and an *order of things*.

There are certain shades of difference between the situations of 1820 and 1848 which deserve to be noticed. In the former period the Unitarian movement was one of enthusiasm: in the latter it has been the result of political calculation—partly revolutionary, partly diplomatic: in the former it was supported by the students, in the latter it has been marshalled by the professors. Its attacks have always been directed against the diplomatic character of the Diet, which it has sought to invest with the authority of a representative body, and to control by the action of a Second Chamber, composed of deputies from the local Houses of Estates; and in this project it has always experienced a natural opposition from the Austrian and other cabinets, which have held such a change to be incompatible with the spirit of the Confederation, as embodied in the Federal Act of 1815.

Every confederation, indeed, from its very nature as such, presupposes a body of independent states, each individual of which has given up a portion of its own freedom of action in entering into the confederation, such portion being regulated by the terms

of the federal compact. It is by this peculiarity that a confederation is distinguished from an alliance—that its restrictions extend to the rights of sovereignty themselves, and do not merely relate to the mode of exercising them. But in a confederation of states the presumption of sovereignty still remains in favour of the individual states equally as in an alliance, and in the case of the Germanic Confederation this fact was embodied in the record of the Federal act itself. Not so, however, in a Central state, or in that kind of Unitarian state into which it has been proposed at Frankfort to fuse the various German states; for the proposed Composite state, with its central executive, regulating diplomatic, financial, and military matters, would have superseded the sovereignty of the individual states. The very term *Bunde-Staat*, which properly designates a state which is a member of a Confederation, has been recoined as it were, expressly to mask the character of the contemplated change, and with some success—for there are individuals who have thereby been led to suppose that there is not any difference of kind between a *Staaten-Bund* and a *Bunde-Staat*, but that the change of name involves only a question of degree; yet the fusion (*das Aufgehen*) would have practically mediatised the sovereigns of Germany under an Emperor or a President—in other words, under the semblance of an empire, or the substance of a republic. The idea of such a combination seems never to have occurred to any of the statesmen who took part either in the deliberations at Töplitz in 1813, or in the discussions at Vienna in 1815.

So far from the *unity* of a *Bunde-Staat* being indisputably the political organisation which is best calculated to secure the internal peace and develop the national resources of Germany, that it would seem from the result more than doubtful whether the *uniformity* in the political institutions of the individual states, which the 13th Article of the Federal Act was intended to secure, was not incompatible with the inherent diversity of their respective elements. If we consider the remarkable position which Germany occupies in the geography of politics—with Democracy on her western frontier, and Absolute Monarchy on her eastern—with a half-Gallic population on the Rhine, and a half-Slavonic population on the Oder and the Danube—we should be prepared to find a series of proportionate shades of political thought and political habits, analogous to the prismatic bands of light in the solar spectrum, which would require to be matched with very different political institutions.

History seems to establish this fact, that a confederation of states occupies a corresponding place between a simple state and a composite state, to that which the accretive or agglutinative languages (Tatar) hold between the monosyllabic (Chinese) and the inflective (Indo-Germanic); and it seems highly probable that in all cases where simple states have come together in the way of *aggregation* instead of *composition*—in the form of a confederacy instead of a central state—there have been antecedent diversities of individual structure which cannot be made to assimilate. The most beautiful mosaic tablets are frequently made up of fragments which are incapable of being chemically combined together, and the utmost efforts of art would fail to reduce them to the homogeneous consistency of a crystal.

Many of the considerations which apply to Germany are applicable in a still more forcible manner to the Austrian Empire, in respect both of its geographical position and its internal structure, under which are found nationalities in contact with one another, and radiating round a common centre, differing in their origin, their history, their language, their habits, and their mode of annexation to the empire, yet that empire bears externally the appearance of a single political body. Some of these peculiarities have been discussed at length in the preceding number of this Review; and we are well satisfied to refer the reader to the treatise of Syndicus Bauer, the title of which will be found at the head of this article, for a clear and very complete summary of the historical question.

The position, however, which the Austrian Empire occupies in relation to Europe deserves to be considered in its moral as well as its material aspect. By reason, in the first place, of its geographical location, occupying a middle place between the east and the west, between the north and the south of the European continent, the empire is called upon to discharge the functions of ballast in the European state-vessel; and as the shock of every disturbance, in whatever quarter of Europe it may occur, must vibrate through her, the readjustment of the European equilibrium on such occasions becomes a matter of vital interest to her. For this purpose it is obvious that she must be capable of concentrating at a short notice a considerable weight upon any given point, and hence she requires a more complete organisation for combined action than is needed in the case of Germany. Again, it is of the utmost importance for the maintenance of the European equilibrium that a Great Power, whose policy is essentially pacific,

should have the control of the basin of the Save. Napoleon, in proposing to regenerate 'the Great Illyrian Nation,' was well aware of the important part which the Illyrian population, if it could be effectually detached from Austria, might be made to play in establishing the preponderance of a rival power in Europe.

'If the reader,' writes Mr. Paton,\* 'will cast his eyes to the eastern frontier of Tyrol, the river Drave is seen to enter Illyria, passing eastwards, to separate Croatia and Slavonia from Hungary Proper, and then to fall into the Danube, which continues its course onwards to the Black Sea. A few degrees farther south of this water-way is seen the Balkan chain, which stretches from Montenegro, on the Adriatic, to a point in the Black Sea between Varna and the Bay of Bourgas. The space between these water-ways in the north and the mountain-range in the south, is the principal seat of the Illyrian nation—that is to say, Bulgaria, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Illyria, Croatia, and Slavonia; to these distinctly-defined settlements may be added a considerable Illyrian or Bulgarian population to the south of the Balkan, extending through the greater part of Macedonia; and to the north of the Danube and the Drave, three Hungarian counties, Bacs, Torontal, and Baranya, have, taken together, a majority of Illyrian population.'—vol. ii. p. 122.

Mr. Paton in this passage has perhaps gone rather too far in classifying Bulgaria among the distinctly-defined settlements of the Illyrian nation, if he means the nationality of races. The Bulgarian is a Slavonised Oriental, of a more gentle temperament apparently than the Tatar; and his tranquil agricultural habits contrast strongly with the roving pastoral habits of the Serbians and the Bosnians. Further, there is this remarkable peculiarity in the Bulgarian character, that although the conquering Oriental race has been absorbed in the vanquished Slavonic race, it retains the utmost repugnance to fuse itself with other Slavonic tribes. One remarkable instance in modern times may suffice. After the campaign of 1829 the Russians, on crossing the Danube, carried back with them about thirty thousand Bulgarian peasants (Rais), to whom an exceedingly fertile district on the banks of the Dnieper was assigned as a settlement. They could not, however, assimilate themselves to their Russian neighbours, and

\* Mr. Paton's account of his travels is an acceptable supplement to Sir G. Wilkinson's *Dalmatia and Montenegro*. The sophistry of some of his economical lectures is charmingly transparent, and will only amuse the young gentleman's readers.



one by one found their way back into Turkey.

On the other hand, Carinthia and Carniola should have been included amongst the seats of the Illyrian nation, for the Carinthian is a dialect of the Illyrian branch of the southern division of the Slavonic languages; and the Slavonic population of Carniola speaks, in the present day, the identical dialect in which the Slavonic Liturgy of the Greek Church is drawn up.

In the political sense, however, of the word 'nations,' the Bulgarians may be classed with the Illyrians, for the name is now purely conventional, as Sir Gardner Wilkinson has very justly observed,—

'the Illyrians of the present day having no necessary connexion, either of origin or language, with the ancient Illyrian races who occupied the Danubian provinces of the Roman empire, but deriving their name from the country which they have overrun. Though the language of Dalmatia and the neighbouring provinces is called Illyrian, and many modern writers have run into the error of supposing it the same as that of their early predecessors, who occupied the country when conquered by the Romans,—the fact of its being a Slavonic dialect, and the known period of the arrival of the Slavonians, suffice to disprove this, and show that it can bear no more relation to the ancient Illyrian than to the Macedonian and the Thracian. Nor has the modern Epirote or Albanian any resemblance to the Slavonic dialect.'—*Dalmatia, &c.*, vol. i. p. 36.

The Power which at present keeps sentinel on the Danube and the Save is an essentially pacific Power. Saturated with the existing extension of her territorial dominion, Imperial Austria has no reason to covet the possessions of any neighbouring state; and in withdrawing herself from all direct contact with France in 1815, she has put an end to the continued jars between herself and that power, of which such contact was either the cause or the pretext. Conservative thus, in regard to her own interests, Austria maintains an attitude which is necessarily conservative for other Powers.

The two great political bodies, which in this respect exhibit the greatest moral affinity by reason of their respective material differences, are obviously Austria and Great Britain: the one in her character of a purely continental power; the other in her insular position, unconnected with any possessions on the continent of Europe—for the rock of Gibraltar constitutes only a nominal exception to her territorial insulation. As there cannot thus be any cause of rivalry between these two Powers, they cannot, if

they understand each other, but serve their mutual interests by striving to maintain a state of general peace. The normal state of their relations ought accordingly to be that of friendly alliance, and any other condition of them must be exceptional to the general rule.

The position of Austria, on the other hand, in reference to Germany, is a given position, analogous, in many respects, to that of the fly-wheel which regulates and steadies, whilst at the same time it gives greater effect to, the action of an extensive and complicated system of machinery, and without which the latter would be liable to violent disturbance at times. The mantle of the Roman Emperor of the German Nation has, in respect of this important duty, fallen on the shoulders of the Emperor of Austria. Austria, besides, is the prop of the Roman Catholic states; the sentiment of South Germany rests for support upon her against the intellect of the North; and the material interests of Bavaria and Wurtemberg connect those countries intimately with the Austrian empire. The Danube and the Inn are the great arteries of commerce for the southern states, just as the Rhine and the Elbe serve a similar purpose for the western and northern states. Saxony, on the other hand, instinctively clings to Austria from gratitude and from interest. An illustration of the feeling of the German States towards Austria is indirectly supplied by the votes of the Francfort Assembly on the 25th of January, after the debate on the hereditary chiefdom of the proposed German Empire. The votes for and against the proposition—in other words, for and against a Central State, *with the King of Prussia as hereditary chief*, and Austria either mutilated or excluded—were as follows:—

#### 1. On the North of the Maine.

	For.	Ag't.
Prussia . . . . .	132	37
Royal Saxony . . . . .	2	16
Hanover . . . . .	16	9
Electoral Hesse . . . . .	6	4
Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg	7	3
Brunswick . . . . .	3	1
Oldenburg . . . . .	2	3
Mecklenburg . . . . .	6	2
Nassau . . . . .	3	3
Luxemburg-Limburg . . . . .	2	0
Anhalt . . . . .	2	0
Waldeck and Lippe . . . . .	2	0
Thuringia . . . . .	6	4
Free Cities . . . . .	5	0
	194	82

## II. On the South of the Main.

	For.	Ag't.
Austria . . . . .	7	90
Bavaria . . . . .	6	52
Wurtemberg . . . . .	6	20
Baden . . . . .	2	8
Hesse-Darmstadt . . . . .	3	10
Hohenzollern . . . . .	0	1
Lichtenstein . . . . .	0	1
	<hr/> 17	<hr/> 182
	<hr/> 211	<hr/> 264

This decision was quite in accordance with the Report of the Commission of the 18th of December, which declared that—

‘without Austria, without Bohemia and Tyrol, Bavaria could not remain in Germany. Bavaria and a part of South Germany have a more natural leaning (Zug) towards Austria than towards Prussia; but even without this natural inclination from political and commercial considerations, Bavaria, in a strategical point of view, would be sacrificed, if Austria were excluded from Germany.’

The Commissioners proceed to say—

‘We ask this further question, whether Austria would acquiesce in this exclusion? and we think we must answer this question in the negative. Austria has not only duties towards Germany, but she has rights in Germany. Austria, German Austria, could scarcely stand without Germany; and, to cut short the various complications of the question, would Germany go to war to effect her own dismemberment? We ask finally, would Germany give up the Germans in Austria? To this we answer most decidedly in the negative; for such an abandonment of the Germans would be to surrender them irretrievably to the Slavic and non-German population in Austria. The German element is at this very moment depressed in Austria: it cannot express its wishes openly. If Germany should give up Austria, she will perpetuate the conquest of the German-Austrians. The most sacred obligations of patriotism, and of brotherly love towards our fellow-countrymen, demand imperatively that we should prevent this disgrace attaching to Germany.’

Again. Austria can afford to separate from Germany with much less inconvenience than that which Germany would experience if she were separated from Austria. The Austrian empire, for instance, is exceedingly well rounded off. Germany, on the other hand, without Austria, would be mutilated in a very inconvenient manner. The mountains of Bohemia would no longer be a friendly rampart to Saxony towards the east, the Carpathian chain would no longer break the pressure of the Slavonic races on Western Europe, and the natural bulwarks of Austria would cease to form part of the

available defences of Germany. Austria at present occupies all the outlets of Germany towards the east and the Adriatic; and in placing all the weight of her empire in the political balance of Germany, she triples the disposable forces of the other German states. Further, Austria has nothing to seek from Germany, excepting the same peace which she has always sought to secure to Germany.

The position of Austria, in reference to the members of her empire, is singularly complicated by the great variety of subordinate political elements which they respectively present. No European state has consequently a more difficult problem to work out, in determining the proper equation between the unity of government and the diversity of administration, which the peculiarities of her material composition demand. The Austrian question, in the present day, exhibits some affinity to the German question. Composed, like the Germanic Confederation, of heterogeneous parts—of parts, indeed, historically more heterogeneous, though politically less divergent, than the Germanic States—the Empire, on the one hand, does not allow of a system of central administration in its full extent, like that which France, whether wisely or not, regards—or till very lately regarded—as the most precious conquest of her first Revolution;—on the other hand, it cannot subsist with that diversity of government which is admissible in Confederations. The difficulty of defining the proper functions of the central government, which at all times was great from the circumstance that the various countries which make up the empire possessed different secular constitutions, has been much enhanced by the transformation which the central power is itself undergoing. The empire is not unusually regarded as a pure monarchy. Such a view, however, is erroneous; for it is rather a cluster of monarchies, some of which are *pure*, but others *mixed*, all, however, being constitutional, and some, such as Hungary and Transylvania, parliamentary. Accordingly, the system of government which has hitherto been pursued has endeavoured to accommodate itself as much as possible to the peculiarities of each monarchy; and whilst the executive functions have been exercised by the Emperor alone, or by his officers, the administrative functions have been exercised by him conjointly with the respective Estates or Parliaments.

The composition of these Estates, or Stände, varies in the different parts of the empire, and rests on laws and customs derived from the middle ages. Mr. Turnbull, in his valuable work upon the social and

political condition of Austria, gives an account of them, which, as they differ very considerably from ordinary representative bodies, deserves notice :—

‘In all the German provinces, however’ (he proceeds), ‘with the exception of Tyrol, these *Stände*, or States, are composed of members representing, or supposed to represent, the interests of the different free classes of which society in the feudal condition is understood to consist. Of these there are four:—First, the clergy, or *Prälattenstand*, or *Geistlichkeit*; secondly, the high nobility, or *Herrenstand*, consisting of princes, counts, and barons; thirdly, the lower nobility, or *Ritterstand*, being the untitled nobles; fourthly, the citizens, or *Bürgerstand*. The number and the qualifications of the members vary in every state; but, waiving smaller distinctions, we may take the following observations as of general application:—Of the *first* class, the greater number of members sit in virtue of benefices, to which they are appointed by the Crown. . . . . To these fixed spiritual members are added a certain number of others, deputed by the Chapters of cathedrals and other clerical corporations. The *second* and *third* classes contain members partly hereditary and territorial, and partly elected. Many sit in right of their entailed baronial estates, others as the chiefs of certain ancient families, some as holding specific offices, and the rest are made up of deputies elected nominally by certain individuals of their own order, in whom the right of election rests. The *fourth* class, the *Bürgerstand*, are the deputies of the cities and towns, who enjoy the privilege of “sending members to Parliament” by royal charter, and in which the right of election is exercised in practice by those close corporations, the constitution of which has been formerly explained. The number of corporations thus qualified is very various, and it is generally the more relatively great in proportion as the Crown has gained the greater ascendancy over the feudal aristocracy. Thus the towns which send deputies are—in Upper Austria, with Salzburg, thirty-nine; in Styria, thirty-seven; in Lower Austria, nineteen; and in Carinthia, fifteen: while in Moravia their number is but seven; in Bohemia, four; and in Galicia only one. A slight peculiarity exists in Tyrol, where the higher and lower nobility form one order only, and where a fourth order in the *Stände* consists of deputies sent from the class of peasants, or non-noble holders of land.

‘The *Stände* meet at least once a year, and form but one chamber, without distinction of classes; the resolutions being carried by a simple majority of votes. The president is either the governor of the province, or some other high officer of the crown; and no sitting can be held but in his presence, or that of a royal commissioner, whose sanction is necessary to all the proceedings. The session commences with the consideration of certain royal propositions, which consist, in part, of the demand annually made by the Crown for the portion of direct revenue to be raised in each province. The supply being voted, or, to speak more correctly, the demand for it having been enregistered, they apportion

its *quantum* among the different districts; and, through the agency of a permanent committee, which sits for this and other purposes during the recess, they superintend the collection. . . .

They then pass to matters of local interest, either as recommended by the Crown or suggested by any individual member. Of legislative power they have none; but their administrative faculties, varying in different provinces, are always important. They have, generally speaking, a control over the application and direction, by the governor or the government, of the numerous local establishments, revenues, and endowments, for provincial purposes. They make representations on all matters of local concern, and these representations, coming from such influential bodies, must necessarily have considerable weight at Vienna.

‘In the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom a somewhat more popular system prevails. Each of the two provinces has its assembly, with attributes and powers similar to those of the German *Stände*; but their internal composition is wholly different. They have neither ecclesiastical members, nor nobles sitting in right of birth or property, nor deputies of close corporations. The members are all elected; but through the medium of a double, or rather a triple, stage of election. The two great classes—of *Contadini*, the proprietors of land, and *Cittadini*, the inhabitants of towns—are the primary electors, the suffrage depending on the payment of a certain sum in annual taxes. These primary electors vote in, from their general body, a council of election, the members of which must possess a higher property qualification than is requisite for the primary elector himself. The council of election nominates, by vote, from the members of its own body, a certain number of candidates, and from these candidates the Crown selects those who shall act as members of the Provincial Assembly; with the power, however, in its discretion, of refusing them all, or of ordering a new selection.’  
—Vol. ii. p. 217.

In Hungary, on the other hand, and in Transylvania, the Diets or Parliaments are purely aristocratical bodies, which have been hitherto omnipotent in maintaining for the noble their feudal privileges and their exemption from all direct taxation.

‘They consist of two chambers; a chamber of Hereditary Magnates, and an elective chamber of deputies from the counties, the free towns, the higher clergy, the Magnates, and the widows of Magnates. But of these deputies the country members, who are themselves all noble, and are chosen by nobles, have alone the privilege of voting; the deputies of the free towns, contrary to the spirit of the ancient constitution, being merely allowed by the nobles to sit and speak, on the ground that, being under the immediate protection of the Crown, they might be obsequious instruments in its hands.’

It may reasonably be doubted whether the interests which such parliaments represented were so national, as those which the

estates elsewhere represented, and whether the caste-legislation which such parliaments pursued was calculated to promote the general welfare of the nation, as much as the exercise of legislative power by the Emperor himself.

It is by no means unusual to compare the British and Hungarian parliaments, and there are doubtless certain accidental analogies of form between them, but in their substance they are totally different, the former being based on an expansive, the latter on a close principle; the former representing at all times the various orders of society, though in different proportions, the latter one order only, which was also already represented by its chiefs in the chamber of Magnates.

On the other hand, the executive functions of government have been hitherto exercised by the Emperor through the instrumentality of Councils at the head of each department, resembling in character the Boards of Admiralty and Treasury at Whitehall, with the exception of the department of Foreign Affairs. The latter was confided to a Minister for the first time in the person of Prince Kaunitz, during the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, under the title of 'Privy-Chancellor of Court and State,' who was supreme over his department, and alone responsible for the conduct of affairs. The heads of the other departments, of Finance, War, Interior, &c., bore the name of Chancellors or Presidents of the Councils or Boards, before whom all business in the departments was brought by Referendaries, and decided by plurality of voices.

Before the establishment of the Privy-Chancellorship of Court and State, the conduct of Foreign Affairs at Vienna rested with the Vice-Chancellor of the Germanic empire; who fulfilled in this respect the duties which had of old attached to the Elector-Archbishop of Mayence, as Arch-Chancellor of Germany, just as the Elector-Archbishops of Trèves and Cologne had respectively exercised the Arch-Chancellorships of the Arelate and of Italy. The uninterrupted enjoyment of the Imperial crown by the House of Hapsburg rendered this arrangement feasible, although it was occasionally found to be inconvenient. Austria, for instance, had interests in connexion with foreign powers peculiar to herself, apart from those of the Germanic empire, and it was accordingly found necessary to hand them over to a special Councillor in the Chancery of Bohemia (the Department of the Interior), as Referendary, until at last Prince Kaunitz entered himself upon the general conduct of Foreign Affairs in the

capacity of Privy-Chancellor of Court and State.

Until long after the commencement of the present century the Councils acted quite independently of one another, each being supreme in its own branch of the service, and subordinate only to the Emperor, who set them in motion from above, when not applied to from below, by special instructions termed *Præsidentialia*, addressed immediately to the Presidents, and for the execution of which they were alone responsible to him. This arrangement could not but be found defective in operation under the pressure of affairs which required unity and promptitude of action; and such was the conclusion to which the Emperor was led at the termination of the war with Napoleon in 1815. He was accordingly induced on one occasion to change the titles of the chief functionaries of the three most important departments, and we thus find Marshal Bellegarde, Minister of War, Count Sauran, Minister of the Interior, and Count Stadion, Minister of Finance. Upon the death of the latter, however, and the change of office of the two former, the old titles were resumed, and the Ministers of these departments fell back upon the more limited functions of Presidents of Boards.

One reason for the introduction of this system of Councils and its prolonged duration, may doubtless be sought in the diversity and separation of the various parts of the empire. Thus, before the changes which the wars of the French Revolution entailed, we find at Vienna a Chancellor of Bohemia at the head of a Council charged with the management of the internal affairs of the German parts of the monarchy—and in a similar manner Chancellors of Hungary, Transylvania, the Low Countries, and Italy, with their respective Councils. All matters of finance, on the other hand, having been first discussed by local boards established at Buda, Klausenburg, Brussels, and Milan respectively, were referred for approval to the Central department of Finance, sitting at Vienna, under the title of *Hof-Kammer*.

'In the provinces,' writes Mr. Turnbull, 'three great branches of authority exist, the civil, the financial, and the military, mainly independent of each other, although mutually co-operating for their respective objects when occasion may so require. Each *military* district, of which (if I mistake not) the empire contains fourteen, has a general officer in command, whose staff and other functionaries, appointed by the Crown, form his permanent council, and who acts under the orders of the Council of War at Vienna. Each *financial* district has its chief of finance, with a similarly appointed council, who corresponds with the head of the department at Vienna, and

who has the control of every thing connected with the collection and expenditure of the general revenue within the districtal limits. Each province has its *Landes-stelle*, consisting of a civil governor, and a council of a certain number of members, who exercise all the functions of civil government, with the exception of those which depend on the financial or military branches. Acting in every step under orders from Vienna, the *Landes-stelle* has the general administration of the religious, charitable, educational, and other provincial funds; the direction of the police, and the control of all civil establishments; and that kind of real power, which consists in its having a right of *veto* on the appointment and the proceedings of all functionaries and public bodies, single and corporate, lay and ecclesiastical and judicial, to a great extent as regards the class of misdemeanours. . . . They are in every branch, excepting those of war and finance, the agents and representatives of the executive power of the Crown; but on scarcely any point have they a faculty of action without previous communication with the authorities around the person of the Emperor. That which the *Landes-stelle* is in the province, the *Kreis-amt* is in each of the districts into which a province is divided. It consists of a *Kreis-hauptmann*, or districtal chief, who has also his council of local government; and, subordinate to the *Kreis-amt*, every township or village has a commissary or civil authority, encharged with its immediate concerns.

‘Such is the organisation of this very remarkable government. In every branch wherein a government can be said to hold duties towards subjects—In dispositions for religious instruction, civil education, the administration of justice, the provision of medical aid for the sick, and eleemosynary support for the destitute, as also for the collection of the public revenue, and the repression of public disorder—a series of authorities exists, descending in regular gradation from the sovereign on the throne to the humblest country village—each rendering statements, in the fullest detail, to its immediate superior, and acting under its instructions; and thus, by a perpetual circulation of reports and directions between the Imperial metropolis and the extreme ramifications of the provinces, producing, as it is conceived, a unity and an energy of action through the whole political machine.’—vol. ii. p. 227.

By the side of this system of Councils or Boards we find two sets of Ministers—Ministers of State, whose rank in the hierarchy of the service was that of Presidents of Departments, and Ministers of State and Conference, who occupied a still higher rank; but neither of those classes of Ministers had, as such, a portfolio or a department. They attended the Council of State (*Staats-Rath*), or the Conference of State (*Staats-Conferenz*), only when the Emperor summoned them.

The *Staats-Rath* was a deliberative body, composed—very much after the form of the

*Conseil d’Etat* of Napoleon—of *Councillors of State*, distributed into four sections, the Interior, Justice, War, and Finance, who met together according to the exigencies of each case, but not necessarily in a *plenum*. The Council of State was the adviser of the conscience of the Emperor, who referred to it only those reports of the heads of departments upon which he thought fit to consult it. It had no executive functions, but merely gave advice, and in many respects it discharged duties analogous to those which the law officers of the crown perform in England, having the care of correcting the proposed measures of the government, if they should be defective in point of substantial or formal legality. The *Staats-Rath* did not occupy an intermediate position between the Emperor and the departments, but rather stood behind the throne.

The Conference of State was the *Council of Ministers*, over which the Emperor himself presided, or in his absence a person deputed by him *ad hoc*. The Conference of State was instituted by the Emperor Francis. Since the accession of the late Emperor Ferdinand it was composed of permanent members, and occasional members, who were summoned *pro re nata* to assist at its consultations. The permanent members were the heir presumptive of the throne, the Archduke Francis Charles, who has since waived his right of inheritance in favour of his son, the present Emperor Francis Joseph; the Archduke Louis, the uncle of the Emperor Ferdinand; the Councillor of Court and State, Prince Metternich—and the Minister of Conferences, Count Kolowrat—the former of whom represented at the Council the Foreign Affairs of the Empire, the latter the Home Department. The occasional members who were summoned to attend according to the nature of the business before the Conference, were the Heads of Departments, the Councillors of State, and the Referendaries of Departments, who were allowed to attend their respective chiefs, if the latter required their assistance.

The absence of *unity* in the administrative system of the Austrian empire, whilst it was apparently a source of weakness in the ordinary working of the machine, must be allowed to have proved a source of strength under extraordinary circumstances. The power of the empire was not concentrated at Vienna, and hence the occupation of that capital by an enemy did not necessarily paralyse the action of the empire. The system in this respect hitherto pursued has been eminently anti-centralistic—the system henceforward to be pursued should be no less so. A little more *unity of government*,

easily to be effected by combining the heads of departments in a Council under a President—which we believe has already been adopted—is all that seems required in order to give to this branch of the service the same efficiency which the Governments in France and England exhibit; but it would be a great calamity to the Austrian empire, if the experiment of Joseph II. were to be repeated—if the administrative centralisation of Louis XIV. and the French Republic were to be imposed upon it. The language of M. de Tocqueville is full of political wisdom, and is most apposite to this subject:—

‘Pour ma part, je ne saurais concevoir qu’une nation puisse vivre, ni surtout prospérer, sans une forte *centralisation gouvernementale*.

‘Mais je pense que la *centralisation administrative* n’est propre qu’à énerver les peuples qui s’y soumettent, parcequ’elle tend sans cesse à diminuer parmi eux l’esprit de cité. La centralisation administrative parvient, il est vrai, à réunir à une époque donnée, et dans un certain lieu, toutes les forces disponibles de la nation; —mais elle nuit à la reproduction des forces. Elle la fait triompher le jour du combat, et diminue à la longue sa puissance. Elle peut donc concourir admirablement à la grandeur d’un homme, non point à la prospérité durable d’un peuple.’—*Démocratie en Amérique*, tom. i. p. 145.

Hungary, under existing circumstances, and Italy present considerable difficulties. The duchy of Milan, originally a fief of the Empire, after undergoing extraordinary vicissitudes of political dependence on its various powerful neighbours, has remained more or less under the Austrian sceptre since the peace of Utrecht. It should not be overlooked in studying the historical question of Austrian supremacy in Northern Italy, as Syndicus Bauer has aptly remarked, that

‘the Lombards were themselves Germans before they became Italians; that their ancestors, the Longobardi, migrated from their original seats on the northern bank of the Danube into Italy, and there founded the kingdom of the Lombards, which was conquered by the Franks under Charlemagne: that the Lombard language is a daughter of the old German and Roman mother tongue, and the hated feudal law is of Lombard origin.’

It may be remarked by the way, that the most valuable historical records of the Lombard kings are not found in the kingdom of Lombardy itself, but in the South of Italy, just on the edge of the Lombard duchy of Benevento, which maintained its independence two centuries after the kingdom was subjugated. These early acts of the first Lombard kings, which are preserved in the archives of the monastery of La Cava,

between Nocera and Salerno, invariably exhibit the words ‘Lang Bart’ (Longa Barba), written after the name of the King whose signature is subscribed.

Accordingly the duchy of Milan, antecedently to the first French revolution, formed a kind of colony, which, in union with the duchy of Mantua, was ruled, like the Austrian possessions in the Low Countries, by a general government sitting at Milan, as in the latter case at Brussels, corresponding with departments at Vienna, respectively designated as the Chanceries of the Low Countries and of Italy, which were both subordinate to the Chancery of the Court and State, in other words, to the Head of the Department of Foreign Affairs—very much in the same manner as the government of all the British colonies is confided to the Secretary of War, whose original functions are practically lost sight of, and are cloaked under the familiar appellation of Colonial Secretary.

In Hungary, on the other hand, the Crown had its viceregal establishment at Buda, in addition to its chancery at Vienna:—but—to use the language of Mr. Turnbull, writing before 1840—

‘The maxims of government in the two countries are utterly at variance. The monarchical principle is dominant in Austria—the aristocratical is absolute in Hungary. Under such circumstances, it is hardly to be supposed that either party should render justice to the views and intentions and feelings of the other. The government of Vienna, anxious for the happiness of all the subjects of the crown—but guided in its notion of happiness by the principles of its own paternal rule—seeks to extend to Hungary those institutions of civil and criminal law, public education and general government, which have been so productive, in the German provinces, of contentment, prosperity, and order: it perceives nothing but the spirit of factious and turbulent obstinacy in these who, on constitutional principles, oppose its views. The ruling party in Hungary, dreading above every evil the reduction of their constitutional rights, view with an unwearying suspicion, every movement of the Austrian cabinet; and they too often reject or defeat propositions of internal alterations, which would be avowedly [!] beneficial to the country, because, being made by the crown, they dread that, under the outward garb of public good, some insidious design is concealed to inveigle them within the sphere of the general absolutism. The mass of people partake the sentiments of their superiors. The tranquil and enjoying Austrian, attached to the institutions around him, regards the Magyar as little better than a rude and lawless barbarian; and the Magyar returns the compliment by contemning the Austrian as a being unworthy of civil rights and the willing instrument of absolute power.

‘The crown has for the last three centuries

made repeated, indeed almost continual attempts to gain ground upon the nobles; but the nobles, dreading the consequences of the slightest concession, have maintained their position to the uttermost. Paying no direct taxation themselves, they allow not a florin more of revenue to be extracted from the peasants than that conceded in the reign of Maria Theresa; they permit no alteration of force in the military contingent, either in war or in peace: and they suffer their lands to remain half desolate, and their vassals half barbarous, lest any alteration in their social fabric may open a crevice for that royal interference which it is their main object to exclude. The crown, on the other hand, has for three centuries laboured by every means to amend or to subvert this antique constitution. Sometimes it has employed force and sometimes persuasion, but ever alike without success; and for the last few years it would seem to have given up what it has experienced to be a hopeless struggle. It seeks now some compensation for the want of Hungarian revenue, by imposing duties of export and import on goods passing between Hungary and Austria; and it exerts what influence it can in the municipalities and in the Upper House of Diet, as some very slight attempt at counterpoise to the predominance of the Lower Chamber.—vol. ii. p. 397.

The situation of the Austrian Cabinet would have been considerably embarrassed had the late attempt to abolish by way of revolution all *objective sovereignty* been successful, for it is hardly necessary to point out that the so-called 'Sovereignty of the People' is a *doctrine*, not a *fact*; that it reduces all sovereignty to subjective sovereignty: that in any other view of sovereignty it involves a contradiction of ideas, or resolves itself into a palpable truism. Although, however, the tendency of the Revolution was destructive, its effects, up to the point where it has been checked, have not been fatal to reconstruction. The sovereignty of the Crown remains unimpaired, which constitutes the first condition for maintaining the unity of government and the union of administration through the various parts of the empire. The second condition is that of a central representation of the various parts of the empire in a legislative and not merely administrative capacity; and this is the problem which awaits solution at the hands of the cabinet of Prince Schwarzenberg.

It is well known that the Austrian cabinet was occupied, at the period when the French revolution of February broke out, with a plan according to which deputies were to be summoned from the various provincial estates and parliaments to Vienna, to form a centre of representation; and that the idea was by no means novel, having been seriously entertained, though from circumstances

not executed, on more than one occasion during the lifetime of the Emperor Francis. The construction of a central representative body has been found, even in the case of simple homogeneous states, to be a most difficult problem of statesmanship; much more must it be so in the case of a composite state, the members of which already possess local representative institutions of very diversified character: for the suppression of the latter would seem to be a retrograde step in political life, whilst their co-ordinate existence would be calculated to promote discord and disunion. It remains that the provincial representative bodies should be made subordinate to the central representative body, in a manner which may secure their acquiescence in the decisions of the central body. Such a result is most likely to be secured by the central body being formed of deputies from the provincial bodies, elected by those bodies themselves, and holding their diet at a different period from the provincial diet. It must not be overlooked that the spirit of the awakened nationalities of the Austrian empire requires to be soothed; that existing rights must be maintained; that both policy and justice demand that the historical diversity of the various parts which make up the empire should be respected. The safety of a state depends on the soundness of its local institutions, no less than the welfare of society on the purity of the family and the household.

'J'ai visité,' says M. de Tocqueville, 'les deux nations qui ont développé au plus haut degré le système des libertés provinciales, et j'ai écouté la voix des parties qui divisent ces nations.'

'En Amérique, j'ai trouvé des hommes qui aspiraient, en secret, à détruire les institutions démocratiques de leur pays. En Angleterre, j'en ai trouvé d'autres qui attaquaient hautement l'aristocratie; je n'en ai pas rencontré un seul qui ne regardât la liberté provinciale comme un grand bien.'

'J'ai vu, dans ces deux pays, imputer les maux de l'Etat à une infinité de causes diverses, mais jamais à la liberté communale.'

'J'ai entendu les citoyens attribuer la grandeur ou la prospérité de leur patrie à une multitude de raisons; mais je les ai entendu tous mettre en première ligne, et classer à la tête de tous les autres avantages, la liberté provinciale.'—*Dém. en Amér.*, tom. i. p. 162.

The observations which have been already made on the 13th Article of the Federal Act, will be more clearly appreciable after the description of the Estates, or Stände, in the Austrian empire, which we have cited from Mr. Turnbull's work. Stein, with the representatives of some of the German cabinets, was anxious that a clause of the fol-



lowing purport should be inserted—'In jedem Bundestaat soll eine Volksvertretung eingeführt werden (a Popular Representation shall be introduced into every Federal State). This was opposed by Austria and several other States, on the ground that all the ancient portions of the Empire, which formed parts of the Confederation, possessed constitutional Estates of very varied character according to their State-peculiarities and essentially parts of their State-constitution. To have adopted such a resolution would consequently have been to revolutionise, and not to restore, the Germanic body of States, and to disturb the greater part of Germany, instead of tranquillising it. Weary of war, Stein and his supporters abandoned their project, and acquiesced in the wording of the 13th Article as it at present stands—the word 'Volksvertretung' being replaced by 'Ständische Verfassung' (Assemblies of Estates), and 'angeführt werden soll' (shall be introduced) by 'wird statt finden' (will find a place).

The objection which at once suggests itself to the universal application of such a provision throughout the Confederation was, that in many of the smaller states which had been members of the Confederation of the Rhine, the ancient estates or stände had become obsolete, and there were no longer materials for their reconstruction in an efficient form. On the other hand, it was felt necessary to organize the smaller states in a constitutional form in accordance with the public law (*Staatsrecht*) of Germany, in order to revive their German feeling and associations, which had been interrupted under the protectorate of Napoleon. Besides, the leaven of revolutionary ideas was likely to ferment in those states which were placed in immediate juxtaposition to France, and a constitutional organization of them would so far afford greater security for the peace of Western Germany. Experience, it was conceived, would suggest improvements which might from time to time be worked out in accordance with the principles of each constitution—and thus we find it laid down in the Final Act of 1820:—

'Art. 55. Comme d'après, l'Article XIII. de l'Acte Fédéral et les déclarations postérieures qui ont eu lieu à ce sujet, il doit y avoir des Assemblées d'Etats (*landständische Verfassungen*) dans tous les pays de la Confédération, la diète veillera à ce que cette stipulation ne reste sans effet dans aucun Etat Confédéré.

'Art. 56. Il appartient aux Princes Souverains de la Confédération de régler cette affaire de législation intérieure dans l'intérêt de leurs pays respectifs, ayant égard aux anciens droits des Assemblées d'Etats (*mit Berücksichtigung*

sowohl der früherhin gesetzlich bestandenen Ständischen Rechte) ainsi qu'aux relations actuellement existantes.

'Art. 57. Les Constitutions d'Etats existantes, reconnues comme étant en vigueur, ne peuvent être changées que par des voies constitutionnelles.'

The views of the cabinet of Vienna in reference to the best mode of carrying into execution this last-cited provision of the Final Act may be gathered from the well-known despatch of Prince Metternich to the Baron de Berstett, at that time (4th May, 1820) Minister of State at Baden, which has lately been republished at Wiesbaden with other diplomatic documents relating to German affairs (*Die Deutsche Diplomatie wider das deutsche Volk*, p. 9). Having premised that 'Time was striding onwards in storms, and that to attempt forcibly to arrest its impetuous course would be an idle undertaking,' the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs observes that

'every order of things which has once legally existed, unless it be the offspring of pure arbitrary will and senseless delusion, as the Constitution of the Cortes of 1812, contains materials for a better system. A Charter, moreover, does not establish a Constitution. Time alone can supply this; and it depends under all circumstances upon the clear insight and steadfast will of each Government to give to the development of the constitutional system that direction according to which the good elements will become more and more separated from the evil, the public authority be strengthened, and the peace and contentment of the mass of the population be protected against hostile disturbance.'

In pursuance of this he proceeds to recommend, that the German States should steadily maintain the legal foundations of their existing constitutions, and defend them with vigour and wisdom against all individual attacks, whilst the governments themselves should originate well-considered amendments of the essential defects in them.

The great reproach of the Austrian cabinet has been its scrupulous respect for legality, which, although it found sympathy amongst the German people in general, who are still inclined to the old *Staats-Recht*, has never been acceptable in Western Germany (*Klein-Deutschland*). The sting of the first French Revolution has never ceased to rankle in the wounds which it inflicted on Germany, and the moral effects of it remain to be appreciated long after the material effects have passed away. Twice has the contagious spirit been checked in Germany at its first onset. On both occasions there were premonitory symptoms, in the assassin

ation of Kotzebue in 1820 and the festival of Hambach in 1832, which alarmed the German Governments and the German people in time; on the last occasion the Revolution precipitated itself into the streets of the great capitals, and achieved a momentary triumph over order; but although an active minority may effect a revolution, a majority can alone maintain it; and revolutions which require to be carried by a *coup de main*, have naturally no basis of endurance in them.

Dr. Schütte was one of the most prominent leaders of the insurrection at Vienna. He now writes as follows, in his Journal of the occurrences of last October:—

‘Every one who looks deeper into the events at Vienna, and learns to know the political drift of them, must clearly perceive that the continuance of such social relations was an impossibility; that legal freedom could not coexist with capricious anarchy; and that an exertion of power was needed to put an end to this non-descript state of things between lawlessness and an ideal freedom unsuitable to real life.

‘Reaction was suspected to lurk behind every earnest step which the government took in order to open the way for the return of legal order. Every measure which appeared necessary to maintain the integrity of the monarchy was scoffed at, hooted down, and condemned, as a means for oppressing the free movement of the nationalities.

‘What was really intended at Vienna can remain a secret but to very few persons, and to those who are still ignorant of it we announce that it was the Republic which was desired. What Paris had employed some tens of years to obtain, the people of Vienna thought to obtain in a few months, and then to be able proudly to proclaim:—“Behold! the Viennese are the leading free people of the world! in one year they have overthrown absolute monarchy, obtained a constitutional monarchy, and gloriously won a republic.”

‘If the democratic party had made known their real intention, it would not have obtained for them so many adherents, for it was only under the banner of the *Constitution* that a great party was raised, which at the beginning embarked in the contest as the sentinels and guardians of freedom, and afterwards were led on gradually and unconsciously by the democratic leaders to pure republican tendencies.

‘Vienna was to be the centre of the East-German Republic, Berlin of the North-German Republic.

‘This was the aim of the leaders of the democratic party. The men who intended to carry out this plan knew neither the relations of the Austrian monarchy nor the mental vigour and physical strength of its adherents. They could not know that Austria was not a pure German State, that Austria contained so many nationalities, and that its military power was so extraordinary, being neither Bohemian, nor Moravian, nor Silesian, nor Croatian, nor Hungarian, nor

Italian—but Imperial, Royal, and Austrian; and that this military knew no other master or ruler than the monarch whom it had sworn to serve. Hence, to introduce or to seek to introduce into Austria any other form of government than constitutional monarchy, as long as the military did not consent to this, was for the men and the people who attempted it an inconsiderate and senseless undertaking. If we regard the circumstances of the various nationalities, they present still further obstacles, inasmuch as to-day the one is prepared to fight with the other, and to-morrow the contrary disposition may exist; and thus each nationality is curbed by the majority of its fellow-nationalities. Under these circumstances, we may regard the overthrow of the monarchy as a practical impossibility, and we must even condemn those who took part in such an attempt to overthrow it, because the severance and breaking to pieces of the common bonds which knit together the Austrian monarchy, if it were possible, would only produce mischief and unspeakable misery.

‘We went to Vienna, genuine Austrians in heart and thorough democrats in spirit. In Prague we attached ourselves rather to the Czechs than to the German party, but only after the days of June, because we recognised in the former the party who were contending in the path of true and genuine freedom, in the latter the conservative party who wished to maintain the old long-established system of government with some slight alterations. We were for that reason called renegades, because we attached ourselves not to the nationality, but to the democracy of the Czechs.

‘Our maxim is, “Equality of rights for every nationality in the Imperial Austrian State.”’—P. 10.

Differing altogether from the views of Dr. Schütte as to democracy being the path of true and genuine freedom, we cannot but approve his good sense in recognising the impracticability of the enterprise in which he had embarked, and his honesty in avowing it. He stands forth in bold relief when contrasted with the foolish and wicked Italian demagogues, whose only conception is embodied in the ever-recurring phrase, ‘Bisogna del disordine per aver ordine.’

It is impossible to cast a glance at the present state of Europe and not admit the truth of M. Cæpefigue’s remark:—

‘Je distingue l’immense différence qui existe entre l’esprit libéral et l’esprit révolutionnaire: je crois que la révolution a beaucoup contribué à tuer la liberté en mêlant une question de bouleversement à une question de garantie et de constitution politique. L’Europe deslors a dû réprimer avant d’organiser.’—P. 113.

We may extend this observation further, and say that the cause of liberty is at present still further endangered by mixing it up with questions which affect directly the treaty-engagements of all the great European powers.

The positive public law of Europe rests, as is well known, partly on a system of rules tacitly sanctioned by the practice of the European powers, partly on conventions expressly agreed to amongst all and several of them. Of the latter the Treaty of Paris of the 20th of November, 1815, must be regarded as the keystone of the arch on which the European conventional law of nations at present rests, as this treaty confirmed the provisions of the previous Treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, where they had not been specifically modified, as well as the Act of the Congress of Vienna of the 9th of June, 1815. But the first Treaty of Paris expressly provided that 'les États de l'Allemagne seront indépendans et unis par un lien fédératif,' and the Act of the Congress of Vienna embodied all the general provisions of the Federal Act by which the hitherto existing Germanic Confederation was constituted, the arrangements of which have thus become part and parcel of the public law of Europe. The same Treaty therefore which divested France of her possessions on the left bank of the Rhine and transferred them to Germany, provided expressly for the maintenance of the treaties which established the independence of the sovereign princes and free cities of Germany under a federal league—and thus the existing federal union of the Germanic States is guaranteed by the very treaties by which Prussia holds her Saxon possessions and her Rhenish provinces. That the Germanic Confederation should be converted into an Unitarian State, with Austria at its head, is as inadmissible on the part of the other European powers as the union of the imperial crown with that of Spain was deemed to be in the sixteenth century: that Austria should be excluded, and the south-western States should be absorbed into a north German Unitarian State, with Prussia at its head, is inadmissible on the part of France on any other conditions than those which the Treaty of Luneville established in reference to the left bank of the Rhine. But France after the Revolution of 1830 accepted the conditions of the Congress of Vienna and the Treaties of Paris, and France has again set an example of moderation since the Revolution of 1848. The power, therefore, which should venture to lead the way in setting aside the established international landmarks of Europe, will incur a most heavy responsibility, and would justly be regarded as the common enemy of the whole European family.

It may be said, however, that by the side of the treaty-engagements of 1815 a *customary* law of nations has grown up, supple-

mental to the *conventional* law, and based on the practice of the last quarter of a century, in respect more especially of the Neapolitan, Greek, Belgian, and Cracovian questions; and that the doctrine of 'immediate interest' has been indirectly recognised as an equitable ground for exceptional cases. The conferences of Troppau in 1820 did not propound this doctrine in its explicit form in reference to the Neapolitan question, but the great powers there assembled held themselves entitled in self-defence to take measures to check the revolutionary movement in Europe on the joint grounds of urgent necessity and their obligations under the Treaties:—

'L'exercice de ce droit devenait d'une nécessité plus urgente encore, quand ceux qui s'étaient mis dans cette situation, cherchaient à étendre sur leurs voisins le malheur qu'ils s'étaient attiré eux-mêmes, et à propager autour d'eux la révolte et la confusion.

'Une telle position, une pareille conduite est une infraction évidente du pacte qui garantit à tous les gouvernemens Européens, outre l'inviolabilité de leur territoire, la jouissance des rapports paisibles qui excluent tout empiètement réciproque sur leurs droits.'—*Capefigue*, p. 137.

On the other hand, the armed mediation of Russia, France, and Great Britain, in the war between Turkey and Greece (1827) was prompted by political sentiment (Philhellenism) on their part; and the sequel illustrates in a remarkable manner how the violation of a right leads invariably to moral, if not material, mischief. The result of the intervention of the three powers was to bring on a war between Russia and Turkey, which terminated in the treaties of Adrianople (1829) and of Unkiar-Iskelessi (1833), the former of which established the legal supremacy of Russia over the Danubian provinces, and the latter for the time of its duration (eight years) made the Sea of Marmora for the purposes of war equivalent to a Russian lake. The affair of Greece was in a word a *casus omissus*, out of the circle of events provided for by the Treaties of 1815.

In the affairs of Belgium France took a more decided course, and distinctly set up the plea of 'immediate interest,' when Count Molé declared to the cabinets of Berlin and the Hague, 'J'ai un intérêt immédiat à ce que la Belgique soit organisée sur certaines bases.' This was clearly in the face of the treaty-engagements of 1815; and accordingly we find that the sanction of the five great powers, the signatories of the second Treaty of Paris, as well as the assent of the Germanic Confederation, was invited and formally given to the subsequent territorial

arrangements of the new kingdom of Belgium.

The last event which attracted attention to the treaties of 1815 was the re-incorporation in 1846 of the territory and city of Cracow into the Austrian dominions, of which it had formed a portion before 1809, when it was ceded by the Treaty of Vienna with Western Galicia to the King of Saxony. On this occasion the three Powers, who had established the qualified independence of Cracow under their united and joint Protection, declared the express conditions of the arrangement to have been violated on the part of Cracow, and the arrangement itself to have thereby determined in respect to that city; whereupon they formally agreed to revoke and suppress their reciprocal obligations under the Treaties of 3d May, 1815, and Cracow consequently reverted to the Crown of Austria. It has been observed in a previous number of this Review, that the independence of Cracow was altogether a counterfeit. Cracow was, in fact, declared to be free and independent, as a compliment to the fancy of the Emperor Alexander on the part of Austria and Prussia; but it was the creature of the Three Powers, who, in their character of Protectors, retained a joint supremacy (*Jus supremæ inspectionis*), and were virtually sovereign over it, in some such manner as the East India Company is supreme and virtually sovereign over the protected Sikh and Hill states in Upper India. It was unwise on the part of the other Powers to consent to the registration of so anomalous an arrangement amongst the transactions of the Congress, as it was calculated to create diplomatic difficulties at some future time, which has already been the result; for by reason of the Treaties between the three Powers (*les Puissances Créatrices*) having been made integral parts of the Act of the Congress, some of the Signatories of the Act have felt themselves called upon to notice the apparent departure from its provisions by the suppression of the Treaties between the three Powers, whilst on the other hand, those Powers have maintained that the spirit of the Treaty of Vienna has not been thereby substantially violated: It would be as well that the term *Protection* should not find a place in the vocabulary of the Law of Nations, for its meaning is essentially ambiguous, and its use therefore unsafe: and it has been justly observed, in a minute of the Governor-General of India (Marquis of Hastings) of the 13th April, 1816, that 'where the ruler of a state has been induced, from whatever cause, to rely upon a foreign power for *protection*, not only against external enemies, but also against

the dangers which may arise from the turbulence and disaffection of his own subjects, it is only in a very qualified sense that the term *independent* can, with propriety, be applied to him.'

Three of the great powers of Europe have already taken their stand upon the Treaty-engagements of 1815. Germany, in its collective capacity, ought to be the first to pay homage to those Treaties. The general interests of Europe are paramount at the present moment to any considerations of local interest. Above all, respect for the peace of Europe dictates the sacrifice of some opinions, and the abandonment of some supposed interests. It is rare that a false Utilitarian policy is not retributive. The fall of the throne of the Bourbons in France was, in a great degree, the penalty which they paid for having assisted the British colonists in North America, in violation of the law of nations, to emancipate themselves from the mother country. On that occasion the policy of France was not based on any principle of public law, nor even on sympathy, but purely on a calculation of interest. So likewise was it with the partition of Poland. Whilst the dawn of a new state was seen in the far West, the star of an ancient nation sank in the East; but Polish nationality still lives and still avenges the suppression of the Polish nation.

We do not cite these instances by way of reproach, but with the object of warning the nineteenth century against imitating the errors of the eighteenth. For there is a spirit abroad in Europe which is especially captivating to the mind of Germany—the spirit of generalizing ideas and sentiments, which constitutes the moral malady of the age. Applied to political life, this spirit begins with diluting the sentiment of locality, and ends with effacing the idea of Country. We believe this spirit to be the enemy of civilization as of political liberty, both of which are plants of slow growth, which must be raised from seed if they are to bear fruit a hundred-fold. It is to be hoped, however, that after the pursuit of German *Unity* shall have been abandoned, it will have served, like the pursuit of the Philosopher's Stone, to produce indirect results of more value to the German people, than any which could have been directly achieved by the success of the experiments in the Frankfort Laboratory.

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March 17.—The tidings of the promulgation of a Constitution for the empire of

Austria by the Emperor Francis Joseph I. only reached us after the above remarks on the general question had been put into type. The importance of this measure seems to call for a few observations on the outline of the scheme. A year has now nearly elapsed since the ides of March, 1848, witnessed the resignation of the Archdukes, and the cessation of the ancient order of things, when the Letters Patent of the Emperor Ferdinand I. announced the advent of a Constitution. The interval has been rife with anarchy. An emperor has abdicated, a civil war has been carried on in the very capital of the empire, and still continues to rage in the provinces—but the transition-period is, it is to be hoped, drawing to a close. The month of March, 1849, has beheld the promise of a Constitution fulfilled by the successor of the Emperor Ferdinand, and the Crown has thus shown itself to be still 'the fountain from which law and justice spring forth.'

There has been some disposition amongst political writers to quarrel with the origin of the Austrian, as of the Prussian Constitution, on the ground that it has been accorded by the Crown without the concurrence of the Subject. There might be some weight in such an objection, if such a concurrence on the part of the subject were needed to found a legal basis for the new order of things, which is notoriously not the fact. On the contrary, a Charter establishes an unimpeachable basis of legality, whilst it keeps up the historical continuity of the Constitution, the importance of which has not been sufficiently appreciated on the continent of Europe. It should never be forgotten that a Royal Charter is the fundamental law on which the liberties of the subject in England rest, and that it is our ancient monarchy from which, as Mr. Hallam most justly observes in his Constitutional History, 'The House of Commons and every existing Peer, though not perhaps the aristocratic Order itself, derives its participation in the Legislature.'

We shall content ourselves on the present occasion with observing that the Constitution of the 4th of March has sought to reconcile two vital considerations, adverted to as such in the foregoing pages, namely, a due respect for the diversity of the Constituent Elements of the Empire, with a necessary provision for Unity of Government. With this double object it has—as we had hoped it would do—combined the existence of Local Diets with the establishment of a Central Diet—the latter consisting of an Upper and a Lower House, of which the one is to be chosen from among the mem-

bers of the respective Local Diets, the other by general and direct election on an uniform basis of population throughout the empire. The epoch of the new order of things is, it must be admitted, only a starting point; but the vessel of the New State is launched, and we believe it is so far steering in the right course.

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ART. VI.—*Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jun. With numerous Woodcuts. London, post 8vo. pp. 449. 1849.

SOME few years ago we submitted to our readers a brief account of the Syriac and other MSS. with which the British Museum has been enriched through the zeal and industry of Mr. Archdeacon Tattam; and we were fortunate enough to be allowed to enliven our article on apparently a rather dry subject, by several sketches of monastic manners, extracted from the private letters and journals not only of Mr. Tattam's niece and companion Miss Platt, but also of Lord Prudhoe (now Duke of Northumberland) and the Hon. Robert Curzon—both of whom had preceded the Archdeacon in the inspection of the Coptic convents of the Natron Lakes, and negotiated with more or less success, for the purchase of ancient books and scrolls no longer intelligible to the few poor harmless drones that still doze out life in those mouldering cradles of asceticism. The fragment of narrative then furnished to us by Mr. Curzon (*Quar. Rev.* vol. 77) seemed to ourselves a particularly entertaining one, and we hinted our hope that he might take courage to give the public more copious specimens of his adventures as a bibliomaniacal tourist in the Eastern regions. This volume consists of such specimens—being the descriptions of visits to several of the Egyptian convents above mentioned in 1833—to those of the Holy Land in 1834—and subsequently to others in different parts of the Ottoman empire—ending with the extraordinary conglomeration of monasteries on Mount Athos. He seems to have spent about five years in his expedition, and his notes leave no doubt that they were well-spent years. Whether or not he passed part of *them* in Italy we are not told; but he seems to be very well acquainted with her monuments of antiquity and art, especially with her ecclesiastical architecture and old religious painting and sculpture. It is needless to add that the

ardent Roxburgher shows himself to be familiar with her great libraries—as well as those of France. The reader, however, is not to anticipate a ponderous dose of erudition and artistic criticism. Anything but that. Mr. Curzon, a young gentleman of rank—heir indeed to a peerage—had left Oxford with the usual tastes and habits of his contemporaries, as well as with a rare and praiseworthy love and affection for the darkest recesses of the Bodleian, and such a filial reverence for its antique gems of calligraphy and typography as must have satisfied the warmest wishes of Dr. Bliss. He had kept a healthy appetite for the ordinary comforts and pleasures of prosperous youth, and evidently enters into all innocent varieties of sport and fun with a fearless zest. He would not be a worthy Roxburgher if he did not, among his other scientific developments, include a cognoscent appreciation of eatables and drinkables—the ‘portly eidolon’ of Dibdin would frown! Nor—haunting as he does with such gusto the dim and flinty corridors of Oriental cœnobites, poring morning after morning over unciated and miniatures parchments, and in the evening hobnobbing (rosoglio to wit) with holy recluse Agoumenoi of Meteora or Athos (within which last entire peninsula of piety no female creature is known to have ventured for ages, except only one cat and certain fleas)—does our ‘Milordos Inglesis’ conceal his having retained in one corner a decorous but genial devotion to the cowl-eschewed charms. We should be inclined to form a very favourable notion of our author’s whole character and disposition: but not to trespass further on what may seem hardly lawful ground, we think all his readers will feel how gracefully the literary and antiquarian enthusiasm that prompted and gives importance and dignity to his wanderings is set off by the artless unchecked juvenility of spirit which he carries everywhere with him in his social intercourse, and the fresh hearty enjoyment he has in the beauties of external nature.

The greatest and rarest merit of the book is the total absence of all conceits and affectations. We have seldom read one that had less the air of being written for effect. Nobody can put a volume of light sketches from a tour for missals and triptics on a level with such a masterly record of gallant enterprise and exciting discovery as Mr. Layard’s; but it will, we are confident, take a good place and keep it. No book could well be less like *Eothen*—in spirit, in substance, in temper, in style, they are each other’s antipodes; but we hazard little in

prophesying that Mr. Curzon’s will be more popular than any other recent set of Oriental descriptions, except Mr. Kinglake’s; and however that remarkable writer may claim the superiority in wit, point, and artistical finish, we should not be surprised if the respectable oddity of Mr. Curzon’s objects and fancies, with the happier cast of his general sentiments and reflections, should be sufficient to win fully equal acceptance for the Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant.

When an author of such promise publishes his first book, we consider it our duty to adhere, or rather to revert, to the old style of reviewal, and allow our readers the opportunity of judging him for themselves from as copious extracts as we can well afford.

No one will pretend to compare on the whole the monasteries of the East with those of the West—the influence of the former, whether we look to religion, to literature, to science, to art, or to the political arrangements of society, has been very inferior to that which all historians recognise in the other case. But still the Eastern monasteries deserve more attention than has fallen to their share—and to trace them from their origin to the present time would be a task worthy of no ordinary talents. Should Mr. Curzon possess, in addition to the many excellent qualities he has already given proof of, the fixity of purpose and resolution to devote his leisure to this task, he might, we do not doubt, earn for his name a permanent station in a high department of historical research. These establishments in their earlier day were the residences of the Christian Fathers from whom we ourselves inherit our noblest liturgies, many of whose doctrinal expositions remain of uncontested authority, and whose command of lofty and pathetic eloquence must always rank them foremost in the literature of the pulpit. Continuously as the Greek monasteries have been sinking during many centuries past, their preservation from utter destruction amidst so many violent revolutions, in spite of the downfall of Christian empires and kingdoms, the conquests of unbelieving powers, the cruel persecutions and oppressions, murderings and spoilings of ages of barbarous tyranny, has more than any one circumstance besides kept alive many traditions of antiquity; and to the very buildings themselves, few, comparatively, though they be that still exist, we owe all but our best materials for realizing the modes and conditions of ancient life among any one class of men. But for the revelations of

Pompeii and Herculaneum we should in this respect have had nothing at all to place above or beside them.

Their troubled history too well explains why, from a very early date, they all assumed the character of fortresses. Everywhere, from the morasses of Moldavia to the Cataracts of the Nile, from the vale of the Peneus to the mountains of Koordistan, they have been and are castles. Sometimes they are found hanging like birds'-nests or beehives on some shelf in the face of an enormous precipice—accessible only by pulleys or ladders. Not uncommonly they occupy the summit of an isolated pillar of rock, rising hundreds of feet sheer from the pass. In flat regions, where violence has been rife, as in Egypt and Mesopotamia, the whole is enclosed within a high dead wall—with no windows outwards, except perhaps in some wooden gallery or wicker cradles that top the massive battlement, and may be removed with ease, or destroyed without serious inconvenience. If by such means they can baffle eternal assault, their own hereditary feelings ensure a most sacred watch over whatever is enclosed within, and can be in any degree appreciated by the community. If a chapel, a refectory, even a kitchen or a cellar requires repair, it is restored with the most anxious precision, and all trace of the modern hand is very soon indistinguishable. It is the same with every painting—a careful pencil is always ready to freshen the least spot of decay or dimness—and such as they were a thousand years ago or more, such are they at this hour. The artists are servilely mechanical—they have sets of rules many centuries old, with pattern tints for every object of detail, and by these they guide themselves from generation to generation, as scrupulously as if the most serious duty of religion were concerned. Their shrines, reliquaries, chalices, every article in metal, the carved and embossed frames of pictures and boards of holy books, have in many instances come quite unharmed through all the chances of twelve centuries. The MS. charters and books themselves, the great objects of Mr. Curzon's quest, are often of equal antiquity; and but for the unhappy device of the Palimpsest, and the utter ignorance of the more modern monks, we might not unfairly hope for the recovery among their tranquil shelves of all those treasures which were accessible, it seems as but yesterday, to the Grammarians and Epitomizers of the Byzantine School. As it is, we by no means give up all such hopes, even as to the remains of classical literature: a wandering Mai may yet work wonders of decipherment. But the stores

of Eastern and Ecclesiastical history are undoubtedly very great; and after what we have just seen gathered from the Natron Valley, it is hard to put limits to still rational anticipation.

There can be no question that the ever darkening ignorance of the monks has induced neglect in the one department where care would have been most important; that thus, even within a recent period, very many curious MSS. have been lost or destroyed; nor do we see how the process is at all likely to be checked, except by the excitement of cupidity from the visits of such liberal merchants as Mr. Curzon. The examples his own narrative affords of woeful waste are frequent and most painful:—in his Preface he retails at least a good story:—

'A Russian, or I do not know whether he was not a French traveller, in the pursuit, as I was, of ancient literary treasures, found himself in a great monastery in Bulgaria to the north of the town of Cavalla; he had heard that the books preserved in this remote building were remarkable for their antiquity, and for the subjects on which they treated. His dismay and disappointment may be imagined when he was assured by the agoumenos or superior of the monastery, that it contained no library whatever, that they had nothing but the liturgies and church books, and no palæa pragmata or antiquities at all. The poor man had bumped upon a pack-saddle over villanous roads for many days for no other object, and the library of which he was in search had vanished as the visions of a dream. The agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *Κυrie eleison* *Χριστε eleison* (pronounced *Kyre eleizon*, *Christe eleizon*), which occurs almost every minute in the ritual of the Greek Church. Each of the monks was standing, to save his bare legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library and applied to purposes of practical utility in the way which I have described. The traveller on examining these ponderous tomes found them to be of the greatest value; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date; all these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which he presented in their stead to the old monks; they were comfortably covered with ketches or felt, and were in many respects more convenient to the inhabitants of the monastery than the manuscripts had been, for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail-heads, which inconvenienced the toes of the unsophisticated congregation who stood upon them without shoes for so many hours in the day. I must add that the lower halves of the manuscripts were imperfect, from the damp of the floor of the church having corroded and eaten away their vellum leaves—and also that, as the story is not



my own, I cannot vouch for the truth of it, though, whether it is true or not, it elucidates the present state of the literary attainments of the Oriental monks.'—p. xxiii.

On another point Mr. Curzon's candid statement may disappoint some. The architecture of the churches in the ancient monasteries of the East is rarely fine; they were for the monks alone, and therefore usually very small—never large. Even the non-monastic churches were always far inferior in every respect to the Latin basilicas of Rome. The only Byzantine church of any magnitude is the Cathedral of St. Sophia, now a mosque.

'The student of ecclesiastical antiquities need not extend his architectural researches beyond the shores of Italy; there is nothing in the East so curious as the church of St. Clemente at Rome, which contains all the original fittings of the choir. The churches of St. Ambrogio of Milan, of Sta. Maria Trastevere at Rome, the first church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; the church of St. Agnese near Rome, the first in which galleries were built over the side aisles for the accommodation of women, who, neither in the Eastern nor Western churches, ever mixed with the men for many centuries; all these and several others in Italy afford more instruction than those of the East—they are larger, more magnificent, and in every respect superior to the ecclesiastical buildings of the Levant. But the poverty of the Eastern church, and its early subjection to Mahometan rulers, while it has kept down the size and splendour of the churches, has at the same time been the means of preserving the monastic establishments in all the rude originality of their ancient forms.'—i. p. xxi.

It was in the winter of 1833 that Mr. Curzon's bibliomania first carried him into a Mahometan realm; and though he has far too much taste and modesty (which always go together) for occupying many of his pages with the scenery and manners of Egypt, so fully treated by contemporaries like Lane and Wilkinson, still in the fragments of general narrative necessary for bringing in conveniently and intelligibly his accounts of monastic fastnesses and book-bargainings, there are not a few passages that will reward his reader—thoroughly unaffected transcripts of the first impressions made in a totally new world on an acute and susceptible mind. For instance, take this little glimpse at Alexandria:—

'Long strings of ungainly-looking camels were continually passing, generally preceded by a donkey, and accompanied by swarthy men clad in a short shirt with a red and yellow handkerchief tied in a peculiar way over their heads, and wearing sandals; these savage-looking people were Bedouins or Arabs of the desert.

A very truculent set they seemed to be, and all of them were armed with a long crooked knife and a pistol or two, stuck in a red leathern girdle. They were thin, gaunt, and dirty, and strode along looking fierce and independent. There was something very striking in the appearance of these untamed Arabs: I had never pictured to myself that anything so like a wild beast could exist in human form. The motions of their half-naked bodies were singularly free and light, and they looked as if they could climb, and run, and leap over anything. The appearance of many of the older Arabs, with their long white beard and their ample cloak of camel's hair, called an *abba*, is majestic and venerable. It was the first time that I had seen these "Children of the Desert," and the quickness of their eyes, their apparent freedom from all restraint, and their disregard of any conventional manners, struck me forcibly. An English gentleman in a round hat and a tight neck-handkerchief and boots, with white gloves and a little cane in his hand, was a style of man so utterly and entirely unlike a Bedouin Arab, that I could hardly conceive the possibility of their being only different species of the same animal.'—pp. 7, 8.

At Cairo he gives this note:—

'The Mahomedan day begins at sunset, when the first time of prayer is observed; the second is about two hours after sunset; the third is at the dawn of day, when the musical chant of the muezzins from the thousand minarets of Cairo sounds most impressively through the clear and silent air. The voices of the criers thus raised above the city always struck me as having a holy and beautiful effect. First one or two are heard faintly in the distance, then one close to you, then the cry is taken up from the minarets of other mosques, and at last, from one end of the town to the other, the measured chant falls pleasingly on the ear, inviting the faithful to prayer. For a time it seems as if there was a chorus of voices in the air, like spirits calling upon each other to worship the Creator of all things. Soon the sound dies away, there is a silence for awhile, and then commence the hum and bustle of the awakening city. This cry of man, to call his brother man to prayer, seems to me more appropriate and more accordant to religious feeling than the clang and jingle of our European bells.'

Nothing has left a deeper impression on most Oxonian memories than the observance at Magdalen College on the first of May, when the choristers ascend the tall and beautiful tower, and there sing a Latin Hymn to the Season. We rather wonder that Mr. Curzon did not allude to that scene—for he seems to have had in his mind the lovely stanza on it in 'The Scholar's Funeral' of Professor Wilson—where the bells have due honour as well as the human voices:—

'Why hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalen Tower,

Still wont to usher in delightful May,  
 The dewy silence of the morning hour  
 Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?  
 And those pure youthful voices, where are they,  
 That, hymning far up in the listening sky,  
 Seemed issuing softly through the gates of day,  
 As if a troop of sainted souls on high  
 Were hovering o'er the earth with angel melody?

But to return to El Kahira and the Muez-  
 zins:—

'The fourth and most important time of prayer is at noon, and it is at this hour that the Sultan attends in state the mosque at Constantinople. The fifth and last prayer is at about three o'clock. The Bedouins of the desert, who however are not much given to praying, consider this hour to have arrived when a stick, a spear, or a camel throws a shadow of its own height upon the ground. This time of day is called "Al Assr." When wandering about in the deserts, I used always to eat my dinner or luncheon at that time, and it is wonderful to what exactness I arrived at last in my calculations respecting the Assr. I knew to a minute when my dromedary's shadow was of the right length.'—pp. 37, 38.

His first interview with old Mehemet Ali was in February, 1834, at Cairo:—

'A curtain was drawn aside, and we were ushered at once into the presence of the Viceroy, whom we found walking up and down in the middle of a large room, between two rows of gigantic silver candlesticks, which stood upon the carpet. This is the usual way of lighting a room in Egypt:—Six large silver dishes, about two feet in diameter and turned upside down, are first placed upon the floor, three on each side, near the centre of the room. On each of these stands a silver candlestick, between four and five feet high, containing a wax candle three feet long and very thick. A seventh candlestick, of smaller dimensions, stands on the floor, separate from these, for the purpose of being moved about; it is carried to any one who wants to read a letter, or to examine an object more closely while he is seated on the divan. Almost every room in the palace has an European chandelier hanging from the ceiling, but I do not remember having ever seen one lit. These large candlesticks, standing in two rows, with the little one before them, always put me in mind of a line of life-guards of gigantic stature, commanded by a little officer whom they could almost put in their pockets.

'When we were seated on the divan we commenced the usual routine of Oriental compliments; and coffee was handed to us in cups entirely covered with large diamonds. A pipe was then brought to the Pasha, but not to us. This pipe was about seven feet long: the mouthpiece, of light green amber, was a foot long, and a foot more below the mouthpiece, as well as

another part of the pipe lower down, was richly set with diamonds of great value, with a diamond tassel hanging to it.

'We discoursed for three quarters of an hour about the possibility of laying a railway across the Isthmus of Suez, which was the project then uppermost in the Pasha's mind; but the circumstance which most strongly recalls this audience to my memory, and which struck me as an instance of manners differing entirely from our own, was, in itself, a very trivial one. The Pasha wanted his pocket-handkerchief, and looked about and felt in his pocket for it, but could not find it, making various exclamations during his search, which at last were answered by an attendant from the lower end of the room—"Feel in the other pocket," said the servant. "Well, it is not there," said the Pasha. "Look in the other, then." "I have not got a handkerchief," or words to that effect, were replied to immediately,—“Yes, you have;”—“No, I have not;”—“Yes, you have.” Eventually this attendant, advancing up to the Pasha, felt in the pocket of his jacket, but the handkerchief was not to be found; then he poked all round the Pasha's waist, to see whether it was not tucked into his shawl. That would not do; so he took hold of his Sovereign and pushed him half over on the divan, and looked under him to see whether he was sitting on the handkerchief; then he pushed him over on the other side. During all these manœuvres the Pasha sat as quietly and passively as possible. The servant then, thrusting his arm up to the elbow in one of the pockets of his Highness's voluminous trousers, pulled out a snuff-box, a rosary, and several other things, which he laid upon the divan. That would not do, either; so he came over to the other pocket, and diving to a prodigious depth he produced the missing handkerchief from the recesses thereof; and with great respect and gravity, thrusting it into the Pasha's hand, he retired again to his place at the lower end of the hall.'—pp. 49-51.

The sense of all this apparently free-and-easy handling of the Turk by his servant is, that the servant is his chattel—and can no more be suspected of intentional disrespect than a pair of lazy-tongs.

In the course of his progress up the Nile, Mr. Curzon has the good luck to be an eyewitness of a fact mentioned by Herodotus, but not previously attested by any traveller from the lands of modern science, and consequently questioned by many of the learned lords and knights of the British Association—who will no doubt be surprised to find themselves instructed by a young collator of codices and stalker of crocodiles:—

'I had always a strong predilection for crocodile shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting

the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank. There he was, within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a ziczac. It is of the plover species, of a greyish colour, and as large as a small pigeon.

'The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and, instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed Ziczac! Ziczac! with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started, and, immediately spying his danger, made a jump up into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived and disappeared. The ziczac, to my increased admiration, proud apparently of having saved his friend, remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the ziczac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.'—pp. 149–151.

Our readers may, if they please, turn back to the Q. R. of Christmas, 1845, for the most important of Mr. Curzon's book-hunts among the monks of the Nitrian desert in Upper Egypt, as well as our own summary of their past history and present abject condition. Though the account of his discoveries in the vault and tower at Baramous was not so full as that now printed, it was picturesque and for our purposes sufficient. But his emergence from the murky and musty store of oil-vats and patristic vellum is new, and not to be omitted:

'On leaving the dark recesses of the tower I paused at the narrow door by which we had entered, both to accustom my eyes to the glare of the daylight, and to look at the scene below me. I stood on the top of a steep flight of stone steps, by which the door of the tower was approached from the court of the monastery: the steps ran up the inside of the outer wall, which was of sufficient thickness to allow of a narrow terrace within the parapet: from this point I could look over the wall on the left hand upon the desert, whose dusty plains stretched out as far as I could see, in hot and dreary loneliness to the horizon. To those who are not familiar with the aspect of

such a region as this, it may be well to explain that a desert such as that which now surrounded me resembles more than anything else a dusty turnpike-road in England on a hot summer's day, extended interminably both as to length and breadth. A country of low rounded hills, the surface of which is composed entirely of gravel, dust, and stones, will give a good idea of the general aspect of a desert. Yet, although parched and dreary in the extreme from their vastness and openness, there is something grand and sublime in the silence and loneliness of these burning plains; and the wandering tribes of Bedouins who inhabit them are seldom content to remain long in the narrow enclosed confines of cultivated land. There is always a fresh breeze in the desert, except when the terrible hot wind blows; and the air is more elastic and pure than where vegetation produces exhalations which in all hot climates are more or less heavy and deleterious. The air of the desert is always healthy, and no race of men enjoy a greater exemption from weakness, sickness, and disease than the children of the desert, who pass their lives in wandering to and fro in search of the scanty herbage on which their flocks are fed, far from the cares and troubles of busy cities, and free from the oppression which grinds down the half-starved cultivators of the fertile soil of Egypt.\*

'Whilst from my elevated position I looked out on my left upon the mighty desert, on my right how different was the scene! There below my feet lay the convent garden in all the fresh luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Tufts upon tufts of waving palms overshadowed the immense succulent leaves of the banana, which in their turn rose out of thickets of the pomegranate, rich with its bright green leaves and its blossoms of that beautiful and vivid red which is excelled by few even of the most brilliant flowers of the East. These were contrasted with the deep dark green of the caroub or locust-tree; and the yellow apples of the lotus vied with the clusters of green limes with their sweet white flowers, which luxuriated in a climate too hot and sultry for the golden fruit of the orange, which is not to be met with in the valley of the Nile. Flowers and fair branches exhaling rich perfume, and bearing freshness in their very aspect become more beautiful from their contrast to their dreary arid plains outside the convent walls, and this great difference was owing solely to there being a well of water in this spot, from which a horse or mule was constantly employed to draw the fertilizing streams which nourished the teeming vegetation of this monastic garden.

'I stood gazing and moralizing at these contrasted scenes for some time; but at length when I turned my eyes upon my companions and myself, it struck me that we also were somewhat remarkable in our way. First there was the old blind grey-bearded abbot, leaning on his staff, surrounded with three or four dark-robed Coptic monks, holding in their hands the lighted candles

\* John Abernethy used to tell his scholars that all human maladies proceed from two causes—*stuffing* and *fretting*. Mr. Curzon seems to agree with this theory—by which our great surgeon's own personal practice was not regulated.

with which we had explored the secret recesses of the oil-cellar; there was I, dressed in the long robes of a merchant of the East, with a small book in the breast of my gown and a big one under each arm; and there were my servants armed to the teeth and laden with old books; and one and all we were so covered with dirt and wax from top to toe, that we looked more as if we had been up the chimney than like quiet people engaged in literary researches.'—p. 93.

This is very good. Nor can we pass the subsequent discovery that within the strong wall of these Coptic fathers shelter had been found for the remnant of an Abyssinian brotherhood, whose own monastery far off in the desert had been sadly mauled by certain Ishmaelites, and was since fallen into utterly desperate dilapidation. Every spring these guests were recruited by one or two Abyssinian pilgrims on their way back from Jerusalem; and so for many years the little stranger community had pretty nearly kept up its original muster. His ear was suddenly invaded by the sound of a psalmody different in character from that of the Coptic choir, and accompanied by a most barbarous squeaking and grinding of hitherto unknown hurdigidies. The story of the siege, the rapine, and the exile was told—and when the Abyssinian service was over, and the party filed out of their little chapel-of-ease in a corner of the court, an introduction took place. He says,—

'These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic-looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age and of a state of things the opposite to European, as these Abyssinian Eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh; and they were all clothed in tunics of wash-leather made, they told me, of gazelle-skins. This garment came down to their knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak or toga, of the same light yellow wash-leather as the tunic; I do not think that they wore anything on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease; for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with the oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which however had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics, true disciples of the great

Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "La danse Macabre," known to us by the appellation of the Dance of Death. They seemed to be men who fasted much and feasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience' sake. It was such men as these who lived on the tops of columns, and took up their abodes in tombs, and thought it was a sign of holiness to look like a wild beast—that it was wicked to be clean, and superfluous to be useful in this world; and who did evil to themselves that good might come. Poor fellows! they meant well, and knew no better; and what more can be said for the endeavours of the best men?'—pp. 94-96.

Nevertheless, these black and odoriferous men of Habesh could do what their Coptic hosts could not—they could all read fluently out of their own books.' (p. 98.) Their kitchen and refectory was also their library. All round the walls, just within arm's reach, were long wooden pegs, and on each peg hung one, two, or three of the leathern bags above mentioned, some square, some oblong, all well strapped and buckled. These contained the Service-books, Evangelisteria, and Hagiologies, which constituted the library. In the middle of the floor was a hearth, on which one brother was busy with the lentile-soup. The table was ready for dinner close by—that is, a long board or tray placed flat on the ground; pots and pans—a very few—garnished low shelves behind the cook; beneath the important pegs long spears, and also some long pipes, rested against the wall. The stranger, if introduced without preface, would have fancied himself in the guard-room of some of Mehemet Ali's irregulars, surrounded suitably with their arms, knapsacks, and cartridge-boxes. But they could read, and would not sell their books; whereas the blind old abbot of the Copts, was, as previously set down, easily seduced by a second bottle of rosoglio; and so much the better, not only for Parham but for the Museum.

On his way from one of these cœnobias to another, Mr. Curzon had the good fortune to be piloted by a Mussulman cobbler, who vilipended his last, addicted himself (like so many of his craft here) to poetry, and possessed a considerable knowledge of history; we are favoured with this very desirable specimen of his information:—

'In the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all

kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now when the king wanted to travel, he made use for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "Oh, vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back on our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because ye will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your necks shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

'Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the King cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O King, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the King, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

'When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the King, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?" Now the

king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honour of standing before the feet of the King; and making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O King, live for ever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and his councillors what it shall be that the King shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

'But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the King for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. "Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves as it were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops her cousin, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

'Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass." And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon

the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold; and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

'Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny. At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

'So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.'—p. 152.

Mr. Curzon, having finished his first visitation of the Natron monasteries (for he was there again in 1838), made his way to the Red Sea, and thence, *viâ* Sinai, to Jerusalem, where he wished to be present at the grand ceremonies of Easter. He says, in reference to all this part of his travels—

'In addition to the Bible, which almost sufficed us for a guide-book in these sacred regions, we had several books of travels with us, and I was struck with the superiority of old Maundrell's narrative over all the others, for he tells us plainly and clearly what he saw, whilst other travelers so encumber their narratives with opinions and disquisitions, that, instead of describing the country, they describe only what they think about it; and thus little real information as to what there was to be seen or done could be gleaned from these works, eloquent and well written as many of them are; and we continually returned to Maundrell's homely pages for a good plain account of what we wished to know.'—p. 193.

The chapters on Palestine are among the best in the volume—without bigotry, without extravagance—a fair, honest, picture, including several touches (to us) of novelty. In a volume dedicated mainly to a particular taste and pursuit, such as Mr. Curzon's, it would in fact have been irreverent to ex-  
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patiate on the feelings that give the chief colour to Lord Lindsay's touching and pathetic portraiture of the same scenery, and intermingle largely and gracefully in the corresponding chapters of 'The Crescent and the Cross;' but the genuine feeling is here, and you are made to sympathize with its depth, even where the writer seems most desirous of concealing it. Of Jerusalem, he says, the inhabitants, being of motley races, and tongues, and creeds, inwardly despise each other on the score of heterodoxy; but still—

'As the Christians are very numerous, there reigns among the whole no small degree of complaisance, as well as an unrestrained intercourse in matters of business, amusement, and even of religion. The Mussulmans, for instance, pray in all the holy places consecrated to the memory of Christ and the Virgin, except the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, the sanctity of which they do not acknowledge, for they believe that Jesus Christ did not die, but that he ascended alive into heaven, leaving the likeness of his face to Judas, who was condemned to die for him; and that, as Judas was crucified, it was his body, and not that of Jesus, which was placed in the Sepulchre. It is for this reason that the Mussulmans do not perform any act of devotion at the tomb of the Holy Sepulchre, and that they ridicule the Christians who visit and revere it.

'The Jews—the "children of the kingdom"—have been cast out, and many have come from the east and the west to occupy their place in the desolate land promised to their fathers. Their quarter is in the narrow valley between the Temple and the foot of Mount Zion. Many are rich, but they are careful to conceal their wealth from the jealous eyes of their Mahometan rulers, lest they should be subjected to extortion.

'It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem are of a totally different caste from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner; the young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress; and, although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl of about twelve years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich old rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw; her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish. The house of Rabbi A—, with whom I was acquainted, answered exactly to Sir Walter Scott's description of the dwelling of Isaac of York. The outside and the court-yard



indicated nothing but poverty and neglect; but on entering I was surprised at the magnificence of the furniture. One room had a silver chandelier, and a great quantity of embossed plate was displayed on the top of the polished cupboards. Some of the windows were filled with painted glass; and the members of the family, covered with gold and jewels, were seated on divans of Damascus brocade. The Rabbi's little son was so covered with charms in gold cases to keep off the evil eye, that he jingled like a chime of bells when he walked along.

'The Jewish religion is now so much encumbered with superstition and the extraordinary explanations of the Bible in the Talmud, that little of the original creed remains. They interpret all the words of Scripture literally, and this leads them into most absurd mistakes. On the morning of the day of the Passover I went into the synagogue under the walls of the Temple, and found it crowded to the very door; all the congregation were standing up, with large white shawls over their heads, with the fringes which they were commanded to wear by the Jewish law. They were reading the Psalms, and after I had been there a short time all the people began to hop about and to shake their heads and limbs in a most extraordinary manner; the whole congregation was in motion, from the priest, who was dancing in the reading-desk, to the porter who capered at the door. All this was in consequence of a verse in the 35th Psalm, which says, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee?"'—pp. 185-188.

Luckily for Mr. Curzon, Ibrahim Pasha, at that time in full sway over all Syria, had also the curiosity to make the pilgrimage of Jerusalem in the spring of 1834; and his courtesy afforded every facility for seeing the shows of the season to the best advantage. The portent of the Holy Fire was timed to suit the Pasha's convenience, and he gratified Mr. Curzon with a cushion in the reserved gallery. As soon as the great Turk was comfortable in his corner, the two Patriarchs, who once in the year condescend to act in the same piece, performed the miracle, and the church was instantly a scene of the most hideous tumult: hundreds of the pilgrims, from every quarter—Greek, Armenian, Copt, and Abyssinian—rushing pell-mell to light their lamps, with which all come provided, at the holy flame just descended from heaven at the prayer of those most reverend personages. Old Maundrell stands the test here as elsewhere. 'The two miracle-mongers,' quoth he, 'had not been above a minute in the Holy Sepulchre when the glimmering of the holy fire was seen, or imagined to appear; and certainly Bedlam never witnessed such an unruly transport as was produced in the mob at that sight.' But though there always is great disturbance, and serious accidents have often occurred, the miracle of 1834 was followed by horrors on a scale wholly

unexampled; and it is fortunate that for a scene so monstrous we have the complete and living evidence of an English gentleman:—

'Soon you saw the lights increasing in all directions, every one having lit his candle from the holy flame: the chapels, the galleries, and every corner where a candle could possibly be displayed, immediately appeared to be in a blaze. The people, in their frenzy, put the bunches of lighted tapers to their faces, hands, and breasts, to purify themselves from their sins. . . . The Patriarch was carried out of the sepulchre in triumph, on the shoulders of the people he had deceived, amid the cries and exclamations of joy which resounded from every nook of the immense pile of buildings. As he appeared in a fainting state, I supposed that he was ill; but I found that it is the uniform custom on these occasions to feign insensibility, that the pilgrims may imagine he is overcome with the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence they believe him to have returned.

'In a short time the smoke of the candles obscured everything in the place, and I could see it rolling in great volumes out at the aperture at the top of the dome. The smell was terrible; and three unhappy wretches, overcome by heat and bad air, fell from the upper range of galleries, and were dashed to pieces on the heads of the people below. One poor Armenian lady, seventeen years of age, died where she sat, of heat, thirst, and fatigue.

'After a while, when he had seen all that was to be seen, Ibrahim Pasha got up and went away, his numerous guards making a line for him by main force through the dense mass of people which filled the body of the church. As the crowd was so immense, we waited for a little while, and then set out altogether to return to our convent. I went first, and my friends followed me, the soldiers making way for us across the church. I got as far as the place where the Virgin is said to have stood during the crucifixion, when I saw a number of people lying one on another all about this part of the church, and as far as I could see towards the door. I made my way between them as well as I could, till they were so thick that there was actually a great heap of bodies on which I trod. It then suddenly struck me they were all dead! I had not perceived this at first, for I thought they were only very much fatigued with the ceremonies and had lain down to rest themselves there; but when I came to so great a heap of bodies I looked down at them, and saw that sharp, hard appearance of the face which is never to be mistaken. Many of them were quite black with suffocation, and farther on were others all bloody and covered with the brains and entrails of those who had been trodden to pieces by the crowd.

'At this time there was no crowd in this part of the church; but a little farther on, round the corner towards the great door, the people, who were quite panic-struck, continued to press forward, and every one was doing his utmost to escape. The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians



wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, or to get away, and all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck pilgrims appear at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves.

For my part, as soon as I perceived the danger I had cried out to my companions to turn back, which they had done; but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavour to get back. An officer of the Pasha's, who by his star was a colonel or bin bashee, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return: he caught hold of my cloak, or bournouse, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs—(I afterwards found that he never rose again)—and scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church, where I found my friends, and we succeeded in reaching the sacristy of the Catholics, and thence the room which had been assigned to us by the monks. The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the stone of unction; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and living, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high. Ibrahim Pasha had left the church only a few minutes before me, and very narrowly escaped with his life; he was so pressed upon by the crowd on all sides, and it was said attacked by several of them, that it was only by the greatest exertions of his suite, several of whom were killed, that he gained the outer court. He fainted more than once in the struggle, and I was told that some of his attendants at last had to cut a way for him with their swords through the dense ranks of the frantic pilgrims. He remained outside, giving orders for the removal of the corpses, and making his men drag out the bodies of those who appeared to be still alive from the heaps of the dead. He sent word to us to remain in the convent till all the bodies had been removed, and that when we could come out in safety he would again send to us.

We stayed in our room two hours before we ventured to make another attempt to escape from this scene of horror; and then, walking close together, with all our servants round us, we made a bold push, and got out of the door of the church. By this time most of the bodies were removed; but twenty or thirty were still lying in distorted attitudes at the foot of Mount Calvary; and fragments of clothes, turbans, shoes, and handkerchiefs, clotted with blood and dirt, were strewn all over the pavement.

In the court in the front of the church the sight was pitiable: mothers weeping over their

children—the sons bending over the dead bodies of their fathers—and one poor woman was clinging to the hand of her husband, whose body was fearfully mangled. Most of the sufferers were pilgrims and strangers. The Pasha was greatly moved by this scene of woe: and he again and again commanded his officers to give the poor people every assistance in their power, and very many by his humane efforts were rescued from death.

I was much struck by the sight of two old men with white beards, who had been seeking for each other among the dead; they met as I was passing by, and it was affecting to see them kiss and shake hands, and congratulate each other on having escaped from death.

When the bodies were removed many were discovered standing upright, quite dead; and near the church door one of the soldiers was found thus standing, with his musket shouldered, among the bodies which reached nearly as high as his head; this was in a corner near the great door on the right side as you come in. It seems that this door had been shut, so that many who stood near it were suffocated in the crowd; and when it was opened, the rush was so great that numbers were thrown down and never rose again, being trampled to death by the press behind them. The whole court before the entrance of the church was covered with bodies laid in rows, by the Pasha's orders, so that their friends might find them and carry them away. As we walked home we saw numbers of people carried out, some dead, some horribly wounded and in a dying state, for they had fought with their heavy silver inkstands and daggers.—p. 214.

The description of the moaning and lamenting of the ensuing night, with the rows of dead people stretched on the pavement of the court under the traveller's window, is very striking; but we must pass on to his interview next day with Ibrahim Pasha:—

The conversation turned naturally on the blasphemous impositions of the Greek and Armenian patriarchs, who, for the purpose of worldly gain, had deluded their ignorant followers with the performance of a trick in relighting the candles which had been extinguished on Good Friday with fire which they affirmed to have been sent down from heaven in answer to their prayers. The Pasha was quite aware of the evident absurdity which I brought to his notice, of the performance of a Christian miracle being put off for some time, and being kept in waiting for the convenience of a Mahometan prince. It was debated what punishment was to be awarded to the Greek patriarch for the misfortunes which had been the consequence of his jugglery, and a number of the purses which he had received from the unlucky pilgrims passed into the coffers of the Pasha's treasury. I was sorry that the falsity of this imposture was not publicly exposed, as it was a good opportunity of so doing. It seems wonderful that so barefaced a trick should continue to be practised every year in these enlightened times; but it has its parallel in the blood of St. Januarius, which is still liquefied whenever anything is to be

gained by the exhibition of that astonishing act of priestly impertinence. If Ibrahim Pasha had been a Christian, probably this would have been the last Easter of the lighting of the holy fire; but from the fact of his religion being opposed to that of the monks, he could not follow the example of Louis XIV., who having put a stop to some clumsy imposition which was at that time bringing scandal on the Church, a paper was found nailed upon the door of the sacred edifice the day afterwards, on which the words were read—

“De part du roi, défense à Dieu  
De faire miracle en ce lieu.”

The interference of a Mahometan in such a case as this would only have been held as another persecution of the Christians; and the miracle of the holy fire has continued to be exhibited every year with great applause, and luckily without the unfortunate results which accompanied it on this occasion.—p. 224.

Mr. Curzon's colloquy with the Pasha touching the annual manifestation of holy fire will not, we suppose, excite any very grave criticism among our still adhesive presbyters of the Littlemore persuasion; for the Oriental Churches being, like our own, in a state of schism, the gift of miracles may be fairly supposed to have passed from their succession also. But his allusion to the affair of St. Januarius at Naples must, we apprehend, expose our author to severe animadversion; and indeed, if he has ever indulged any ambition of representing his Alma Mater in the House of Commons, we need hardly hesitate to advise the immediate abandonment of such aspirations. He would at all events have to encounter the steadiest hostility of that section of academicians who approved of the *Lives of the English Saints*, and are now enjoying with edification the ‘Letters and Journals’ of the reverend gentleman who describes himself on his title-page as ‘John Thomas Allies, A.M., Rector of Launton, Oxon’\* for this Rector—besides an elaborate argument for the celibacy of the clergy and the reinstitution of monastic bodies among ourselves, accompanied with very dolorous lamentations over the helplessness under which our condition must continue until we shall have resumed the practice of invoking the intercession of the Saints, and formally reunited ourselves to the successor of St. Peter—is at all due pains to exhibit not only his own entire belief, but that of his two fellow-travellers (both also clergymen in English orders), in those very recent miracles of the Sister Ecstatica and the Sister Addolorata, the previous attestation whereof by ‘an enlightened Roman Catholic nobleman of our

age’ had surprised the judicial understanding of the Plutarch of the Lord Chancellors; nay, Mr. Allies and his friends appear to vouch with equal confidence for two miraculous cures, effected in the summer of 1848 at Paris, which city they revisited very soon afterwards: namely, the instant recovery of sight by one female, and the instant removal of a distortion in the spine, which had made another during several years a miserable bed-ridden cripple, in virtue of the intercession of St. Vincent de Paul, on his anniversary festival, with the aid, in one of the cases, of a thread from the vestment of that Saint swallowed in a glass of water.\* If, as the pious writers evidently believe, the gift of miracles was granted for ever to the Church Catholic, how can they hesitate to act upon the corollary that no ecclesiastical body which neither exercises that gift nor claims it can be a living member of the Church Catholic? Upon what principle can such men consent to eat the bread of the Anglican Church A.D. 1849? Upon what principle, if there be any such thing as discipline in our system, are they allowed to eat it? We cannot answer these questions; but we think we may answer for their indignation at Mr. Curzon's scepticism in *re Sancti Januarii*—as also at the satisfaction wherewith he reports that the Greek priests, ‘like Protestants,’ always speak of *the holy table* (ἁγία τράπεζα), never of *the altar*!

We beg pardon for this digression. Let us change the scene. Being at Corfu one October, our author conceived a strong desire to beat for his favourite game among the monastic coverts of the adjoining mainland; and though the accomplished officers of the garrison, who had no doubt that his object was snipe-shooting, advised him to restrain his propensities, inasmuch as some ‘revolution, or rebellion, or general election, or something of the sort, was going on,’ and robbery and murder must be more than common in fashion, the enthusiastic sportsman would persist. For which he thus renders his reason:—

‘The Albanians are great dandies about their arms: the scabbard of their yataghan, and the stocks of their pistols, are almost always of silver, as well as their three or four little cartridge-boxes, which are frequently gilt, and sometimes set with garnets and coral; an Albanian is therefore worth shooting, even if he is not of another way of thinking from the gentleman who shoots him. As I understood, however, that they did not shoot so much at Franks, because they usually have little about them worth

\* Madame de Sevigny, who knew this saint well, says, on hearing of his death, that he was an agreeable man—only he cheated at cards.

\* Published by Messrs. Longman, post 8vo. 1849.

taking, and are not good to eat, I conceived that I should not run any great risk; and I resolved, therefore, not to be thwarted in my intention of exploring some of the monasteries of that country. There is another reason also why Franks are seldom molested in the East—every Arab or Albanian knows that if a Frank has a gun in his hand, which he generally has, there are two probabilities, amounting almost to certainties, with respect to that weapon. One is, that it is loaded; and the other that, if the trigger is pulled, there is a considerable chance of its going off. Now these are circumstances which apply in a much slighter degree to the magazine of small arms which he carries about his own person. But, beyond all this, when a Frank is shot there is such a disturbance made about it! Consuls write letters—pashas are stirred up—guards, kawasses, and tatars gallop like mad about the country, and fire pistols in the air, and live at free quarters in the villages; the murderer is sought for everywhere, and he, or somebody else, is hanged to please the consul; in addition to which the population are beaten with thick sticks *ad libitum*. All this is extremely disagreeable, and therefore we are seldom shot at, the pastime being too dearly paid for.

‘The last Frank whom I heard of as having been killed in Albania was a German, who was studying botany. He rejoiced in a blue coat and brass buttons, and wandered about alone, picking up herbs and flowers on the mountains, which he put carefully into a tin box. He continued unmolested for some time, the universal opinion being that he was a powerful magician, and that the herbs he was always gathering would enable him to wither up his enemies by some dreadful charm, and also to detect every danger which menaced him. Two or three Albanians had watched him for several days, hiding themselves carefully behind the rocks whenever the philosopher turned towards them; and at last one of the gang, commending himself to all his saints, rested his long gun upon a stone and shot the German through the body. The poor man rolled over, but the Albanian did not venture from his hiding-place until he had loaded his gun again, and then, after sundry precautions, he came out, keeping his eye upon the body, and with his friends behind him, to defend him in case of need. The botanizer, however, was dead enough, and the disappointment of the Albanians was extreme when they found that his buttons were not gold, for it was the supposed value of these ornaments that had incited them to the deed.’—p. 238.

The staunch book-hunter, therefore, proceeded, and the excursion appears to have been more fruitful of adventures, though not of folios, than any other in his tablets. Of the lighter variety of his experiences we can afford only one small glimpse: scene, Paramathia:—

‘On inquiring for the person to whom I had a letter of introduction, I found he was a shop-keeper who sold cloth in the bazaar. We accordingly went to his shop and found him sitting among his merchandise. When he had read the

letter he was very civil, and, shutting up his shop, walked on before us to show me the way to his house. It was a very good one, and the best room was immediately given up to me, two old ladies and three or four young ones being turned out in a most summary manner. One or two of the girls were very pretty, and they all vied with each other in their attentions to their guest, looking at me with great curiosity, and perpetually peeping at me through the curtain which hung over the door, and running away when they thought they were observed.

‘The prettiest of these damsels had only been married a short time: who her husband was, or where he lived, I could not make out, but she amused me by her anxiety to display her smart new clothes. She went and put on a new capote, a sort of white frock coat, without sleeves, embroidered in bright colours down the seams, which showed her figure to advantage; and then she took it off again, and put on another garment, giving me ample opportunity of admiring its effect. I expressed my surprise and admiration in bad Greek, which, however, the fair Albanian appeared to find no difficulty in understanding. She kindly corrected some of my sentences, and I have no doubt I should have improved rapidly under her care, if she had not always run away whenever she heard any one creaking about on the rickety boards of the ante-room and staircase. The other ladies, who were settling themselves in a large gaunt room close by, kept up an interminable clatter, and displayed such unbounded powers of conversation, that it seemed impossible that any one of them could hear what all the others said; till at last the master of the house came up again, and then there was a lull.’—p. 243.

His intercourse with the Patriots, or Klephts, was frequent, and is described with special liveliness. We again confine ourselves to one specimen. Mahomed Pasha, Vizier of Janina, gave him a circular of recommendation to the chief persons in all towns of the interior. Entering Messovo, understood to be a place of steady loyalty, the hatred and terror of the new Anti-Turk League, he cantered confidently up the street till he reached a considerable company of the aristocracy seated with their pipes under an awning by a fountain, and, producing the Pasha’s document, requested to be informed of the name and whereabouts of ‘the chief person in this town.’ A most portly gentleman, splendidly clad in red velvet, and with a bazaar of beautiful daggers and pistols about his belts, took the rescript with polite alacrity, and, having read it, asked the others with a condescending smile if there could be a doubt that he was the right man; to which receiving the expected answer, he immediately tore off a scrap of the Vizier’s paper, scribbled thereupon some Romaic hieroglyphics, and, handing it back, bade him go on and prosper; the Milordos Inglesis need

only give that billet to the first soldiers he met at the foot of Mount Pindus, and a sufficient number of them would at once constitute themselves a guard for his Excellency's protection, and see him safe to the famous monasteries of Meteora. Thus fortified Milordos pursued his journey for a few hours among rough hills and thick box-groves :—

'This path continued for some distance until we came to a place where there was a ledge so narrow that two horses could not go abreast. Here, as I was riding quietly along, I heard an exclamation in front of "Robbers! robbers!" and sure enough, out of one of the thickets of box-trees there advanced three or four bright gun-barrels, which were speedily followed by some gentlemen in dirty white jackets and fustanellas; who, in a short and abrupt style of eloquence, commanded us to stand. This of course we were obliged to do; and as I was getting out my pistol, one of the individuals in white presented his gun at me, and upon my looking round to see whether my tall Albanian servant was preparing to support me, I saw *him* quietly half-cock his gun and sling it back over his shoulder, at the same time shaking his head as much as to say, "It is no use resisting; we are caught; there are too many of them." So I bolted the locks of the four barrels of my pistol carefully, hoping that the bolts would form an impediment to my being shot with my own weapon after I had been robbed of it. The place was so narrow that there were no hopes of running away, and there we sat on horseback, looking silly enough I dare say. There was a good deal of talking and chattering among the robbers, and they asked the Albanian various questions to which I paid no attention, all my faculties being engrossed in watching the proceedings of the party in front, who were examining the effects in the panniers of the baggage-mule. First they pulled out my bag of clothes, and threw it upon the ground; then out came the sugar and the coffee, and whatever else there was. Some of the men had hold of the poor muleteer, and a loud argument was going on between him and his captors. I did not like all this, but my rage was excited to a violent pitch when I saw one man appropriating to his own use the half of a certain fat tender cold fowl, whereof I had eaten the other half with much appetite and satisfaction. "Let that fowl alone, you scoundrel!" said I in good English; "put it down, will you? if you don't, I'll—!" The man, surprised at this address in an unknown tongue, put down the fowl, and looked up with wonder at the explosion of ire which his actions had called forth. "That is right," said I, "my good fellow; it is too good for such a dirty brute as you." "Let us see," said I to the Albanian, "if there is nothing to be done; say I am the King of England's uncle, or grandson, or particular friend, and that if we are hurt or robbed he will send all manner of ships and armies, and hang everybody, and cut off the heads of all the rest. Talk big, O man! and don't spare great words; they cost nothing, and let us see what they will do."

We are sorry not to quote the rest of the story. By and bye he was told they would carry him before their immediate superior—and he was led through a wilderness of ravines to a little encampment on Mount Pindus. The commanding officer here was at first sulky enough—but when he had at last contrived to make out the Messovo scrap, things instantly put on a new face. All was civility—a comfortable supper, plenty of wine, and assurance of a stout guard for the morrow. He had supposed the stranger to be one of those mean-spirited Franks who approved of the Grand Turk, and consorted with the tyrant of Janina—but since it was a friend of his own General, whatever the patriot Klephts could do for Milordos was heartily at his service. The General of the insurgents, the reader sees, was no other than the dignitary in red velvet, who had answered to the character of 'chief person in Messovo.' He was a good-natured rebel, and liked a joke, and to his humorous turn Mr. Curzon owed the only scrap of penmanship that could have been of any use to him at that epoch anywhere near Mount Pindus. The captain obeyed the general, the detachment obeyed the captain, and he was conducted with honesty and decorum to the extraordinary valley from which the convent-capped cliffs of Meteora arise like so many towers, or, in some cases, chimneys. On his return, it is pleasant to find that he of the red velvet had become, by a sudden conversion in politics, reconciled to the Vizier, and was now *de jure* as well as *de facto* the chief person in Messovo. The Turkish Government had, moreover, been favoured with his bill for the expenses of his insurrection; and the section of the population that had fought and bled, and been burnt out and plundered, in defence of the Sultan and the Pasha, were grumbling over a tax imposed upon them for the defraying of the said bill; which, in the comparatively unenlightened time of Viscount Melbourne, seemed strange work in the eyes of a young Milordos. But we all get wiser as we advance in life. And now for the most singular scenery into which his yet rebellious Klephts had escorted him—the holy vale and rocks of Meteora :—

'The end of a range of rocky hills seems to have been broken off by some earthquake or washed away by the Deluge, leaving only a series of twenty or thirty tall, thin, smooth, needle-like rocks, many hundred feet in height; some like gigantic tusks, some shaped like sugar-loaves, and some like vast stalagmites. These rocks surround a beautiful grassy plain, on three sides of which there grow groups of detached trees, like those in an English park. Some of

the rocks shoot up quite clean and perpendicularly from the smooth green grass; some are in clusters; some stand alone like obelisks: nothing can be more strange and wonderful than this romantic region, which is unlike anything I have ever seen either before or since. In Switzerland, Saxony, the Tyrol, or any other mountainous region where I have been, there is nothing at all to be compared to these extraordinary peaks.

'At the foot of many of the rocks which surround this beautiful grassy amphitheatre there are numerous caves and holes, some of which appear to be natural, but most of them are artificial; for in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes. Some of these caves are so high up the rocks that one wonders how the poor old gentlemen could ever get up to them; whilst others are below the surface; and the anchorites who burrowed in them, like rabbits, frequently afforded excellent sport to parties of roving Saracens; indeed, hermit-hunting seems to have been a fashionable amusement previous to the twelfth century. In early Greek frescos, and in small, stiff pictures with gold backgrounds, we see many frightful representations of men on horseback in Roman armour, with long spears, who are torturing and slaying Christian devotees. In these pictures the monks and hermits are represented in gowns made of a kind of coarse matting, and they have long beards, and some of them are covered with hair; these I take it were the ones most to be admired, as in the Greek Church sanctity is always in the inverse ratio of beauty. All Greek saints are painfully ugly, but the hermits are much uglier, dirtier, and older than the rest; they must have been very fusty people besides, eating roots, and living in holes like rats and mice. It is difficult to understand by what process of reasoning they could have persuaded themselves that, by living in this useless, inactive way, they were leading holy lives. They wore out the rocks with their knees in prayer; the cliffs resounded with their groans; sometimes they banged their breasts with a big stone, for a change; and some wore chains and iron girdles round their emaciated forms; but they did nothing to benefit their kind. Still there is something grand in the strength and constancy of their faith. They left their homes and riches and the pleasures of this world, to retire to these dens and caves of the earth, to be subjected to cold and hunger, pain and death, that they might do honour to their God, after their own fashion, and trusting that, by mortifying the body in this world, they should gain happiness for the soul in the world to come; and therefore peace be with their memory!

'On the tops of these rocks in different directions there remain seven monasteries out of twenty-four which once crowned their airy heights. How anything except a bird was to arrive at one which we saw in the distance on a pinnacle of rock was more than we could divine; but the mystery was soon solved. Wind-ing our way upwards, among a labyrinth of smaller rocks and cliffs, by a romantic path which afforded us from time to time beautiful views of the green vale below us, we at length found ourselves on an elevated platform of rock,

which I may compare to the flat roof of a church; while the monastery of Barlaam stood perpendicularly above us, on the top of a much higher rock, like the tower of this church. Here we fired off a gun, which was intended to answer the same purpose as knocking at the door in more civilized places; and we all strained our necks in looking up at the monastery to see whether any answer would be made to our call. Presently we were hailed by some one in the sky, whose voice came down to us like the cry of a bird; and we saw the face and grey beard of an old monk some hundred feet above us peering out of a kind of window or door. He asked us who we were, and what we wanted, and so forth; to which we replied, that we were travellers, harmless people, who wished to be admitted into the monastery to stay the night; that we had come all the way from Corfu to see the wonders of Meteora, and, as it was now getting late, we appealed to his feelings of hospitality and Christian benevolence. "Who are those with you?" said he. "Oh! most respectable people," we answered; "gentlemen of our acquaintance, who have come with us across the mountains from Mezzovo."

'The appearance of our escort did not please the monk, and we feared that he would not admit us into the monastery; but at length he let down a thin cord, to which I attached a letter of introduction which I had brought from Corfu; and after some delay a much larger rope was seen descending with a hook at the end—to which a strong net was attached. On its reaching the rock on which we stood the net was spread open: my two servants sat down upon it; and the four corners being attached to the hook, a signal was made, and they began slowly ascending into the air, twisting round and round like a leg of mutton hanging to a bottle-jack. The rope was old and mended, and the height from the ground to the door above was, we afterwards learned, 37 fathoms, or 222 feet. When they reached the top I saw two stout monks reach their arms out of the door and pull in the two servants by main force, as there was no contrivance like a turning-crane for bringing them nearer to the landing-place. The whole process appeared so dangerous, that I determined to go up by climbing a series of ladders which were suspended by large wooden pegs on the face of the precipice, and which reached the top of the rock in another direction, round a corner to the right. The lowest ladder was approached by a pathway leading to a rickety wooden platform which overhung a deep gorge. From this point the ladders hung perpendicularly upon the bare rock, and I climbed up three or four of them very soon; but coming to one, the lower end of which had swung away from the top of the one below, I had some difficulty in stretching across from the one to the other; and here unluckily I looked down, and found that I had turned a sort of angle in the precipice, and that I was not over the rocky platform where I had left the horses, but that the precipice went sheer down to so tremendous a depth, that my head turned when I surveyed the distant valley over which I was hanging in the air like a fly on a wall. The monks in the monastery saw me hesitate, and called out to me to take courage

and hold on; and, making an effort, I overcame my dizziness, and clambered up to a small iron door, through which I crept into a court of the monastery, where I was welcomed by the monks and the two servants who had been hauled up by the rope. . . . I forthwith made myself at home, and took a stroll among the courts and gardens of the monastery while dinner or supper, whichever it might be called, was getting ready. I soon stumbled upon the Agoumenos (the lord abbot) of this aerial monastery, and we prowled about together, peeping into rooms, visiting the church, and poking about until it began to get dark; and then I asked him to dinner in his own room; but he could eat no meat, so I ate the more myself, and he made up for it by other savoury messes, cooked partly by my servants and partly by the monks. He was an oldish man. He did not dislike sherry, though he preferred rosoglio, of which I always carried a few bottles with me in my monastic excursions. The abbot and I, and another holy father, fraternised, and slapped each other on the back, till it was time to go to bed; when the two venerable monks gave me their blessing and stumbled out of the room; and in a marvelously short space of time I was sound asleep.—p. 286.

In this convent of Barlaam (not Balaam) he admired the kitchen, perched on the very edge of the precipice, square in its plan, with a steep roof of stone, the centre thereof open to the sky. Within, upon a square platform of stone, rested four huge pillars, supporting the roof. This platform was the hearth where the fire blazed, while smaller fires of charcoal could be lit upon stone dressers all round the wall, so that the whole building was chimney and fireplace; and it occurred to him to wonder how, when a great dinner was in hand for a feast-day, the cooks could escape being roasted, as well as the lambs, pigs, and turkeys. The kitchen at Glastonbury is somewhat like this, but cannot pretend to its antiquity. In the course of the second evening, after another episode of sweet drams and clapping on the back, the Agoumenos and the Milordos adjourned privately to the library, and two Codices, both of the Gospels—one, a large quarto, richly ornamented with miniatures, the other a small one, in gold semi-uncials on purple vellum, with the original binding of silver filigree, and which had once probably been the pocket volume of some Palæologus or Comnenus, were secured for the library at Parham, in consideration of certain pieces of yellow dross, which the worthy abbot 'seemed to pocket with the sincerest satisfaction,' and of which there is no particular reason to suppose that he ever made any mention to the rest of the community. 'Never' (says Mr. C.) 'was any one more welcome to his money, though I left but little to pay

my expenses back to Corfu. Such books would be treasures in the finest national collection in Europe.' In some of the other nests near St. Barlaam, he was lucky enough to make farther acquisitions, but still he contrived to get back in honour and credit to the mess-table at Corfu, where without question he found hearty sympathy in respect of the exquisite semi-uncials, the purple vellum, the tri-colour miniatures, and the Palæological filigree.

We must take a brave skip from 1835 to 1837, and from Meteora to Mount Athos. In starting for this, among the last of his Levantine battues, Mr. Curzon had uncommon advantages. He had been passing some weeks at Constantinople as the guest of Lord Ponsonby, and, merely as the English ambassador's friend, might well have counted on the patronage of the Byzantine Patriarch; but he was moreover provided with a letter from Archbishop Howley.

'When we had smoked our pipes for a while, and all the servants had gone away, I presented the letter. It was received in due form; and read aloud to the Patriarch, first in English, and then translated into Greek. "And who," quoth the Patriarch of Constantinople—"who is this Archbishop?" "Why, the Archbishop of Canterbury." "Archbishop of *what*?" said the Patriarch. "*Canterbury*," said I. "Oh," said the Patriarch. "Ah! yes! and who is he?" Here all my English friends and myself were taken aback sadly; we had not imagined that the high-priest before us could be ignorant of such a matter as the one in question. The Patriarch of the Greek Church, the successor of Gregory Nazianzen, St. John Chrysostom, and the heresiarch Nestorius, seemed not to be aware that there were any other denominations of Christians besides those of his own Church and the Church of Rome. But the fact is that the Patriarch of Constantinople is merely the puppet of an intriguing faction of the Greek bankers and usurers of the Fanar, who select for the office some man of straw whom they feel secure they can rule, and whose appointment they obtain by a heavy bribe paid to the Sultan; for the head of the Christian Church is appointed by the Mahomedan Emperor!

'We explained, and said that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a man eminent for his great learning and his Christian virtues; that he was the primate and chief of the great reformed Church of England, and a personage of such high degree that he ranked next to the blood-royal; that from time immemorial the Archbishop of Canterbury was the great dignitary who placed the crown upon the head of our kings—those kings whose power swayed the destinies of Europe and of the world; and that this present Archbishop and Primate had himself placed the crown upon the head of King William IV., and that he would also soon crown our young Queen. "Well," replied the Patriarch, "but how is that? how can it happen that the head of your Church is only an Archbishop?"

whereas I, the Patriarch, command other patriarchs, and under them archbishops, archimandrites, and other dignitaries of the Church? How can these things be? I cannot write an answer to the letter of the Archbishop of—of—"Of Canterbury," said I. "Yes! of Canterbury; for I do not see how he who is only an archbishop can by any possibility be the head of a Christian hierarchy; but as you come from the British embassy I will give my letters, which will ensure your reception into every monastery which acknowledges the supremacy of the *orthodox* faith of the Patriarch of Constantinople."

In a few days the Patriarchal firman was received, and the fees thereon duly discharged. With this authoritative epistle\* in his hands, Mr. Curzon (having safely weathered sundry squalls and outsailed one or two supposed pirates) arrived amongst the marvels of the holy peninsula, and visited in succession all its monasteries, save one, renowned for its figs, but supposed to have lost long before all its precious velums. These establishments are in number twenty-one—and of all sizes; in some, he found one hundred monks, with accommodation for as many more; but half of the brethren are usually absent on agricultural duty, located for the time in outlying *cells*—that is, comfortable little farm-houses among the glens of the inner region; others are of comparatively small consequence, the whole fraternity not exceeding perhaps a dozen, besides the agoumenos. All or most are still well endowed, and in fair condition, despite innumerable heavy blows and great discouragements in former ages of the Turkocracy; and though severely injured and plundered, many of them, but yesterday during the wars of the Greek revolution, when the Christian patriots

were not very particular as to their selection of spots on the Ottoman seaboard for a foray—nor the Ottoman soldiers in distinguishing between Greek rebels and Greek victims of the licence of rebellion. The scenery is most charming. Mr. Curzon lingers with fond memory over the 'rocks of white marble' garnished with shrubs and flowers, the sight of which would make Mr. Paxton gape and Mrs. Lawrence sigh—the gorgeous woods—the majestic central peak, which would not, he thinks, have been improved by being hewn into an image of Alexander the Great. This Paradise of monks includes some tracts of very rich soil. Their farms yield good revenues; they are active timber-merchants, and supply quantities of corn, fruit, oil, and beef to the Constantinople markets. Neither butcher-meat nor smoking is allowed within the sacred region, but in some of the colleges the fish-dinners seem almost to rival Greenwich, and Mr. Curzon speaks with awful admiration of their wine-cellars—he 'never saw such tuns, except at Heidelberg.' In several the libraries are still considerable, but the sprinkling of anything but Byzantine divinity is small in the best of them. Only one of the Heads of Houses seems to have impressed Mr. Curzon as a man of any pretensions to learning, but several were well-bred, gentlemanlike Amphytrions. Among the Fellows he found three or four of some attainments; one could speak French, one German, several a sort of Italian—the effects of housing now and then foreign wanderers who relished the fish-pot and swallowed the vows. Where the abbot was also librarian, or had the officer so designated in his special confidence, Mr. Curzon found little difficulty about buying such books as smit his fancy.

\* 'To the blessed Inspectors, Officers, Chiefs, and Representatives of the Holy Community of the Holy Mountain, and to the Holy Fathers of the same, and of all other Sacred Convents, our beloved Sons. We, Gregorios, Patriarch, Archbishop Universal, &c. &c. Peace be to you. The bearer of the present, our patriarchal sheet, the Honourable Robert Curzon, of a noble English family, recommended to us by most worthy and much-honoured persons, intending to travel, and wishing to be instructed in the old and new philology, thinks to satisfy his curiosity by repairing to those sacred convents which may have any connexion with his intentions. We recommend his person, therefore, to you all: and we order that you not only receive him with every esteem and hospitality, but give him precise and clear explanations to all his interrogations relative to his philological examinations, obliging yourselves, and lending yourselves, in a manner not only fully to satisfy and content him, but so that he shall approve of and praise your conduct.—This we desire and require to be executed, rewarding you with the Divine and with our blessing.'

'GREGORIOS, Universal Patriarch.'

In general, when such transactions must take place with the concurrence of the brotherhood at large, it was hopeless to deal—their childish ignorance and extravagant expectations baffled the Frank. He brought away two saddle-bags and a trunk well stuffed with literary prizes, for the enumeration and laudation of which we have not at present room, and also some few pieces (for one or two of the Heads were over-tempted) of church-plate—goblets and pateræ of rare Byzantine workmanship, probably among the oldest articles of the class now in existence. But his mouth watered in vain at the sight of the grandest and, of course, most celebrated objects—things too sure to be missed and inquired about—for example, the 'glorious triptic' at St. Laura—pure gold, eighteen inches high—set over externally 'with emeralds,



pearls, and rubies as large as sixpences, and a double row of *diamonds*—the most ancient specimens of this stone that I have seen; in the interior 'wholly covered with engraved figures of saints which were full of precious stones'—altogether 'a superb work of art,' and the undoubted gift of the Emperor Nicephorus Phocas, the founder of the monastery. This great convent has two churches, besides separate chapels. The architecture is like that of the buildings erected in Constantinople between the fifth and twelfth centuries—that Byzantine of which St. Marc's at Venice is the finest specimen in the West; but he thought the resemblance was still closer to the chapel in the ancient palace at Palermo. There are, however, few mosaics on Mount Athos, the churches and chapels depending for decoration on fresco paintings of the Saints and the Last Judgment. This last emblazons every porch, or Galilee, in the peninsula:—

'In these pictures, which are often of immense size, the artists evidently took much more pains to represent the uncouthness of the devils than the beauty of the angels, who, in all these ancient frescoes, are a very hard-favored set. The chief devil is very big; he is the hero of the scene, and is always marvellously hideous, with a great mouth and long teeth, with which he is usually gnawing two or three sinners, who, to judge from the expression of his face, must be very nauseous articles of food. He stands up to his middle in a red pool which is intended for fire, and wherein numerous little sinners are disporting themselves like fish in all sorts of attitudes, but without looking at all alarmed or unhappy. On one side of the picture an angel is weighing a few in a pair of scales, and others are capering about in company with some smaller devils, who evidently lead a merry life of it. The souls of the blessed are seated in a row on a long hard bench very high up in the picture; these are all old men with beards: some are covered with hair, others richly clothed, anchorites and princes being the only persons elevated to the bench. They have good stout glories round their heads, which in rich churches are gilt, and in the poorer ones are painted yellow, and look like large straw hats. These personages are severe and grim of countenance, and look by no means comfortable or at home; they each hold a large book, and give you the idea that except for the honor of the thing they would be much happier in company with the wicked little sinners and merry imps in the crimson lake below. This picture of the Last Judgment is as much conventional as the portraits of the saints; it is almost always the same, and a correct representation of a part of it is to be seen in the last print of the rare volume of the Monte Santo di Dio, which contains the three earliest engravings known: it would almost appear that the print must have been copied from one of these ancient Greek frescoes. It is difficult to conceive how any one, even in the

dark ages, can have been simple enough to look upon these quaint and absurd paintings with feelings of religious awe; but some of the monks of the Holy Mountain do so even now, and were evidently scandalized when they saw me smile.'

Mr. Curzon here adds a note showing that, however modern Franks may smile, one of these pictures was really the cause of a whole nation's embracing Christianity:—

'Bogoris, king of Bulgaria, having written to Constantinople for a painter to decorate the walls of his palace, a monk named Methodius was sent to him—all knowledge of the arts in those days being confined to the clergy. The king desired Methodius to paint on a certain wall the most terrible picture that he could imagine; and, by the advice of the king's sister, who had embraced Christianity some years before, whilst in captivity at Constantinople, the monastic artist produced so fearful a representation of the torments of the condemned in the next world, that it had the effect of converting Bogoris to the Christian faith. In consequence of this event the Patriarch of Constantinople despatched a bishop to Bulgaria, who baptized the king by the name of Michael in the year 865. Before long his loyal subjects, following the example of their sovereign, were converted also; and Christianity from that period became the religion of the land.'—p. 365.\*

We noticed near the beginning of our paper the most remarkable peculiarity about the art of the Greek Church. It is to be regretted that Mr. Curzon had not read, before he published his volume, the very instructive and curious work of MM. Dindron and Durand: '*De l'Iconographie Chrétienne, Grecque, et Latine*' (Paris 1845). It includes a translation of a Byzantine treatise, '*Ἐρμηνεία τῆς Ζωγραφικῆς*,' which Father Joasaph, a monk of Athos, and the chief artist of that peninsula, communicated in 1839 to M. Dindron, on finding the Frenchman astonished with the rapidity of his pencil in the decoration of a new church for the convent of St. Esphigmenou, and the exactness with which he was reproducing the usual type of every saint in the calendar. In this work, which begins with quoting the Nicene Canon—'Art belongs to the painter of Holy Objects, but not Invention'—M. Dindron found the code so familiar to Joasaph's memory that

\* We may observe that in some of the grandest churches of Rome, two or three years ago, we saw many new pictures of Purgatory, with every horror that red and black daubing could represent, stuck up in conspicuous places, with the placards inviting relations, friends, and all benevolent Christians, to subscribe liberally for masses to hasten the day of deliverance.

he but rarely had occasion to reopen its page. Here not only is the length of nose, and lip, and brow for every particular prophet and martyr set down, with the tint of hair, the arrangement of robes to the smallest fold, and the text of the Bible to be inscribed on his skirt, but the rule is equally precise for the proportions and colour of the ass of Balaam, the cock of Peter, the whale of Jonah, the apes and peacocks of Solomon, and every animal in holy writ. M. Dindron dwells on the apple of Eve—always the same, not only in the thousand chapels of Athos—(churches, chapels, and oratories together considerably exceed that number)—but wherever the mosaic or fresco has been executed under the authority of the Greek Church—for he had studied well the parallel illustrations of the West, and knew that in the old churches of Burgundy and Champagne our first mother is usually tempted by a cluster of grapes; in those of Provence, &c., by an orange; while in Normandy and Picardy it is the common apple of those districts;—and that the same sort of variation runs through Spain and Italy, unless in particular places where Byzantine artists had set the early copy. Whenever the decorator of a Greek church has put his name to his work, it is not as *painter* that he designates himself, but as *historizer*—as in one splendid example at Salamis, date 1755: 'Ιστοριζή ὁ θεῖος καὶ πανσεπίτος ναός τῆτος δια χειρὸς Γεωργίου Μαρκεῖ ἐκ πόλεως Ἀργῆς καὶ τῶν μαθητῶν αὐτοῦ Νικολᾶς καὶ Ἀντώνιος.—*Iconographie*, p. xiii. M. Dindron adds that the intelligence of Father Joasaph surprised and delighted him. We are sorry that Mr. Curzon did not make acquaintance with this superior specimen of the recluses.

The convent of St. Laura is the second in magnitude—and it is a rich house every way: but in its cookery, we are sorry to add, the schismatical taint is marked:—

'I was informed that no female animal of any sort or kind is admitted on any part of the peninsula of Mount Athos; and that since the days of Constantine the soil of the Holy Mountain had never been contaminated by the tread of a woman's foot. That this rigid law is infringed by certain small and active creatures who have the audacity to bring their wives and large families within the very precincts of the monastery I soon discovered to my sorrow, and heartily regretted that the law was not more rigidly enforced; nevertheless, I slept well on my divan, and at sunrise received a visit from the agoumenos, who came to wish me good day. After some conversation on other matters, I inquired about the library. The agoumenos declared his willingness to show me everything. "But first," said he, "I wish to present you with something excellent for your breakfast; and from the

special good will that I bear towards so distinguished a guest I shall prepare it with my own hands; for it is really an admirable dish, and one not presented to all persons." "Well," thought I, "a good breakfast is not a bad thing;" and the fresh mountain-air and the good night's rest had given me an appetite; so I expressed my thanks for the kind hospitality of my lord abbot, and he, sitting down opposite to me on the divan, proceeded to prepare his dish. "This," said he, producing a shallow basin half-full of a white paste, "is the principal and most savoury part of this famous dish; it is composed of cloves of garlic, pounded down, with a certain quantity of sugar. With it I will now mix the oil in just proportions, some shreds of fine cheese"—it seemed to be of the white acid kind called *caccia cavallo* in the south of Italy, and which almost takes the skin off your fingers—"and now it is completed!" He stirred the savoury mess with a large wooden spoon until it sent forth over room and passage and cell, over hill and valley, an aroma not to be described. "Now," said the agoumenos, crumbling some bread into it with his large and somewhat dirty hands, "this is a dish for an emperor! Eat, my friend, my much-respected guest; do not be shy. Eat; and when you have finished the bowl you shall go into the library and anywhere else you like; but you shall go nowhere till I have had the pleasure of seeing you do justice to this delicious food, which, I can assure you, you will not meet with everywhere."

'I was sorely troubled in spirit. Who could have expected so dreadful a martyrdom as this? Was ever an unfortunate bibliomaniac dosed with such a medicine before? It would have been enough to have cured the whole Roxburghe Club for ever and ever. "My Lord," said I, "it is a fast; I cannot this morning do justice to this delicious viand; it is a fast; I am under a vow. Englishmen must not eat that dish in this month. It would be wrong; my conscience won't permit it, though the odour certainly is most wonderful! Truly an astonishing savour! Let me see you eat it, O agoumenos!" continued I; "for behold I am unworthy of anything so good." "Excellent and virtuous young man!" said the agoumenos, "no, I will not eat it. I will not deprive you of this treat. Eat it in peace; for know, that to travellers all such vows are set aside. On a journey it is permitted to eat all that is set before you, unless it is meat that is offered to idols. I admire your scruples: but be not afraid, it is lawful. Take it, my honoured friend, and eat it: eat it all, and then we will go into the library." He put the bowl into one of my hands and the great wooden spoon into the other: and in desperation I took a gulp, the recollection of which still makes me tremble. What was to be done? Another mouthful was an impossibility: not all my ardour in the pursuit of manuscripts could give me the necessary courage. I was overcome with sorrow and despair. My servant saved me at last: he said "that English gentlemen never ate such rich dishes for breakfast, from religious feelings, he believed; but he requested that it might be put by, and he was sure I should like it very much later in the day." The agoumenos

looked vexed, but he applauded my principles; and just then the board sounded for church.\* "I must be off, excellent and worthy English lord," said he; "I will take you to the library, and leave you the key. Excuse my attendance on you there, for my presence is required in the church." So I got off better than I expected; but the taste of that ladleful stuck to me for days. I followed the good agoumenos to the library, where he left me to my own devices.'—p. 369.

There were two small rooms full of books, and they were disposed in tolerable order on their shelves—but the dust had not been disturbed for many years, and almost blinded the intruder. He counted them, however, and indeed spent several days among them. There were, he says, full 5000 volumes; the largest collection extant on Mount Athos. Some 4000 are printed books, including several fine Aldine classics and the *Editio Princeps* of the *Anthologia* in capital letters. Of the 900 or 1000 MSS., 600 were on paper—all theology save four, viz. the *Iliad*, *Hesiod*, and two on botany, 'probably the works of *Dioscorides*, and not in good condition, having been much studied by the monks in former days—large thick quartos.' Among 300 MSS. on vellum was one *Evangelistarium*, of the ninth century—a splendid tome; about 50 Gospels, of the eleventh and twelfth; many huge folios of *St. Chrysostom*, &c., equally ancient. 'Not one leaf of a classic author on vellum.'

At *St. Laura* nothing could be done in the way of bargain—the monks were too many, or the abbot too honest. At *Pantocratoras*—a small house—there would probably have been no objection to treat; but when now, after years of forgetfulness, the *Principal* explored his book-tower, behold all the volumes and rolls had been piled in a heap together at the bottom during some alarm of the *Philhellenic* war, and the Turkish cannon having injured the roof, and no repair of a mere library having been thought of, the rain had by this time reduced the whole collection of paper and vellum to one black layer of stinking paste. Another of the smaller convents, with an autocratic abbot, is that of *Caracalla*.

'The library I found to be a dark closet near the entrance of the church; it had been locked up for many years, but the agoumenos made no difficulty in breaking the old-fashioned padlock by which the door was fastened. I found upon the ground and upon some broken-down shelves about four or five hundred volumes, chiefly printed books; but amongst them, every now

and then I stumbled upon a manuscript; of these there were about thirty on vellum and fifty or sixty on paper. I picked up a single loose leaf of very ancient uncial Greek characters, part of the Gospel of *St. Matthew*, written in small square letters and of small quarto size. I searched in vain for the volume to which this leaf belonged. As I had found it impossible to purchase any manuscripts at *St. Laura*, I feared that the same would be the case in other monasteries; however, I made bold to ask for this single leaf as a thing of small value. "Certainly!" said the agoumenos, "what do you want it for?" My servant suggested that, perhaps it might be useful to cover some jam-pots or vases of preserves which I had at home. "Oh!" said the agoumenos, "take some more;" and, without more ado, he seized upon an unfortunate thick quarto manuscript of the *Acts* and *Epistles*, and drawing out a knife, cut out an inch thickness of leaves at the end before I could stop him. It proved to be the *Apocalypse*, which concluded the volume, but which is rarely found in early Greek manuscripts of the *Acts*: it was of the eleventh century. I ought, perhaps, to have slain the *tomeicide* for his dreadful act of profanation, but his generosity reconciled me to his guilt, so I pocketed the *Apocalypse*.'

At the monastery of *St. Paul* Mr. Curzon made the rarest of all his acquisitions. This house was founded by an old hospodar of *Wallachia*, and its Servian and Bulgarian MSS. amounted to 250, some of them most curious. One copy of the Gospels was from beginning to end a perfect blaze of illuminations.

'I had seen no book like it anywhere in the Levant. I almost tumbled off the steps on which I was perched on the discovery of so extraordinary a volume. I saw that these books were taken care of, so I did not much like to ask whether they would part with them; more especially as the community was evidently a prosperous one, and had no need to sell any of their goods.

'After walking about the monastery with the monks, as I was going away the agoumenos said he wished he had anything which he could present to me as a memorial of my visit to the convent of *St. Paul*. On this a brisk fire of reciprocal compliments ensued, and I observed that I should like to take a book. "Oh! by all means!" he said; "we make no use of the old books, and should be glad if you would accept one." We returned to the library; and the agoumenos took out one at a hazard, as you might take a brick or a stone out of a pile, and presented it to me. Quoth I, "If you don't care what book it is that you are so good as to give me, let me take one which pleases me;" and, so saying, I took down the illuminated folio of the Bulgarian Gospels, and I could hardly believe I was awake when the agoumenos gave it into my hands. Perhaps the greatest piece of impertinence of which I was ever guilty was when I asked to buy another; but that they insisted upon giving me also; so I took other two copies of the Gospels, all three as free-will gifts.

\* A board and a hammer serve these schismatics for a bell.

I felt almost ashamed at accepting these two last books; but who could resist it, knowing that they were utterly valueless to the monks, and were not saleable in the bazaar at Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, or any neighbouring city? However, before I went away, as a salvo to my conscience, I gave some money to the church.'—p. 424.

One of the last convents visited was Simopetra. A monk who had just arrived from one of the farms could speak a little Italian, and was deputed to dine with Milordos.

'He was a magnificent-looking man of thirty or thirty-five years of age, with large eyes and long black hair and beard. As we sat together in the evening in the ancient room, by the light of one dim brazen lamp, with deep shades thrown across his face and figure, I thought he would have made an admirable study for Titian or Sebastian del Piombo. In the course of conversation I found that he had learnt Italian from another monk, having never been out of the peninsula of Mount Athos. His parents and most of the other inhabitants of the village where he was born, somewhere in Roumelia—but its name or exact position he did not know—had been massacred during some revolt or disturbance. So he had been told, but he remembered nothing about it; he had been educated in a school in this or one of the other monasteries, and his whole life had been passed upon the Holy Mountain; and this, he said, was the case with very many other monks. He did not remember his mother, and did not seem quite sure that he ever had one; he had never seen a woman, nor had he any idea what sort of things women were, or what they looked like. He asked me whether they resembled the pictures of the Panagia, the Holy Virgin, which hang in every church. Now, those who are conversant with the peculiar conventional representations of the Blessed Virgin in the pictures of the Greek Church, which are all exactly alike, stiff, hard, and dry, without any appearance of life or emotion, will agree with me that they do not afford a very favourable idea of the grace or beauty of the fair sex; and that there was a difference of appearance between black women, Circassians, and those of other nations, which was, however, difficult to describe to one who had never seen a lady of any race. He listened with great interest while I told him that all women were not exactly like the pictures he had seen, but I did not think it charitable to carry on the conversation farther, although the poor monk seemed to have a strong inclination to know more of that interesting race of beings from whose society he had been so entirely debarred. I often thought afterwards of the singular lot of this manly and noble-looking monk: whether he is still a recluse, either in the monastery or in his mountain-farm, with its little moss-grown chapel as ancient as the days of Constantine; or whether he has gone out into the world and mingled in its pleasures and its cares.'—p. 428.

From this spinny no bag reported. At

the next, Coutloumoussi, the wallet opened and closed on several rich morsels—especially a matchless folio of St. Chrysostom—'who seems to have been the principal instructor of the monks of Mount Athos, that is, in the days when they were in the habit of reading: a tedious custom which they have long since given up by general consent.' (p. 430.)

In leaving this singular peninsula, still so rich in monuments of the piety and munificence of the Byzantine Cæsars, we must lay our hands on one paragraph more from Mr. Curzon's Introduction:—

'The bodies of the Byzantine emperors were enclosed in sarcophagi of precious marbles, which were usually deposited in chapels erected for the purpose—a custom which has been imitated by the sultans of Turkey. Of all these magnificent sarcophagi and chapels or mausoleums where the remains of the imperial families were deposited, only one remains intact; every one but this has been violated, destroyed, or carried away; the ashes of the Cæsars have been scattered to the winds. This is now known by the name of the chapel of St. Nazario e Celso, at Ravenna; it was built by Galla Placidia, the daughter of Theodosius; she died at Rome in 440, but her body was removed to Ravenna and deposited in a sarcophagus in this chapel; in the same place are two other sarcophagi, one containing the remains of Constantius, the second husband of Galla Placidia, and the other holding the body of her son Valentinian III. These tombs have never been disturbed, and are the only ones which remain intact of the entire line of the Cæsars, either of the Eastern or Western empires.'—p. xxvii.

Our readers will hardly quarrel with the extent of our quotations, but we may as well confess that one main temptation was the pure unaffected English of the book. In many respects the largely foreign training of the young men of rank in these our later days has produced serious evil. We ascribe to this cause, in no trivial measure, the melancholy aspect of our domestic politics. The old national spirit was essentially blended with the old national taste. The results in our literature have been equally marked, and in their place and degree are equally to be regretted. It is very much to the credit of our younger aristocracy that so many of them have aspired to distinction by the use of the pen; but how few of these have escaped the foreign tinge—how few feel it as their peculiar duty to guard uncontaminated the proud inheritance of the native speech! Lord Brougham does not fall within our category; but, exercising as he does a command over the resources of French diction that astonishes French people, what an example he sets of stern and rigid rejection.

tion of all outlandish embroidery when he unfolds his plain strong web of the vernacular! Lord Mahon too is rather of older standing than the class we alluded to; but in him they see a master of French style, who is so severely native in his English that he has sometimes been sneered at, by such critics as such an author may accept placidly, as a *Purist*. We were delighted to see Mr. Curzon following these worthy examples. Few of his years have been greater travellers, and there is not one foreign word used in his volume when an English one was at his service.

A new book of another kind, which also from internal evidence must have been written by a person constantly mingling in the highest English society, reaches us when this sheet is in the press, and the rest of our pages are all bespoken; otherwise on many accounts, but especially because it is another instance of manly unpolluted English, we should have much wished to make it the subject of a separate article in this number. That is now impossible, but we beg to call our readers' attention, in case the novel has not come in their way, to 'Rockingham, or the Younger Brother.' We think the writer has made two serious mistakes—first, in selecting for his main subject the very painful one of fraternal rivalry in love; secondly, what is moreover very bad in an artistic point of view, in having introduced about the middle certain 'Fragments' of a second tragedy on exactly the same unhappy theme. But the work abounds in interest—and indeed we should be at a loss to name another recent novel that shows anything like the same power of painting strong passion—or rather we should say the strong passion of gentle natures, and this too under all the habitual restraints of education, principle, and self-control. It was, however, the beautifully pure English that we especially desired to dwell upon, and that is the more noticeable because the *episode* above condemned is wholly in French; and, as we say on far higher authority than our own, such French as was never before published by an Englishman. In Lord Brougham's French writings, in Lord Mahon's, and also in Mr. Beckford's, it was, we believe, the judgment of Paris, that, extraordinary as their correctness was, a native eye could not fail to detect some mixture of the French of different epochs. How could it be otherwise, we may well ask. But so much more the wonder if, as we are assured, it is the fact that the miniature romance framed into 'Rockingham' is as completely in the best

French of the present time as the bulk of the work is in its best English.

The history of the patch we conjecture to have been this. The author originally designed a French novel on the full scale—perhaps he finished it. He by-and-bye saw reason to think that he could bring out his general conception better with the use of English manners—and, *dominus utriusque linguæ*, penned *Rockingham*, interweaving much matter from the discarded *Royaulmont*. When he had done, he found he had been forced to omit some of the best scenes of the French piece. No skill could amalgamate those plums with the new pudding—so he served up as a side-dish a few slices of the old one. And we sympathize with his reluctance to throw away altogether such passages as Marie Antoinette's ball at Versailles, and the execution of the too tender Marquise de Royaulmont—in truth we think them even better than the best in the loves of his English 'younger brother,' and his (of course quite correct) English Marchioness.

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ART. VII.—1. *A Glance at Revolutionized Italy: a visit to Messina, and a tour through the Kingdom of Naples, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Piedmont, &c., in the Summer of 1848.* By Charles Mac Farlane, Author of 'Constantinople in 1828,' 'Sports, Pastimes, and Recollections of the South of Italy,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1849.

2. *The Events of 1848, especially in their relation to Great Britain. A Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne.* By R. M. Milnes, M.P. 8vo. 1849.

It is too often the unwelcome duty of Reviewers to protest against the hastiness of travellers in recording their first crude impressions—their readiness to prefer their prejudices to their observation, and to attribute their own sentiments to the people by whom they are surrounded indeed, but with whom they have little means of communicating. On the present occasion it is our pleasanter office to invite attention to a tourist of a very different character.

Mr. Mac Farlane is thoroughly acquainted with Italy—he passed in it those youthful years when observation is keenest and memory most retentive. 'I lived there,' he tells us, 'from January 1816, to May 1827, when I left it for the East; and at that time

its language and literature were nearly as familiar to me as my own.' He returns to it after an interval of twenty-one years, qualified by his long absence and his previous knowledge to mark and report the changes which time has wrought. On his route from Constantinople to England he resolves, after some hesitation, to pass through Italy, induced not more by curiosity than by a desire to revisit the haunts and friends of his youth—and we congratulate the public on his determination: these two amusing and unpretending volumes give more insight into the present state of the Italian peninsula than can be collected from all the voluminous speeches, pamphlets, reports, and letters with which the press has been inundated. Mr. Mac Farlane possesses in no ordinary degree those qualities which we value most in a traveller: he is curious and indefatigable in the pursuit of information; while his matured knowledge of the country and its language prevents his becoming the dupe to *ciceroni*, language-masters, laquais-de-place, from whom the ordinary 'tourist' collects his information. We have no accounts of 'intelligent friends' picked up at tables d'hôte—'close observers' met at coffee-houses or in the 'corners of streets,' on whose authority we are asked to believe the most improbable assertions; neither does his acquaintance lie with that class of men which abounds in every Italian capital—needy, obtrusive, and greedy—the very parasites of *Gil Blas*—abbati without benefices—monsignori without employment—doctors without patients—lawyers without clients—nobles without lands or patents—and all without character: men who, shunned by their own countrymen, flock to the chambers of strangers, whose credulous ears they fill with abuse of the society that has banished them. The Italian gentleman shrinks with even an overstrained delicacy from accepting the hospitality he does not mean to return, and speaks with undisguised contempt of the native toadeater who fawns on the foreigner and feeds at his expense.

We sympathise with Mr. Mac Farlane in his admiration of Italy, and even in his affection for the Italian people. It is this sympathy that has made us raise our voices again and again (and we would fain hope not quite in vain) to warn our countrymen against the dangerous tendency of our Italian policy—a policy fatal not only to our own credit, but to the happiness of those whose welfare is the pretext for our interference. In contemplating the melancholy and disgraceful scenes which have been enacted in every part of Italy we would

willingly exonerate the *people* from that reproach of cowardice and treachery which attaches itself to their seducers only—to the privy conspirators and the abettors of pillage and assassination—to the Guerrazzi, the Caninos, and the Montanelli.

In any cause which has engaged their hearts the Italians have generally shown themselves determined and enterprising; and if they now appear cold, selfish, and irresolute, the inference is clear. The revolution which is hateful to the noble and the priest is distasteful to the peasant and the artisan—it is popular only with the rabble of the capital, misled and deceived by interested adventurers—men soured into misanthropy by long obscurity and universal contempt. 'Ah,' said a disconsolate democrat of Naples to Mr. Mac Farlane, in discussing the events of the memorable 15th of May, 'if we could only win over the troops and the common people and all the shopkeepers, then we would drive away the tyrant, and carry out the doctrines of the Sovereignty of the People, and make a true democratic republic—*ma la malora è*, but the mischief of it is, *all the people are against us!*'—(i. p. 106.)

Mr. Mac Farlane was at Constantinople when the reforms of Pope Pius had just begun to raise the hopes of the revolutionists, but before they had excited serious alarm in the prudent. The population of the Christian suburb of Pera is composed of refugees from every state, traders and artisans from every climate, for the most part too clumsy or too ill-conducted to succeed at home: men of all tongues and creeds—those who have no creeds and whose tongues are unintelligible *patois*; a very Babel of confusion—French, Germans, Spanish, and English, Arminians and Greeks—Islanders, Albanians, Slavonians—and, above all, Italians—the worst specimens, perhaps, that their respective nations could furnish, and affording by their conduct a living justification for the obstinacy of the Turk in his rejection of the faith of the *Giaour*. It was a sight of no good augury to witness the joy with which the measures of the reforming Pope were hailed by these spirits of mischief. One of some note amongst them, an Italian in the Turkish service, opened himself with much frankness to our author:—'The Pope,' he said, 'is an old woman, and teaches a religion fit only for old women. We men of liberal principles are neither Roman Catholics, nor of any other religion. The world is too enlightened for that. But Pius IX. has played our cards for us; and we will let him play on a little longer, until we shall have no further need

of him, and then we will cut off the old fool's head.'—(i. p. 17.) It is remarkable that these were exactly the sentiments which we ourselves heard uttered, before the French revolution had rendered their realization probable, with only a *very* little more decency of expression, by one of the principal agitators for 'Italian independence.' If we forbear to name him, it is from no regard to *him*—he glories in what we deem his delinquencies—but from respect to the place and the society in which we met him.

By the colonists of Pera the triumphs of the French and Austrian revolutions were celebrated with all the malice and brutality of which depraved human nature is capable. M. de Bourqueney, the French Ambassador, was subjected to the most insulting treatment—his house invaded and sacked, and his wife and family saved only by concealment till the means of flight could be procured. The Austrian internuncio was protected from similar treatment by the presence of Turkish soldiers bivouacking in his garden, and perhaps still more by some stout Slavonians whom he took into his pay to garrison the official residence. This show of resistance effectually damped the ardour of his assailants, whose exuberant zeal found a safer vent in patriotic dinners, blasphemous hymns, and mutual pledges to exterminate tyrants and to spread the blessings of liberty, equality, and fraternity, at the dagger's point. For a full and very lively account of this savage buffoonery we refer our readers to the first chapter of Mr. Mac Farlane's book.

At Malta, where our author performs his quarantine, exposed to the exactions, impertinences, and petty persecutions of the native officials of the lazaretto, he does not, like Mr. Cobden, find the fleet lying idle and inactive—we wish he had: on the contrary, that fleet was absent and busily employed in the ignoble task of insulting a friendly sovereign in his own capital, and encouraging the rebellion of his subjects. Neither does Mr. Mac Farlane's account of this important island correspond in other respects with that which Mr. Cobden published for the benefit of his liberal testimonialists: on the contrary, he complains of the bad effect of the injudicious reforms and sordid economy introduced by the Government in the vain hope of conciliating that class of politicians who feel our national glory like a wound, and whom nothing less than the destruction of our ancient supremacy would satisfy. 'The establishments,' he says (i. p. 30), 'are shamefully reduced, and the state of the island such as to be

badly prepared to resist a sudden and formidable *coup-de-main*.'

He proceeds to Sicily, and lands at Messina at the moment the '*popolo divino*' (for such is the style in which their adulators address them) are preparing, amidst the wildest excesses of political excitement, to resist an attack which, after all, the captain of the National Guard (p. 52) assured our author it was the general belief that the *French and English fleets would not allow the King to make*. His account of the popular fury and of the confusion is characteristic of the country and people. He visits the arsenal, and from thence goes on to the town-hall, in which the council of war and the committee of public safety, and various other 'boards' and commissions, were sitting. He was struck with the number of priests and women in attendance:—

'All were talking at the tops of their voices, and all were, or seemed to be, in a passion. There was no order, or any attempt to maintain order. The scene presented the very counterpart of the French Jacobin or Cordelier Club of 1792. Stacks of pikes, dirty flags and banners suspended from some of the ceilings, and printed manifestos and proclamations to the sovereign people, completed the resemblance. In the principal streets all the door posts, and nearly all the lower part of every house, church, or convent, were covered with placards, some printed, some manuscript. I read some scores of them, shuddering as I read. I had fancied that the French republicans had carried the flattery of the mob and the heroes of the barricades to its utmost limits, but I found that they were exceeded by the demagogues of Messina and the leaders of this Sicilian revolution, who out-Herod Herod and out-Frenchify the French.'

Most of these papers were in a strain of the most pompous exultation:

'Others, however, were written in a less confident tone—betraying doubts, misgivings, and dark suspicions: all calculated to excite in other men's minds the perilous passion of suspicion—that passion and rage to which the Sicilians, like all the people of the South, are so naturally and habitually inclined. One fellow, who gave a fictitious and a classical name, called upon the sovereign people to keep their eyes open—to be watchful by night and by day, as it was a well-known fact that there are many spies and partisans of the tyrant in the city. Another intimated that the *rich* were not making sacrifices enough for the cause of liberty and independence. One opined that the revolution was not going fast enough; that the Parliament at Palermo was too aristocratic, and ought to be unseated; that the son of Charles-Albert would not accept the Sicilian crown which was offered to him; and that another form of government should be thought of. A very Trinculo of a demagogue proclaimed that the sovereign people, being sovereign and divine, ought to govern themselves by



themselves—without either king or parliament; that the Sicilians did not yet sufficiently understand the signification of the words democracy, liberty, equality, and fraternity.'—i. p. 57.

Various patriots put forth addresses on their own particular score, and were justly anxious to exonerate themselves from the charge of being spies—an imputation which an Italian always makes when he wishes to inflict a mortal injury, and which in this case was a sure recommendation to the assassin's knife.

'Another patriot proposed a new "conquer or die" oath, as necessary to be taken by the whole Sicilian nation, with instant death to those who would not take it. They were constantly changing the members of their local government. No sooner was a man in office than he excited envy, and saw a faction formed against him . . . . The English and other merchants had nearly all withdrawn into the country or had quitted the island. Of the better class of Sicilian gentry and nobility, who had been accustomed in former times to make Messina their residence, I could see or hear nothing.'—i. p. 59.

The state of things as described by Mr. Mac Farlane presents the most gloomy prospect. Indeed it must be confessed that Sicily, the richest and most beautiful of the Mediterranean isles, has not met with a happy destiny. Having early acquired both freedom and civilization under its Greek colonizers, it has rarely since possessed an independent existence. Long a province of the Spanish monarchy, whose languor and decline it shared, it seemed destined to new life when, united to Naples, it became an integral part of an independent sovereignty. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies (for we cannot acknowledge their separation) was ultimately settled, at the conclusion of the long struggle for the Spanish succession, on a prince of the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon, and at the close of the last century was slowly emerging from its previous state of sloth and poverty; and though its progress had been checked by the misrule of Ferdinand IV. and the revolutions that preceded and followed the French occupation of one country and that of the other by the English, there might still be traced a gradual improvement, which had rapidly increased under the fostering care of the reigning king. Mr. Mac Farlane bears ample testimony to this progress; tracts of country which in his earlier day he had known marshy and desolate (valuable only to the sportsman), he now sees reclaimed, drained, and planted; streets which he had left dirty, close, and unwholesome, appear widened, cleaned, and ventilated; swamps converted into corn-fields,

and forests of brushwood have become orchards and vineyards. In spite of the idleness and misery that political agitation had recently brought on Messina, even that town wore a far better aspect; and he owns himself very agreeably disappointed in finding the amount of damage occasioned by the civil war so small. The Fort Reale, besieged and taken from a weak garrison by the Messinese, had been destroyed in their patriotic zeal by the populace of the town, but in other places no signs of devastation were visible.\*

We are very far from asserting that the administration of the island was susceptible of no improvement. A more popular form of government might have been gradually introduced. Sicilian vanity might fairly expect a larger share in the favours of government; but it is a mistake to suppose that the interests of the island or of its inhabitants were in any way postponed to those of Naples; and if a higher degree of material civilization was attained in the continental kingdom than in Sicily, the fault is to be attributed to the Sicilians themselves. The King complains that his measures for their benefit were constantly thwarted, that neither nobility nor clergy were disposed to second him, and that complaints of grievances invariably terminated in selfish demands for power and emolument. If the King hesitated to grant a constitution, it must be admitted that there was some reason in his plea: he urged that the constitutional experiment, when tried at Naples, had produced such results as might well excuse his reluctance to repeat it. The monstrous and fantastic constitution of 1820, short-lived as it was, had survived any small share of popularity it ever possessed. The revolutionary movement headed by Pepe, a man without parts to maintain himself on the giddy height to which his vanity had raised him, was principally assisted by a

\* The reader will doubtless remember the universal indignation which was excited against the King of Naples for the imputed destruction of Messina by the bombardment of General Pronio from the impregnable fortress. Mr. Mac Farlane bears ocular testimony to the forbearance and moderation with which that calumniated officer performed his painful duty. 'I took care,' says Prince Satriano, in his speech in the Chamber of Peers on the 6th of February of the present year, 'to renew the order to the Commandant of the citadel of Messina never to begin the fire against the batteries erected with perfidious intention, against all the rules observed in sieges, by the Palermitans. These batteries, planted upon the bastions which surround the city, as well as its finest quarters, exposed it everywhere to the fire both of the besieging and the besieged. My orders were given to the effect that the firing should not commence unless in the case of direct provocation.'

section of the military, amongst whom he had introduced what he terms '*La Charbonnerie*'—he himself having initiated them into these mysteries, the object of which, he coolly tells us, was to dethrone the Prince whose uniform they wore, and whose sworn and trusted servant he was. The tyranny of this traitorous coxcomb, and the excesses of the undisciplined soldiery whom he had perverted but durst not restrain, rendered the revolutionary party highly unpopular, and the loyalty of the people and even of the greater part of the army (who, though ready enough to bluster and dictate, were by no means prepared to assist in dethroning their sovereign) completed its destruction. The agitators of that day made the same complaint that Mr. Mac Farlane heard on his return to Naples after an interval of near thirty years; the people were hostile or luke-warm; all—said the agitators—were swayed by interest or by affection to oppose the glorious cause that was to render them happy against their wills. The shameful defeat of the Neapolitan army by the Austrians is mainly to be attributed to the small inclination it bore to the cause, and General Pepe, in his strange Memoirs, which leave the reader in perplexity whether most to wonder at his treachery in forming such schemes, or his folly in narrating them, is forced to confess that the difficulties and dangers which he afterwards met in effecting his escape, proceeded neither from the emissaries of the Crown nor from Austrian bayonets, but from the hostility of the country to his person and his cause.\* The Austrians were hailed with open rejoicings by the people, and with ill-dissembled satisfaction by those even who were most anxious for the independence of their country, but who recognised in this foreign intervention their only chance of salvation from Pepe and the anarchists. In Sicily these foreigners were received with

yet greater favor, but everywhere and to everybody the recollection of the constitution, its meddling lawyers, its greedy demagogues, and its military dictator, was equally odious. We refer our readers (if they are rich in patience) to the dull and tedious Memoirs to which we have just alluded.

The present discontents in Sicily, which were not manifested till some time after the accession of Pius IX., and which, as everywhere else, were carefully fomented by foreigners,\* were by no means the result of pressing grievances, nor of offended vanity, nor yet of awakened nationality; they may be traced to that spirit of insubordination and to the vague and restless hopes which the measures and language of the rash Pontiff had so generally excited. They cannot be attributed to the pressure of poverty—never before had Sicily enjoyed so much prosperity; but the whole Italian peninsula was eager in the race of innovation—to lag behind would be a proof of inferior civilization—and the Liberals of Sicily were resolved to assert the full prerogative of insubordination, even before the French revolution gave their cause a chance of ultimate success, and the united support of France and England had encouraged them in their extravagant demands. The confusion at Naples seemed for a time to render success but too probable, and the active support of the French and English squadrons might have justified the calculations of less sanguine partisans.

Mr. Mac Farlane went from Malta to Sicily in a French steamer:

'The King of Naples,' he says, 'had not been allowed by France and England to declare or maintain a blockade at Messina, Palermo, or any other point of Sicily. He had been deprived of one of the rights of war by those who had all along encouraged the revolt of his Sicilian subjects. A French frigate and an English war-steamer lay right in the port of Messina. The Neapolitan steamer in the straits did not dare challenge our French steamer; we had rebels to the King of Naples on board of us—men who had been leaders in the revolt—men who had been occupied for weeks, and some of them for months, in the island of Malta, in procuring the means wherewith to continue the contest—men who had threatened to murder if not to eat†

\* This ill-omened minister of mischief hastened back to his native country on hearing of the new troubles that afflicted it. He claimed his share in the lawless invasion of Lombardy, and received the command of the Neapolitan Contingent. Refusing to obey his sovereign's subsequent order to return to Naples, he proceeded with the small part of the troops he could debauch from their allegiance, and is now at the head of that irregular force which, with the assistance of the Sardinian fleet, has maintained the town of Venice in rebellion, to the ruin of its commerce and the terror of its well-disposed inhabitants. It may be well to notice that Mr. Mac Farlane contradicts distinctly the stories, of which the newspapers were full, about the disorderly conduct of the Neapolitan troops on their homeward march, and of the ill-feeling manifested towards them; they, on the contrary, paid liberally for those supplies which were everywhere furnished with alacrity.

\* Lord Palmerston, in his despatch to Lord Ponsonby of 12 Aug. 1847, which he afterwards published, represents the kingdom of Naples as 'teeming with all kinds of abuses.' This wanton and unprecedented attack of course excited the discontent that had not been manifested before, and the King of Naples found himself denounced to his own subjects by the ally with whom he believed himself in perfect amity.

† It is a fact that the flesh of the Neapolitan and Swiss soldiers was sold in the market during the siege of Messina, and devoured by the patriots.

every Neapolitan they met with; yet we were allowed to glide past the King's frigate without a word said or a signal exchanged, to come to anchor to the leeward of the French frigate, to communicate at once with the shore, and to land whomsoever and whatsoever we might think fit. Our French captain confessed he had never known such rents made in the law of nations as by his flag and ours in these Sicilian affairs; and that he had never seen a war carried on like the present.'—vol. i. p. 48.

This conduct on the part of the English authorities is the more questionable, since the utmost rigor of the law had been enforced against the King. A Neapolitan steam-vessel, watching the proceedings of some Calabrian refugees in the Maltese seas, excited the observation of the English admiral, and the commander was asked in no very courteous terms why he frequented the waters of Malta? He replied, that he had never been within a league of the island, and that he was about to return home. 'He went because he saw he should not be allowed to remain.'—(vol. i. p. 31.) This is but one among the many instances cited by Mr. Mac Farlane, in which the English authorities protected the 'Smith O'Briens' of 'the United Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.' In many other cases more important countenance and assistance were afforded, but not always with perfect impunity: even the weakest states have sometimes the means of retaliation.

'Malta had been, in fact, converted into a *foyer* of malice and sedition against our ally. Therefore I was not much surprised when recently the King of Naples, taking advantage of a blunder committed by the Maltese Board of Health, imposed a long quarantine upon all vessels arriving in his dominions from that island.'—vol. i. p. 37.

Mr. Temple, the English minister, it is well known, was absent, nor can it be supposed that his absence during so long a period was accidental. The foreign policy of our country, however, was thoroughly well represented. Lord Napier, the young *chargé d'affaires*, seems to have acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his superiors, and, by acting the same part that was played with so much spirit by our Queen's representatives at Madrid and Athens, no doubt is entitled to a like reward.

'He openly rejoiced when the revolutionary ferment began at Naples, and prognosticated that nothing but good to the country could pro-

It was not, however, such excesses as these that the British ministers advised the Queen to condemn in her speech from the throne.

ceed from it. As the revolutionists grew bolder his admiration for them seemed to increase. When the Sicilians rose in rebellion his sympathies were all with them. Unhappily, the society and advice of old age came in to the aid of his juvenile indiscretion: Lord Minto, in the course of his roving and (in part) illegal commission, arrived at Naples, after having fraternised with the Liberals all through Italy, and, metaphorically at least, hoisted the black flag in the front of well nigh every royal palace in the peninsula. But there is scarce any metaphor in saying that Lord Napier, the representative of Queen Victoria, "patted on the back" sundry of the instigators of the desperadoes who made the barricades of the 15th of May, and whose success, had it been attainable or possible, must have ended in the death of King Ferdinand or in his precipitate flight with his whole family, in plunder, massacre, anarchy for the city of Naples, and a long and bloody civil war for the kingdom! Lord Napier made his house a place of rendezvous for all the fiery young men of the Neapolitan society, and himself the centre of a political faction; he collected all his intelligence from these sources; he would apply to no other; he avoided the men of the moderate party; he turned the cold shoulder on gentlemen with whom he had been intimate because they accepted office under the King—because they became *constitutional* ministers of the crown. If he did not himself indulge in an indecent licence of language against these ministers and the King, he allowed such language to be used in his presence. "*La bestia*!" (*the beast*) was about the mildest epithet applied to Ferdinand by Lord Napier's associates.'—vol. i. p. 169.

The King of Naples, in the hope of conciliating the revolutionary party, and acting, as we think, most unwisely, consented to grant a constitution such as his experience must have assured him could have no durability, and such as its promoters never intended should endure. It was far, however, from satisfying the *reformers*, who perhaps were disappointed at the compliance with their demands, and who, mistaking the character of the King, or the extent of his resources, or his willingness to make them available, proposed such a modification of this constitution, or rather such organic changes in it, as would have destroyed the monarchical principle entirely. Other concessions were also demanded, which would immediately have left the King at the mercy of the national guard. The army was to be reduced, the Swiss regiments disbanded, and the castles and forts of Naples given up to the guardianship of the civic soldiers. On the 14th of May, about eighty members of the new legislative assembly met together at the Palazzo Gravina, and though they were not yet constituted, nor their powers legalized, they proceeded to deliberate on the state of affairs, or, in other words, to assume an attitude of

open defiance towards the King and his cabinet. As the schemes of the bolder and more desperate of the number were developed, the prudent or timid retired, leaving a rabid minority to organize sedition and issue their illegal manifestos. In this difficulty the King sought the mediation of the popularly-elected peers, and tried to win back the dissenting deputies to reason. All his efforts were vain; he reiterated his promises to respect the constitution he had granted, and to guarantee all the concessions extorted; the truculent deputies refused even to listen to the proposals of the mediators—'Down with the peers, we will have no peers!' was the only reply they offered to the temperate remonstrances of the deputation. 'The chambers are not yet assembled,' said the ambassadors, 'you are not yet a constituted body, and all your acts are illegal.' These calm and undeniable representations were met with no reasonable answer, and the deputation retired amidst clamor and confusion. A more moderate section of the deputies assembled in another place, leaving the anarchical conciliabulum at the Palazzo Gravina, now reduced to no more than twenty members; what they wanted, however, in numerical force they made up in vehemence; they were warmly seconded, too, by their communistic friends in the city and in the provinces, and barricades (*Ecce iterum!*) were eagerly constructed. We regret we cannot afford space to quote Mr. Mac Farlane's description of the formation of these defences. They were, he tells us, for the most part ill-constructed, excepting those superintended by foreign professors of the art; and they were still worse defended. Early on the morning of the 15th of May, a day predestined by the party for striking a severe blow at civilization throughout Europe, the attack began; the mob was led by a burly priest, fierce and loud in his anathemas against those who refused to join in the work of regeneration. The principal object was to blockade the royal palace and secure the person of the King. The insurrection was permitted to proceed with little interruption, from the extreme anxiety of the King to avoid the effusion of blood; and it was at this period, and by the rebels themselves, that most damage was done to private property. The troops were so skilfully posted, and the communications were so well preserved between the forts and the castles, that, had the King desired to inflict on his capital and his subjects the injury of which he has been accused, he might easily have accomplished it. The barricades were everywhere abandoned.

Though the strength of the rebellion lay in the ranks of the National Guard, a portion of it was loyal, and either abandoned the contest or joined the royal forces; the remainder, thus diminished, and wholly deserted by the people, quitted the streets and opened a destructive fire on the soldiers from behind the strong walls of the lofty houses that line them. The King remained in his palace, agitated, shocked, and pained at the ingratitude of his subjects. Neapolitan officers of all grades and of every party repaired to the palace, and even General Florestano Pepe, brother to the notorious anarchist, but of a very different character, contrived, though attenuated by sickness, to reach the presence-chamber, where his advice might be useful, though the strength of his arm was withered. 'Gentlemen,' said the King, 'how have I deserved this treatment from my subjects? I have granted them the constitution—I have performed my promise. I have tried to avoid the effusion of blood, and this is my reward—I am blockaded with my family in my own palace.' A general officer soon after entered the room and reported the good disposition of the troops; he assured the King the insurrection should soon be quelled. 'Sire, we will soon reduce this canaille to reason.' The King interrupted him: 'Do not call my people canaille; they are misguided men, it is true, but they are Neapolitans and my subjects; make prisoners, but do not kill—spare my misguided subjects.'

So strict were the royal orders, and so complete was the obedience of the officers in command, that the motive of their inaction was wholly misinterpreted, and the insurgents resolved to commence the attack they could not provoke. Two shots were fired (by accident, of course) on the royal troops—one officer was killed, and another badly wounded. The plot succeeded in forcing an engagement, but the result had not been anticipated. The bravery of the troops saved the kingdom of Naples from a worse state of anarchy than that into which Central Italy has fallen; and no resource was left the discomfited republicans but falsehood and calumny—weapons which, it cannot be denied, they use with superior dexterity and perseverance.

We regret to leave untouched various passages of vivid description, several interesting anecdotes and acute observations. We must observe, however, that many of the stories which filled the newspapers, invented by malice and greedily believed by the credulous, our author contradicts from personal knowledge. The romantic death

of the Duke di Ripari, barbarously shot with his two young sons by the emissaries of the tyrant, related with so many circumstances of melo-dramatic interest, is wholly untrue: and probably, from the theatrical air of the fiction, the honor of the invention may be assigned to a Frenchman. 'There was no such duke in the kingdom, nor any other nobleman bearing any such name: there was no execution at all.' (vol. i. p. 146.) Neither were the reports more true of the executions in the ditch of the Castel Nuovo; there was not a man executed there or in any other place for the part taken in the events of this day. It is certain that the game of barricades cannot be played with perfect security; the soldiers, exasperated by the cruel and cowardly manner in which the war was conducted, in the hour of victory may possibly have committed some acts of severe retaliation; those who hazard rebellion must sometimes pay the penalty. Soldiers will not always afford their enemies a bloodless victory. In Paris, where little or no resistance was offered, the people were proclaimed the bravest of mankind; and other capitals aspired to enjoy the same reputation with no greater risk. At Naples the troops suffered severely; several scores of the insurgents were slain, however, and many more were disabled. Mr. Mac Farlane, on authority which has been confirmed by our own information, calculates the number of the slain at between four and five hundred, of whom more than half were soldiers of the line: a fearful slaughter, undoubtedly, though falling far short of the statements in the newspapers. The troops in every instance performed their duty with courage and moderation—the good discipline of the army was the salvation of the country, and that state of discipline is mainly to be attributed to the active superintendence of the King. Now mark—during the whole of this terrible day the French fleet lay in the Gulf of Naples, with broadsides turned on *the palace*; the principal agents of mischief were Frenchmen, the French tongue clamoured loudest in the confusion of the streets, and French vessels received all under their protection who chose to seek it. Nor did French interference confine itself even within these limits: Admiral Baudin, incensed at the triumph of social order, had yet some means of revenge. While the kingdom was still in an uneasy state and the capital was menaced by an invasion from the provinces—

'He made a pompous and menacing display of his force, and he called upon the Neapolitan Government to pay instantly a series of extra-

gant claims of compensation, which certain domiciled citizens of the Grand Republic sent to him. Those virtuous Republicans—some of whom were said to have been engineers of the two chief barricades of Toledo and S. Brigida, and all of whom had been propagandists "*ore rotundo*"—pretended to have suffered great loss and damage by King Ferdinand's cannon-balls, or at the hands of the troopers who had upset the barricades. No scrutiny of accounts, no examination of items was entered into by Admiral Baudin, nor was the Neapolitan Government allowed time or means for such processes. Whatever any Frenchman put down must be paid, and that on the nail.'

He instances a bankrupt hair-dresser, whose stock-in-trade was never richer than that of Romeo's apothecary, receiving 10,000 francs as an indemnification for his supposed losses. We regret to add that some of our own great men would not have been sorry to annoy the Government of their Queen's ally by a similar demand; but English integrity and English good-nature are stubborn and inconvenient qualities:—

'When the English merchants, shopkeepers, and other residents were applied to by some of our functionaries, who would not at all have disliked to give further embarrassment to King Ferdinand, and make a long account against him, they honestly replied that they had suffered no loss; and that the slight injuries inflicted on the houses they inhabited would be repaired by their Neapolitan landlords. I was assured that not a franc or a carlino was claimed by an Englishman.'—Vol. i. p. 148.

The amount of injury inflicted on the town on this memorable occasion has been greatly exaggerated. The fine palace of Gravina, where the revolutionary deputies had installed themselves, suffered severely; a master-piece of architecture, it is not likely to be restored to its former beauty; and in the loss of the roof and upper story the lovers of the fine arts have to deplore a serious misfortune. But even in the Strada Toledo and the surrounding streets, the principal scene of action, the damage was inconsiderable, and, for the most part, such as a trivial expense of labour and money may repair (p. 72). Alas! the deep and angry feelings which the conflict has left are not likely so soon to be healed. Fortunately the malign influence of foreigners is suspended, if not withdrawn; the capital is pacified; and the French and English fleets have found a more congenial scene for the propagation of mischief, and have moved nearly all their strength to Sicily. The clubs are suppressed, the national guard (that pest of modern society) diminished or re-organized; and even at the time of Mr.

Mac Farlane's last stay the Chambers had lost all their importance.

He gives us (vol. i. p. 73) an amusing account of his visit to the Legislative Chambers, the difficulty he had in discovering their locality, and the total apathy with which they were both alike regarded. Between the indolence of the members—calls of private business—and the interruption of numerous holidays, they rarely assembled at all, or only for a very short sitting; and the two Chambers never held their sittings on the same day. When, however, he did penetrate to them, he found no difficulty from the crowded state of the apartment in listening to the debates. The Chamber of Peers contained few of the illustrious names of Naples, or even of large landed proprietors; men of wealth and importance had declined accepting a post which brought certain trouble and danger, but could confer no honour. He describes their debates as dull and languid, and the speeches were received without any apparent emotion. Neither did the Chamber of Deputies present a more attractive spectacle; few members were present; their speeches, or rather their lectures, excited no more interest than those of the Peers; the gallery contained few spectators; and, though the orators were discussing the most popular themes, they were rewarded with little encouragement.

This is but another proof of what we should have thought required little demonstration—the indifference, we mean, if not the aversion, with which 'the constitution' is regarded in Italy. During the transports which greeted the first reforms of Pope Pius, when the sympathies of all Englishmen were demanded for a people struggling for constitutional liberty, those even who knew the country less thoroughly than Mr. Mac Farlane were well aware how little such views had entered into the calculation of the agitators or were understood by the generality of those whom they influenced. The few who attached any definite meaning to the word constitution, intended by it a short road for themselves to wealth and influence; but the calm enjoyment of liberty and the fair participation of power were things undreamt of in the philosophy of the time. The infidel demagogues sought only to gratify the cravings of their vanity and their cupidity, and were incomparably more opposed to aristocratical and ecclesiastical influence than to the rule of a Prince. The former must exclude them from power, while through the latter they might hope to attain it. To these men a constitution framed on the model of England, or even of

France previous to the late revolution, would be more distasteful than the despotism of a Czar. We are and ever have been of opinion that no constitution founded on any other basis than a nicely balanced proportion in the constituent parts can, in any country, have a chance of durability. In the French constitution of 1815 an attempt to create an aristocracy was made, without, however, securing to it by a change in the laws of succession that degree of wealth which alone can obtain for it a just and effective measure of authority. Had the aristocracy been more independent, it is possible the experiment of Charles X. would never have been made; be this as it may, we believe that France has never yet known so solid, so wholesome a state of prosperity, as she had attained at the period which immediately preceded that most unfortunate revolution. The modifications effected in the charter, subsequently to the elevation of Louis-Philippe, destroyed its efficiency; and would have more speedily produced a fresh revolution but for the personal talents of the king, his dexterity and administrative talent, which succeeded for a time in counterbalancing the evils of a defective constitution. Those evils, however, were glaring; the Chamber of Peers did not possess the influence intended to be exercised by it; the Deputies did not maintain the independence necessary to preserve the respect of the people; but the fault lay not with the King (who, we feel convinced, would have reigned constitutionally had he been permitted), but with the system; he found himself compelled to have recourse to those indirect means of influence without which the government could not have been conducted. On the same grounds the purest as well as the ablest of his Ministers was forced to acquiesce in methods which must have been entirely repulsive to every personal feeling. And all at last in vain! The small account in which the Chamber of Deputies was held is evident, since the Revolution that swept it away was made in direct opposition to the wishes of nearly all its members, few of whom openly espoused it, and still fewer—even of the worst among them—were benefited by it. It has been too much the fashion to attribute to mankind in the mass those virtues which, to the great majority of individuals, must be denied; but there is little wisdom in framing constitutions which, to work them, require greater sense and virtue than the page of history or modern experience justifies us in expecting to find. Has the democratic Chamber, elected by universal suffrage, proved itself abler or more independ-

ent than its discarded predecessor? Has it even proved itself the organ and the index of popular will? Does not the election of the President and his subsequent triumph over the majority of the Chamber (a virtual revolution) prove a direct condemnation of the body? What was the fate of that famous Constituent Assembly which met at Versailles in 1789, and upon which M. Lamartine bestowed but yesterday such sweeping encomiums?—‘It was not only,’ says that grandiloquent artificer of phrases, in the florid compilation of mendacities which so largely helped on the new outbreak of February, 1848—‘It was not only the wisest and most august Assembly that was ever convoked in any country:—it was the ecuminical council of all the learning, genius, and wisdom that had ever been produced in any country since the creation of the world.’ Surely, such a synod must have commanded the esteem, at least, of the country in which it laboured, and which was the witness of its virtue! Different as our own opinion may be of that Assembly, we cannot but allow that, in comparison with those which the democratic principles of the last year have called into life, it was indeed a synod of sages—men who might have saved a country less obstinately bent on destruction. Yet this Assembly, as we all know, and as even M. Lamartine, with all his unscrupulousness, is forced to admit, survived its favour and influence, and was obliged to withdraw itself from direct condemnation by a deliberate act of suicide.

Is the result of recent experience more favourable in Germany than in France? Have not the new so-called Parliaments of that vast continent made themselves ridiculous by their ignorance, and odious by their faction and their obstinacy? Is it not preposterous that the dearest interests of an empire\*—involving its internal government, its foreign relations, its domestic institutions—should be regulated by a set of men, mean, ignorant, and obscure—men to whom a municipality would not abandon the petty cares of its roads and sewers?—an assembly composed largely and at best of such ingredients as that French synod, of which Mr. Burke has left us a description but little in accordance with that of M. Lamartine, just quoted—‘of the inferior, unlearned, mechanical, and merely instrumental members of the profession of the law—of ob-

scure provincial advocates, the ministers of subordinate oppression, the petty agents of chicane.’ Composed, we say, *at best* of such men—for, had Mr. Burke lived to witness the present revolutionary movement, he would have seen that the democrats of the nineteenth century exceed the extravagances of their predecessors. It was reserved for our day to be edified by the circular of a Minister of Public Instruction who calls on the electors to appoint deputies without education or liberal callings; and though it must be allowed that the French people (having had some experience in such things) were not so very foolish as their new official oracles desired them to be—that the Assembly now about to be dissolved included only one negro footman, and no very considerable proportion even of *Simon the Millers*—it is notorious that the case was worse in the contemporary elections of Germany. Out of the 1200 members sent to the French National Assembly of 1848, there were, according to M. Emile de Girardin, 700 lawyers. In Germany there was abundance of the same crop—but the Assemblies both of Vienna and of Berlin contained also scores upon scores of hard-handed and long-haired peasants and mechanics—barbarous in their attire and in their dialect—ignorant of the German language—and unintelligible even to each other!

These facts bear directly on the question of Italy, where the same experiment has been tried, and with a yet more signal failure. The Italian constitutions, even before the mask was thrown aside, were all constructed on a more democratic model than the French charter of 1830. Had they been destined to obtain a trial, the experiment must inevitably have failed. We fear any assembly, resting on no basis of greater strength than the talents and virtues it contains, would soon cease to command much general respect. Corrupted, suspicious man demands other pledges from those he invests with power; nor do we see, as long as pleasure and wealth are coveted on earth, how those who, for the first time, see their way to obtain them, should be supposed to be above their influence. It was not at Naples alone that the people were puzzled how to interpret the new political lessons that the demagogues taught them. Communistic doctrines they could all understand, the love of plunder they could soon acquire—that lore is ‘easier than lying’ in most localities—but they could not comprehend the utility of paying an assembly of deputies; of waging war with the Austrians; nor of displacing the ministers, with whose names they were familiar, to instal others who had

\* Since the above was written the Assembly at Kremsier has been dissolved, with the general approbation of the whole empire—those members alone excepted who are deprived of the salary that made their office so valuable.



no claim on their confidence. While the Pope was at the head of the movement—nay, so long as he exercised even a nominal jurisdiction—the peasantry and mechanics were contented to unite the name of Pio Nono with that of Reform, and to applaud both together; but his flight and deposition have already worked a material change in public opinion, and must create a still further reaction, as the influence of terror subsides and as the pressure of poverty deepens. The moral effect, however, will not easily be neutralised, and the baleful influence of these bad men will be felt in the country long after they have received the punishment of their crimes, and their names even are buried in oblivion.

Mr. Mac Farlane thus reports some conversation with a magistrate in the Abruzzi, highly illustrative of the state of the country:—

“He was a constitutionalist himself, and though recently appointed to his post by the constitutional government, the Ultra-Liberals had declared war against him, and the Communists had given him great trouble and vexation. “These poor deluded men,” said he, “who were formerly so submissive to law and authority, and so easy to manage, have been taught to believe that *Constitution* means a suspension or cessation of all law. Not only will they not pay taxes to government, but they will pay no rents to their landlords; nay, they hold themselves exempted, by the new order of things, from paying their private debts.”

“I mentioned, as a melancholy consequence of all this, that many of my friends at Naples had recently received hardly any rents from their estates. “And none will they get,” said the Judge, “unless a check be given to these doctrines. The King’s government is too mild, and royal admonitions and proclamations are wholly without effect. In my district there are men who are breaking up the very foundations of society. The other day this happened:—A man owed another the sum of a hundred ducats. The money had been long owing, and the debtor was well able to pay it. At last the creditor had recourse to legal process. I sent an *usciere* (bailiff) to the house to exact payment. The debtor told my officer that we had gotten the constitution; that these were times of liberty and equality; that no man was such a fool as to think of paying debts now; and that if he did not instantly quit the house he would beat him soundly, if he did not kill him. I was bound to procure assistance for the civil officer. Having no other force from which to choose, I sent one of our civic guard with the *usciere*, who returned to the house. Instead of submitting, the debtor fell upon the National Guardsman and wounded him severely. In all probability the poor man will die.” “And have you not been able to seize the assassin?”—“Not yet,” said the Judge, “the clubs are so powerful, the Communists are becoming so numerous, and our respectable people are so afraid of any collision.”—i. 271.

Upon the same authority, confirmed by Mr. M.’s own observation, we have repeated proofs of the state of lawlessness and total demoralization to which these doctrines have reduced a peasantry once simple, industrious, and moral.

There can be no doubt that the King of the Sicilies was as well aware as every one must be who is acquainted with the country, that the constitution he had granted would neither secure the happiness of his subjects nor the prosperity of the state. It must be observed notwithstanding that neither in the moment of victory nor at any subsequent period has he made any attempt to withdraw the promised charter. Considering the radical absurdity of the whole new doctrine, the fair and honest conduct of the King, and the naturally good disposition of the vast majority of his subjects, there seems every reason to suppose that, but for intrusive influences, reform, *practical reform*, might have by and bye supplanted revolution. It is probable that in time the inefficiency of the constitution would have been discovered, and gradually a form of government substituted more fitted to the habits of the people and the circumstances of the times. The strength and loyalty of the army had been proved, and the insults of the Italian free press might have been endured; but the King unluckily found the most active enemies of social order in the agents of the two most powerful of his allies. The English policy towards him from the first was hostile; and this Prince, who, if report say true, had had but little reason to be satisfied with the conduct of his cousin and uncle the King of the French, was made to feel the aversion with which their common race and name were regarded. The attempt to foment the disturbances of Spain, and the insolence with which the Sovereign of that country was treated, have long been before the public, together with the ridiculous termination of that discreditable intrigue; but the King of Naples belonged to the same blood, and must also be made to feel the weight of the same indignation; and for fear the strength of England should be insufficient, republican France was invited to participate in the humiliation of another Bourbon.

Mr. Mac Farlane gives ample proof of the importance which the Italians attached to Lord Minto’s language, demeanour, and proceedings generally during his mission; as to which and everything connected with it Lord Palmerston has as yet refused any clear and distinct explanation. What instructions the Lord Privy Seal had received from the Foreign Secretary can only be

guessed from the results; but if he was charged to scatter jealousies and discontents around him, to foment them wherever they should appear, to create them where they did not exist, to encourage the revolutionary mood, to cherish the expectations of British assistance, and to inflict every possible mortification on the sovereigns whose territories he visited—if such were his orders, we think his worst enemies must allow that he performed his part with spirit, and was well entitled to the large allowances that were granted him in addition to his official appointments. Lord Palmerston assures us that the visit of his noble colleague to Naples was made at the instance of the King of Naples himself. The ministers of that Prince deny it. We think that this discrepancy can be reconciled. The King, alarmed at the interpretation which was given by the Liberals to the advent of an English Cabinet-minister, and anxious to avoid the impression of open hostility that his quitting Italy without having shown himself at Naples might create, seems, with the timid policy too familiar with the weak, to have hoped to propitiate a powerful enemy by the appearance of confidence, and invited discussions to which Lord Minto chose to assign, by the utmost latitude of interpretation, the weight of an intervention. The total want of success in that particular affair—a result caused no less by the insolence of the rebels than by the favour with which they knew themselves to be regarded both by the noble mediator and the cabinet of which he was a member—is too well known, and need not now be repeated. Mr. Mac Farlane bears witness throughout to the triumphant declarations of the rebels, that the countenance and aid of England would be afforded them. The procedure of Lord Minto, of whatever nature it may have been, having signally failed, the King, finding all his efforts at conciliation fruitless—supported by the loyalty and discipline of his army—prepared to assert his just and legitimate rights over a rebellious province. It was now that the British policy appeared, more than ever, extraordinary. Never, we believe, was interference less justified by necessity or less warranted by policy, than that which arrested the triumphant progress of the King of Naples' Sicilian army. Had the expedition been altogether stopped by the French and English admirals, those officers might have offered a fair explanation—they might have said distinctly, in the names of their several governments—'We have acknowledged the independence of Sicily—we have saluted the Sicilian flag with emulous alacrity—our vessels have

carried the Sicilian Ambassadors to Genoa to offer one-half of the King of the Sicilies' dominions to another Prince—you shall not injure our ally.' Such language would have been intelligible; and that it might not have seemed consonant with the heretofore received laws of international intercourse could have been no impediment to governments which, for months, had been acting in defiance of those laws.\* But the course taken was different—the Neapolitan expedition was permitted to proceed, and to execute its mission in the presence of the foreign fleets whose assistance was expected by the rebels, and but for whose presence no determined resistance would have been offered.

The account of these transactions furnished by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons on the opening of the present Session is in entire accordance with the rest of his conduct towards Her Majesty's ally the King of the Sicilies. Good taste, we feel sure, would prevent his so overcharging his censure of an *enemy*—it must have been some very peculiar feeling of unavowable origin that could give such bitterness to his language in speaking of an ally. 'After the flag of the Sicilians had been hauled down,' he asserted, 'and the very idea of resistance had been given up, they (the Neapolitans) did for forty-eight hours continue a savage bombardment, destroying houses, palaces, churches, and public buildings. After that they sent a body of troops into the town to complete the destruction which the bombs, shells, and cannon had not effected. They laid waste three miles of suburbs,† burning, murdering, and plunder-

\* This is no surmise of our own. 'Our French captain,' says Mr. Mac Farlane, 'confessed that he had never known such rents made in the law of nations as by his flag and our own in these Sicilian affairs.'—vol. i. p. 46.

† For this destruction Prince Satriano gives a reason that apparently had not suggested itself to Lord Palmerston, and which we cannot be surprised was not suggested by the English agents in the country who took so *personal* an interest in this partisan warfare. 'In order to reach the gates I was obliged to extend the wings and advance across gardens, surrounded by walls, interspersed with rural buildings, country-houses, and other edifices, of which some—for example, the convent of the Madeleine—were furnished in a formidable manner with men and every means of defence. In order to dislodge the rebels and to occupy in succession this long suite of houses, which form an exterior dependence of Messina on the southern side, I had to employ all the means which are in these days rendered necessary by the war of the barricades, and to work in the same manner as was done at Paris, at Vienna, and elsewhere, and as always will be done whenever anarchists constrain peaceable citizens so far as to oblige them to open loopholes in the walls of their houses, to furnish their windows with mattresses,

ing as they went.' It is much to be regretted that Lord Palmerston should have thus given fresh currency to convicted calumnies, and re-embittered a quarrel in which he had throughout been the aggressor. How different was the temperate statement of Prince Satriano made some few days later in the Neapolitan Chamber of Peers! In Lord Palmerston's account all the mischief inseparable from a state of warfare is charged on the royal troops—no allusion is made to the monstrous cruelties perpetrated by the Messinese against their Swiss and Neapolitan prisoners—nor to the barbarous stratagem of a sham surrender, by which these mean and faithless dastards enticed a Neapolitan regiment on to a mine which was sprung beneath them; while every allegation that can throw odium on the royal cause is reproduced, and expanded and embellished with every artifice of malignant rhetoric—and the devastation of the suburb (a necessary operation) and the injury of the town (which injury Prince Satriano proves to have been caused rather by the reckless and perfidious gunnery\* of

and allow their attics to be occupied, whence, in fact, many shots were fired by placing the muzzle of the musket between the tiles. Under a shower of balls we attacked and entered one house after another. The barricades erected across the streets and in the suburbs of Messina were not only provided with a deep fosse, but also with a numerous artillery. . . . The Neapolitan soldiers were exposed in their progress to the fire of an invisible enemy from each house, whence they ended by dislodging the former in spite of the explosion of several mines prepared upon their passage, and which caused destruction in their ranks.' He proceeds to describe the panic and horror which his troops experienced in beholding the bodies of their comrades, murdered on the preceding day, naked and horribly mutilated, which revolting details we willingly omit:—'My soldiers, on the contrary, preserved the lives of those who, wounded or not, surrendered at discretion; and many of the citizens sought the citadel for protection, which they always received. I know,' proceeds the Prince, 'that the journals throughout Europe have proclaimed the contrary of what I have just declared as a homage due to truth. I know that their impudence (this speech was made before the report of the debates on the address had reached Naples) has even gone to the extent of accusing the Neapolitans of the excesses perpetrated by the cannibals who in these mournful scenes have outraged the honour of the Sicilian name.' We cannot make any further extracts from this important document—we recommend it to the attention of our readers, who will find in it a direct confutation of the accusations vociferated by the Foreign Secretary, and—we blush to add—inserted by the Cabinet into her Majesty's speech to her Parliament.

\* This same fact is mentioned by Mr. Mac Farlane as notorious before it was asserted by the Prince Satriano in his manly and measured explanation. This explanation is too important to be omitted. Prince Satriano's speech will be found in *The Times* newspaper of Feb. 21. After giv-

the assailants themselves than by the operations of the royal force) are charged as outrages which imperiously demanded the interference of the sensitive allies.

It was in the name of *humanity*, then, that the admirals interfered. This cant of humanity, so familiar to those whose policy is most opposed to its dictates, is ever employed to interpose obstacles when rebellion is to be suppressed and law vindicated. In the name of humanity the admirals permit the bombardment of Messina, but interpose to prevent the submission and peace that must otherwise have inevitably followed. Their delicate feelings of humanity were not excited when Calabria was invaded by the Sicilians—nor when Neapolitan soldiers were roasted alive in the streets of Messina: their nerves could endure the massacre of the government officials at Palermo, though this was conducted with every circumstance of inventive cruelty: such scenes could be borne; the latent sparks of humanity were kindled only when the King of Naples was successful in reducing a rebellious city to obedience. Perhaps many of our readers may not be aware that the Prince of Satriano, the general to whose charge this expedition was confided, is an honourable and able man, of well-known *liberal* principles, educated in the camp of Murat, and who served with distinction in the Russian campaign with the armies of France. Indignant at the aspersions which were cast on his own conduct and that of the troops he commanded, he fearlessly appeals to Captain Robb, R.N., who was on

ing a detailed account of his disembarkation he goes on to state, 'During the first day of my operations, the movements executed were in no way connected with the town, and could in no degree justify the terrible fire which the Palermitan batteries opened upon the citadel, with the view of exterminating the garrison, who on their side could not but return it with the vigour which the sentiment of self-defence joined to the fulfilment of military duty awakens in every soldier. It is sufficient to see where and how the batteries of the rebels were situated, in order to be convinced that their own fire quite as much as the fire of their opponents must have produced the disastrous ruin which Messina still deplores. But to whom the blame? To the *Palermitans* alone; for if, in directing the erection of these works, they had only had in view the capture of the citadel of Messina without destroying the town, they would have cut an entrenchment in the country to the south of the place, and approached by regular works. . . . If the besiegers had operated with this regularity the defenders of the citadel could not have hoped for an instant to hold out during the six months which passed without any result, from the iniquitous manner of conducting the operations adopted by the aggressors, with the double aim of mining Messina [we beg the reader's attention to this] and of destroying lives without the remotest hopes of making themselves masters of the citadel.'

the spot, for a testimony in his favour; and that officer affords it with the cordiality and good feeling with which one brave man would hasten to justify another.\* The exigencies of war must always be looked on with pain and sorrow from the closet; and the hardest task of the soldier is the calmness with which he must learn to endure the sight of that which his humanity condemns. Admiral Baudin has probably had small experience of naval warfare; but to Sir W. Parker the sad necessity of a bombardment could hardly be a new idea; a gallant relation of his own acquitted himself with zeal and spirit in a similar undertaking—an enterprise, we admit, of urgent expediency, though not so obviously reducible within the strictest laws of international justice. The English admiral, we must presume, had received his instructions—he would never have acted as he did on his own authority.† His instructions, no doubt, obliged him to obey the orders of the French com-

\* 'If on returning to your country,' says the Prince, in addressing Captain Robb, in a letter dated Naples, Feb. 4, 1849, 'you should be questioned on what passed at Messina by the troops under my orders, I rely on your honour and your loyalty to report that which you have so often said personally to me, namely, that you have had every reason to be satisfied in my intercourse with you, and with the discipline which prevailed among the troops which the King had confided to my command. . . . There are rules to be respected among civilised nations, and by which useless cruelties are not permitted. Those rules have certainly not been violated by my troops, notwithstanding that the town was taken by assault, after an obstinate defence by barricades and mines, as you well know, and consequently I do not doubt that, in case it should be demanded of you, you will on this subject render me full justice.'

To this appeal Captain Robb replies—'In all the relations in which his Excellency has been engaged with Captain Robb, with regard to the affairs of Sicily, he can give the strongest assurances of his having pursued the most implicit good faith, and will at all times feel great pleasure, both in England and elsewhere, in bearing testimony to this fact.'

† The Sicilian rebels applied for arms to England; the contractor whom they employed addressed himself to the Ordnance Office, but was refused by the Master-General unless he could procure the sanction of the Foreign Secretary. That noble Lord at once issued the required order—and then the arms were supplied. So decidedly hostile a step did not fail to startle the rest of the Cabinet, and an explanation was forwarded to Naples that the rebels had been supplied with arms from the royal arsenals of England by '*inadvertence*.' Such an explanation must be accepted by the King of Naples, who has endured still worse injuries; but we are rather astonished, we confess, that such an excuse should be pleaded to the British public in the Houses of Parliament. Where, we would presume to ask, did the inadvertence lie? Was the Foreign Secretary not aware of what use was to be made of the arms, or did he give the order to Her Majesty's storekeepers without understanding its import?

mander, as Lord Napier was probably instructed to shape his conduct in accordance with the directions of M. de Rayneval. This is the only explanation which conciliates the contradictory statements of our Ministers. Lord Palmerston tells us that the *two* admirals, shocked and astonished at the bloodshed which followed the encounter of the hostile armies, resolved to interpose their authority. Lord John Russell—who is obviously, like the rest of the Cabinet, but partially initiated into the secrets of the Foreign Office—informs us in the same debate that 'the *French admiral* determined to interfere.' 'Shocked at the desolation of Sicily and the capture of Messina, he *determined to take upon himself to put a stop* to the farther progress of such a horrible warfare. After he had so determined, he communicated with Sir W. Parker.' This officer, though embarrassed by the proposal, taking all the circumstances of the case into consideration, and, above all, that 'the *French admiral* was about to act, and that it was important at this juncture that the *two nations should act in concert*, his determination was to give similar orders to those which had been given by the French admiral.' This, we have little doubt, is the truth. The French admiral resolved to interfere when he found the royal cause had triumphed, and to prevent the pacification of the island that would have followed that event. He no doubt expected another issue, and the defeat of the royal forces would have served his purpose better than the check he gave to them afterwards; but the untoward result of the battle must be repaired, and he issued his orders accordingly. This supposition is not very flattering to our national pride,—but it alone, as we apprehend, can make matters at all intelligible.

Ministers of the Crown in both Houses of Parliament have not hesitated to justify the Sicilian rebellion, and to maintain our right of interference on the score both of former protection and of the alleged misgovernment of the King, which Lord Palmerston calls 'the right divine to govern wrong;' and at the moment they profess a desire to maintain the union of the two Sicilian crowns\* they sanction the rebellion, and advise the Queen to deny King

\* It is remarkable that this alteration in the style of the King of the Sicilies was warmly opposed by the Austrian cabinet. The Chevalier di Medici, the Neapolitan minister, anxious to imitate the French system of centralisation had proposed this complete fusion of the crowns, which Austria protested against as mortifying to the feelings of the Sicilians—an objection which has been proved but too just.

Ferdinand his legal title. We are glad to learn from subsequent discussions in parliament that this is also an error of *inadvertency*;—our relations with Naples are conducted with marvellous inattention, it must be confessed;—we should have thought, however, that in the speech with which her Majesty greets her high court of parliament, her ministers would have taken care that no faults of neglect or inadvertence should appear. Yet, offensive as the omission appears both to the King and to his Neapolitan subjects, we think it infinitely less insulting than the justification offered by Lord Palmerston, who rates the claims of the King of Naples to the allegiance of his Sicilian subjects no higher than those which used to be asserted by our princes to the title of King of France as part of their former style.\* He cannot pretend to have forgotten that that title of the English sovereigns was retained in compliance only with ancient custom, in memory of past victories, and that it was neither recognised by the rest of Europe nor even desired to be so, while the title of King of the Two Sicilies, assumed by a prince in close alliance with ourselves, is confirmed in an article of the treaty of Vienna (which we presume *our* ministers do not intend to repudiate), and has been acknowledged by every potentate in Europe. Whatever the claims of the Sicilians may be on our protection, our ministers cannot pretend that they extend to any advantages not secured by the Constitution of 1812;† nor can they deny that the King, through the medium of the English negotiator, made a formal offer to

the Sicilians of everything contained in that charter, nay, with even some additional concessions—and that these offers of the King were contemptuously rejected by the Sicilians.\* Surely all pretence for interference was now at an end. These facts are notorious, and require no confirmation from the ‘documents’† so long withheld. It is obvious that all claim to British protection had now been forfeited by the insurgent Sicilians. Yet it was *now* that they were more openly favoured—that arms were supplied to them from the royal stores, and their independence formally acknowledged by the British admiral. No cause is said to be so hopeless as that in which the accused himself undertakes the defence. By these irrevocable admissions and these unsustainable reasonings, the Ministers have made themselves responsible for all the damage committed during the civil war, and for every life that was lost.

The correspondence that ensued between the Neapolitan Ministers and the English authorities at Naples has long been before the public. For the tone of such documents, we presume, the writers are responsible; and of those on the English side we will venture to affirm that never, even during the dictation of Buonaparte on the continent, was there presented a more arrogant assumption of superiority—a more barefaced assertion of the right of the strongest. The remonstrances of Prince Cariat and Prince Satriano are polite and measured, while they are answered in a tone of recriminative insolence and undisguised hostility. And, after all, what is the result of this? It is but a sample of our present diplomacy, and so is its fate. Our foreign policy in

\* This argument, however, has not the merit of originality; it will be found in a scurrilous pamphlet published in Paris by Messrs. Bonacorsi and Lumia for the purpose of traducing the nation whose foreign policy Lord Palmerston directs:—‘D’ailleurs, les titres sous lesquels les rois se font reconnaître dans le langage officiel sont de pures formalités diplomatiques qui n’ont rien de commun avec leurs situations particulières vis-à-vis de leurs sujets. Pendant plusieurs siècles les Rois d’Angleterre se sont appelés Rois de France; le Roi de Sardaigne est encore aujourd’hui Roi de Chypre et de Jérusalem. Ce sont là des royaumes in *partibus* dont le titre ne confère aucun droit réel.’

† This constitution, enforced, rather than supported, by the zeal of Lord William Bentinck during his administration of the affairs of Sicily, it is not even pretended was *guaranteed* by the English government. The paragraph in the memorandum, drawn up by the minister on the evacuation of the British troops, after disclaiming all right and title to dictate, is as follows:—‘La Grande-Bretagne n’a jamais voulu imposer une telle condition (the adoption of the constitution) à la Sicile; comme l’amie et l’alliée de la nation Sicilienne, son devoir consistait simplement à *secondar l’adoption* de la partie de la constitution,’ &c.

\* ‘It is too late (*è troppo tardi*). It was with these words that Lord Minto was answered in the month of March, 1848, when he went to Palermo to offer the leaders of the movement the concessions of which my august sovereign had been so liberal towards Sicily.’—*Speech of Prince Satriano*.

† The English public will learn the value of these ‘documents,’ which conceal the truth instead of throwing light upon it, by the debate in the House of Lords on the 22d of March, 1849. It would seem that a dexterous minister can give what colour he pleases to any transaction by garbling, withholding, or altogether suppressing any part of the correspondence. This is by no means the first time such a charge has been preferred against the present government; but in the case to which Lord Aberdeen alluded in his unanswerable indictment of our foreign policy, the *suppressio veri* was the more unpardonable, since it left a heavy accusation against an allied power unanswered—and it was, moreover, a gratuitous meanness, since the communication was voluntary, the documents not having been demanded. This wanton act of hostility had a great effect in encouraging the audacity of the insurgents in Italy.

every part of the world is doomed alike to failure. The extravagant terms proposed to the King of Naples, which could have no other result than perpetuating civil contest, will not be insisted on. Bullies are seldom obstinate: the French Government is said to have given way, and the King of Naples may have found allies who will not brook the dictation of our Foreign Secretary. The charter of 1812 has again been offered by the crown to the Sicilian insurgents, and for the sake of both parties we trust they will reject it. That charter, which neither secures the liberty of the subject nor the dignity of the crown, was first conceived during the existence of a powerful landed aristocracy, the strength of which being destroyed by the subsequent abolition of the feudal tenures, the attempt to restore it now can only perpetuate a war of classes, between whom the charter does not secure to the crown sufficient power to mediate. But whatever were the demerits of this constitution, it was abrogated by the Sicilians themselves, who, in 1820, took an oath to maintain the Spanish constitution adopted at Naples at the same time. We cannot conceive why an English minister should be so zealous to support a charter, not one of whose provisions, we are very sure, would find approval with any party in the House of Commons; and still less can we understand the conduct of the French negotiator in supporting a monarchical constitution, which has been abolished, we are told, by the unanimous desire of that great and enlightened people.

Mr. Mac Farlane proceeds from Naples to Ancona, and from thence to Rome and Florence; wherever he goes, at every halting-place we have the same accounts of riotous national guards and political clubs, with the same boisterous professions of universal liberty, and the same assertion of practical tyranny which permits no difference of sentiment from the dominant faction. At every turn the same complaints assail us: neglected agriculture, stagnant industry, general misery,—the same repinings of the rich and industrious at the duration of a state of things which, however, they will not, or dare not, make any exertion to correct. When he arrives at Rome, he finds the Pope still nominally at the head of Government, but, in fact, a prisoner in the Quirinal palace—a mere puppet in the hands of the ungrateful demagogues he had called to power—and deprived of every vestige of that popularity for which he had bartered his crown, his honour, and his order. The monuments of Rome,—its gorgeous churches, its ruined temples, its tri-

umphal columns, its rich galleries, he found indeed; but how changed! Neglected, forlorn, and squalid with dirt:—the keepers dare not reprove the violence of the gross and mischievous visitors who alone frequent them. The commerce of the town is gone: the very children are vapouring about the streets with swords and cross-belts; nothing of former Rome remains but its sturdy beggars, its inveterate and mischievous idleness. That priestly decorum, which at least deprived vice of one of its worst concomitants—the influence of example—has everywhere given way. The shops are filled with blasphemous and licentious publications (vol. ii. p. 29), and modesty is offended by the revolting exhibitions of the public theatres (p. 36). The Jesuits' College, once the habitation of quiet, learning, and science, now desecrated; its ample halls, its rich museums, and invaluable library degraded into the 'prostitutum' of drunken soldiers and their profligate associates, and its roofs ringing with ribald merriment, disturbing the slumbers and shocking the ear of decency. (vol. ii. p. 23.)

Our readers, we feel sure, will thank us for transcribing our author's description of the unhappy Pope, as he saw him step into his carriage (in August, 1848), and hurry unhonoured and cheerless in his progress to church. Those even who regard this Pontiff as the architect of his own misfortunes, will feel all other sentiments absorbed in commiseration:—

'In a few seconds Pius IX. came slowly out of the palace, in the midst of a number of prelates, who hung close around him. On the upper step he raised his hand in sign of the usual benediction; but few indeed were those on whom the blessing fell. One of the old women knelt down, and presented a petition; this occasioned a brief stop, and the stopping caused an evident alarm among those who were in the rear or inside the hall. One of the secretaries took the paper, and the Pope made almost a rush into the carriage; the secretary and two other gentlemen got in after him, and presently and in mournful silence the procession slowly moved across the square; his Holiness being preceded by three carriages and followed by a like number. \* \* \* There was hardly a soul in the Piazza, which, a few months before, used to be crowded from morning till night by people eager to see the Pope, and to shout "Viva Pio Nono!" wherever he appeared. There was now no "Viva!"—none said "God bless him!" Of the few present some sneered, the rest showed the most complete indifference—all but one old man, whose eyes moistened and lips quivered; he would have said *Viva*, but dared not do it.'

The carriages proceed with unusual haste, and, instead of the kneeling crowds implor-

ing a benediction, between whose ranks the popes were wont to thread their passage, few of the spectators had even the grace to touch their hats as this fallen god of popular idolatry appeared amidst his sad and timid attendants.

The belief very generally received, that Cardinal Mastai was mainly indebted to Count Rossi, the French ambassador, for his elevation to the papedom, is erroneous. His election was due to more obvious causes. He was favourably known in Rome by his episcopal virtues, by his amiable and charitable character. He was a native of the Roman States (a necessary condition), his family were known to belong to the *liberal party*,—it was a noble family, and therefore its liberalism carried double weight; but above all, the Sacred College was in haste to name a sovereign. At all times indeed the *interregnum* is a period of difficulty and danger; but now it was well known that a plot had existed, which would not have been delayed had the existence of Gregory been prolonged, and which was destined to effect a revolution in Rome itself. It was consequently most urgent to accelerate the proceedings of the Conclave, and it was moreover of the utmost importance that the choice of the cardinals should fall on a popular candidate. Cardinal Lambruschini, the Secretary of State, might, under ordinary circumstances, have been elected, but he was peculiarly obnoxious to the liberal party; his straightforward and highly honourable character had nothing in common with the Italian republican, while the clearness of his views, his thorough knowledge of the country, and the firmness of his temperament were well understood by those who could only hope to profit by the ignorance and weakness of a new sovereign. Under these favouring circumstances the hasty election of Cardinal Mastai took place.

It is also believed, and with more truth, that his first projects of reform were concerted with the French ambassador; it is certain, however, that cautious minister soon perceived the dangers of too rapid an advance in this direction, while the incompetence of the Pope could not have escaped his penetration, nor the alarming tendency of his uncontrollable thirst for popularity. Well acquainted with the schemes of the liberal party, and familiar with the characters of its unprincipled chiefs, he could not recommend the indiscriminate amnesty, the formation of the national guard, nor the convocation of a 'consulta' of laymen. It was and still is believed that he cautioned the Pope in secret against granting these con-

cessions—and this belief it was which cost him his life.\* We read some few days ago a paragraph in the '*Pensiero*,' a newspaper of Florence, which boasted of the existence of a wide-spreading society for the purpose of assassinating the enemies of the people. 'Let the murderers,' it concluded, 'of the virtuous Blum be assured, that the poignard of the patriots shall reach their hearts and avenge the blood of the martyr.'

It was when the revolution had already proceeded to dangerous lengths, and all the friends of order exhibited grave alarm—it was at the very moment when the liberal but experienced Rossi was urging caution, that the English government, or rather perhaps we should say the Foreign Secretary, openly espoused the cause of the Italian Republicans, recommended a further concession to popular demands, and despatched a cabinet-minister, the father-in-law of the Premier, to encourage the zeal of the faltering, and to assure the more resolute malcontents of the sympathy and good wishes of England. No other circumstance at this moment favoured the republican cause—the power of Austria seemed firmer than ever—the good understanding between that court and the French government was notorious; but for the interference of England the schemes of the anarchists must have been baffled, or at least delayed. The uncalled-for publication of Prince Metternich's despatch† (dated Vienna, August 2, 1847;

\* The nomination of this unfortunate man to the office of French ambassador at Rome is an inexplicable act of imprudence in the cabinet which M. Guizot directed, but which the King himself superintended. Though undoubtedly an able man, his whole career had proved him an ambitious and unscrupulous one. A personal friend of M. Guizot, his advancement was natural, but surely some more fitting employment could have been found—some situation that did not exact a degree of forbearance and discretion all but superhuman. As a Roman exile, his presence in that capital as French ambassador was an insult to the sovereign Pontiff; as a reformed *Carbonaro*, his elevation was a perpetual excitement to the ambition of the party he had deserted; while his person was odious to his former associates on account of his apostacy, and contemptible to the public on the same account.

† The debate before alluded to on our foreign policy throws light on this mysterious transaction. We cannot but suspect, however, that the public is not yet possessed of all the circumstances of the case. The temperate and dignified reply of Prince Metternich (bearing the date of Vienna, Sept. 27, 1847) to the menacing and hostile communication of Lord Palmerston was suppressed for six months, and only produced on the motion of Lord Brougham, who, it is to be supposed, was aware of this disingenuous concealment. The remonstrance or rather *threat* of Lord Palmerston (dated September 11, 1847) was founded upon the supposed ambitious designs of the Austrian cabinet against the independence of the Roman and



Lord Palmerston's reply is dated Aug. 12 :—the suppression of a part of the correspondence was not then suspected), and the hostility with which the cabinet of London seemed to regard the Austrian ministry, revived all their hopes, and certainly might be interpreted as a pledge of support. The revolutionary spirit which has existed in Italy during the whole of the present century, and which was checked by the dread of Austria alone, now broke forth with unqualified violence, and it is not improbable that it may not have been altogether without influence even on the destinies of France. The relaxation of the Austrian police after the events of March was the signal for revolt. The plan of the republicans was to drive the Austrians from Italy by the Piedmontese armies, assisted by such levies as Naples, Rome, and Tuscany could furnish, and when the 'foreign enemy' was removed, to dethrone the princes by whose means he had been vanquished. The loyalty and good discipline of one army defeated this scheme in southern Italy, and the united fleet of the French and English had the mortification of seeing the King of the Two Sicilies triumph in spite of their formidable presence : the valour and skill of the Austrians achieved a triumph yet more signal ; but the King of Sardinia, strong in the support of his ultra-montane allies, having incurred the risks of war, was saved from the penalty of defeat. Surely the protection thus once afforded is sufficient—it is not to be extended to all the future operations of this weak though artful prince ! The contingents from Rome and Florence that joined the crusade covered themselves with shame by the contrast between their boastful language and their pusillanimous conduct, and the senates that supported them shared their disgrace ; but deeming themselves safe under the wing of France and her obedient ally, they continued to

Sardinian states. A report had been eagerly circulated (and apparently had been credited in our Foreign Office) that an application had been made by Austria to the King of Sardinia for permission to garrison the fortresses of Novi and Alexandria—a proposal which had been indignantly rejected by that high-spirited monarch. *No such demand was ever made*, and a formal contradiction of the report was procured from the Sardinian envoy at an Italian court. A full justification of their conduct was therefore in the power of the Austrian ministers. We should conclude from some unaccountable motive that they had declined availing themselves of it, if the disingenuous practices of our Foreign Office did not expose it to every suspicion. We would willingly learn from the noble Secretary himself that he was ignorant, when he made a certain speech, of the existence of this very important despatch.

clamour for war and menace the Austrians with a new invasion by their chicken-hearted legions : for them we feel pity only or contempt : our indignation is reserved for their allies and supporters in the Socialist club-rooms of Paris and in the cabinet of Queen Victoria. It is this feverish state of excitement, however, or rather of intoxication, which the press sustains and orators encourage, and which will not be calmed till foreign protection shall have been wholly withdrawn, and clear proof given that aggressors are to be made responsible for their temerity.

In spite of appearances we long persisted in disbelieving that the King of Sardinia would insist on again marching against Austria. The hopes once held out to him by his allies and advisers we felt sure could no longer deceive him—he could no longer expect to share in the spoils of the vanquished Imperialists. He had, however, become a desperate man, and must have recourse to desperate measures. We think it very probable that he has been influenced by the expectation of *deriving protection from his defeat and the military occupation of his country*. By whatever motive he may have been impelled to pursue this dangerous policy, the incautious allies who had not exerted themselves effectually to check his presumption are alone responsible for the inevitable results, since their fallacious protection has protracted the termination of the quarrel. The recall of Mr. Abercrombie, the English envoy at the court of Turin, has been recommended through the organs of public opinion as an earnest for our sincerity in the condemnation of the King of Sardinia—the same proceeding has been more legally and more constitutionally advocated by hereditary counsellors of the Crown in their own House of Assembly. We have little expectation that this prudent course will be pursued, but if it should, we feel certain that the interests of Sardinia would be more materially served than those even of Britain have been by Mr. Abercrombie's diplomacy. His correspondence with the Piedmontese cabinet is before the public, and our readers will agree with us that they have rarely seen a tissue of feebleness or more Jesuitical arguments, falser reasoning, or more ruinous advice. The conduct of England was more inexcusable than that of France, and its interference has been attended with worse results. But for this interference it is certain that the treaty of peace would have been signed within three days after the capitulation of Milan, and we presume it is in the abused name of *humanity* that this prolonged state of anxiety and

final warfare is to be justified. The King of Sardinia has denounced the armistice in a document unique in form, and remarkable for its falsehood even in Italian diplomacy! The alleged complaints against Austria are summed up in the single allegation that the Emperor's victorious troops did not evacuate his own dominions, and that he still presumes to exercise acts of sovereignty within them.\* We know not what the personal qualities of the Polish general may be, but never did any general take the field under a less favourable aspect. The troops dispirited by defeat, and burning with indignation against their Lombard allies, who starved, deserted, and betrayed them, are the tools, and they know themselves to be so, of the Jacobin clubs who urge on the war—of men who desire the destruction of the army whose fidelity they dread, and who have nothing themselves to lose in the ruin of their country, but who, equally without scruples of honour and humanity, push on the army to a danger they are not to face. The success or defeat of the royal army would equally throw the power into the hands of the Red Republicans—a result justly regarded with horror by all lovers of order, and greatly feared by France herself, now beginning to resettle into a state of repose. The only thing that could prevent this would be a military occupation by Austria;—this of course would be viewed with jealousy at Paris;—but Louis Napoleon and his Ministers must be quite aware that a French march into Italy would be the signal for a treaty of alliance between Russia and Austria, which would place 300,000 men at the disposal of the latter, backed by the vast resources of her potent ally. Such is the dilemma in which the humane and pacific policy of our government has placed our allies, and indeed the continent of Europe. With regard, however, to the King of Sardinia—of him we entertain a very different opinion from that expressed by Mr. Mac Farlane—we cannot, like our author, shut our eyes to the many and glaring inconsistencies of his career†—but we

cheerfully acquit him of treachery to the Italians of 1848; his treachery was towards his allies—towards that power to whom he owed the forgiveness of his offended relation and sovereign and his own succession to the throne. *On the very morning on which his army crossed the Lombard frontier in 1848*, he assured the Austrian envoy at Turin of his pacific intentions, and renewed the often repeated protestations of loyalty and friendship. He hoped by these acts of perfidy, to extend his dominions at the expense of his former protector, and to engage the attention of his turbulent subjects; his calculation failed; he added to his former unpopularity, not because his aggression was unjust, but because it was unsuccessful. Is it reasonable, we would ask, that intermeddling diplomacy should seek to shield him from the penalty of his fault, and to secure to him even those advantages which his arms could not procure? The 'philosophic historian' has dwelt at length on the evils that ambition and vanity in princes have entailed on the people. In the present case 'the people' are more to blame than the prince, and should not be exempted from the penalty of their fault. If the well-disposed majority have submitted to the dictation of an interested minority, their timidity has exposed them to the same punishment. By whom should the expenses of this unjust war be borne—by the party who suffered the wrong, or by that which inflicted it! We have Lord Palmerston's assurance (and we cannot doubt it) that the remonstrances of the English cabinet were conveyed to this Prince through the proper medium; but had they been as forcible as those addressed to the cabinet of Vienna, we feel sure he durst never have disdained them.\* However, feeble as the language must have been, the protest, we are told, was made—he chose to incur the risk—he would play out his desperate game.

Mr. Mac Farlane (vol. ii. p. 275) at-

\* The best confutation of this calumnious document would be the republication of the capitulation of Milan, which contradicts each statement of the Sardinian ministers.

† We alluded in a former article to some earlier chapters of his history; but we ought not to have omitted his conduct in 1830. After the French Revolution of 'the three glorious days,' Turin was the chosen retreat of the advocates and victims of legitimacy; the King of Sardinia was the champion of that cause; he sought to arm all Europe in crusade in its defence, and he taxed the cabinet of Vienna with coldness and indifference for resisting his ardent knight-errantry; and the

causes of Don Carlos in Spain and of Don Miguel in Portugal found in his friendship and in his purse their only gleams of hope.

\* It has been asserted that these remonstrances were public, and formal merely, while secret encouragement was given in private by British agents to the King's aggressive policy. We do not believe any English minister capable of such duplicity; but we cannot be surprised that persons acquainted with Italy should assign any motive to the noble secretary's conduct, rather than believe in that ignorance in which he really was—an ignorance such that he actually conceived the possibility of establishing a powerful monarchy in the north of Italy, of which Charles Albert was to be the king!

tempts some excuse for certain military blunders of that unlucky campaign, which can only be explained by the King's incapacity and that of his generals. The utterly abject condition to which his army was reduced, however, is to be attributed to the hostility of the Lombard peasantry and the treachery of the governing junta at Milan, or rather perhaps of the political clubs under whose dictation it acted. Nothing was dreaded so much by the republicans as the victory of the King of Sardinia. Against Austria they deemed themselves secure in the support of their ultra-montane allies, but the monarchy of Charles Albert and the supremacy of Turin would be a worse and more galling servitude than that from which they had just escaped. The Lombards, for whose advantage the invasion was made, refused every sacrifice of purse or person, and the Piedmontese army, commanded by incompetent chiefs, and abandoned, if not betrayed, by its allies, had no resource but in the mercy of Marshal Radetzky. The forbearance with which this veteran commander conducted himself is denied by no one: had revenge been his object, the Milanese themselves afforded him an ample opportunity for its gratification. It was stipulated that the Piedmontese troops should quit the Imperial dominions, that the fortress of Peschiera should be restored and the garrison retire with the honours of war; it was further provided that the Sardinian fleet should leave the Adriatic, and all assistance be withdrawn from the Emperor's rebellious subjects. How, we ask, was this treaty fulfilled, and how was the 'octogenarian chief' rewarded for his forbearance? The Piedmontese commandant at Peschiera refused to recognise the validity of the armistice, and did not surrender the fortress till he had exposed it to a bombardment; no punishment followed this flagrant breach of martial law; the military stores, indeed, were seized and retained till the other conditions of the capitulation had been fulfilled—no unnecessary precaution, we think, nor very severe retaliation for the breach of treaty. Again—it was a full month before the Sardinian admiral (Albini) gave a semblance even of obedience to the orders of his sovereign; during the whole of that period he continued to cruise between Venice and Trieste, giving all possible annoyance to the Imperial fleet; and when at length he did retire, it was only to Ancona, from whence he speedily returned to the Venetian seas, entering the harbour when he pleases, crippling the trade of Trieste, supplying the rebels with provisions and ammunition, and, in short, in

defiance of the stipulated terms of the capitulation, committing every act of open hostility. It is such acts that the English cabinet would seem to have supported, and it is against such acts that we raise our protest.

We have endeavoured on several occasions to exhibit the system of Austrian policy, both foreign and domestic, as it really existed, and not as it appeared through the distorted medium of prejudice and political animosity. It is no wonder that the charges of mismanagement and tyranny were for ever re-produced, since the Austrians never condescended to any formal justification of themselves, nor have ever courted popularity by hiring venal authors to proclaim their praises. We are sorry, however, to see those accusations renewed from a quarter where we might have expected something like sound information. Mr. R. M. Milnes, it is true, has not resided in Italy since he was very young, but he might fairly be supposed to have retained friends and correspondents there; and, consulting his own taste and temper, it could hardly be doubted that among these there would be men not utterly rabid in their hostility to Austria. We own, when Mr. Milnes announced a letter to Lord Lansdowne on the Italian politics of 1848, we certainly did expect something more than a mere repetition of disproved liberal libels, with no feature of novelty except the placid good-humoured elegance of diction, interspersed with a few compliments (which would not surprise Mr. Carlyle) on the personal qualities of Prince Metternich. We cannot flatter Mr. Milnes on having selected his moment happily for the publication of his pamphlet, nor can we think Lord Lansdowne would be greatly pleased in seeing his name placed in connexion with it at such a critical period. We do not propose any minute dissection of this opusculum:—we will content ourselves with observing that Mr. Milnes, in censuring the Austrian system of government, makes a distinction between the tenure by which the Milanese Duchy belonged to the Imperial Crown before the revolutionary wars and after that period. We know of no other difference, excepting that before the French occupation the government and the people governed conducted their relations on a happier principle of mutual good will. There is not the slightest ground for his supposition that Buonaparte ever contemplated the separation of the kingdom of Italy from the French Empire. The future independence of the kingdom of Italy could hardly have been intended by the sovereign who, in addition to the whole

of Piedmont, had declared the states of Rome and Tuscany integral parts of the French Empire, dividing them into departments, and governing them in all respects like the provinces of France. Neither is he more correct when he represents the press as less free under the Austrian rule than under that of the French—never, we believe, on the contrary, was the press so trammelled by restrictions, so controlled by fear, as during the existence of the French police. He is equally in error when he represents the state of social freedom to have been greater during French usurpation. Never, we will affirm, was domestic tyranny carried to a greater minuteness of persecution than under the despotism of Buonaparte. It is true that he received a more ready, more apparently cheerful obedience—but under what penalty? The laws were warped to bear hard on the ill-wishers of France when they had occasion to claim their protection—the conscriptions fell heavy on their families—soldiers were billeted on their property, and in some cases received hints that the rules of the strictest discipline would not be enforced for the protection of ill-disposed citizens. It must be remembered, also, that the slightest inattention to the rigorous etiquettes of society was construed into an act of rebellion. To neglect the Viceroy's levée was deemed an unpardonable assumption of independence; and a shabby toilette at the Vice-regal drawing-room was a proof of family disaffection. In such particulars the Austrians disdain to interfere. Even Mr. Milnes admits that no material injustice existed: the code of laws differed little from that which existed under the French, and their ecclesiastical policy was wiser and better than that of any other Roman Catholic State. The nobles, he indeed affirms, were excluded from the pursuits of intellectual labour and honest ambition. This we do not understand: we do not see how their intellects were confined; and if they would not engage in any public career (which Mr. Milnes asserts) we cannot discover how their ambition could be gratified. Had they done so their *nation* would have been in their favour, as it is notorious how anxious the government had ever shown itself to allure the Italians of birth and consideration into the public service. We would ask this gentleman, since he boasts his knowledge of the country, do the Tuscans, the Romans, or the Genoese, tread these intellectual roads to fame, or do they seek to gratify their ambition by the toilsome paths of business? No one, we think, will affirm that they do; and we can assure Mr. Milnes and our general readers

that there is not a society in Italy more indolent than the Milanese—more dissolute, or less likely to seek distinction 'by intellectual labour and honest ambition.'

The justification of the Austrian policy in Italy may be found in the events of the last year—in the outrages to which the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany were exposed, and in the flight of those unfortunate princes. We do not know what were the 'grave results' that Lord Palmerston apprehended should Austria have interfered in the preservation of peace in Italy; but the results of withholding that interference are before him, and may be judged by all. We would fearlessly appeal to any impartial witness—nay, to the noble Lord himself;—we would ask, does he in conscience believe that the present state of anarchy would have existed in Italy but for the interference of France and England? Does he not believe, on the contrary, that the actual state of that country, bad as it is, would become infinitely worse, but for the dread that Austrian influence may, after all, be permitted to revive?—and, further, will he attempt to maintain that those evils would not speedily disappear before the re-assertion of that influence?

The question of intervention is one of the most delicate in modern diplomacy. It has been treated by the distinguished statesmen of most countries. 'Non-intervention is the rule—but I never said that it was a rule without exception; and the exception is to be found when the safety of the state is likely to be affected by the conduct of a neighbouring state, and in that case, on the general principle of self-preservation, the right of interference must exist.' Such was the language of one whose memory, we presume, Mr. Milnes at present venerates—the late Lord Grey:—such (which is more to our purpose) was ever the doctrine of Lord Castlereagh, and his friend and successor Lord Aberdeen—such and no other, we are sure, would be the language of Prince Metternich—such, most certainly, was the rule observed by the cabinet over which he so long presided. The code of the statesmen we have just quoted would forbid, as we understand it, all intervention for the propagation of certain theories of government; it would condemn the supposed principles of the Holy Alliance; it is as expressly opposed to the sort of interference which France and England have of late been exercising in the affairs of Italy, while the Austrian interposition in the same country is equally justified by it. But the right to do so is not bounded by the self-evident danger that menaces the Imperial

states. As the seat of Roman Catholic supremacy the Emperor of Austria has a direct right of interference in the affairs of Rome—and it is to him, as the first Catholic sovereign, that the Pope should look for succour. In the affairs of Tuscany his interest is more evident and incontestable, since the reversion of that duchy was settled by a public act of the States of Assembled Europe on his family, and it meantime was actually governed by a cadet of his house. But it is idle in the present case to discuss the right of intervention: the Governments of Rome and Tuscany have made war on Austria—have invaded her dominions, and are even at this moment in a state of open defiance—a state in which all the ordinary laws of civilized nations are suspended—and the duty of a war of extermination is openly preached from the senate, the rostrum, and even the pulpit.

The state of that beautiful country is heart-rending—and not the less so that we are obliged to condemn the weakness and timidity of the indolent majority. Tuscany peculiarly affects our sympathy by the contrast of its past and present condition. The travelled reader will doubtless recall the pleasing impression his wanderings in Tuscany and his visit to Florence have left upon him: the cheerful people—the benevolent prince, whose hand was ever open to charity, and whose sumptuous dwelling was the seat of refined hospitality. The aspect of prosperity—the atmosphere of beauty—the luxurious ease—were saddened by no painful drawback to shock his feelings and alloy his enjoyment! Alas for the meek-hearted prince, whose gentle nature wanted no virtue but firmness to adorn it!—alas for his innocent and disinherited children, his beautiful and courageous consort—for here too as elsewhere (both of yore and of late) woman's constancy has shamed the trepidation of man! Lord Palmerston never saw this interesting group, the centre of an affectionate people, inspiring involuntary homage and dispensing gracious influences around them. It was a sight to soften the cynical and inveterate heart of a true republican—of the Spartan Roland herself!\* We

\* See the Memoirs of this heroine of the Revolution, where she discloses the malignity of her soul in witnessing the graceful progress of Marie-Antoinette amidst the groups of affectionate admirers on the marble terraces of Versailles. See also the regrets she expresses at not having been at the Tuileries on the memorable night of the 19th of June, when the mob broke into the palace, to have feasted her eyes on the prolonged agony of the Queen—her deep humiliation and maternal terrors. These details will also be found in the volumes of M. Lamartine, whose admiration of

believe there are few who maintain that the material happiness of this favoured principality was susceptible of much improvement. The laws were excellent, and well administered; the censorship of the press was exercised with a light and indulgent discretion; no exclusive privileges existed; nor are we aware that a single class of society could allege a grievance which it was in the power of the law or the prince to redress.

The immediate consequence of the faulty policy of England will be the occurrence of the very danger that was most apprehended—we mean a foreign interference in the affairs of Central Italy. Already the lamentable condition of the two exiled princes has excited the pity and indignation of Europe; and France is actually contemplating an interference in behalf of one of those sovereigns whom Lord Palmerston would not permit Austria to protect when it could have been done without expense or danger. From this interference, however, we have no expectation of a good result to the Italians themselves. Those who ought to resist anarchy, and whose weakness and timidity deter them, will be confirmed in their fatal inactivity. Those who have been led into error by vanity, restlessness, and ambition, will fail to reap the lesson which their folly deserves: while the agitators, the assassins, and the demagogues, will be protected from the punishment of their crimes—nay more, will be suffered to retreat with the spoil they have collected, to plot new schemes of treason and treachery.

All idea of an Anglo-Gallic mediation, we trust, is entirely abandoned. Lord Palmerston, in the discourse before alluded to, disclaims the intention of dictating to Austria. Austria, indeed, is no longer in a position to brook dictation—and we congratulate the noble Lord on his return to prudence. Austria claims the right of settling the internal affairs of her empire without any foreign assistance; and we hope our Ministers have now discovered their double error. They surely must now understand that revolution, and not reform, was the object of the Italian movement; and that obsequious obedience to the dictation of republican France can hardly delay, and will certainly not avert, the dangers of a general war. It is this irrational and ill-grounded dread of French arms that has guided the foreign policy of our Whigs, and not the love of 'liberal institutions,' which is the motive they have been pleased to assign. We

this heroine falls short only of the idolatry with which she herself contemplated her own virtues and attractions.

also look on a war as a great and terrible evil; but there are evils greater still than war—mob-tyranny we think a greater calamity in itself, and incomparably more demoralizing in its effects; and we own that, however averse we may be from war with France, we had rather incur those risks than purchase her friendship by assisting her revolutionary projects, despoiling our allies, and spreading the principles of democracy over the face of Europe.

Our foreign policy, and the part we have taken in the commotions on the continent, would be altogether unintelligible but for the key that Lord Palmerston himself has afforded. The want of concert between the Ministers of the Crown has often been made evident by the discrepancies in their several accounts of the same transactions. The conduct of the foreign relations of England seems altogether abandoned to the discretion of one man. Yet how has this confidence been merited? Lord Palmerston himself acknowledges the intention of shaping his policy in accordance with the wishes and requirements of France. 'What,' said he in his speech on the proposed amendment of the address—'what right have we to inquire whether France wishes a monarch, an emperor, a president, or a consul? *Our object and our duty* is to cement the closest ties of friendship between ourselves and our nearest neighbour, one of the greatest powers of Europe—that neighbour of whom it was justly said, that in war she would be our most powerful enemy, and in peace our most useful friend.' We entirely agree with the noble Lord that we are not justified in interrupting our peaceable relations with a country simply because it changes its internal form of government; but when we 'cement the closest ties of friendship' with it, we are justified, it appears to us, in exacting in return that the existing relations between ourselves and that country, and between that country and our other allies, should not be altered in consequence of those internal changes. One of the first acts of the Provisional Government, self-elected on the ruins of social order, was to declare all the treaties that bound Europe together null and void—and that too, *in consequence* of the organic change that had been operated in France. Nor was this all: M. Lamartine, the mouth-piece of this synod of sharpers, proclaimed the fraternity of the French people with all oppressed nationalities, and guaranteed the active co-operation of the Republic in assisting them in their righteous cause.

Against this doctrine it was the duty of all European powers, and especially Great

Britain, to protest. There is not a single monarchy in Europe into which the adoption of such principles would not introduce a civil war. The assertion of these doctrines belonged, we were told, to regenerated democratic France. How then can it be maintained that the policy of England is not affected by the form of government that may be adopted by its neighbour? How can bonds of 'the closest friendship be cemented' with a power which avows the intention of assisting our rebels and severing our monarchy? It is probable, we admit, that while these words were uttered in public secret assurances might be forwarded to the cabinets most interested that they would not be acted on. Such reservations are too frequent in French diplomacy at all times, in but too good accordance with republican morality; but in the present case it was the private assurance that was falsified, and not the public declaration:—

'I feel it due to the public men who have been at the head of Government in France since February last,' says Lord Palmerston, 'to say that their conduct towards this country has been marked with the most perfect good faith, the greatest frankness, and the most friendly dispositions; and that they have evinced not only an anxious desire to be on the most friendly terms with England, but have also expressed invariably and sincerely to us *those pacific dispositions with regard to the rest of Europe* which, attaching as we do great importance to the maintenance of peace, must be the foundation of a real good understanding between France and England.'

We will not inquire how far these pacific dispositions are in accordance with the declaration of M. Lamartine above cited, or with the commentary on it given by M. Drouyn de Lhys, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his speech on the 24th of last May in the Legislative Chamber:—'The Executive power adopts,' says he, 'as the rule of its conduct the three great principles—fraternal compact with Germany, reconstruction of Poland, emancipation of Italy.' In other words, this pacific Government declared a partisan war on Prussia, Russia, and Austria. We have a right, we think, however, to examine how far they have been practically adopted as the maxims of French policy. When the King of Sardinia, after a series of disasters, was reduced to a disgraceful capitulation, he applied for the assistance of France, which had once been promised, and for which the Italian clubs had long been clamouring. It was now that the 'pacific dispositions' should have been exhibited of which Lord Palmerston boasted, as well as that sense of ho-

nour and fair play upon which all governments should be conducted. The French Government did not reply to this appeal in the language of truth and sincerity :—‘ You have acted without our sanction, you have not asked our advice, you arrogantly boasted of your own sufficiency to drive your enemies before you, you sought the quarrel yourselves ; you shall not now involve us in a war because your valour and discretion are less than your presumption.’ The course taken was very different :—‘ If you will join us in a *mediation*,’ said the organ of the French cabinet to his obsequious ally in our Foreign Office, ‘ we will settle terms of peace between the contending parties ; if not, we shall be unable to prevent military intervention in the affairs of Italy.’ This language might easily be interpreted. The power with which Lord Palmerston had allied himself for the maintenance of the peace of Europe was in fact totally unable to resist the caprices of the Parisian mob, under the dictation of which it now confessed it was bound to commit an act of flagrant injustice. What, we would ask, was the object of this joint mediation ? Was it not a proposal to extort those concessions from Austria by a threat of war, which, after her victory, could no longer be expected ? Was not this imposing a more degrading condition on the conqueror than any concessions that would have followed his defeat ? Or did they intend to impose on their Italian allies by a mock mediation, which was afterwards to abandon them to the mercy of their mighty opponent ?

The affairs of Sicily exhibit still more clearly the hollowness of this alliance, and the small value that is placed on it by France ; and we return to them for a moment to find a still fuller illustration of our argument. It is evident either that Admiral Baudin had instructions to interfere at his own discretion in favour of the Sicilian insurgents, without consulting his ally, or that he arrogated to himself the right to do so. In the first case, the Government abandoned its pacific policy, and its respect for our alliance ; or if the latter supposition be correct, what reliance can be placed on the friendship of a Government which allows such liberty to its officials ? If peace can only be preserved on such dishonourable terms, we, for our own part, would rather accept the alternative of war with all its consequences. If these be the fruits of our alliance with France, we give our Foreign Secretary little credit for his dexterity in maintaining it. At such a price we could have secured the friendship of the elder Buonaparte, as well as of his nephew, or of

any other adventurer to whom the convulsions of faction may give a momentary supremacy. This is an alliance under which all the sacrifices have been made by England—while France has not deigned in *public* to assume even a tone of conciliation. We may boast, indeed, that France has not invaded our territory ; for this boon we must be grateful, for it is all the benefit we have reaped in return for the sacrifice of the Austrian empire and the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

If there is one maxim which in our diplomacy may be regarded as fixed, it is the policy of maintaining a good understanding with Austria. The greatest maritime power of Europe and the greatest continental power not maritime have everything to gain and nothing to lose by their close alliance ; they have a community of interests, and of affections, and of fears ; they have common friends and common foes, and should Austria now seek to tighten her connexions with Russia it will have been the desertion of England that compelled her to do so. From the union, too, so intimate, and once so cordial between England and the Sicilies, both countries have derived advantages ; yet this ancient friendship we have been willing to sever without the shadow of a reason or a grievance ; nay, to convert it into a state of hatred and defiance ; we have shown ourselves ready to engage in a scheme for dismembering the monarchy, and to establish that supremacy of France in the Mediterranean which our ancestors did so much to prevent. We would not, however, be misunderstood. We do not believe it is in the power of any ministry, however feeble or abject,—no, not even if Mr. Cobden himself were placed in office, instead of those who walk by his counsels—to deprive our arms of the glory that attends them like a birthright ; our national traditions are not so easily forgotten, our national character so easily altered. It is now nearly twenty years that, with a few short intervals, the Government of this country has done all that lay in its power to subvert the establishments of our own empire and to shake allegiance and loyalty among many different classes ;—with what small success let Chartist demonstrations and Irish rebellions prove ! So is it also, we firmly believe, with our military renown. Could the policy of the Foreign Secretary be crowned with complete success, should Austria be despoiled of her Italian dominions for the benefit of France, and of the Dalmatian coast for that of Russia : should Genoa and Sicily be declared Republics under the direct protection of



France, and the gracious superintendence of French vice-consuls, and a grand Mediterranean alliance accomplished to banish the flag of the 'perfidious Albion' from the southern seas, we firmly believe that once more, our counsels changed and our national spirit aroused, the work of that noble lord and all his colleagues, whether in the cabinet or out of it, in Downing-street or at Manchester, would in one instant be annihilated, and our former supremacy be re-established in all its pristine greatness.

We cannot repeat too often that we value peace as the greatest of blessings, and that to our desire of preserving it we would make almost any sacrifices; but we think that if the 'pacific policy' of the present Cabinet be persisted in much longer, its result must be war—war with the very power we have sacrificed so much to propitiate—and war which we must wage without a single ally. Peace with France can only be secured by a steady adherence to existing obligations—by a frank and open avowal of our respect for those treaties by which we are bound. With France we would maintain a peace, but one which did not bind us to sanction her aggressive and tyrannical policy, or to forward her views in the propagation of Communistic democracy. Peace may be kept without 'cementing an alliance;' nor can we discover why Lord Palmerston himself should now attach so much value to that more intimate connexion which experience must have taught him is so difficult to be preserved. Since he has held the seals of office he has been engaged in many disputes with the French Government, the blame of which, we presume, he does not purpose keeping wholly to himself. He tells us, in the speech so often alluded to, he cares not what the ruler of France be called—whether King or President; but here, we think, he deceives himself; and that in his mind the real merit of 'all the public men who have ruled in France since February' is, that they are not the public men who had ruled there previously, and that they are not the servants of a Prince of the Orleans dynasty. We should have thought, indeed, that from such a train of uneasy years, so pacific a minister must, ere this, have learned that the real friendship of France could only be obtained on conditions which would destroy its value. It is now more than twenty years that the dread of a war with France has been the ruling principle of our foreign policy; and it is about the same time that the intimate alliance has been attempted between the two countries: let us briefly consider the issue. By the influence in our national councils of the ad-

vocates of the French alliance in 1828 was produced that combination of the great powers of Europe, the result of which terminated in the 'untoward'—that is, piratical attack upon the Turks at Navarino, the destruction of their fleet, and the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire, while the preponderating influence of Russia was established in Turkey by our assistance, without which it could not have been accomplished. Whatever advantages may have accrued from the creation of the kingdom of Greece, we at least have reaped nothing but loss and mortification. Athens has ever since been the theatre of those squabbles and intrigues in which the agents of the noble Lord are so perpetually engaged; and our last dispute has terminated in forcing our Government to play the ungracious part of a harsh creditor compelling payment from a bankrupt debtor; and the still less creditable one of acting *bum-bailiff* itself, and distraining for the payment of a debt which the contractors expected would never be reclaimed. The example of dismembering a helpless and impoverished empire was not likely to be neglected, and both France and Russia availed themselves of it, in spite of the remonstrances and protestations which we too late opposed.

On the Quadruple Alliance—which has kept up civil dissension in Spain, and which ended by alienating us entirely from our late French ally—we suppose Lord Palmerston is the last person to look back with any satisfaction; yet our readers will all remember how strenuously the importance of the French alliance was then insisted on, how entirely upon its preservation the peace of Europe was represented to depend.

Our new alliance with France has, as usual, been celebrated with fresh sacrifices—the Emperor of Austria was the first, the King of Naples the second victim—and what compensation have we received for our complacency? Are we to thank France that Mr. Smith O'Brien has not been crowned king of Ireland, though if the ambiguous language of M. Lamartine admits of any intelligible interpretation, he promised the Irish the assistance of France if they could secure their independence without it; while he repeated his jargon of sympathy with struggling nationalities, and his desire to recognise the independence of all rebellious provinces. And for this piece of condescendence the noble Lord is transported with gratitude, and for this he demands the congratulation of the country. These are the 'pacific dispositions' of

which he boasts. In the memorable debate to which we have so often alluded, our ministers inform us they acted from apprehension, and not from conviction. *The French had determined on an interference, and, rather than separate our policy from that of France, we resolved to pursue the same course.* Will England be ever thus subservient?—and what is the value of a peace which is only to be purchased by paying the penalties of war? What faith could be due to the ‘pacific dispositions’ of a Republican Government giving utterance to such menaces as those under the terrors of which Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell confess, or rather boast and brag to have acted? These are ‘the impostors of true fear’—idle dreads. We should in truth rely little on the ‘pacific dispositions’ of any French system—knowing that these have ever given way to designs of national or dynastic aggrandizement. We have at present, however, the best security for French moderation in an empty Exchequer—a fretting people—a murmuring army—and the dread which a successful General would cause to the Executive Government.

The conduct of our foreign affairs, as Mr. Milnes justly remarks, has ever been less controlled by parliamentary interference than any other branch of the public administration; yet upon our foreign policy depends the question of peace or war—the most important that can agitate a nation. Our foreign minister is accused throughout Europe of being guided in the conduct of public affairs by motives of pride, of personal pique, and private resentment, quite unfitting the organ of a great nation—a weakness, it is observed, that might be expected to sway the *camarilla* of an absolute monarch, but which should have no place where the affairs of a country are publicly discussed and controlled by a deliberative assembly. We cannot deny that there is truth in the accusation; but public discussion has other evils of its own, and from some of these we are at this moment suffering. In a public debate a minister of any dexterity will always derive advantage from the hostility of injudicious and ignorant censors. His own knowledge is more dangerous to him than their ignorance; and if he can but avoid imprudent revelations in the heat of debate, he has little to apprehend from the attacks of his adversary. The weak and premature censure of our foreign policy, in a discussion to which it only partially belonged, has been of incalculable service to a cause which was defended with more dexterity than eloquence,

but with infinitely more eloquence than truth. An attack which, by every regard for prudence and policy, should have been postponed till the long-promised documents were produced, only served to strengthen the hands of the minister—to enable him to answer vague accusations with irrelevant pleasantries, to reiterate bold assertions, which published papers did not yet disprove—and, at the same time, to wear off the interest of the whole business by premature and of course vague debate. By the assistance of his opponents therefore, with the triumphant air of official importance and half-laughing effrontery, the most unpopular and most distrusted statesman of England—the most captious and quarrelsome, and the one undoubtedly most disliked on the Continent—was enabled to sit down, amidst party cheerings, as the great pacificator of Europe, the Atlas upon whom the tranquillity of the globe depends. The whisper of reason, however, is not so easily stilled as the clamour of the House. The foreign policy of England—neither generous nor prudent, nor yet successful—has alienated the regard of former allies, and has propitiated no favour from any class or party. We are sure his own conscience cannot acquit the Chief Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and there is a responsibility at the bar of posterity, to which no man of honour and ability can look with indifference. Men, as individuals responsible for their actions at a future tribunal, very frequently escape the retribution in this world which their conduct has merited; but, considered as societies whose existence is only of this world, they must necessarily suffer in the flesh for their national misdeeds—and their crimes and follies have ever brought their penalties along with them.

We know not whether Lord Palmerston will again be called to account, at the tribunal of the House of Commons, for the complicated evils his policy has entailed upon Europe. We know not whether he may not again be defended from censure by the blunderings of a vindictive clique, or by those considerations of party tactics to which he has already been so much indebted. We have heard him called the most fortunate of ministers; one who has ever been protected by unforeseen and fortuitous events from the punishment of his mistakes, misdeeds, and miscalculations. We think he was never so fortunate as in the defeat of his revolutionary schemes in Italy. In the humiliation of the King of Sardinia, whose treachery he abetted, and in the ruin of the Pope and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, whose imprudence he encouraged, he may

certainly recognise a mortification ; but in the success of Marshal Radetzky and the King of Naples, who both received marks of his hostility, he has cause to rejoice at the preservation of European society. What would have been the consequence of the success of the Milanese anarchists, the defeat of Marshal Radetzky, and the subversion of the Neapolitan monarchy—events which would assuredly have been followed by others even more deplorable—of this we may form an idea from the actual state of the Italian peninsula. England has hitherto been too mercifully protected from the fate she seemed so anxious to prepare for others. Could she have steered her steady course amidst the sea of troubles she had created ? we dare hardly think so—but she has been saved from herself, and other states have been saved from her, and order has found its champions. It is remarkable that, while the revolutionary party throughout Europe has not given birth to one man of common abilities or indeed of common honesty, the only examples of bravery and heroism are found in the ranks of the aristocratic Austrians. Mr. Milnes is pleased to inform Lord Lansdowne that such is the ignorance of the English people, that they regard Marshal Radetzky and Prince Windischgrätz only as a couple of policemen putting down a serious riot. We can hardly believe that a people, whose ‘ political development ’ is so perfect, can be in such a state of ignorance ; but if they are, we will say that their guess is nearer the truth than that of Mr. Milnes himself, when he proceeds to assure the Marquess that these great men are only pursuing a scheme of provincial aggrandizement, and a war of races, which is to be terminated in the victory of that to which *they* belong !\* Far—very far—are they, we are convinced, from cherishing such selfish, such irrational and subversive schemes ; we believe them, on the contrary, to be actuated by those feelings of pure and unshaken loyalty which bind faithful subjects to an hereditary prince, and by the devotion of veteran soldiers to their national standard. In the

\* Marshal Radetzky, a native of Carniola, by name and descent is of Slavish origin, but he was born and educated before those distinctions of race were insisted on by which the inhabitants of the same country and the subjects of the same prince have sought to introduce fresh elements of dispute, and an exclusive sentiment of selfishness unknown to their less civilized ancestors. This gallant officer knows no distinction but between the friends and enemies of his Emperor and of Austria.

With regard to Prince Windischgrätz, Mr. Milnes is wholly in error, as he is of a purely Teutonic descent.

fidelity of the army the Emperor of Austria has found a resource that failed to the house of Bourbon in every stage of the late revolutions ; which equally failed Buonaparte, ‘ the soldier’s idol and the son of victory,’ who was deserted by his troops and betrayed by his generals. While the Austrian empire was shaking under the attacks of the anarchists, betrayed by its allies, and given up by all, the army, brave and loyal, stepped to the rescue, and, with the monarchy, saved civilization itself from an eclipse such as has not overtaken it since the fall of the Roman empire.

Events succeed each other with such breathless rapidity that, while our paper is wet with the ink which records one important step and its probable result, the succeeding post brings fresh intelligence of fresh revolutions which baffle conjecture and make forethought useless. Our readers have seen that we anticipated nothing but defeat and ruin from the weak and treacherous conduct of the King of Sardinia—no other consummation could be expected—but we own ourselves surprised by its rapidity. It was no part of the scheme of the Piedmontese government, or rather of the anarchists to whom it was abandoned, that the aggressive war they had once more hurried into should be brought immediately within their own frontier. Such was their ignorance and folly that they expected the Austrians would retire from Milan and remove the seat of war to the banks of the Minicio and the Adige. The tactics of Marshal Radetzky, equally daring and prudent, have been completely successful. The Austrian territory has been shielded from the injuries of war, and the manoeuvres of a few days have served to nullify the Sardinian army, to banish their king, and to secure every object contemplated by the Imperial Cabinet. It has been the rare good fortune of this great commander, who unites the fire and enterprise of youth with the caution of age, to add fresh laurels to his chaplet at the age of eighty-six. The same courier, however, that brings the intelligence of the defeat, the flight, and the abdication of the King of Sardinia, announces that the pernicious influence of diplomacy is again at work. The ministers who had encouraged the infatuation of the King are certainly bound to console him in defeat, but we are sure the veteran commander will not again suffer his measures to be thwarted, or his policy influenced, by any unwarrantable interference. Experience must have taught him that his sovereign has nothing to expect from England (till our councils are changed) but insult and injury ; he must also be aware,

however, that his adversaries need hope for no actual support—that our hostility is harmless, and may safely be defied.

From France he has equally little to dread. He is well aware that France can afford to sympathise only with success—that she will never constitute herself the champion of the fallen. Had the Piedmontese invasion been successful her sympathy might have become dangerous; but in defeat and ruin all hostile intervention will be confined within the walls of club-rooms and the streets of Paris.

We trust in the good sense and humanity of both Houses of Parliament not to permit the Foreign Secretary to prolong the miseries of anarchy and warfare under the specious pretence of mediation, but in reality for the gratification of his private resentment, and the salving of his lacerated vanity. We trust he may be compelled to abandon his superintendence of 'the peace of Europe'—since his presence in her Majesty's councils cannot, it would seem, be dispensed with.

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ART. VIII.—*The History of England from the Accession of James II.* By Thomas Babington Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo. 1849.

THE reading world will not need our testimony, though we willingly give it, that Mr. Macaulay possesses great talents and extraordinary acquirements. He unites powers and has achieved successes, not only various, but different in their character, and seldom indeed conjoined in one individual. He was while in Parliament, though not quite an orator, and still less a debater, the most brilliant rhetorician of the House. His Roman ballads (as we said in an article on their first appearance) exhibit a novel idea worked out with a rare felicity, so as to combine the spirit of the ancient minstrels with the regularity of construction and sweetness of versification which modern taste requires; and his critical Essays exhibit a wide variety of knowledge with a great fertility of illustration, and enough of the salt of pleasantry and sarcasm to flavour and in some degree disguise a somewhat declamatory and pretentious dogmatism. It may seem too epigrammatic, but it is, in our serious judgment, strictly true, to say that his History seems to be a kind of combination and exaggeration of the peculiarities of all his former efforts. It is as full of political prejudice and partisan advocacy

as any of his parliamentary speeches. It makes the facts of English History as fabulous as his Lays do those of Roman tradition; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his Reviews. That upon so serious an undertaking he has lavished uncommon exertion, is not to be doubted; nor can any one during the first reading escape the *entrainment* of his picturesque, vivid, and pregnant execution: but we have fairly stated the impression left on ourselves by a more calm and leisurely perusal. We have been so long the opponents of the political party to which Mr. Macaulay belongs that we welcomed the prospect of again meeting him on the neutral ground of literature. We are of that class of Tories—Protestant Tories, as they were called—that have no sympathy with the Jacobites. We are as strongly convinced as Mr. Macaulay can be of the necessity of the Revolution of 1688—of the general prudence and expediency of the steps taken by our Whig and Tory ancestors of the Convention Parliament, and of the happiness, for a century and a half, of the constitutional results. We were, therefore, not without hope that at least in these two volumes, almost entirely occupied with the progress and accomplishment of that Revolution, we might without any sacrifice of our political feelings enjoy unalloyed the pleasures reasonably to be expected from Mr. Macaulay's high powers both of research and illustration. That hope has been deceived: Mr. Macaulay's historical narrative is poisoned with a rancour more violent than even the passions of the time; and the literary qualities of the work, though in some respects very remarkable, are far from redeeming its substantial defects. There is hardly a page—we speak literally, hardly a page—that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in colour: and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding—bad faith.

These are grave charges: but we make them in sincerity, and we think that we shall be able to prove them; and if, here or hereafter, we should seem to our readers to use harsher terms than good taste might approve, we beg in excuse to plead that it is impossible to fix one's attention on, and to transcribe large portions of a work, without being in some degree infected with its spirit; and Mr. Macaulay's pages, whatever may be their other characteristics, are as

copious a repertorium of vituperative eloquence, as, we believe, our language can produce, and especially against everything in which he chooses (whether right or wrong) to recognise the shibboleth of Toryism. We shall endeavour, however, in the expression of our opinions, to remember the respect we owe to our readers and to Mr. Macaulay's general character and standing in the world of letters, rather than the provocations and example of the volumes immediately before us.

Mr. Macaulay announces his intention of bringing down the history of England almost to our own times; but these two volumes are complete in themselves, and we may fairly consider them as a history of the Revolution; and in that light the first question that presents itself to us is why Mr. Macaulay has been induced to re-write what had already been so often and even so recently written—among others, by Dalrymple, a strenuous but honest Whig, and by Mr. Macaulay's own oracles, Fox and Macintosh? It may be answered that both Fox and Mackintosh left their works imperfect. Fox got no farther than Monmouth's death; but Mackintosh came down to the Orange invasion, and covered full nine-tenths of the period as yet occupied by Mr. Macaulay. Why then did Mr. Macaulay not content himself with beginning where Mackintosh left off—that is, with the Revolution? and it would have been the more natural, because, as our readers know, it is there that Hume's history terminates.

What reason does he give for this work of supererogation? None. He does not (as we shall see more fully by and by) take the slightest notice of Mackintosh's history, no more than if it had never existed. Has he produced a new fact? Not one. Has he discovered any new materials? None, as far as we can judge, but the collections of Fox and Mackintosh, confided to him by their families.\* It seems to us a novelty in literary practice that a writer raised far by fame and fortune above the vulgar temptations of the craft should undertake to tell a story already frequently and recently told by masters of the highest authority and most extensive information, without having,

\* It appears from two notes of acknowledgments to M. Guizot and the keepers of the archives at the Hague, that Mr. Macaulay obtained some additions to the copies which Mackintosh already had of the letters of Ronquillo the Spanish and Citters the Dutch minister at the court of James. We may conjecture that these additions were insignificant, since Mr. Macaulay has nowhere, that we have observed, specially noticed them; but except these, whatever they may be, we find no trace of anything that Fox and Mackintosh had not already examined and classed.

or even professing to have, any additional means or special motive to account for the attempt.

We suspect, however, that we can trace Mr. Macaulay's design to its true source—the example and success of the author of *Waverley*. The Historical Novel, if not invented, at least first developed and illustrated by the happy genius of Scott, took a sudden and extensive hold of the public taste; he himself, in most of his subsequent novels, availed himself largely of the historical element which had contributed so much to the popularity of *Waverley*. The press has since that time groaned with his imitators. We have had historical novels of all classes and grades. We have had served up in this form the Norman Conquest and the Wars of the Roses, the Gunpowder Plot and the Fire of London, Darnley and Richelieu—and almost at the same moment with Mr. Macaulay's appeared a professed romance of Mr. Ainsworth's on the same subject—James II. Nay, on a novelist of this popular order has been conferred the office of *Historiographer* to the Queen.

Mr. Macaulay, too mature not to have well measured his own peculiar capacities, not rich in invention but ingenious in application, saw the use that might be made of this principle, and that history itself would be much more popular with a large embroidery of personal, social, and even topographical anecdote and illustration, instead of the sober garb in which we had been in the habit of seeing it. Few histories indeed ever were or could be written without some admixture of this sort. The father of the art himself, old Herodotus, vivified his text with a greater share of what we may call personal anecdote than any of his classical followers. Modern historians, as they happened to have more or less of what we may call *artistic* feeling, admitted more or less of this decoration into their text, but always with an eye (which Mr. Macaulay never exercises) to the appropriateness and value of the illustration. Generally, however, such matters have been thrown into notes, or, in a few instances—as by Dr. Henry and in Mr. Knight's interesting and instructive 'Pictorial History'—into separate chapters. The large class of memoir-writers may also be fairly considered as anecdotal historians—and they are in fact the sources from which the novelists of the new school extract their principal characters and main incidents.

Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently, as we think, in imitation of the novelists—his first object being always picturesque effect—his constant endeavour to

give from all the repositories of gossip that have reached us a kind of circumstantial reality to his incidents, and a sort of dramatic life to his personages. For this purpose he would not be very solicitous about contributing any substantial addition to history, strictly so called; on the contrary, indeed, he seems to have willingly taken it as he found it, adding to it such lace and trimmings as he could collect from the Monmouth-street of literature, seldom it may be safely presumed of very delicate quality. It is, as Johnson drolly said, 'an old coat with a new facing—the old dog in a new doublet.' The conception was bold, and—so far as availing himself, like other novelists, of the fashion of the day to produce a popular and profitable effect—the experiment has been eminently successful.

But besides the obvious incentives just noticed, Mr. Macaulay had also the stimulus of what we may compendiously call a strong party spirit. One would have thought that the Whigs might have been satisfied with their share in the historical library of the Revolution:—besides Rapin, Echard, and Jones, who, though of moderate politics in general, were stout friends to the Revolution, they have had of professed and zealous Whigs, Burnet, the foundation of all, Kennett, Oldmixon, Dalrymple, Laing, Brodie, Fox, and finally Mackintosh and his continuator, besides innumerable writers of less note, who naturally adopted the successful side; and we should not have supposed that the reader of any of those historians, and particularly the latter ones, could complain that they had been too sparing of imputation, or even vituperation, to the opposite party. But not so Mr. Macaulay. The most distinctive feature on the face of his pages is personal virulence—if he has at all succeeded in throwing an air of fresh life into his characters, it is mainly due, as any impartial and collected reader will soon discover, to the simple circumstance of his hating the individuals of the opposite party as bitterly, as passionately, as if they were his own personal enemies—more so, indeed, we hope than he would a mere political antagonist of his own day. When some one suggested to the angry O'Neil that one of the Anglo-Irish families whom he was reviling as strangers had been four hundred years settled in Ireland, the Milesian replied, '*I hate the churls as if they had come but yesterday.*' Mr. Macaulay seems largely endowed with this (as with a more enviable) species of memory, and he hates, for example, King Charles I. as if he had been murdered only yesterday. Let us not be understood as wishing to

abridge an historian's full liberty of censure—but he should not be a satirist, still less a libeller. We do not say nor think that Mr. Macaulay's censures were always unmerited—far from it—but they are always, we think without exception, immoderate. Nay, it would scarcely be too much to say that this massacre of character is the point on which Mr. Macaulay must chiefly rest any claims he can advance to the praise of impartiality, for while he paints everything that looks like a Tory in the blackest colours, he does not altogether spare any of the Whigs against whom he takes a spite, though he always visits them with a gentler correction. In fact, except Oliver Cromwell, King William, a few gentlemen who had the misfortune to be executed or exiled for high treason, and every dissenting minister that he has or can find occasion to notice, there are hardly any persons mentioned who are not stigmatized as knaves or fools, differing only in degrees of 'turpitude' and 'imbecility.' Mr. Macaulay has almost realized the work that Alexander Chalmers's playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*. This is also an imitation of the Historical Novel, though rather in the track of Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard than of Waverley or Woodstock; but what would you have? To attain the picturesque—the chief object of our artist—he adopts the ready process of dark colours and a rough brush. Nature, even at the worst, is never gloomy enough for a Spagnoletto, and Judge Jeffries himself, for the first time, excites a kind of pity when we find him, (like one to whom he was nearly akin) not so black as he is painted.

From this first general view of Mr. Macaulay's Historical Novel we now proceed to exhibit in detail some grounds for the opinion which we have ventured to express.

We premise that we are about to enter into details, because there is in fact little to question or debate about but details. We have already hinted that there is absolutely no new fact of any consequence, and, we think we can safely add, hardly a new view of any historical fact, in the whole book. Whatever there may remain questionable or debatable in the history of the period, we should have to argue with Burnet, Dalrymple, or Mackintosh, and not with Mr. Macaulay. It would, we know, have a grander air if we were to make his book the occasion of disquisitions on the rise and progress of the constitution—on the causes by which the monarchy of the Tudors passed, though the murder of Charles, to the

despotism of Cromwell—how again that produced a restoration which settled none of the great moral or political questions which had generated all those agitations, and which, in return, those agitations had complicated and inflamed—and how, at last, the undefined, discordant, and antagonistic pretensions of the royal and democratical elements were reconciled by the Revolution and the Bill of Rights—and finally, whether with too much or too little violence to the principles of the ancient constitution—all these topics, we say, would, if we were so inclined, supply us, as they have supplied Mr. Macaulay, with abundant opportunities of grave tautology and commonplace; but we decline to raise sham debates on points where there is no contest. We can have little historic difference, properly so called, with one who has no historical difference on the main facts with anybody else: instead, then, of pretending to treat any great questions, either of constitutional learning or political philosophy, we shall confine ourselves to the humbler but more practical and more useful task above stated.

Our first complaint is of a comparatively small and almost mechanical, and yet very real, defect—the paucity and irregularity of his dates, and the mode in which the few that he does give are overlaid, as it were, by the text. This, though it may be very convenient to the writer, and quite indifferent to the reader, of an historical romance, is perplexing to any one who might wish to read and weigh the book as a serious history, of which dates are the guides and landmarks; and when they are visibly neglected we cannot but suspect that the historian will be found not very solicitous about strict accuracy. This negligence is carried to such an extent that, in what looks like a very copious table of contents, one of the most important events of the whole history—that, indeed, on which the Revolution finally turned—the marriage of Princess Mary to the Prince of Orange, is not noticed; nor is any date affixed to the very cursory mention of it in the text. It is rather hard to force the reader who buys this last new model history, in general so profuse of details, to recur to one of the old-fashioned ones to discover that this important event happened in the year 1675, and on the 4th of November—a day thrice over remarkable in William's history—for his birth, his marriage, and his arrival with his invading army on the coast of Devon.

Our second complaint is of one of the least important, perhaps, but most prominent defects of Mr. Macaulay's book—his style—not merely the choice and order of

words, commonly called style, but the turn of mind which prompts the choice of expressions as well as of topics. We need not repeat that Mr. Macaulay has a great facility of language, a prodigal *copia verborum*—that he narrates rapidly and clearly—that he paints very forcibly—and that his readers throughout the tale are carried on, or away, by something of the sorcery which a brilliant orator exercises over his auditory. But he has also in a great degree the faults of the oratorical style. He deals much too largely in epithets—a habit exceedingly dangerous to historical truth. He habitually constructs a piece of what should be calm, dispassionate narrative, upon the model of the most passionate peroration—adhering in numberless instances to precisely the same specific formula of artifice. His diction is often inflated into fustian, and he indulges in exaggeration till it sometimes, unconsciously no doubt, amounts to falsehood. It is a common fault of those who strive at producing oratorical effects, to oscillate between commonplace and extravagance; and while studying Mr. Macaulay, one feels as if vibrating between facts that every one knows and consequences which nobody can believe. We are satisfied that whoever will take, as we have been obliged to do, the pains of sifting what Mr. Macaulay has produced from his own mind with what he has borrowed from others, will be entirely of our opinion. In truth, when, after reading a page or two of this book, we have occasion to turn to the same transaction in Burnet, Dalrymple, or Hume, we feel as if we were exchanging the glittering agility of a rope-dancer for gentlemen in the attire and attitude of society. And we must say that there is not one of those writers that does not give a clearer and more trustworthy account of all that is really historical in the period than can be collected from Mr. Macaulay's more decorated pages. We invite our readers to try Mr. Macaulay's merits as an historian by the test of comparison with his predecessors.

The very first line of his narrative is an example of that kind of pompous commonplace that looks like something and is nothing:—

'Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain.'—i. 4.

This is an exordium that would have fitted the history of any nation whatever. It might indeed be more truly said that nothing in the early existence of Rome—nothing in the early existence of France—indicated the greatness which they were destined to attain. The Britons had at least a sepa-



rate and independent geographical position, which neither the cradle of Rome nor that of France enjoyed, and a position so remarkable, *toto orbe divisos*, as even to be the theme of poetry before France had the rudiments of national existence.

In the following passage we hardly know which to wonder most at—its pomp or its utter futility:—

‘From this communion [with the lingering civilization of the Eastern Empire] Britain was cut off. Her shores were, to the polished race which dwelt by the Bosphorus, objects of a mysterious horror, such as that with which the Ionians of the age of Homer had regarded the Straits of Scylla and the city of the Læstrygonian cannibals. There was one province of our island in which, as Procopius had been told, the ground was covered with serpents, and the air was such that no man could inhale it and live. To this desolate region the spirits of the departed were ferried over from the land of the Franks at midnight. A strange race of fishermen performed the ghastly office. The speech of the dead was distinctly heard by the boatman: their weight made the keel sink deep in the water; but their forms were invisible to mortal eye. Such were the marvels which an able historian, the contemporary of Belisarius, of Simplicius, and of Tribonian, gravely related in the rich and polite Constantinople, touching the country in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the imperial purple.’—i. 5.

This is a mistake of Mr. Macaulay’s exaggerating a mistake of Procopius. Procopius says no such thing of *Britain*; he mentions *Britain*—an island, Mr. Macaulay might have remembered, already known to the world not merely as the place ‘in which the founder of Constantinople had assumed the Imperial purple’—but by the writings of Cæsar and Tacitus. But Procopius adds that there is reported to be in the same neighborhood *another* island, called *Brittia*, of which he relates those wonders. It is clear that there was no such other island, unless, indeed, Ireland was meant, and there are legends—St. Patrick, the reptiles, the purgatory, and the ferrymen of Lough Derg, &c.—which are not far short of the wonders of *Brittia*, for he speaks of both in the same page as different islands; but it is not true that Procopius himself, whatever his informants might do, could have mistaken this marvellous region for *Britain*. But even if Procopius had spoken of Britain, we should still wonder that the author of the ‘Lays of Ancient Rome’ did not recollect that Virgil had told nearly the same story of the *Avernian* region:—

‘Quam super haud ullæ poterant impune volantes  
Tendere iter pennis; talis sese halitus atris  
Faucibus effundens . . .  
Portitor has horrendas aquas et flumina servat  
Terribili squalore Charon.’

And Cicero notices that such superstitions still lingered in that neighborhood—in *vicinia nostra* (1 *Tusc.*, 10). Does that prove that the country between Rome and Naples was, in the days of Cicero and Virgil, utterly unknown and barbarous? We again wonder that a grave historian should think that such a story could possibly relate to an island in possession of the greater part of which the Romans had been for upwards of four centuries—and introduce it to prove nothing, as far as we can see—but what, we own, it does prove—that ‘able historians’ may tell very foolish stories, and that an over anxiety to show one’s learning may betray the smallness and occasionality of the stock.

Sometimes Mr. Macaulay strains after verbal effect, and in his effort loses the point.

*Arabian* mothers long awed their infants to silence with the name of the *lion-hearted Plantagenet*.’—i. 4.

This is an unlucky occasion to introduce the name of Plantagenet, which assuredly no Arabian ear had ever heard nor tongue pronounced. How much more really striking is the simplicity of Joinville—‘Quant les petiz enfans des Turcs et Sarrazins crioient, leurs meres leurs disoient Tays-toy—Tays-toy; ou j’yray querir le *Roi Richart*. Et de pæurs qu’ilz avoient se taysoient.’ And then, forsooth, after five centuries, trundles up Mr. Macaulay, puffing and blowing with his *lion-hearted Plantagenet*.

When he complains that *English historians* are too partial to our Norman kings, it is in this style:—

‘This is, in truth, as absurd as it would be in a *Haytian negro* of our time to dwell with national pride on the greatness of Louis the Fourteenth, and to speak of Blenheim and Ramillies with patriot regret and shame.’—i. 14.

If a regiment of militia marches into Bridport, it must ‘*come pouring in*’ (i. 576). If many witnesses appeared on the Popish Plot, they come ‘*pouring forth*,’ (i. 237). When the Dutch sail up the Medway, the prose Lay is careful to note—

‘Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had with a manly spirit *hurled foul scorn* at Parma and Spain.’

Mr. Macaulay found the words *foul scorn* in Queen Elizabeth’s speech to her army at Tilbury, but has totally mistaken their meaning, and turned them into nonsense. If the Queen had used scorn in the sense of *defiance*, she might perhaps have said *proud scorn*; but she spoke of *foul scorn* in the sense of disgrace or insult.

‘“I know,” said she, “I have the body of a

weak woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and *think it foul scorn* that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than that any dishonour should grow, I myself will take up arms," &c.—*Cabala*, p. 373.

That is, she hurled defiance because she would not endure foul scorn.

If Mr. Macaulay is often too grandiloquent, he sometimes seeks effect in a studied meanness of expression.

The chaplain in squires' houses, *temp.* Ch. II., was, Mr. Macaulay says, denied the delicacies of the table, but he

'*might fill himself with the corned beef and carrots.*'—i. 328.

Burnet was one day very anxious to see the Prince of Orange, for a very important communication from the Princess—no less, indeed, than her intention that, when she should succeed to the throne, William should be king *regnant*, not king *consort*; but the Doctor was obliged to postpone it because the Prince, he says, '*was that day hunting.*' This Mr. Macaulay renders—

'William was many miles off after a stag.'—ii. 181.

There was probably no *stag-hunt* at all—William may have been shooting; but this low phrase seems introduced to suggest that William was no party, and even quite indifferent, to Burnet's negotiation. No—while that momentous question was in debate between his wife and his chaplain, '*he was off after a stag.*'

Monmouth's army is said, in the style of Percy's Reliques, to have been 'in evil case' (i. 601); certain Popish priests '*spell like washerwomen*' (ii. 111); and the charge of royal cavalry that finally routed the rebels is thus enlivened from one of Mr. Macaulay's own ballads.

'The Life Guards and Blues came *pricking fast* from Weston Zoyland.'—i. 609.

The ballad had sung,

'The fiery Duke came *pricking fast.*'

And again; on the acquittal of the Bishops, the history says,—

'The boats that covered the Thames gave an answering cheer.'—ii. 386.

The ballad on the defeat of the Armada sings—

'And all the thousand masts of Thames  
Gave back an answering cheer.'

In the last scene of Monmouth—

'The hangman addressed himself to his office.'—i. 628.

And after all it was not a *hangman*, but a *headsman*; and a wretched one too. Surely, as Sir Hugh Evans says, 'this is affectations;' and, in truth, *affectation*, whether high or low, is one of the most prominent features of Mr. Macaulay's style, which, often vivid, often forcible, often exquisitely pregnant with allusion and suggestion, is hardly ever natural through a page together.

As a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's vituperative style, in which, as we have said, he excels we think any writer in our language, we select first the case of Judge Jeffries, both because it is the one which it is hardest to exaggerate, and because Mr. Macaulay begins his notice of this judicial tyrant by a special profession of dealing with him as a 'dispassionate historian' (i. 449).

We are far from questioning the abstract justice of the epithets bestowed on Jeffries, nor should we have professed to treat of such a monster dispassionately—for we confess we never refer to one of the trials at which he presided, without fresh indignation and horror—but we complain, as a matter of taste and style, of the violence and pertinacity with which they are repeated, quite as often out of season as in; until at last Jeffries himself begins to appear as dispassionate as the historian.

In the same paragraph in which we read this claim of being dispassionate we find, as applied to Jeffries, the terms *wicked—insolent—angry—audacity—depravity—infamy*; and on the very next page, *consummate bully—impudence and ferocity—yell of fury—odious—terrible—savage—fiendish*. These are some—and some only—of the flowers of rhetoric culled from two half-pages of a dispassionate history, and of which a still more odorous assortment may be found scattered with equal liberality through the rest of the volumes. These specimens will, however, satisfy any reader, however strong may be his antipathy to Jeffries's memory; and he will, we think, be inclined to smile at hearing that Mr. Macaulay takes this special occasion of directing our indignation against another of Jeffries's enormities, namely,—

'The profusion of maledictions and vituperative epithets which composed his vocabulary could hardly be rivalled in the *Fish Market* or the *Bear Garden*.'—i. 450.

If this vocabulary of the Fishmarket or Bear-garden (Mr. Macaulay must excuse our use of his own terms) were applied only to such delinquents as Jeffries, we should have allowed for his indignation, though we might not approve his taste;

but he is really a Draco, who visits with equal severity all degrees of offence. Of Chief-Justice Wright he says—

'Proverbial ignorance was not the worst fault: his vices ruined him. He had resorted to infamous ways of raising money. Poor, dissolute, and shameless, he had become a parasite of Jeffries.'—ii. 276.

For Sir William Williams, an eminent Whig lawyer, who became Solicitor-General under James, he has the epithets of *odious—disgraceful—hated—despised—unblushing—ahhorred—apostate*—and, as if all this were not enough, we have, as a final bouquet—

'How men can live under such infamy it is not easy to understand; but even such infamy was not enough for Williams.'—ii. 627.

Again—

'The infamous Timothy Hall, who had distinguished himself by reading the declaration [for liberty of conscience], was rewarded with the Bishopric of Oxford, vacant by the death of the not less infamous Parker.'—ii. 423.

Every great painter is supposed to make a larger use of one particular colour. What a monstrous bladderful of *infamy* Mr. Macaulay must have squeezed on his palette when he took to portrait-painting! We have no concern, except as friends to historical justice, for the characters of any of the parties thus stigmatized, nor have we room or time to discuss these, or the hundred other somewhat similar cases which the volumes present; but we have looked at the authorities cited by Mr. Macaulay, and we do not hesitate to say that, 'as is his wont,' he has, with the exception of Jeffries, outrageously exaggerated them.

We must next notice the way in which Mr. Macaulay refers to and uses his authorities—no trivial points in the execution of a historical work—though we shall begin with comparatively small matters. In his chapter on manners, which we may call the most remarkable in his book, one of his most frequent references is to 'Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.' It is referred to at least a dozen or fourteen times in that chapter alone; but we really have some doubt whether Mr. Macaulay knew the nature of the book he so frequently quoted. Chamberlayne's work, of which the real title is '*Anglia* [or, after the Scotch Union, *Magna Britannia*] *Notitia, or the Present State of England*' [or *Great Britain*], was a kind of periodical publication, half history and half-court calendar. It was first published in 1669, and new editions or reprints,

with new dates, were issued, not annually we believe, but so frequently that there are between thirty and forty of them in the Museum, ending with 1755. From the way and for the purposes for which Mr. Macaulay quotes Chamberlayne, we should almost suspect that he had lighted on the volume for 1684, and, knowing of no other, considered it as a substantive work published in that year. Once indeed he cites the date of 1686, but there was, it seems, no edition of that year, and this may be an accidental error; but however that may be, our readers will smile when they hear that the two first and several following passages which Mr. Macaulay cites from Chamberlayne (i. 290 and 291), as *characteristic* of the *days of Charles II.*, distinctively from more modern times, are to be found *literatim* in every succeeding 'Chamberlayne' down to 1755—the last we have seen—were thus continually reproduced because the proprietors and editors of the table-book knew they were *not* particularly characteristic of one year or reign more than another—and now, in 1849, might be as well quoted as characteristics of the reign of George II. as of Charles II. We must add that there are references to Chamberlayne and to several weightier books (some of which we shall notice more particularly hereafter), as justifying assertions for which, on examining the said books with our best diligence, we have not been able to find a shadow of authority.

Our readers know that there was a Dr. John Eachard who wrote a celebrated work on the 'Grounds and Occasions of the Contempt of the Clergy.' They also know that there was a Dr. Lawrence Echard who wrote both a History of England, and a History of the Revolution. Both of these were remarkable men; but we almost doubt whether Mr. Macaulay, who quotes the works of each, does not confound their persons, for he refers to them both by the common (as it may once have been) name of *Eachard*, and at least twenty times by the wrong name. This, we admit, is a small matter; but what will some Edinburgh Reviewer (*temp.* Albert V.) say if he finds a writer confounding *Catherine* and *Thomas* Macaulay as 'the celebrated author of the great Whig History of England'—a confusion hardly worse than that of the two Eachards—for Catherine, though now forgotten by an ungrateful public, made quite as much noise in her day as Thomas does in ours.

But we are sorry to say we have a heavier complaint against Mr. Macaulay. We

accuse him of a habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities. This unfortunate indulgence, in whatever juvenile levity it may have originated, and through whatever steps it may have grown into an unconscious habit, seems to us to pervade the whole work—from Alpha to Omega—from Procopius to Mackintosh—and it is on that very account the more difficult to bring to the distinct conception of our readers. Individual instances can be, and shall be, produced; but how can we extract and exhibit the minute particles that colour every thread of the texture?—how extract the impalpable atoms that have fermented the whole brewing? We must do as Dr. Faraday does at the Institution when he exhibits in miniature the larger processes of Nature. We will suppose, then—taking a simple phrase as the fairest for the experiment—that Mr. Macaulay found Barillon saying in French '*le drôle m'a fait peur*,' or Burnet saying in English '*the fellow frightened me*.' We should be pretty sure not to find the same words in Mr. Macaulay. He would pause—he would first consider whether '*the fellow*' spoken of was a *Whig* or a *Tory*. If a *Whig*, the thing would be treated as a joke, and Mr. Macaulay would transmute it playfully into '*the rogue startled me*;' but if a *Tory*, it would take a deeper dye, and we should find '*the villain assaulted me*;' and in either case we should have a grave reference to

'Barillon, Jan. 31, 1686; or, 'Burnet, i. 907.'

If our reader will keep this formula in his mind, he will find it a fair exponent of Mr. Macaulay's *modus operandi*.

We shall now endeavour to compress into an admissible compass a few instances of this transmutation.

There was, at the close of Charles the Second's reign, a certain Thomas Dangerfield, '*a fellow*,' Hume tells us, '*who had been burned in the hand for crimes, transported, whipped, pilloried four times, fined for cheats, outlawed for felony, convicted of coining, and exposed to all the public infamy which the laws could inflict on the basest and most shameful enormities*.'—*Hume*, viii. 126. And this description is fully borne out by the best contemporary testimony.

This fellow was the author of the sham-conspiracy called the *meal-tub-plot*, which he first pretended was a plot of the Whigs against the King and the Duke of York; but not meeting the encouragement he hoped in that quarter, he turned his plot into a conspiracy of the Duke of York and

the Earl of Peterborough to murder the King. For this aspersion he was, at the beginning of James's reign, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be publicly whipped, and of course became a kind of Protestant martyr; and his popularity with that party was very much increased by his having been killed on the day of his flogging by a strange accident, and, as Mr. Macaulay adds, by the hand of a *Tory*.

The good name and fame of Mr. Dangerfield thus became precious to the Whigs; and there are, in the '*Bloody Assizes*' (an authority much relied on by Mr. Macaulay, and by him we believe alone), several pieces in prose and verse in honour of this new martyr, who is gravely, in a long elegy, declared to be equal, if not superior, to the earlier martyrs—Lords Russell and Essex. At the conclusion of Mr. Macaulay's relation of this sad affair we were exceedingly surprised to find this note:—

'In the very rare volume entitled "*Succinct Genealogies*, by Robert Halstead," Lord Peterborough says that Dangerfield, with whom he had some intercourse, was "*a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behaviour, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding*."—i. 490.

Our surprise was twofold—first, to find Mr. Macaulay attempting to spread this slight varnish over the fame of Dangerfield, whom he had himself before emphatically called a *villain* (i. 257); and, secondly, to find *Lord Peterborough* cited as a favorable witness to his character. What! we thought, Lord Peterborough pronouncing a kind of panegyric upon this most infamous slanderer of both himself and the Duke—it was incredible! But Mr. Macaulay vouches Lord Peterborough's own words. We hasten to consult the book, and there certainly we find Lord Peterborough acknowledging the intercourse and using the words as stated by Mr. Macaulay—but how? Now, indeed, the surprise will be our readers'. Lord Peterborough, who was placed in considerable danger by this fellow's accusation, absurd as it was, explains in his own defence—that he, being First Gentleman of the Duke of York's bed-chamber, was informed that a person, who would not give his name, desired to communicate to him an affair which nearly affected his Royal Highness. Lord Peterborough at first refused to see this anonymous stranger; but being told that his name was '*Thomas Willoughby*,' and not knowing whether in those strange times the Duke's life might not be really in danger, he had consented to see Mr. Willoughby,

who 'was a young man who appeared under a decent figure, a serious behaviour, and with words that did not seem to proceed from a common understanding.' At this point Mr. Macaulay stops short; while the Earl proceeds to tell us that, never having before seen or heard of the man, but deceived by these appearances, he had unfortunately carried Willoughby to tell his own story to the Duke of York,—the result of all being that this 'wretch' and 'villain,' as the Earl most truly calls him, turned out to be no other than Thomas Dangerfield, who accused the Duke of York of having at that interview offered him 20*l.* to murder King Charles, and that Lord Peterborough was privy to the bargain! (*Halstead*, p. 438.)

How Mr. Macaulay will account for this suppression of the latter part of Lord Peterborough's evidence, and for his own inconsistency in thus volunteering to produce evidence—and false evidence too—in favour of a 'villain,' we cannot, with the best consideration we have given to the matter, conjecture; but we are willing to suppose that there may be some possible explanation, and we shall proceed with our inquiry.

We must here observe that one strong mark of his historical impartiality is to call anything bigoted, intolerant, shameless, cruel, by the comprehensive title of *Tory*. When Doctor Johnson is quoted as acknowledging the Habeas Corpus Act as the chief safeguard of our liberties, he is only '*the most bigoted of Tories*'—all Tories, of course, being *ex vi termini* bigoted. 'Of all Tories, Lord Rochester was the most intolerant,—all Tories, of course, being intolerant. When he wishes to stigmatise Sir William Williams he describes him as 'undertaking what bigoted *Tories* stained with the blood of Russell would have shrunk from,—a Tory being of course, the last step of infamy but one, and that one being a Whig turned Tory. In this spirit he proceeds with Dangerfield's story. This man had been sentenced to be publicly whipped. Mr. Macaulay tells us that on the evening of his punishment a *Tory gentleman* of Gray's Inn named Frances struck Dangerfield with a small cane, which accidentally entering the eye killed him. For this deed, which, Mr. Macaulay says, was but manslaughter, Frances was executed as for murder (i. 489). Now here Mr. Macaulay refers to the State Trials, where, however, there is nothing about a *Tory gentleman*, but simply '*a barrister of Gray's Inn.*' Mr. Macaulay thought, we presume, that he was at liberty to *infer* from Frances's professing in his dying speech that

'he had never before seen Dangerfield, nor had any grudge or personal prejudice against him more than what all honest and good men could not but have who love the King and Government.'—

that he must be a Tory. The inference may be a fair one, though we should have hoped that there might even then have been found a Whig loyal to the King, and who abhorred such miscreants as Oates and Dangerfield. But however that may be, Mr. Macaulay was not justified in interpolating, *ad invidiam*, the term Tory, which his authority had not employed.

Another circumstance of Mr. Macaulay's report of this case is still worse. It had been falsely rumoured at the time that Frances had been jealous of an intimacy between his wife and Dangerfield. The husband's dying speech indignantly refuted that calumny, saying that she was an 'excellent wife—a most virtuous woman—and so well born, that had she been so inclined, she would not have debased herself to *so profligate* a person.' This defence, sufficiently absurd in itself, needed no exaggeration; but Mr. Macaulay makes it the occasion of sneering at two usual objects of his dislike—*Tories and Churchmen*—for he quotes the authority as saying that, if the woman

'had been inclined to break her marriage vow, she would have at least selected a *Tory* and a *Churchman* for her paramour!'—i. 490.

Again we read:—

'Among the unhappy men who were convicted of the murder of Godfrey was one Protestant of no high character, Henry Berry. It is a *remarkable and well-attested circumstance*, that Berry's last words did *more to shake the credit of the plot* than the dying declarations of all the pious and honourable Roman Catholics who underwent the same fate.'—ii. 8.

For this Mr. Macaulay vouches Burnet; but the reference is not fortunate. Burnet says that Berry had been born a Protestant, but had become a Papist, and was so at his trial; but the night before his execution he confessed that he was in his heart a Protestant, and repented of his former dissimulation; Burnet, however, does *not* state the '*remarkable and well-attested fact*,' for which Mr. Macaulay quotes him, nor anything like it; all he says is, that the *Papists* took great advantage from Berry's dying a Protestant to argue that the dying declarations of those of their own persuasion, which concurred with Berry's, were entitled to credit. Nor is there so much as a hint of any

discredit having been thereby thrown on the plot; and there is indeed a lamentable proof that Mr. Macaulay has wholly misunderstood the affair; for this, only the *third* trial of the supposed plotters, happened in February, 1679, and the series of massacres was not closed till near two years later, by the execution of Lord Strafford, in December, 1680.

He thus introduces the celebrated Lord Peterborough:—

‘Already he had given abundant proofs of his courage, of his capacity, and of that strange unsoundness of mind which made his courage and capacity almost useless to his country. Already he had distinguished himself as a wit and a scholar, as a soldier and a sailor. He had even set his heart on *rivalling Bourdaloue and Bossuet*. Though an *avowed Freethinker*, he had sat up all night at sea to compose *sermons*, and had with great difficulty been prevented from edifying the crew of a man of war with his *pious oratory*.’—ii. 33.

For this we are referred to ‘Teonge’s Diary.’ On turning to Teonge we find nothing about ‘*freethinking*’—nothing about *Bourdaloue* and *Bossuet*—nothing about *sermons* (in the plural)—nothing about *pious oratory*—but only that on one occasion Teonge, the chaplain of a man-of-war—in which Lord Mordaunt, then under 20, was taking a passage—being ill, the young Lord ‘asked the captain’s leave to preach, and sat up till four o’clock in the morning to compose his speech’—a design which the chaplain, who seems to have been at least as strange a person as Mordaunt, defeated by getting out of his bed, and so rebuked the young Lord that he returned into his own cabin in great wrath, and there, to spite the parson, set to work with a hammer and nails; and the parson, to spite him—‘for discontent,’ as he says—would have no prayers—and so the Sabbath was well passed between them. The story needs no exaggeration; and is indeed spoiled by Mr. Macaulay’s unauthorized additions.

These are some insulated instances of the misstatement of his printed authorities; others, more complicated, will be developed hereafter under the topics to which they belong. We must now make a few observations on what, though some of them are in print, we may class with the MS. authorities. Since Dalrymple discovered and in part opened to us the value of the despatches of Barillon, the French ambassador during the latter years of the reign of Charles and the whole of James, Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh obtained access to and made extracts from the despatches of Bonrepaux, another French en-

voy, Monsignor d’Adda, the Pope’s nuncio, and Citters the Dutch, and Ronquillo the Spanish ministers. Of these, Fox, Mackintosh and his continuator, have published portions; but Mr. Macaulay intimates (i. 299-391) that the copious collections of Mr. Fox and Sir James have been put into his hands, and that he has himself obtained some additional extracts from the correspondence of Bonrepaux, Citters, and Ronquillo (i. 440, 465). We could have wished that some distinct notice had been given of the extent of each of these contributions—by whom the different portions to be copied were selected—what guarantee there is for the correctness of the copies, and (when translated) of the translators. Dalrymple and Fox gave us, in their appendices, a large portion of the originals; Mackintosh’s continuator did the same to some extent; Mr. Macaulay has given us not more than half a dozen short extracts from the originals, and his versions of those passages only make us wish that we could see our way more distinctly into his authorities. We also wish Mr. Macaulay had always added some mark to explain whether the manuscripts were in the Fox, or the Mackintosh, or his own collection; and we may here be perhaps forgiven for throwing out, or more probably throwing away, a larger wish, that the despatches of those five ministers were published *in extenso*, or as far as they relate to our concerns. Until that be done there will never be a history of our Revolution which one or other of the great parties will not look on with suspicion. What Dalrymple has done for our history is of great value, but of still greater is the example he has given us of the right course of inquiry and of the right spirit in pursuing it.

But we have not quite so much confidence in Mr. Macaulay; we are not to question his scholarship; but it seems to us that sometimes, whether from haste or from obliquity of vision, he gives versions or explanations of his Italian, Spanish, and Dutch authorities more favourable to what happens to be his object at the moment than the originals—in some of the few instances in which we have the means of comparison—warrant. These variations must in the nature of things be in general very slight, but when we find that the errors all tend in the same direction, we are forced to suspect a bias in the translator—a prejudice so inwoven that he makes no effort to check its suggestions. We select an instance from each language.

In ii. 335, he represents an Italian Jesuit as saying of the *Roman Catholic gentry ex-*

clusively, what the author says of all the English gentry.

Again, on the same subject he mistranslates the Spanish minister Ronquillo, who, Mr. Macaulay says, in July, 1688,

*'assured his court that the Catholic country gentlemen would willingly consent to a compromise, of which the terms should be that the penal laws should be abolished and the test retained.'* Ib. ii. 335.

The original does not bear out Mr. Macaulay's version: first, the Spaniard does not *assure* his court, but says *he is informed*; next, he does not mention the Catholic country gentlemen, but generally the Catholics in the provinces, without distinction of class or station; next, instead of *willingly consenting* to it (we suppose the Test Act), Ronquillo only says, *they do not reject it*, because, not aspiring to office, they wish for nothing more for themselves and their posterity than the security of the quiet exercise and enjoyment of their religion and their properties. This *'estoy informado'* of a desire to be quiet is essentially different from a *willing consent* to the specified terms of a *compromise*.

These are, we admit, slight discolorations, but even such would, in the long run, have their effect on the mind of the reader. But here is one which seems a little more serious. In describing the termination of the trial of the Bishops, Mr. Macaulay states, that

*'As the noblemen who had appeared [in Westminster Hall] to support the good cause drove off, they flung from their carriage-windows handfuls of money, and bad the crowd drink to the health of the Bishops and the Jury.'*—ii. 387.

and for this he refers to the Dutch minister, Citters, and quotes the original passage; but, on reading that passage, we find that Mr. Macaulay has made a remarkable omission. Citters says that the money was given to drink the healths of 'THE KING, the Bishops, and the Jury.' Mr. Macaulay's version omits the *king*—and our readers will wonder why he should omit the most important word of the sentence, or—choosing for any purpose to omit it—why he should yet give it at the bottom of his page. To this last suggestion we know not what reply to make: but the suppression is clear and not insignificant. We need not insist on the importance, at that crisis, of such a show of loyalty, both in the gentlemen and the mob, as the introduction of the *King's* name implied. It was a kind of popular protest against what happened after; and it really expressed, we are satisfied, the feel-

ings of the majority, gentle and simple, of the people of England (always excepting the republican Whigs), who, though they would not tolerate the unconstitutional proceedings of James and his evil councillors, were very reluctant to cast off their allegiance to the *King*. But there is a particular circumstance that may also have influenced Mr. Macaulay. He opens his next chapter with the following emphatic paragraph:—

*'The acquittal of the bishops was not the only event which makes the 30th of June, 1688, a great epoch in English history.'*

*'On that day, while the bells of a hundred churches were ringing, while multitudes were busied, from Hyde Park to Mile End, in piling fagots and dressing popes for the rejoicings of the night, was despatched from London to the Hague an instrument scarcely less important to the liberties of England than the Great Charter.'*—ii. 395.

This was the paper which invited over the Prince of Orange, and as it was signed by several of the principal men of the party which had appeared in support of the bishops, it would a little disparage the sincerity and honour of these patriots to have it blazoned, that on the very day on which they despatched this treasonable paper, they had given the populace money to drink the *King's health*. Mr. Macaulay has at least spared his own pen that mortifying avowal.

It is but fair to observe that Mr. Macaulay, giving the original passages, might feel himself authorised to take more liberty in his translation—though it is odd that the three errors, one of them not slight, all tend towards Mr. Macaulay's peculiar views.

But there is a case which depends on, as far as we know, unpublished documents, about which we have a considerable curiosity. Mackintosh quotes, as from the Fox MSS., Barillon and Bonrepaux as attesting an intrigue of Lord Treasurer Rochester and his wife, in January and February, 1686, to set up Catherine Sedley, the King's mistress just created Countess of Dorchester, against the Queen, and that the Queen in consequence helped to overthrow Rochester and replace him by Lord Sunderland. Mr. Macaulay quotes the same authorities and tells the same story with some additions of great malevolence and bitterness against Lord Rochester, whom, as well as his brother Clarendon, Mr. Macaulay pursues with as lively a hatred as Oldmixon could have felt. Now we, notwithstanding Mackintosh's reference to the French authorities and Mr. Macaulay's repetition of it, have some doubt, and, let us



own, some hope, that this story may be altogether untrue. Mr. Macaulay sometimes quotes a history of our Revolution by *M. Mazure*, written with the assistance of the *original documents* in the *French archives*; and in his work we find the following account of this intrigue:—

'In this intrigue Lord Sunderland had the art to make himself useful to the Queen and to persuade her that Lord and Lady Rochester had set up the mistress in hopes of governing the King through her and overthrowing all the projects in favour of the Catholic religion. Sunderland, who was in the pay of Louis XIV., tried to persuade Barillon of the same story; but Barillon and Bonrepaux—both of whom gave an account of this intrigue, the first to Louis XIV., the second to Seignelay—agree upon this point that Rochester was a complete stranger to the whole affair!—*Mazure*, ii. 158.

We confess that, having slight confidence in Mr. Macaulay's own accuracy, and knowing nothing of the *copies* on which Mackintosh told and Mr. Macaulay has embellished this story, we are inclined rather to believe the account of *M. Mazure*; but surely Mr. Macaulay, who makes so much of this affair, cites so many authorities about it, and even says that 'the facts are stranger than fiction,' ought at least to have taken notice of *M. Mazure's* evidence, and to have explained how such an utter discrepancy can exist between his own and *M. Mazure's* account of the French despatches.

There is another circumstance which strongly though incidentally corroborates *Mazure's* version. At the time of this intrigue Clarendon was Privy Seal and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and, though he was in Dublin, it is impossible that he could have been a stranger to the proceedings of his brother Rochester. Now, both Lord and Lady Clarendon continued to write confidentially to Lord and Lady Rochester, as the channels of the Queen's favor, in a way that seems utterly inconsistent with the Rochesters' being under her displeasure, or engaged in any intrigue against her; and, after some months, we find the Queen expressing some displeasure on the score of Lady Dorchester—not against Rochester, the supposed guilty party—but against Clarendon—and not that he or his family had any share in the supposed intrigue, but that he had paid the Countess some attention during a kind of exile which she had spent in Dublin; though, on the other hand, Lady Dorchester (with more justice, as it seems) complained that he had been deficient in civility. In short it seems to us that several passages in the 'Clarendon Correspondence'

are irreconcilable with Mr. Macaulay's version of Rochester's conduct.

We shall now proceed to more general topics. We decline, as we set out by saying, to treat this 'New Atlantis' as a serious history, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with matters of such remote interest as the errors and anachronisms with which the chapter that affects to tell our earlier history abounds. Our readers would take no great interest in a discussion whether Hengist was as fabulous as Hercules, Alaric a Christian born, and 'the fair chapels of New College and St. George' at Windsor of the same date. But there is one subject in that chapter on which we cannot refrain from saying a few words—

#### THE CHURCH.

We decline to draw any inferences from this work as to Mr. Macaulay's own religious opinions; but it is our duty to say—and we trust we may do so without offence—that Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with the general principle of Church government, and the doctrine, discipline, and influence of the Church of England, cannot fail to give serious pain, and sometimes to excite a stronger feeling than pain, in the mind of every friend to that Church, whether in its spiritual or corporate character.

He starts with a notion that the fittest engine to redeem England from the mischiefs and mistakes of oligarchical feudalism was to be found in the imposing machinery and deception of the Roman Church; overlooking the great truth that it was not the Romish Church, but the genius of Christianity, working its vast but silent change, which was really guiding on the chariot of civilisation; but in this broad principle there was not enough of the picturesqueness of detail to captivate his mind. It would not suit him to distinguish between the Church of Christ and the web of corruptions that had grown about her, but could not effectually arrest the benignant influence inherent in her mainspring. He therefore leads his readers to infer that Christianity came first to Britain with St. Austin, and for aught that Mr. Macaulay condescends to inform us, the existence of a prior Anglo-Saxon Church was a monkish fiction. The many unhappy circumstances of the position taken up by the Romish Church in its struggles for power—some of them unavoidable, it may be, if such a battle were to be fought—are actually displayed as so many blessings, attainable only by a system which the historian himself condemns elsewhere as baneful and untrue. He maintains these strange paradoxes and

contradictions with a pertinacity quite surprising. He doubts whether a true form of Christianity would have answered the purposes of liberty and civilisation half so well as the acknowledged duplicities of the Church of Rome.

'It may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent.'—i. 23.

'There is a point in the life both of an individual and a society at which submission and faith, such as at a later period would be justly called servility and credulity, are useful qualities.'—i. 47.

These are specimens of the often exposed fallacies in which he delights to indulge. Place right and wrong in a state of uncertainty by reflected lights, and you may fill up your picture as you like. And such for ever is Mr. Macaulay's principle of art. It is not the elimination of error that he seeks for, but an artistic balance of conflicting forces. And this he pursues throughout: deposing the dignity of the historian for the clever antithesis of the pamphleteer. At last, on this great and important point of religious history—a point which more than any other influences every epoch of English progress, he arrives at this pregnant and illustrative conclusion—

'It is difficult to say whether England owes more to the Roman Catholic religion or to the Reformation.'—i. 49.

England owes nothing to 'the Roman Catholic religion.' She owes everything to CHRISTIANITY, which Romanism injured and hampered but could not destroy, and which the Reformation freed at least from the worst of those impure and impeding excrescences.

With regard to his treatment of the Reformation, and especially of the Church of England, it is very difficult to give our readers an adequate idea. Throughout a system of depreciation—we had almost said insult—is carried on: sneers, sarcasms, injurious comparisons, sly misrepresentations, are all adroitly mingled throughout the narrative, so as to produce an unfavourable impression, which the author has not the frankness to attempt directly. Even when obliged to approach the subject openly, it is curious to observe how, under a slight veil of impartiality, imputations are raised and calumnies accredited. For instance, early in the first volume he gives us his view of the English Reformation, as a kind of middle term, emerging out of the antagonist struggles of the Catholics and Calvinists: and it is impossible not to see that, between the

three parties, he awards to the Catholics the merit of unity and consistency; to the Calvinists, of reason and independence; to the Anglicans, the lowest motives of expediency and compromise. To enforce this last topic he relies on the inconsistencies, some real and some imaginary, imputed to Cranmer, whose notions of worldly expediency he chooses to represent as the source of the Anglican Church.

'But as the government needed the support of the Protestants, so the Protestants needed the protection of the government. Much was therefore given up on both sides; an union was affected; and the fruit of that union was the Church of England.'

'The man who took the chief part in settling the conditions of the alliance which produced the Anglican Church was Thomas Cranmer. He was the representative of both the parties which, at that time, needed each other's assistance. He was at once a divine and a statesman. In his character of divine he was perfectly ready to go as far in the way of change as any Swiss or Scottish reformer. In his character of statesman he was desirous to preserve that organization which had, during many ages, admirably served the purposes of the bishops of Rome, and might be expected now to serve equally well the purposes of the English kings and of their ministers. His temper and his understanding eminently fitted him to act as mediator. Sainly in his professions, unscrupulous in his dealings, zealous for nothing, bold in speculation, a coward and a timeserver in action, a placable enemy and a lukewarm friend, he was in every way qualified to arrange the terms of the coalition between the religious and the worldly enemies of popery.'—i. 51, 52.

He thence proceeds to show that the opinions of the Church of England on various points are not those which at one time were held by Cranmer, whom he seems resolved to consider as her founder, and for whose inconsistencies he holds her responsible. Now no one who knows Cranmer's writings and history—no one, of the greater number who remember the magnanimous immolation of his guilty right hand at the stake—will contend for the undeviating consistency of all his opinions. He was by nature of a wavering and argumentative disposition, and he lived in a chaotic time, when the bravest and the wisest did not see their way, and 'staggered to and fro like drunken men.' But we are, nevertheless, very far from thinking that Mr. Macaulay can justify the language he has used as to this subject.

He speaks (p. 53) of Cranmer's '*conviction*' that 'in the primitive times there was no distinction between bishops and priests.' In p. 57 he states that Cranmer had 'declared in emphatic terms that God

had immediately committed to Christian princes the whole care of all their subjects, as well concerning the administration of God's word, for the cure of souls, as concerning the ministration of things political.' And again (p. 76) he refers to the 'low estimate which Cranmer had formed of the office of bishop.' Now all these statements are founded on Cranmer's answers to the questions given in Burnet. But why does not Mr. Macaulay mention that the 'conviction' was expressed only on one occasion, and with the greatest modesty as 'mere opinion,' which Cranmer did not 'temerarily define, but remitted to the King's judgment? Why does he not inform us that the opinion was contradicted by the other commissioners, and that it did not prevent Cranmer himself from subscribing shortly afterwards the 'Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man,' nor from directing the publication of the 'Catechism or Short Instruction into Christian Religion,' which two works contain the plainest possible avowals of what Mr. Macaulay sneers at as 'High Church Doctrine.' Why does he not take any notice of Cranmer's essay, 'De Ordine et Ministerio Sacerdotum et Episcoporum?' (See his works published by the Parker Society, App., p. 484.) If Cranmer did not always hold the same principle, why advert to one occasion when he delivered a 'mere opinion,' which he would not 'temerarily define,' and pass over all the passages, English and Latin, in which at various periods he deliberately expresses the general bias of his mind? Is this fair?

We have no doubt that, if the force of Mr. Macaulay's attack should be thought in any degree proportioned to the hostility of the intention, the Church will find many defenders more powerful than our abilities, and more complete than our space, would allow us to be. Already, indeed, we have received a pamphlet by the Rev. R. C. Harrington, Chancellor of Exeter, which sufficiently refutes all that it concerns our Church to refute, of Mr. Macaulay's misstatements. We cannot here follow the steps of Mr. Harrington's able and conclusive arguments. Those who think Mr. Macaulay worth refutation will find his sophistry fully but very courteously exposed by Mr. Harrington. But we shall select two short passages which show that Mr. Macaulay is not more exact in his ecclesiastical quotations than we have shown him to be in others. He states that—

'Archbishop Grindal long hesitated about accepting a mitre, from dislike to what he regarded as the *mummery of consecration*.'—1. 51.

There is nothing of the kind. The indecent sneer about 'the mummery of consecration'—*mummery of consecration*!—observe the juxtaposition of these terms—is Mr. Macaulay's own. The truth is that Grindal consulted Peter Martyr (but did not wait for his answer) as to some scruples 'concerning impropriations and the wearing certain peculiar garments.' (Harrington, 11): not a hint about *consecration*—of course no scandalous allusion to *mummery*—these are all flowers of Mr. Macaulay's own rhetoric. The other case is if possible still worse:—

'When it was objected that Saint Paul had spoken of certain persons whom the Holy Ghost had made overseers and shepherds of the faithful, it was answered that King Henry was the *very overseer, the very shepherd*, whom the Holy Ghost had appointed, and to whom the expressions of St. Paul applied.'—i. 56.

The 'objection' and the 'answer,' says Mr. Harrington, seem to be the result of a fertile imagination—the only conjectural ground of its being a paper in which it was stated as a point to be established that the text of St. Paul referred to

'Was not meant of such bishops only as be now of the clergy, but was *as well* meant and spoken of EVERY ruler and governor of Christian people.'—Harrington, 12.

The date of this paper, 1532, removes it from all connexion with our formularies, and even Mr. Macaulay seems to admit that it was probably written by Gardiner; but he does not add that Gardiner was a papist, nor explain by what process he makes our Church responsible for Gardiner's doctrines, even if they were what he represents them.

No infidelity of quotation that we have instanced appears to exceed these. We shall see more of his bitter hostility to the Church of England in a future division of our subject, where we shall find him as unjust to her maturity as he has been to what he calls her origin—as injuriously prejudiced against her ministers as he has been against her principles.

The next great division of his subject is the reign of Charles I. There are, as we have had so often to say, no facts to debate with him; all we have to do is to repeat our charge of habitual partiality and injustice—partiality towards every form of rebellion, and especially its archetype Cromwell—injustice to every principle of monarchical loyalty, and their representatives Strafford and King Charles.

To disprove the imputations, to correct the misstatements, to refute the insinuations

which Mr. Macaulay lavishes with bitter and unwearied animosity on the King, would require us to rewrite the 'History of the Rebellion.' We shall content ourselves with a few short notices of the historian's own partiality and inconsistency. In the first place we observe, that, though he talks of the King's evil *propensities* and *vices* as if they were many, he can like his predecessors in the same field, specify but one, which less eloquent Whig historians are content to blame as 'insincerity,' but Mr. Macaulay stigmatises as nothing short of 'perfidy,' or even some harsher name. As we ourselves are in the course of this article forced occasionally to question Mr. Macaulay's own sincerity, we should be unwilling to adopt the vocabulary in which he characterises the duplicity of Charles, though we cannot, on the other hand, quite reconcile ourselves to the palliative and even laudatory terms in which he treats the much deeper shades of the same *vice* in Cromwell, Sidney, King William, and other favourite politicians.

We select a few of the choice flowers which he charitably strews on the grave of the unhappy Charles.

'Faithlessness was the chief cause of his disasters, and is the chief stain on his memory. He was in truth impelled by an incurable propensity to dark and crooked ways.'—i. 84.

'He was perfidious not only from ambition and habit, but on principle.'—*ib.*

'So notorious was his duplicity, that there was no treachery of which his subjects might not with some show of reason believe him capable.'—i. 106.

'The duplicity of Charles made his old enemies irreconcilable.'—i. 113.

'The King was not to be trusted; the *vices* of Charles had grown upon him. Cunning is the natural defence of the weak. A prince therefore who is habitually a deceiver.'—i. 126.

'Charles was not only a most unscrupulous but a most unlucky dissembler.'—i. 126.

'The same punishment that awaits on habitual perfidy had at length overtaken the King.'—i. 110.

Every one of the circumstances on which we may presume that Mr. Macaulay would rely as justifying these charges has been long since, to more candid judgments, either disproved, explained, or excused, and in truth whatever blame can be justly attributed to any of them, belongs mainly, if not exclusively, to those whose violence and injustice drove a naturally upright and most conscientious man into the shifts and stratagems of self-defence. With the greatest fault and the only crime that Charles in his whole life committed Mr. Macaulay does not reproach him—the consent to the exe-

cution of Lord Strafford—that indeed, as he himself penitentially confessed, was a deadly weight on his conscience, and is an indelible stain on his character; but even that guilt and shame belongs in a still greater degree to Mr. Macaulay's patriot heroes.

This leads us to the conclusive plea which we enter to Mr. Macaulay's indictment, namely—that all those acts alleged as the excuses of rebellion and regicide occurred after the rebellion had broken out, and were at worst only devices of the unhappy King to escape from the regicide which he early foresaw. It was really the old story of the wolf and the lamb. It was far down the stream of rebellion that these acts of supposed perfidy on the part of Charles could be said to have troubled it.

But while he thus deals with the lamb, let us see how he treats the wolf. We have neither space nor taste for groping through the long and dark labyrinth of Cromwell's proverbial duplicity and audacious apostasy: we shall content ourselves with two facts, which, though stated in the gentlest way by Mr. Macaulay will abundantly justify the opinion which all mankind, except a few republican zealots, hold of that man's sincerity, of whose abilities, wonderful as they were, the most remarkable, and perhaps the most serviceable to his fortunes, was his hypocrisy; so much so, that South—a most acute observer of mankind, and who had been educated under the Commonwealth and Protectorate—in his sermon on 'Worldly Wisdom,' adduces Cromwell as an instance of 'habitual dissimulation and imposture.' Oliver, Mr. Macaulay tells us, modelled his army on the principle of composing it of men fearing God, and zealous for *public liberty*, and in the very next page he is forced to confess that

'thirteen years followed in which for the first and the last time the civil power of our country was subjected to military dictation.'—i. 120.

Again,

'Oliver had made his choice. He had kept the hearts of his soldiers, but he had *broken* with every other class of his fellow citizens.'—i. 129.

That is, he had broken through all the promises, pledges, and specious pretences by which he had deceived and enslaved the nation, which Mr. Macaulay calls with such opportune *naïveté*, *his fellow citizens*! Then follows, not a censure of this faithless usurpation, but many laboured apologies and even defences of it, and a long series of laudatory epithets, some of which are worth

collecting as a rare contrast to Mr. Macaulay's usual style, and particularly to the abuse of Charles, which we have just exhibited.

'His *genius and resolution* made him more *absolute master of his country* than any of her legitimate Kings had been.'—i. 129.

He having cut off the legitimate King's head on a pretence that Charles had wished to make himself *absolutely master of the country*.

'Everything yielded to the *vigour and ability* of Cromwell.'—i. 130.

'The Government, though in the form of a Republic, was in truth, a despotism, moderated only by the *wisdom, the sober-mindedness, and the magnanimity* of the despot.'—i. 137.

With a vast deal more of the same tone.

But Mr. Macaulay particularly expatiates on the influence that Cromwell exercised over foreign states: and there is hardly any topic to which he recurs with more pleasure, or, as we think, with less sagacity, than the terror with which Cromwell and the contempt with which the Stuarts inspired the nations of Europe. He somewhat exaggerates the extent of this feeling, and greatly misstates or mistakes the cause; and as this subject is in the present state of the world of more importance than any others in the work, we hope we may be excused for some observations tending to a sounder opinion on that subject.

It was not, as Mr. Macaulay everywhere insists, the personal abilities and genius of Cromwell that exclusively, or even in the first degree, carried his foreign influence higher than that of the Stuarts. The internal struggles that distracted and consumed the strength of these islands throughout their reigns necessarily rendered us little formidable to our neighbours; and it is with no good grace that a Whig historian stigmatizes that result as shameful; for, without discussing whether it was justifiable or not, the fact is certain, that it was the opposition of the Whigs—often in rebellion and always in faction against the Government—which disturbed all progress at home and paralysed every effort abroad. We are not, we say, now discussing whether that opposition was not justifiable and may not have been ultimately advantageous in several constitutional points; we think it decidedly was: but at present all we mean to do is to show that it had a great share in producing on our foreign influence the lowering effects of which Mr. Macaulay complains.

And there is still another consideration which escapes Mr. Macaulay in his estimate of such usurpers as Cromwell and Buona-

parte. A usurper is always more terrible both at home and abroad than a legitimate sovereign: first the usurper is likely to be (and in these two cases was) a man of superior genius and military glory, wielding the irresistible power of the sword; but there is a still stronger contrast—legitimate Governments are bound—at home by laws—abroad by treaties, family ties, and international interests; they acknowledge the law of nations, and are limited, even in hostilities, by many restraints and bounds. The despotic usurpers had no fetters of either sort—they had no opposition at home, and no scruples abroad. Law, treaties, rights, and the like, had been already broken through like cobwebs, and kings naturally humbled themselves before a vigour that had dethroned and murdered kings, and foreign nations trembled at a power that had subdued in their own fields and cities the pride of England and the gallantry of France! To contrast Cromwell and Charles II., Napoleon and Louis XVIII., is sheer nonsense and mere verbiage—it is as if one should compare the house-dog and the wolf, and argue that the terror inspired by the latter was very much to his honour. All this is such a mystery to Mr. Macaulay that he wanders into two theories so whimsical, that we hesitated between passing them by as absurdities, or producing them for amusement; we adopt the latter. One is that Cromwell could have no interest and therefore no personal share in the death of Charles. 'Whatever Cromwell was,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'he was no fool; and he must have known that Charles I. was obviously a less difficulty in his way than Charles II.' Cromwell, we retain the phrase, 'was no fool,' and he thought and found that Charles II. was, as far as he was concerned, no difficulty at all. The real truth was, that the revolutionary party in England in 1648, like that in France in 1792, was but a rope of sand which nothing could cement and consolidate but the *blood of the Kings*—that was a common crime and a common and indissoluble tie which gave all their consistency and force to both revolutions—a stroke of original sagacity in Cromwell and of imitative dexterity in Robespierre. If Mr. Macaulay admits, as he subsequently does (i. 129), that the regicide was 'a sacrament of blood,' by which the party became irrevocably bound to each other and separated from the rest of the nation, how can he pretend that Cromwell derived no advantage from it? In fact, his admiration—we had almost said fanaticism—for Cromwell betrays him throughout into the blind-est inconsistencies.

The second vision of Mr. Macaulay is, if possible, still more absurd. He imagines a Cromwell dynasty! If it had not been for Monk and his army, the rest of the nation would have been loyal to the son of the illustrious Oliver.

'Had the Protector and the Parliament been suffered to proceed undisturbed, there can be little doubt that an order of things similar to that which was afterwards established under the house of Hanover, would have been established under the house of Cromwell.'—i. 142.

And yet in a page or two Mr. Macaulay is found making an admission—made, indeed, with the object of disparaging Monk and the royalists—but which gives to his theory of a Cromwellian dynasty the most conclusive refutation.

'It was probably not till Monk had been some days in the capital that he made up his mind. The cry of the whole people was for a free parliament; and there could be no doubt that a parliament really free would instantly restore the exiled family.'—i. 147.

All this hypothesis of a Cromwellian dynasty looks like sheer nonsense; but we have no doubt it has a meaning, and we request our readers not to be diverted by the almost ludicrous partiality and absurdity of Mr. Macaulay's speculations from an appreciation of the deep hostility to the monarchy from which they arise. They are like bubbles on the surface of a dark pool, which indicate that there is something rotten below.

We should if we had time have many other complaints to make of the details of this chapter, which are deeply coloured with all Mr. Macaulay's prejudices and passions. He is, we may almost say of course, violent and unjust against Strafford and Clarendon; and the most prominent touch of candour that we can find in this period of his history is, that he slurs over the murder of Laud in an obscure half-line (i. 119) as if he were—as we hope he really is—ashamed of it.

We now arrive at what we have heard called the celebrated third chapter—celebrated it deserves to be, and we hope our humble observations may add something to its celebrity. There is no feature of Mr. Macaulay's book on which, we believe, he more prides himself, and which has been in truth more popular with his readers, than the descriptions which he introduces of the residences, habits, and manners of our ancestors. They are, provided you do not look below the surface, as entertaining as

Pepys or Pennant, or any of the many scrap-book histories which have been recently fabricated from those old materials; but when we come to examine them, we find that in these cases as everywhere else, Mr. Macaulay's propensity to caricature and exaggerate leads him not merely to disfigure circumstances, but totally to forget the principle on which such episodes are admissible into regular history—namely, the illustration of the story. They should be, as it were, woven into the narrative, and not, as Mr. Macaulay generally treats them, stitched on like patches. This latter observation does not of course apply to the collecting a body of miscellaneous facts into a separate chapter, as Hume and others have done; but Mr. Macaulay's chapter, besides, as we shall show, the prevailing inaccuracy of its details, has one general and essential defect specially its own.

The moment Mr. Macaulay has selected for suspending his narrative to take a view of the surface and society of England is the death of Charles II. Now we think no worse point of time could have been chosen for tracing the obscure but very certain connection between political events and the manners of a people. The Restoration, for instance, was an era in manners as well as in politics—so was in a fainter degree the Revolution—either, or both, of those periods would have afforded a natural position for contemplating a going and a coming order of things; but we believe that there are no two periods in our annals which were so identical in morals and politics—so undistinguishable, in short, in any national view—as the latter years of Charles and the earlier years of James. Here then is an objection *in limine* to this famous chapter—and not *in limine* only, but in substance; for in fact the period he has chosen would not have furnished out the chapter, four-fifths of which belong to a date later than that which he professes to treat of. In short, the chapter is like an old curiosity-shop, into which—no matter whether it happens to stand in Charles Street, William Street, or George Street—the knick-knacks of a couple of centuries are promiscuously jumbled. What does it signify, in a history of the reign of Charles II., that a writer, 'sixty years after the Revolution' (i. 347), says that in the lodging-houses at Bath 'the hearth-slabs' were 'freestone, not marble'—that 'the best apartments were hung with coarse woollen stuff, and furnished with rush-bottomed chairs?'—nay, that he should have the personal good taste to lament that in those Bæotian days '*not a wainscot was painted*' (348); and yet this

twaddle of the reign of George II., patched into the times of Charles II., is the appropriate occasion which he takes to panegyrisé this new mode of elucidating history?—

'Readers who take an interest in the progress of civilization and of the useful arts [*painting wainscot*] will be grateful to the humble topographer who has recorded these facts, and will perhaps wish that historians of far higher pretensions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlours and bedchambers of our ancestors looked.'—i. 348.

Yes, when the parlour or bedchamber was in any way connected with the event, or characteristic of the person, or *even of the times*; but not a Bath lodging-house in 1750 as illustrative of the ordinary parlours and bedchambers of our ancestors in 1684.

In the same style he is so obliging as to illustrate the battle of Sedgemoor by the following valuable circumstance:—

'Feversham had fixed his head-quarters at Weston Zoyland. Many persons still living have seen the daughter of the servant girl who waited on him that day at table.'—i. 604.

Prodigious! the daughter! Are we too sanguine in hoping that there may be still extant a granddaughter, or peradventure a great-granddaughter, of the *servant girl* who waited at the table of the commander-in-chief of the royal army, who it seems had no servants of his own?—But still more wonderful—

'And a large *dish of Persian ware* which was set before him is still carefully preserved in the neighbourhood.'—*ib.*

And lest any doubt should remain on the reader's mind whether the dish which Mr. Macaulay describes as now in the actual 'possession of Mr. Stradling' be the real *bonâ fide* dish, he satisfies all unreasonable incredulity on that point by not only local but statistical evidence:—

'It is to be observed that the population of Somersetshire does not, like that of the manufacturing districts, consist of emigrants from distant places. It is by no means unusual to find farmers who cultivate the same land which their ancestors cultivated when the Plantagenets reigned in England. *The Somersetshire traditions are THEREFORE of no small value to an historian.*'

It would be superfluous to endeavour, after so high an authority, to depreciate the *historical value* of the story of the china dish, but we may be forgiven if we call particular attention to the admirable structure of Mr. Macaulay's syllogism.

Feversham supped in Somersetshire one night in 1685.

John a Noaks farms in 1849 the same land which his forefathers farmed in 1485.

*Therefore*, this is the same dish of Persian ware out of which Feversham supped. Q. E. D.!

In proceeding to exhibit some of the other details of the celebrated chapter we must premise that our selections are but specimens of a huge mass of mistake and absurdity, selected as being the most capable of a summary exposure:—

'There were still to be seen, on the capes of the sea-coast and on many inland hills, tall posts surmounted by barrels. Once those barrels had been filled with pitch. Watchmen had been set round them in seasons of danger. \* \* \* \* But many years had now [1684] elapsed since the beacons had been lit.'—i. 290.

And for this he quotes

'Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.'

The self-same passage is to be found in 'Chamberlayne's State of England, 1755;' and whoever has read the letters of Sir Walter Scott will recollect that he once rode 100 miles without drawing bridle in consequence of the beacons having been lit in Northumberland on a false alarm of a French invasion, A.D. 1805!

'The Groom of the Stole had 5000*l.* a-year.'—*Chamberlayne's State of England, 1684.*

This is introduced as a proof of the extravagance of Charles II.'s court, and is not true either in fact or in reference. Chamberlayne makes no difference between the Groom of the Stole and the other lords of the bedchamber, whose salaries were 1000*l.*; and there is the same unaltered passage in Chamberlayne down to 1755.

'The place of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is supposed to be worth 40,000*l.* a-year.'—i. 310.

The authority cited for this is the Grand Duke Cosmo, who, on his way from Corunna to England, touched at Kinsale, and slept one night ashore, during which his secretary, who does not seem to have known any English, collected this valuable information. The total public revenue of Ireland was little more than 300,000*l.*, and the aggregate salaries of *all* the public servants in the kingdom but 25,000*l.*, so that the sum stated as the Lord Lieutenant's income is incredible. We should be inclined to suspect the sum to be a clerical error of the transcriber's for 40,000 *crown*s.

Not satisfied with a constant effort to depreciate the moral and social condition of the country at that day, he must do the



same by its natural features and productions. It needed, we think, no parade of authorities to show that the cultivation of the soil was then inferior to ours; but Mr. Macaulay will produce authorities, and, as often happens to him, the authorities prove nothing but his own rashness:—

‘In the drawings of English landscapes, made in that age for the Grand Duke Cosmo, scarce a hedgerow is to be seen, and numerous tracks, now rich with cultivation, appear as bare as Salisbury Plain.’—i. 311.

These drawings are, if we may judge by the plates, to which we suppose Mr. Macaulay alludes, made hastily by a very poor hand, and hardly deserves to be spoken of as drawings of landscapes, the artist's object being chiefly the exterior aspect of the towns through which the Duke passed; but it is not true that *scarcely a hedgerow is to be seen*; there are, we are satisfied, nearly as many as the same artist would now show in the same places; but why appeal to these poor sketches when we have a very contrary description in the *text* of the self-same work? We take, for example, the two earliest of these landscapes that occur in the route, and we find the country represented in the first described as having ‘*fields surrounded with hedges and dry walls*’ (*Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo*, ii. 127); the second represents the approach to Exeter, thus described in the text—‘*Everywhere were seen fields surrounded with rows of trees, meadows of the most beautiful verdure, gentlemen's seats, &c.*’ (*ib.* 128.) Is it good faith to produce such drawings (even if they were what Mr. Macaulay describes, which they are not) as proof of a fact which the letterpress on the opposite page, and which must have been seen at the same glance, contradicts?

Again: Mr. Macaulay says of London:—

‘The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas, embowered in lilacs and laburnums, extended from the great centre of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex.’—i. 349.

But hear what the writer of the Grand Duke's travels saw and records, and for which he is a rather better authority than for the profits of the Lord-Lieutenant:—

‘The whole tract of country—seven miles—from Brentford to London, is *truly delicious*, from the *abundance of well-built villas and country houses* which are seen in every direction.’—*Travels*, 162.

Again: he says that our native horses,

though serviceable, were held in small esteem, and fetched low prices, and that, either for *war* or *coaches*, foreign breeds were preferred (i. 315); but, on the other hand, one of his favourite authorities (Chamberlayne, 1684) boasts of the superiority of English horses:—

‘For *war*, for *coach*, for highway, for hunting, nowhere such plenty of horses.’—*Present State*, p. 8.

And again:

‘The modern racehorse was not then known.’—i. 315.

No doubt; the Godolphin Arabian was not yet imported: but what used to take King Charles to Newmarket, on the road to which some of the revolution patriots were to lie in wait to assassinate him? Why did the King invite the Grand Duke to come ‘to see the horse-racing at Newmarket?’—p. 201.

Mr. Macaulay makes a great parade of the increased size and improved appearance of the towns and cities of England since the days of Charles II. He need hardly, we think, have taken such pains, when the population estimates and returns of ten years ago informed us that the population of England and Wales, which in 1670 was estimated at about *five and a half* millions, was, in 1840, *sixteen*; and the greater part of his observations on these towns seem to us quite irrelevant to any part of his subject, and in themselves both inaccurate and superficial. One instance of such trifling will suffice. We do not see what a description of a place like Cheltenham—a creation of almost our own day—has to do with a history of the reign of King Charles II., though it might be noticed in that of George III., as a visit to it was thought to have brought on his first illness; but while our statistical historian is expatiating in a very flowery style on the local position and wonderful growth of this beautiful town, he totally forgets the *medicinal wells*, to which alone it owes its existence! The tragedy of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted!

In speaking of *Soho Square*, he says,—

‘*Monmouth Square* had been the name while the fortunes of the Duke of Monmouth flourished.’—i. 356.

With a reference to *Chamberlayne*; but the reference again fails us;—we cannot find it in *Chamberlayne*. *Chamberlayne* calls it King's Square. This trifle, however, though it confirms what we have said of the inaccuracy of Mr. Macaulay's references to his

authorities, would not be worth mentioning, but that it reveals a more important negligence in Mr. Macaulay.

Lord Grey, one of the Rye House conspirators, who was second in command in Monmouth's rebellion, and taken prisoner with him, made a confession, which is one of the most remarkable documents of the times. It was printed, in 1754, under the title of 'Secret History of the Rye House Plot.' This work, which is conclusive as to the treason of Lord Russell and all the other patriots, is extremely distasteful to all the Whig historians; and Mr. Macaulay, though forced to quote it, is anxious to contest its veracity; but it would really seem as if he had not condescended to read this celebrated Confession. If he had, he could have made no mistake as to the name of the Square, nor referred to Chamberlayne for what is not there, for in his Confession Lord Grey tells us that in the spring of 1683, preparatory to fixing the precise day for a general insurrection, he met Mr. Trenchard, one of the west-country conspirators, to consider that point '*at the Duke of Monmouth's house in SOHO SQUARE.*' (Grey, p. 36.) And again, Lord Grey says that the night before the conspirators were to leave town for their respective posts, he '*walked with the Duke of Monmouth in SOHO SQUARE till break of day.*' Has Mr. Macaulay written his history without having carefully read the infinitely most important document of the whole period?

He tells us that the foundation of the Royal Society spread the growth of true science:—

'One after another, phantoms which had haunted the world through ages of darkness fled before the light. Astrology and alchemy became jests.'—i. 411.

Has Mr. Macaulay forgotten 'Albumazar' and the 'Alchemist'?—jest a good deal earlier than this date?

He relates as a sign of the low intellect of the times—

'The "London Gazette" came out only on Mondays and Thursdays. The contents generally were a royal proclamation, two or three Tory addresses, notices of two or three promotions, and a skirmish on the Danube, a description of a highwayman, &c. &c.'

An ex-Secretary at War might know that the Gazette is little better, indeed hardly so good, in our days; and that, substituting the publishing days, Tuesday and Friday, for Monday and Thursday, the description of King Charles's Gazette would exactly suit that of Queen Victoria, even

when Mr. Macaulay was its most important contributor.

The attempt to say something picturesque frequently betrays him into anachronism and absurdity. When Princess Anne escaped from Whitehall in a hackney coach, our great painter exalts the humility of the flight by the grandeur of his style.

'The coach drove instantly to Aldersgate Street, where the town residence of the Bishops of London then stood, *within the shadow of the dome of their cathedral.*'—i. 521.

Noble! but unluckily there was no dome either before that time, nor at that time, nor for some years after.

He tells us that in old London, as now in all old Paris, the kennel ran in the centre of the street, and that thence arose

'the wish of every pedestrian to keep close to the wall.'

'The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved towards the kennel. If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.'—i. 360.

As we know that these jostlings for the wall took place as early as the reign of Elizabeth (see *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1), and as late as that of George I., it was hardly worth while to relate it as a remarkable fact of the reign of Charles II., to which moreover none of the authorities quoted apply; but even in this trivial matter Mr. Macaulay contrives to make a serious mistake; street quarrels of this nature, technically called *rencounters* ('*sudden combat without premeditation*,' Johnson's Dictionary), were settled on the spot, in an age when every well-dressed person wore a sword. It was only a formal pre-arranged duel that ever carried the combatants behind Montague House; and this distinction was important, for a fatal *duel* was legally murder, whereas a *rencounter* was seldom more than manslaughter.

Again: he produces as a proof of Monmouth's hold on the affections of the people, and as an honourable instance of popular fidelity, that long after his death, an impostor deceived the country people of Dorsetshire by assuming his name. May we remind Mr. Macaulay of Sir William Courtenay, *alias* Thom, who figured even more theatrically in our own day? Much the larger part of Mr. Macaulay's anecdotes of this class might, we confidently believe, be

paralleled by analogous events fifty or hundred years later than the times which he censures or ridicules.

He expatiates largely, as indicative of the barbarous and bigoted state of England in the reign of Charles II., on the tumultuous opposition to turnpikes and the destruction of toll-gates. He seems to have forgotten that the same thing occurred the other day in Wales, and was only subdued by a stronger exertion of force than was required in the earlier period.

He tells, that when the floods were out between London and Ware, travellers were up to their saddle-skirts in water, and that a higgler once perished in such a flood (i. 374). We still hear of the same things every winter, and only so late as last February we read of many similar accidents.

These and such like puerilities, the majority of them collected from authorities of the reigns of the Georges, are, it seems, illustrations of England in the days of Charles II.

When we call these things puerilities, it is not that we should consider as such, an authentic collection of facts, be they ever so small which should be really illustrative of any particular period,—for instance, of the period Mr. Macaulay has selected; but of what value, except to make a volume of *Ana*, can it be to collect a heap of small facts, worthless in themselves—having no special relation to either the times or the events treated of—and, after all, not one in twenty told with perfect accuracy—perfect accuracy being the only merit of such matters?

It may be asked what could induce Mr. Macaulay to condescend to such petty errors? Two motives occur to us: the one we have already alluded to—the embellishment of his historical romance; but another more powerful, and which pervades the whole work, a wish to exhibit England prior to the Revolution as in a mean and even barbarous and despicable condition. We are, we trust, as sensible as Mr. Macaulay can be of the blessings of civil and religious liberty, secured to us by the Revolution, and of the gradual development of the material, and moral, and intellectual powers, which the political constitution then defined and established has so largely assisted. We think those advantages so great as to need no unfair embellishment, and we especially protest against Mr. Macaulay's systematic practice of raking up and exaggerating, as exclusively belonging to the earlier period, absurdities and abuses of which his evidence is mainly drawn from the latter. It may be self-flattery, but we

persuade ourselves that ours is the higher as well as the truer view of the principles of the Revolution and of the duty of an historian.

We take slight account of such mistakes as saying that the bishops were tried for a *libel*, though it is a strange one for a constitutional lawyer to make, or of calling Mrs. Lisle *The Lady Alice*, though this is equally strange in one who has been a guest at '*Windsor Castle*.' We presume that both these errors, small, but ridiculous, arose from Mr. Macaulay's reading too hastily the running title of the State Trials instead of the text, for both these errors happen to be in the running title and not in the body of the work. There are several more serious slips in point of *law*, but on which it would not be worth while to detain our readers.

After so much of what seems to us absurdity and nonsense we are glad to be able to produce a bit of antiquarian topography, which, though not exempt from Mr. Macaulay's too frequent sins, is, to our taste, very natural and graceful; and we know not that we could produce from the whole work—assiduous as Mr. Macaulay has been in seeking picturesque effects—any other picture of so high a tone of colouring and of feeling. The remains of the unhappy Monmouth were, he says,

'Placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and were laid privately under the communion-table of St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. Within four years the pavement of that chancel was again disturbed, and hard by the remains of Monmouth were laid the remains of Jeffreys. In truth there is no sadder spot on the earth than that little cemetery. Death is there associated, not as in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, with genius and virtue, with public veneration and with imperishable renown; not, as in our humblest churches and churchyards, with everything that is most endearing in social and domestic charities; but with whatever is darkest in human nature and in human destiny, with the savage triumph of implacable enemies, with the inconstancy, the ingratitude, the cowardice of friends, with all the miseries of fallen greatness and of blighted fame. Thither have been carried, through successive ages, by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts. Thither was borne, before the window where Lady Jane Grey was praying, the mangled corpse of Guilford Dudley. Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and Protector of the realm, reposes there by the brother whom he murdered. There has mouldered away the headless trunk of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester and Cardinal of St. Vitalis, a man worthy to have lived in a better age, and to have died in a better cause. There

are laid John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, Lord High Admiral, and Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Lord High Treasurer. There, too, is another Essex, on whom nature and fortune have lavished all their bounties in vain, and whom valour, grace, genius, royal favour, popular applause, conducted to an early and ignominious doom. Not far off sleep two chiefs of the great house of Howard, Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, and Philip, eleventh Earl of Arundel. Here and there, among the thick graves of unquiet and aspiring statesmen, lie more delicate sufferers; Margaret of Salisbury, the last of the proud name of Plantagenet, and those two fair queens who perished by the jealous rage of Henry. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.—vol. i. pp. 628, 629.

Yet even here we have to regret that Mr. Macaulay did not acknowledge his obligation to Pennant, who had already stated the facts in his plain but not unimpressive way; and if Mr. Macaulay has been able to find any direct evidence—which *Pennant could not*—that ‘Margaret (last of the royal line, as Pennant, or ‘proud line,’ as Mr. Macaulay more ambitiously writes) of Plantagenet was buried in this chapel,’ he ought to have mentioned it. We quite agree with the disgust expressed by Mr. Macaulay at the

‘Barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town.’—i. 629.

But we think one who has been Secretary at War and a Cabinet Minister might have done more than express a sterile literary disgust at such a proceeding. We wonder, too, that Mr. Macaulay, so fond of minute circumstances, should have lost, under the common name of *St. Peter's Chapel*, its real and touching designation of ‘*St. Peter ad Vincula*.’

We heartily wish that we had nothing more to complain of than the local and anecdotal mistakes of this chapter; but Mr. Macaulay, under colour of painting the manners of the age, has drawn pictures of the Clergy and Gentry of England which we can qualify by no tenderer name than libels, gathered from what Mr. Macaulay complaisantly calls the ‘lighter literature of the day’—loose plays, doggerel verses, the lucubrations of Tom Brown, Ned Ward, *et id genus omne*, of which respectable authorities, as of those for the rest of the chapter, the greater part does not apply to either the period or, indeed, the purpose for which they are quoted, and, in several serious instances, are entirely misquoted. We will

begin with the case of the Clergy, where the misrepresentations are so many and so intricate, that we must beg the patient attention of our readers while we unravel a few of the most important.

It is evident that Mr. Macaulay, notwithstanding his democratical tendencies, thinks that he will depreciate the Church of England by rating its respectability as a profession, or, in other words, its aristocratical character, below that of the Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation.

‘The place of clergymen in society had been completely changed by the Reformation. Men, averse to the life of camps, and who were, at the same time, desirous to rise in the state, ordinarily received the tonsure [became priests]. Among them were the sons of all the most illustrious families and near kinsmen of the throne—Scroopes and Nevilles, Bourchiers, Staffords, and Poles. Down to the middle of the reign of Henry VIII., therefore, no line of life was more inviting (i. 325.) Thence came a violent revolution, and the sacerdotal office lost its attractions for the higher classes. During the century that followed the accession of Elizabeth, scarce a single person of noble descent took orders: at the close of the reign of Charles II. two sons of Peers were Bishops, four or five sons of Peers were priests; but these rare exceptions did not take away the reproach which lay on the whole body.’—i. 338.

*The reproach!*—Even if all this were true, it would not diminish our own, nor, we presume, any Christian's respect for our Church. We should be no more ashamed of the humility of its ministers than we are at the humility, in a worldly sense, of its founder and his apostles. (*Μακάριός ἐστιν ὁς ἐὰν μὴ σκανδαλισθῇ ἐν ἐμοί*—imperfectly translated *offended*.—Luke vii. 23.) Nor would we exchange Jeremy Taylor, the barber's son, for any Scroope or Pole that the former period can show. We have, therefore, little interest in inquiring Mr. Macaulay's authority for his statistics, but they induced us to look into Beatson, the only kind of authority we happen to have at hand, and we find there that, in the 300 years which preceded the Reformation, there were about fifty English Bishops noted as being of noble families; and that in the 300 which have since elapsed there have been about fifty-three.

But again—harping on the same aristocratical string, which seems to jar strangely to his touch, he says—

‘Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, spoke strongly for the motion. Though not gifted with eminent abilities, nor deeply versed in the learning of his profession, he was always heard by the House with respect; for he was

one of the few clergymen who could in that age boast of noble blood.'—ii. 33.

Now, it happens that we have evidence that there were at that time in holy orders at least the following :—Dr. Fane, brother of the Earl of Westmoreland ; Mr. Finch, son of the Earl of Winchelsea, and another Mr. Finch, brother of the Earl of Nottingham ; Dr. Montagu, uncle of the Earl of Sandwich ; Dr. Annesley, uncle of the Earl of Anglesey ; Dr. Greenvil, brother of the Earl of Bath ; Mr. Berkeley, brother of the Earl of Berkeley ; Dr. Booth, brother of the Earl of Warrington ; Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham ; Dr. Graham, brother of Viscount Preston ; Sir Jonathan Trelawney, Bart. ; Sir William Dawes, Bart. ; Sir George Wheeler ; together with sons of Lord Fairfax of Cameron, Lord Grey of Wark, Lord Brereton, and Lord Chandois : to whom may be added, near relatives of the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Kent. And we have no doubt that a longer search would largely increase this already respectable list.

But while Mr. Macaulay is expatiating on the causes that made the popish clergy more respectable than their Anglican successors—which we altogether disbelieve, and, as far as our information goes, positively deny—he omits to notice that grand difference, which would alone suffice to cast the balance of respectability of every kind—of birth, of wealth, of learning, of morals, in favour of the Protestants—we mean the Marriage of the Clergy. That important—we might say governing—circumstance—that greatest of social reforms, which never occurs to the philosophic mind of the historian—would alone countervail all Mr. Macaulay's pompous catalogue of popish superiorities.

In truth, we believe that the most remarkable social difference produced on the clerical character by the Reformation was the very reverse of what he asserts. In England *then*, as in every Roman Catholic country *even down to this day*, though there were 'great prizes,' as Mr. Macaulay calls them, to seduce a few Nevilles and Poles or Richelieus and Talleyrands into the Church, the great body of the parochial, and almost the whole regular, clergy were of an inferior grade both of birth and education. Mr. Macaulay, in another view of the subject, tells us that the Anglo-Romish priests imported into England so late as the reign of James II. 'spelled like washerwomen.' It is rather unlucky for us to have to show Mr. Macaulay to be so bad an authority, for really we could find no fuller contradiction of one half of his book

than the other half. But to be serious (however hard it is to be so with Mr. Macaulay when the subject is serious), in England the Reformation—slowly, we admit, but gradually—brought into the Church a class of *gentlemen*—not merely so by birth, for we hold Bishop Taylor—one of 'Nature's nobles,'—to be as good a gentleman as Bishop Compton—we therefore say of *gentlemen* by education, manners, and sentiments also ; and to this happy result we have no doubt that the Marriage of the Clergy mainly contributed. The higher effects of this great moral and social distinction between the two hierarchies escape Mr. Macaulay ; but he is very much alive to the low and ludicrous accidents and exceptions to the general improvement which his favourite 'lighter literature' happens to record—not observing that such unseemly circumstances were not occasioned by the Reformation, but by the influences and prejudices of the old system, which long lingered amongst us. His chief illustration of the contemptible state of the Anglican Church domestic chaplain is in fact an amplification of the staple and stale jokes of dramatists, novelists, satirists, and all the other classes of 'light literature,' from the earliest days to our own. Nor is Mr. Macaulay himself at all behind the best—or the worst—of these writers in the zeal and zest that he shows for, as Lord Bolingbroke phrased it, *roasting the parson*, and with, as we shall see, much the same effect—that of burning his own fingers.

The description of the domestic chaplain, for which room has been found in Mr. Macaulay's History of England, is much too long for our Review ; but we must give two or three specimens of the instances he produces and the evidence by which he supports them :—

'The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach-horses. He cast up the farrier's bills. He walked ten miles with a message or parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots : but, as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made

their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.'—i. 327.

We request our reader's notice of every point of this passage, and of the authorities on which it professes to be founded—they are—

'Eachard, "Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy;" Oldham, "Satire addressed to a Friend about to leave the University;" "Tatler," 255, 258. That the English clergy were a low-born class, is remarked in the Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo.'—i. 328.

Now it is true that the greater part of this picture is to be found in Eachard, who was a kind of Sidney Smith of that day, and, like our own irreverend friend, used to make himself especially merry with drawing caricatures of his own profession; but unfortunately for Mr. Macaulay, the facetious Eachard happened not to be in this case talking of a *person in holy orders at all*. He had been complaining that young men took orders too early, and wishing that, to check the evil, a larger space should elapse between the University and their Ordination; but he says, 'What can we do with them in the mean time? They may have no means of livelihood, and will be forced to go upon the parish. How then shall we dispose of them till they come to a time of holy ripeness? Shall we trust them to some good gentleman's house to perform holy things? With all my heart! so that they have somewhat better wages than the cook and butler, and that a groom be kept, so that they shall not have to groom a couple of geldings for their ten pounds a-year,'—nor to undergo some other affronts, exaggerated as usual in Mr. Macaulay's transcription. These poor Levites thus described by Eachard were *not*, we see, in holy orders, but a kind of probationers—nor is it even said that *they* were subjected to these affronts; on the contrary, Eachard bargains that they shall *not* be so. Mr. Macaulay may infer that, when they had taken orders, and had become really chaplains, their condition would have been no better. We could not object to his making what inferences he pleases if he would call them *inferences*, but we cannot submit to his palming them off upon us as historical *facts*, and his representing Dr. Eachard as having stated of a chaplain what in fact he had hypothetically, and by way of deprecation, stated of a poor scholar taken charitably into a gentleman's house to keep him '*from the parish*.'

So much for the authority of Eachard,

the very title of whose little work we may observe by the way that Mr. Macaulay misquotes. Now let us see the share of his other authorities in the portrait. We turn to the satirist Oldham (*circa* 1678)—and there we find the unhappy chaplain endowed with, not *ten* pounds, but

'Diet, a horse, and thirty pounds a-year.'

That is—according to Mr. Macaulay's own calculation, when on the topic of official salaries—about 150*l.* of our money. What would this misrepresentation he called in a court of justice?

His last evidence is 'The Travels of the Archduke Cosmo, where it is remarked,' he says, 'that the English clergy were a *low-born class*.' Again we say that these perpetual sneers, and worse than sneers, at *low birth* come very oddly from Mr. Macaulay, who some pages later thinks it complimentary to Somers to call him a *low-born young barrister*' (ii. 657), and that we should not care a fig whether they were founded on fact or not—but we do care very much about ascertaining whether Mr. Macaulay, who arrogates to himself so high a position as a judge, is trustworthy as a witness! We have therefore searched the huge volume of the Grand Duke's Travels (made in 1669 and published in 1821), and we have not been able to find any such passage, and we have found so many other passages directly contradicting many of Mr. Macaulay's assertions, that the most charitable supposition is that of his having never read the book, and referred to it by mistake.

In like manner he says:—

'Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill-will to the Church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on *divines*.'—i. 329.

He does no such thing—indeed the very reverse. He is dilating on the abuses occasioned by the overthrow of the Established Church:—

'All relations were confounded by the several *sects or religions* which discountenanced all forms of reverence and respect as reliques and marks of superstition. Children asked not blessings of their parents, nor did they concern themselves in the education of their children. The young women conversed without any circumspection or modesty, and frequently met at taverns and common eating-houses; and they who were stricter and more severe in their comportment became the wives of the seditious preachers or of officers in the army. The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves on the *divines of the time*, or other low and unequal matches. Parents had no manner of authority

over their children, nor children any obedience or submission to their parents,' &c.

This we see is complete perversion of the authority: Clarendon does not, as Mr. Macaulay represents, complain of young ladies matching with *divines of the Established Church*, but laments that the overthrow of the Church produced such matches with the irregular and sectarian *divines of the time*.

Again; Mr. Macaulay goes on to say—

'A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this prejudice, by issuing *special orders* that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl, without the consent of her master or mistress.

'See the Injunctions of 1559, in Bishop Sparrow's Collection.'—i. 239.

This is again a misrepresentation, and a bold one. It is well known that Elizabeth retained strongly the old prejudices which, as we have already said, lingered for a long period after the Reformation against the marriage of the clergy, and this 29th Item of her Injunctions is an equally curious specimen of her style of legislation and of Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. Her Majesty says that, though the marriage of the clergy be lawful, yet, to avoid offence and slander to the Church from *indiscreet matches*,

'it is thought very necessary that no manner of priest or deacon shall hereafter take to wife *any manner of woman* without the advice and allowance first had upon good examination by the bishop of the same diocese and two justices of the peace of the same shire—*nor* without the goodwill of the parents of the said woman, if she have any living—or of two of the next of her kinsfolk—or, for lack of the knowledge of such, the master or mistress where she serveth.'

Are these '*special orders* that no clergyman shall presume to marry a *servant girl* without the consent, &c.?' The Queen ordains that no minister must marry *any manner of woman*, of whatever rank or station, without certain forms and certain consents, and those consents are provided for in certain possible cases—consent of parents, if she have any; if not, of her next of kin, if they can be found; but if she should happen to have neither parents nor next of kin, then of the master and mistress whom she serveth. In making a penal restriction all possible cases are, as far as may be, to be provided for; and if this last category had been omitted, a minister, though restricted from a more respectable connexion, might have made with impunity the most *indiscreet* marriage possible.

But this is not all. The injunction, instead of being *special* directed against one class of marriages, goes on to forbid the marriage of bishops, or of deans or heads of collegiate houses, without the allowance and approbation of the Crown, the archbishop, or the visitor. We ask, then, can this Injunction be honestly represented as a *special order*, issued to prohibit, as a prevailing practice, clergymen marrying servant girls? But even if it were so—if Mr. Macaulay's version were the true one—we would ask whether this Injunction of Elizabeth, made in 1559, when we had but just emerged from popery, before more than a few ministers could have been educated in the Anglican faith, can be fairly quoted as in any way characteristic of the clergy of the Church of England an *hundred years later*?

He pursues this game with wonderful keenness, and cites, among others, the grave authorities of

'Roger and Abigail, in Fletcher's "Scornful Lacy; Bull and the Nurse, in Vanbrugh's "Relapse;" Smirk and Susan, in Shadwell's "Lancashire Witches."—i. 329.

—and finally, Dean Swift's '*Advice to Servants*.' The quotation of Swift's *Advice*, as an historical authority, is of itself droll enough; but why does Mr. Macaulay conceal that the same authority tells us that, as the *Chaplain* was to be rewarded with the *Abigail*, the gentleman's *Valet* was to have a *commission in the Army*, and the *Footman* was to marry my *Lord's Widow*? Would Mr. Macaulay quote these exaggerated pleasantries as a proof of the general degradation of the Army or the Peerage in the reign of Charles II., or even of George II.? Why, then, of the Clergy? We confess our only wonder is, that when he was ransacking his '*lighter literature*,' from Elizabeth to the Georges,—nay, that even in graver literature—he was not able to produce an hundred *exceptional* cases, which, paraded after his usual fashion as specimens of general manners, might have given some colour to his imputations. But the truth is, the whole amount of testimony, light as well as grave, runs the other way; and the amiable and respectable picture which Addison (though not unwilling to banter him a little) draws of Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain, must be in the memory of most readers as a contradiction of Mr. Macaulay's sweeping imputations.

But sometimes this hostility to the Church takes the more artful course of praising a few to throw a deeper shade over the rest. He could not conceal from himself the force of the question that would occur to every



one—how is it that a church so low in station, education, accomplishments, and character, should yet have produced so many men of such merit as could be neither denied nor concealed? This difficulty is met by an ingenious theory. All the respectability of the profession was collected in London and the Universities, while the ignorance and apathy of the Country Clergy kept the brutality of the Landed Gentry in countenance. After having passed through the humbling ordeal of the chaplainship as we have described, and entitled himself to a living by an infamous marriage, his state was this:—

‘Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dungcarts, that he could obtain his daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry. His boys followed the plough; and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible: for the advowson of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library; and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavourable a situation.’—i. 330.

And for all this laboured caricature we see no authority but a few words of Eachard’s railery, or, we might rather say, buffoonery; while, on the other hand, Mr. Macaulay is so good as to admit that many eminent men were to be found in the universities and cathedrals, and still more in London:—

‘The principal pulpits of the metropolis were occupied about this time by a crowd of distinguished men, from among whom were selected a large proportion of the rulers of the Church. Sherlock preached at the Temple, Tillotson at Lincoln’s Inn, Wake and Jeremy Collier at Gray’s Inn, Burnet at the Rolls, Stillingfleet at St. Paul’s Cathedral, Patrick at St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, Fowler at St. Giles’s, Cripplegate, Sharpe at St. Giles’s in the Fields, Tension at St. Martin’s, Sprat at St. Margaret’s, Beveridge at St. Peter’s in Cornhill. Of these twelve men, all of high note in ecclesiastical history, ten became bishops, and four archbishops.’—i. 331.

Yes, but he might have added that every one of these twelve men happened to begin his clerical career either in the disgraced class of chaplain or the degraded one of country parson—that the least respectable in the list was the only one, we believe,

that had not served a country cure—and that they were neither more nobly born nor better educated than the mass of their less distinguished brethren. It is a new kind of objection to the Church of that or any age, that its highest merits should be rewarded by the most conspicuous and honourable places. So that, even from his own special jury of twelve, we have a verdict against him. But were there no eminent men in the Church during that period, but these twelve London preachers? Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, Ken, Sparrow, Oughtred, Cudworth, Hall, Herbert, Godwin, Hammond, Fuller, Hooper, Pearson, and a hundred others might be named, who all were or had been country incumbents, who were most of them equal, and some much superior, to any of Mr. Macaulay’s list—and, let us add, the great majority of whose writings were penned in rural parsonages—; but they would not have helped Mr. Macaulay’s antithesis of town and country. We needed not his sagacity to discover that the opportunities afforded by the libraries and literary intercourse of the capital and universities encourage and facilitate literary pursuits, and that a town clergy must have wider opportunities of cultivation and distinction. It is so at this day—it was much more so two hundred years ago; but can it be supposed that then, any more than now, the absence of such literary facilities was to deprive the country clergy of manners, morals, and decency, and render them utterly incapable and careless of any of the Christian duties of their station?

Mr. Macaulay never misses an opportunity of any sly insult or calumny by which he can degrade the Church. On the Restoration, we are told,

‘The restored Church contended, indeed, against the prevailing immorality, but contended feebly, and with half a heart. It was necessary to the decorum of her character that she should admonish her erring children. But her admonitions were given in a somewhat perfunctory manner. Her attention was elsewhere engaged. Her *whole soul* was in the work of crushing the Puritans, and of teaching her disciples to give unto Cæsar the things which were Cæsar’s.’—i. 180.

Her *whole soul*!—though every one, we believe, of the illustrious men just named was either already in the Church or preparing then for the holy ministry!

Again—when the King went to the playhouse, where the ‘ribaldry of Etheridge and Wycherly’ happened to be played, Mr. Macaulay sees him there in the character of ‘*the head of the Church*.’ (i. 181.) It is as *heads of the Church* that all the Kings

and Queens of England, even to the days in which Mr. Macaulay was an adviser at Court, have visited the theatre or the opera?

Of Hyde Earl of Rochester, he says—

'He was accounted a dogged and rancorous party-man—a cavalier of the old school—a zealous champion of the Crown and the Church, and a hater of Republicans and Nonconformists. He had, consequently, a great body of personal adherents. The Clergy especially looked on him as *their own man*, and extended to his foibles an indulgence, of which, to say the truth, he stood in some need: for he drank deep, and when he was in a rage—and he was often in a rage—he swore like a porter.'—i. 254.

The foundation of this is Roger North, who happened to have a personal pique against Rochester, and whose prejudices both Mackintosh and Macaulay implicitly adopt when it suits them, and reject when it does not. No doubt, Rochester was not exempt from the ill habits of his day—habits that lasted for many generations later, nay, almost to our own; and if we had space and time we could produce sufficient evidence to show that Lord Rochester had as little as any, and less than most of his contemporaries, of the coarse manners of the age. Mackintosh—whose censures Mr. Macaulay always copies and exaggerates, while he omits any more lenient judgment on a Tory—Mackintosh treats Rochester with a little more candour. 'He was deemed sincere and upright, and his private life was not stained by any vice except violent paroxysms of anger and an excessive indulgence in wine, *then scarcely deemed a fault*.' (Mack. vii.) The concluding alleviation Mr. Macaulay omits, and he has perverted—without any authority that we can discover, and he himself gives none—North's simple statement that 'he had the honor to be accounted the head of the Church of England party,' into his being '*a dogged, rancorous, hating party-man, whom the clergy consequently looked on as their own, and extended their indulgence to his drinking and swearing*.'

In the same spirit are Mr. Macaulay's long and elaborate libels on the gentry of England, and especially of the class of Country Gentlemen. We wish our space allowed us to expose all the details of this monstrous misrepresentation, which is one of the most displeasing features of the whole work. We must content ourselves with an epitome, which after all will perhaps more than satiate our readers.

We have again to observe that Mr. Macaulay seems to think there is no better

way to make either clergy or laity contemptible than to call them *poor* :—

'A country gentleman, who witnessed the Revolution, was probably in the receipt of about a fourth part of the rent which his acres now yield to his posterity. He was, therefore, as compared with his posterity, a poor man, and was generally under the necessity of residing, with little interruption, on his estate.'—i. 319.

Because the nominal income of the squire's estate was about one-fourth of what it produces to his descendant in our time, he was *therefore a poor man*—though Mr. Macaulay had, a few pages earlier, told us, from the examples of peers, bishops, baronets, lawyers, and placemen, all minutely stated, that a *fourth or fifth part* of the present rate of income would have been equivalent at that day; so that by his own calculation the country gentleman was, comparatively, somewhat richer instead of poorer than his posterity. For this contradiction he had a design both ways: he wished, in the first case, to exaggerate the prodigality of the court; and, in the latter, to lower the rank and consideration of the country gentlemen: and he never permits even a regard for his own consistency to prevent his making what is vulgarly called a *hit* :—

'It may be confidently affirmed that of the squires, whose names were in King Charles's commissions of peace and lieutenantancy, not one in twenty went to town once in five years, or had ever in his life wandered so far as Paris.'—i. 319.

What then? Might not the same thing have been said in the reign of George III., 150 years later? But did it follow that they were, therefore, such brutes as the succeeding paragraphs describe :—

'He examined samples of grain, handled pigs, and on market-days made bargains over a tankard with drovers and hop-merchants. His chief pleasures were commonly derived from field sports and from an unrefined sensuality. His language and pronunciation were such as we should now expect to hear only from the most ignorant clowns. His oaths, coarse jests, and scurrilous terms of abuse, were uttered with the broadest accent of his province. It was easy to discern, from the first words which he spoke, whether he came from Somersetshire or Yorkshire.'—i. 320.

Is that not so now? Has Mr. Macaulay never heard of one Mr. Burke, or of one Lord Advocate Dundas? Had he never heard Mr. Grattan? Has he never read that one Earl of Rosslyn, alias Alexander Wedderburn, was the first Scotchman who

was ever supposed to have quite overcome his native accent, and that even in the present century he was thought to have relapsed into his original Doric? Are there not a couple of hundred members of the present House of Commons distinguishable by some peculiarity of accent?

But the personal tastes of the country gentlemen were worse even than his jargon:—

‘He troubled himself little about decorating his abode, and, if he attempted decoration, seldom produced anything but deformity. The litter of a farm-yard gathered under the windows of his bed-chamber, and the cabbages and gooseberry bushes grew close to his hall door.’—i. 320.

And this is said of a time when Longleat,—‘then,’ says Mr. Macaulay in another place (i. 576) ‘and perhaps still, the most magnificent country house in England,’—was that of a private country gentleman—when Wollaton, Aston, Osterly, and some hundred other seats of various styles of beauty and magnificence, and which are now the admired residences of our nobility, were inhabited by their untitled ancestors. Would he have us believe that the taste of this higher class of gentry did not proportionably influence the whole class? Even one of Mr. Macaulay’s own authorities, the ‘Travels of the Grand Duke,’ might have given him higher notions of the residences and manners of the gentry (we say nothing of the nobility) whose houses he visited. Even down in Devon and Dorsetshire, so far from seeing nothing but *cabbages, litter, and deformity* about the gentlemen’s houses, the writer describes their pleasure-gardens just as he might to-day, and even gives an elaborate description of that strange instrument the rolling-stone, ‘by which the walks of sand and smooth grassplats, covered with the greenest turf,’ were kept in an order that surprised even the owner of the splendid villas of Tuscany! We quote this because it is an authority quoted by Mr. Macaulay himself; but every reader knows that we could produce from our general literature, from Lord Bacon to Pope, descriptions of the ‘trim gardens’ in which the Englishman was wont ‘to take his pleasure,’ and which it was his peculiar pride to dress and adorn. As to the interior of the residences and modes of life, they were, no doubt, less polished than in our day, though in some respects more stately and costly; and they were, we have every reason to believe, far in advance of the gentry of any other nation. In M. de Châteaubriand’s *Memoirs*, just published, we have an account of the pater-

nal castle of Combourg, where he was brought up—the ancient residence of a family of the highest rank, mentioned by Madame de Sévigné as a distinguished château. Even so late as the reign of Louis XIV., about the year 1780, the household furniture, and the modes of life of the inhabitants of that château, were such as an English gentleman, even of the times of Charles II., would have been ashamed of. Fashions change—we have boules and gildings and glasses; our ancestors had tapestry, ebony, and oak, enriched with those admirable carvings on their furniture and wainscots which Mr. Macaulay would have had painted, and which, after being long put out of sight, are now again appearing as the ornaments of our halls and drawing-rooms.

The country gentleman—‘the English Esquire’—was not only thus gross, vulgar, and poor, but he was of a sottish ignorance:—

‘He was coarse and ignorant.’—i. 327. ‘He had received an education differing little from that of his menial servants.’—i. 219. ‘His ignorance, his uncouthness, his low tastes and gross phrases, would, in our time, be considered as indicating a nature and a breeding thoroughly plebeian.’—i. 322. ‘He did not materially differ from a rustic miller or alehouse-keeper of our time.’—i. 321.

But against these defects Mr. Macaulay’s candour sets off the following *merits*:—

‘He was a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy.’—i. 221. ‘He was essentially a patrician.’—i. 323. ‘He was a magistrate, and administered gratuitously a rude patriarchal justice, which, in spite of innumerable blunders and occasional acts of tyranny, was better than no justice at all.’—i. 322. ‘He was an officer of the trainbands.’—*ib.* ‘One had been knighted after the battle of Edgehill.’—*ib.* ‘Another wore a patch over the scar he had received at Naseby.’—*ib.*

The degree and kind of merit thus accorded by Mr. Macaulay’s impartiality is even more insulting than the original charges—his abuse is bad enough, but his compliments are worse. And as a set-off against the general want of education he sneeringly adds—

‘He knew the genealogies and coats-of-arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of them had assumed supporters without any right, and which had the misfortune to be great-grandsons of aldermen.’—i. 322.

There was not one of these ‘unlettered’ country gentlemen who could not have informed our historian that no such question about supporters had, or could ever have, arisen amongst private *English* gentlemen.

We have a very different estimate of the character of the English gentry in a contemporary work, greatly, as we think, over-applauded by Mr. Macaulay himself—Sprat's 'History of the Royal Society,' first published about 1667. In recommending to the country gentlemen the cultivation of the arts of peace, he affords us a fair estimate of what must have been the intellectual and social condition of the class (p. 405). And finally, instead of their despising trade and, according to Mr. Macaulay (i. 322), thinking it a disgrace to be the great-grandson of an alderman, Sprat says—

'The course of their ancestors' lives was grave and reserved—whereas now they are engaged in freer roads of education. Now their conversation is more large and general—now the world is become more active and industrious—now more of them have seen the rise and manners of men, and more apply themselves to *traffic and business* than ever.'—p. 407.

We wish we had space for more of Sprat—whose readers, we are sure, will all agree with us that Mr. Macaulay's description of the country gentlemen of the reign of Charles II. is a gross caricature.

Mr. Macaulay's opinion of the ladies of that age is what might be expected. They were, of course, mere animals—*les femelles de ces mâles* :—

'His wife and daughters, whose business it had usually been to *cook the repast*, . . . were in *tastes and acquirements below a housekeeper or stillroom maid of the present day*. They stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry-wine, cured mary-golds, and made the crust for the venison-pasty.'—i. 321.

He describes the literature of the lady of the manor and her daughters as limited to 'the Prayer-book and the receipt-book.' 'Never,' he says, 'was female education at so low an ebb. At an earlier period they had studied the masterpieces of ancient genius—in later times they knew French, Italian, and German.'—

'But, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, the culture of the female mind seems to have been almost entirely neglected. If a damsel had the least smattering of literature she was regarded as a prodigy. Ladies highly born, highly bred, and naturally quick witted, were unable to write a line in their mother tongue *without solecisms and faults of spelling such as a charity girl would now be ashamed to commit*.'—i. 394.

This is really very poor criticism. English orthography was not settled for years after this period—the orthography of our greatest poets, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, was irregular even in their printed editions.

We have before us the edition of the 'Paradise Lost,' 1668, with specimens of misspelling not merely unsettled but grotesque. The great Duke of Marlborough, Mr. Macaulay is glad to tell us, 'could not spell the commonest words'—Napoleon was still worse. Let any one turn to any collection of *original* letters of that period, and he will see that the best educated persons spelled very ill. The worst orthography, if we may so call it, in Ellis's last letters, is that of two learned Bishops. What, therefore, does that prove against the sound education of the ladies in an age that produced Lady Russell (whose admirable letters are very ill-spelled\*), Lady Fanshawe, Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Godolphin, and so many other ladies of whose accomplishments we have evidence sufficient though less conspicuous? Lady Clarendon, for instance (who was a Miss Backhouse, a private gentleman's daughter), complains, in 1685, in a lively strain, of 'the many female pens at work, manufacturing news in Dublin, to be sent to London and returned again with interest.'—

'I begin to think our *forefathers* very wise in not giving their daughters the education of writing, and should be very much ashamed that I ever *learned Latin* if I had not forgotten it.'—*Clar. Cor.*, i. 305.

Here, then, is a lady who not only knew Latin, but testifies that even the art of writing was not imparted to ladies of the earlier period—the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's assertion.

Mr. Macaulay luxuriates in this graphic debasement of the old English character; but when we with some impatience looked for his authorities we found only this note:

'My notion of the country gentleman of the seventeenth century has been derived from sources too numerous to be recapitulated. I must leave my description to the judgment of those who have studied the history and the lighter literature of that age.'—i. 324.

We honestly confess that we do not know in what trustworthy literature of that age we are to look for the originals of these pictures. Addison's charming caricatures of the Tory foxhunter, Will Wimble, or Sir Roger de Coverley, of a little later date, afford no colour for supposing that they or their fathers were compounds of ignorance and uncouthness, low tastes, and gross

\* The amiable author of a *Life of Lady Russell*, herself a lady of exquisite literary taste, confesses 'the many grammatical errors and often defective orthography' of *Lady Russell's Letters*.—[*Miss Berry's*] *Life of Lady Russell*, p. 195.

phrases' (i. 332): Squire Westerns and Tony Lumpkins are to be found even in the Georgian æra, and are no more authority for the manners of the gentry of that day than Doctor Pangloss would be of Mr. Macaulay. We disbelieve than in any literature, grave or light, Mr. Macaulay can produce any authority for the details of his picture of that class at that time. He appeals to the judgment of his readers; and we answer him, that, to the best of our judgment, he has been here romancing as extravagantly as any of the novelists.

We know very well that country gentlemen of old farmed more of their own land and took a more practical share in the management of their estates, and that ladies were more engaged in works of domestic utility, than in later times. Necessaries of all kinds, both for the farm and the mansion, were then made at home which are now supplied by the great manufacturers—the modes and habits of life have gradually changed—but we cannot believe that the *gentry* of England have been at any period disproportionably debased below their natural place in the scale of society. When Mr. Macaulay adopts from Roger North an almost incredible description of the magnificence of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton—exceeding by fourfold what any duke in England now does on, according to Mr. Macaulay's calculation, fourfold the income—how, we say, can he hope to persuade us that the nobility and gentry in general did not show in their respective degrees something of the same style?—or that Lady Clarendon and the other illustrious ladies we have named, and their daughters, friends, and associates, were *lower* in education or manners than 'the housekeepers and still-room-maids of the present day.'

But what, our readers will naturally ask—what can be Mr. Macaulay's object in thus laboriously calumniating that class of his countrymen of which England has hitherto been proudest? He has, we conjecture, yielded to a threefold temptation; first, that turn of mind of which we have seen so many proofs, for seeking 'in the *heresies of paradox*' that novelty and effect which sober truth and plain common sense do not afford; secondly, the desire of enlivening his romance with picturesque and even grotesque scenes, exaggerated incidents, and overdrawn characters; but the third and most active of all is revealed to us towards the close of the tirade we are now examining:—

'The gross, uneducated, untravelled country gentleman was commonly a *TORY*.'—i. 323.

It is a curious and, to persons of our opinions, not unsatisfactory circumstance, that, though Mr. Macaulay almost invariably applies the term *Tory* in an opprobrious or contemptuous sense, yet so great is the power of truth in surmounting the fantastical forms and colours laid over it by this brilliant *badigeonneur*, that on the whole no one, we believe, can rise from the work without a conviction that the Tories (whatever may be said of their prejudices) were the honestest and most conscientious of the whole *dramatis personæ*; and it is this fact that in several instances and circumstances imprints, as it were by force, upon Mr. Macaulay's pages an air of impartiality and candour very discordant from their general spirit.

We are now arrived at the fourth chapter—really the first, strictly speaking, of Mr. Macaulay's history—the accession of James II., where also Sir James Mackintosh's history commences. And here we have to open to our readers the most extraordinary instance of *parallelism* between two writers, unacknowledged by the latter one, which we have ever seen. Sir James Mackintosh left behind him a history of the Revolution, which was published in 1834, three years after his death, in quarto: it comes down to the Orange invasion, and, though it apparently had not received the author's last corrections, and was clumsily edited, and tagged with a continuation by a less able hand, the work is altogether (bating not a little ultra-Whiggery) very creditable to Mackintosh's diligence, taste, and power of writing; it is indeed, we think, his best and most important work, and that by which he will be most favourably known to posterity. From that work, Mr. Macaulay has borrowed largely—prodigally—helped himself with both hands—not merely without acknowledging his obligation, but without so much as alluding to the existence of any such work. Nay—though this we are sure was never designed—he inserts a note full of kindness and respect to Sir James Mackintosh, which would naturally lead an uninformed reader to conclude that Sir James Mackintosh, though he had *meditated* such a work, had never even begun writing it. On the 391st page of Mr. Macaulay's first volume, at the mention of the old news-letters which preceded our modern newspapers, Mr. Macaulay says, that 'they form a valuable part of the literary treasures collected by the late Sir James Mackintosh;' and to this he adds the following foot-note:—

'I take this opportunity of expressing my warm gratitude to the family of my dear and honoured friend Sir James Mackintosh, for con-

finding to me the materials collected by him at a time when he meditated a work similar to that which I have undertaken. I have never seen, and I do not believe that there anywhere exists, within the same compass so noble a collection of extracts from public and private archives. The judgment with which Sir James, in great masses of the rudest ore of history, selected what was valuable and rejected what was worthless, can be fully appreciated only by one who has toiled after him in the same mine.—i. 391.

Could any one imagine from this that Mackintosh had not only *meditated* a work, but actually written, and that his friends had published, a large closely printed quarto volume, on the same subject, from the same materials, and sometimes in the very same words as Mr. Macaulay's?

The coincidence—the identity, we might almost say—of the two works is so great, that, while we have been comparing them, we have often been hardly able to distinguish which was which. We rest little on the similarity of facts, for the facts were ready made for both; and Mr. Macaulay tells us that he worked from Mackintosh's materials; there would, therefore, even if

he had never seen Mackintosh's work, be a community of topics and authorities; but, seeing as we do in every page that he was writing with Mackintosh's volume before his eyes, we cannot account for his utter silence about it. To exhibit the complete resemblance we should have to copy the two works *in extenso*; but we shall select a few passages in which we think it is evident beyond all doubt that, although Mr. Macaulay seems to take pains to vary the expression and precise words of Mackintosh, he is not successful in concealing the substantial imitation, not in phrases only, which are occasionally identical, but in the general tone, feeling, and train of thought, which could not possibly have occurred fortuitously or spontaneously in two different minds. We happen to open the book at one of the most important and elaborate episodes in the whole history—the proceedings and prosecution of the Seven Bishops; and there we find, on the subject of James's celebrated Declaration for liberty of conscience, which the Bishops resisted, not only as an inroad on the law, but as an insult to the Church,—

#### MACKINTOSH.

'So strongly did the belief that insult was intended prevail, that Petre, to whom the insulting order was chiefly ascribed, was said to have declared it in the gross and contumelious language used of old by a barbarous invader to the deputies of a besieged city—that they should eat their own dung.' 'The words of Rabshekah the Assyrian to the officers of Hezekiah. 2 Kings, xviii.' p. 242.

And again, in the next stage of this proceeding:—

#### MACKINTOSH.\*

'They (the prelates) must have been still more taken by surprise than the moderate ministers, and in that age of slow conveyance and rare publication, they were allowed only sixteen days from the order and thirteen from its publication to ascertain the sentiments of their brethren and of their clergy. Resistance could only be formidable if it were general. Their difficulties were increased by the character of the most distinguished laymen whom it was fit to consult. Both Nottingham, the chief of their party, and Halifax, with whom they were now compelled to coalesce, hesitated at the moment of decision.'—p. 244.

\* In one or two instances we have been obliged to invert the order of paragraphs to bring them into a synopsis—as in this extract, of which the last paragraph precedes the former in the original—but neither word nor meaning is ever altered.

#### MACAULAY.

'It will scarcely admit of doubt that the order in council was intended to be felt by them as a cruel affront. It was popularly believed that Petre had avowed this intention in a coarse metaphor borrowed from the rhetoric of the East. He would, he said, make them eat dirt, the vilest and most loathsome of all dirt.'—ii. 345.

#### MACAULAY.

'It was not easy to collect in so short a time the sense even of the whole episcopal order. . . The order in council was gazetted on the 7th of May. On the 20th the declaration was to be read in the pulpits of London and the neighbourhood. By no exertion was it possible in that age to ascertain within a fortnight the intentions of one-tenth part of the parochial ministers who were scattered over the kingdom. . . . If, indeed, the whole body offered an united opposition to the royal will, it was probable that even James would scarcely venture to punish ten thousand delinquents at once. But there was not time to form an extensive combination. . . . The clergy therefore hesitated; and this hesitation may well be excused: for some eminent laymen, who possessed a large share of the public confidence, were disposed to recommend submission. . . . Such was the opinion given at this time by Halifax and Nottingham.'—ii. 346.

Again:—Mackintosh prides himself in being able to produce 'the name hitherto unknown' of Robert Fowler (then incumbent of a London parish, and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester), who, at a private meeting

of the London clergy, boldly took the lead, and decided his wavering brethren to resist James's mandate. Mr. Macaulay corrects the Christian name—*Edward* for Robert—and adds the name of the London parish, Cripplegate (whether from the Mackintosh papers or not we cannot tell); but in all the numerous details of the facts he implicitly follows Mackintosh's book, without ever alluding to it; and this is the more curious, because, repeating Mackintosh's reference to Johnstone's MS. (which of course

is the common authority), he adds that 'this meeting of the clergy is mentioned in a satirical poem of the day.' Surely Mackintosh, priding himself on having been the first to reveal the 'fortunate virtue' of Fowler, was more entitled to a marginal mention than some anonymous libel of the day.

On the first liberation of the Bishops, the people, mistaking it for a final acquittal, express their joy:—

#### MACKINTOSH.

'Shouts and huzzas broke out in the court, and were repeated all around at the moment of enlargement. The bells of the Abbey church had begun to ring a joyful peal when they were stopped by Sprat amidst the execrations of the people. As they left the court they were surrounded by thousands who begged their blessing. The Bishop of St. Asaph, detained in Palace Yard by a multitude who kissed his hands and garments, was delivered from their importunate kindness by Lord Clarendon, who, taking him into his carriage, found it necessary to make a circuit through the park to escape.'—p. 264.

In the progress of the trial itself there was a great incident. The proof of the delivery of the Bishops' remonstrance into the King's hand was wanting. After a long

#### MACKINTOSH.

'At length Sunderland was carried through Westminster Hall in a chair, of which the head was down. No one saluted him. The multitude hooted and hissed, and cried out "Popish dog!" He was so disordered by this reception that when he came into court he changed colour, and looked down as if fearful of the countenance of his ancient friends. He proved that the Bishops came to him with a petition for the King, and that he introduced them immediately to the King.'

Mr. Macaulay to this part of his narrative has added this reference:—

'See "Proceedings in the Collection of State Trials." I have also taken some *touches* from Johnstone and some from Citters.'

We think he might have added, '*and something more than touches from Mackintosh*,' who, besides introducing him to Johnstone and Citters, had already, as we see, made some extracts ready to his hand.

Henry Lord Clarendon, in relating the public acclamations on the acquittal of the Bishops, says—

'That thereupon there was a most wonderful shout, that *one would have thought* the hall had cracked.'—*Diary*, vol ii., p. 179.

Mackintosh carries the metaphor a little further: he describes

#### MACAULAY.

'Loud acclamations were raised. The steeples of the churches sent forth joyous peals. Sprat was amazed to hear the bells of his own abbey ringing merrily. He promptly silenced them; but his interference caused much angry muttering. The bishops found it difficult to escape from the importunate crowd of their well-wishers. Lloyd, (Bishop of St. Asaph's) was detained in Palace-Yard by admirers who struggled to touch his hands and to kiss the skirt of his robe, till Clarendon, with some difficulty, rescued him and conveyed him home by a bye-path.'—ii. 369.

and feverish delay the Crown counsel determined to prove it by Sunderland, Lord President and Prime Minister, a recent apostate and a traitor to all sides:

#### MACAULAY.

'Meanwhile the lord president was brought in a sedan chair through the hall. Not a hat moved as he passed; and many voices cried out "Popish dog." He came into court pale and trembling, with eyes fixed on the ground, and gave his evidence in a faltering voice. He swore that the bishops had informed him of their intention to present a petition to the King, and that they had been admitted into the royal closet for that purpose.'—ii. p. 382.

'A shout of joy which sounded like a crack of the ancient and massy roof of Westminster.'—p. 275.

But still it is only a metaphor. Mr. Macaulay must be more precise and particular, and, discarding the metaphor, gives as an architectural *fact* what would indeed deserve Lord Clarendon's epithet of 'most wonderful'—

'Ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied (to the shout that arose in the Court itself) with a still louder shout, which made the *old oaken roof* to crack.'

Can any one doubt that Mr. Macaulay was copying, not the original passage, but Mackintosh, just substituting *old* and *oaken* for *ancient* and *massive*?

We could fill our number with similar, and some stronger but longer, parallelisms



between Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Macaulay; but it is not by insulated passages that we should wish the resemblance to be tested, but by the scope and topics of the entire works, and sometimes the identity of subjects not directly connected with the historical events, and which it is hardly possible to suppose to have spontaneously occurred to Mr. Macaulay. See for instance Sir James's clever account of the Order of Jesus, a complete *hors d'œuvre*, having no nearer connexion with the story than

#### MACKINTOSH.

'He was so enamoured of this plan, that in a numerous company where the resistance of the Upper House was said to be formidable, he cried out to Lord Churchill, "O silly! Why your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."'

We do not quote this as an instance of suspicious identity, for both copied the same authority: but to express our doubt of the anecdote itself, which is given in one of Lord Dartmouth's notes to Burnet, as told to him by Lord Bradford. We doubt, because the story, incredible enough *in toto* (unless the words were spoken at a different time and in some occasional allusion), is wholly at variance with the purpose in support of which it is adduced; for on an occasion in which the King and Sunderland were anxious to increase their majority in the House of Lords by calling on those who were afterwards to sit there, and thus avoiding the abuse and degradation of that high honour, it would have been an absolute contradiction to talk of overwhelming the peerage with a troop of Horse Guards. Of the less violent proceeding—which is all that we can believe to have been really for a moment contemplated even by such a bigot as James and such a knave as Sunderland—Mackintosh slyly takes occasion to remind his readers that twenty-five years afterwards another ministry did something of the same kind—meaning Queen Anne's creation of twelve Tory peers in 1711. Mr. Macaulay does not follow his leader in this tempting sneer at the Tories—he never before, we believe, abstained from anything like a savoury sarcasm—but here he was muzzled. He could not forget that that administration which raised him to political eminence, and of which he was in return the most brilliant meteor, swamped the House of Lords by creations more extravagant than Sunderland ventured to dream of, and ten times more numerous than Harley had the courage to make. We cannot forget, nor does Mr. Macaulay—and that remembrance for once silences his hatred of

that father Petre happened to be a Jesuit—but of this episode we find in Mr. Macaulay an equally careful *pendant*, including all the same topics which Mackintosh had already elaborated.

We are tempted to add one other circumstance. Both the historians relate that Sunderland had a scheme for securing a majority in the House of Lords by calling up the eldest sons of some friendly lords and conferring English titles on some Scotch and Irish peers:—

#### MACAULAY.

'But there was no extremity to which he was not prepared to go in case of necessity. When in a large company an opinion was expressed that the peers would prove intractable, "Oh, silly," cried Sunderland, turning to Churchill; "your troop of guards shall be called up to the House of Lords."'—ii. 317.

the Tories—that the Reform Bill was forced upon the House of Lords by the menace of marching into it rather more than the complement of *Churchill's troop of Horse Guards*—eighty, or, as was added, 'as many more as may be necessary'—and that in point of fact the Grey and Melbourne administrations increased the House of Lords by *eighty-nine peerages*, besides *twenty* promotions. When future historians come to explore the despatches of Baron Falke or Prince Lieven, as we now do those of Barillon and Citters, we suspect that Mr. Macaulay and his friends will have need of a more indulgent appreciation of political difficulties and ministerial necessities than he is willing to concede towards others.

Perplexing as Mr. Macaulay's conduct towards Mackintosh is on the face of these volumes, it becomes still more incomprehensible from the fact that Mr. Macaulay published in the Edinburgh Review of July, 1835, and republished in his Essays, a most laudatory review of this very 'History of the Revolution by Sir James Mackintosh' to which now, while making, as it seems, such ample use of it, he does not condescend to allude. We conclude that Mr. Macaulay has somehow persuaded himself that that Article relieved him from the necessity of any mention of Mackintosh's History in the pages of his own great and solid literary work. But we cannot imagine how; and we shall be curious to see what explanation can be given of this, as it appears to us, extraordinary enigma.

We need not endeavour to account for the hostility with which Mr. Macaulay seems to pursue several individual characters when they are Tories—*causa patet*—but he assails with equal enmity some

Whigs, for his aversion to whom we can see no other motive than that they have been hitherto called illustrious, and by all former writers supposed to have done honour to their country. It seems to be the peculiarity of Mr. Macaulay's temper *προς κεντρα λακτιζειν*, to praise only where others have blamed, and to blame only where others have praised. This, we suppose, will give him the character of originality—it is certainly the only substantial originality in the work. From many examples of this original spirit we will select one—the most eminent 'as a *prodigy of turpitude*'—one that will be at once admitted to be the most conspicuous, and therefore the fairest that we could select as a specimen—the great Duke of Marlborough. Him Mr. Macaulay pursues through his whole history with more than the ferocity and much less than the sagacity of the blood-hound. He commences this persecution even with the Duke's father, who, he tells us, was—

'a poor Cavalier baronet who haunted Whitehall and made himself ridiculous by publishing a dull and affected folio, long forgotten, in praise of monarchy and monarchs.'—i. 459.

This last, we admit, must be a serious offence in the nostrils of Mr. Macaulay—a friend to the monarchy! But though he thus confidently consigns Sir Winston Churchill to every species of contempt, the learned historian shows that he knows but little about him. He was not a *baronet*—a trivial mistake as to an ordinary Sir John or Sir James, but of some importance when made by an ultra-critical historian concerning so immediate an ancestor of the great houses of Marlborough and Spenser, Godolphin and Montagu. He was poor, it seems—a singular reproach, as we have been twice before obliged to observe, from the democratic pen of Mr. Macaulay. We, Tories and aristocrats as we may be thought, should never have taken the humble beginnings of a great man as a topic of contemptuous reproach! but even here Mr. Macaulay overruns his game, for if the Churchills were poor, it was from the confiscations of Republican tyranny. In the '*Catalogue of Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen that have compounded for their Estates*,' printed in 1655, three years before Cromwell's death, we find about 2650 names of plundered Royalists, of whom the *fourth* in amount of composition of the untitled gentlemen of England is Mr. Churchill; and of the whole catalogue, including Lords and Baronets, he stands the *twenty-eighth*, and ahead of the Lowthers of Lowther, the Whartons of Yorkshire, the Watsons of Rockingham,

the Thynns of Longleat, and a hundred others of the most opulent families in England. As to his book, we were not surprised that Mr. Macaulay should consider as *ridiculous*, a work which Coxe characterises as exactly the opposite of Mr. Macaulay's own—a *political history, accurate in dates and figures, and of more research than amusement*! And we have a word more to say for Churchill. Mr. Macaulay celebrates the institution in 1660 of 'the Royal Society destined to be a chief agent in a long series of glorious and salutary reforms' in science. Of this respectable society this *poor ridiculous baronet* was one of the founders!

Mr. Macaulay then proceeds to relate a singular passage, strangely exaggerated and misrepresented from one of Lord Dartmouth's notes on Burnet, in the early career of the Duke, when he had no fortune but his good looks and sword;—and assumes, because the necessitous ensign purchased an annuity with 5000*l.* given him by the Duchess of Cleveland, whose honour, such as it was, he had screened on a very critical occasion, that this probably solitary instance of extreme lavishness on one side and prudence on the other was of daily occurrence, and part and parcel of his habitual life, and that he was 'thrifty even in his vices,' and by rule and habit 'a levier of contributions from ladies enriched by the spoils of more liberal lovers.'

Again, Marlborough was so early a miser that—

'Already his private drawers contained *heaps of broad pieces* which fifty years later remained untouched.'—i. 461.

The authority referred to for this statement is an anecdote told by Pope, who mortally hated Marlborough, to Spence—

'One day as the Duke was looking over some papers in his scrutoire he opened one of the little drawers and took out a green purse and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that was very visible in his face: "Cadogan (says he), observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it unbroken to this day."—Spence, 162.

But this story, supposing it to have been exactly told, retold, and written, would, as a mere proof of avarice, defeat itself, for Pope reproaches Marlborough with the care with which he used to put out his money *to interest*, and if Lord Cadogan had thought it a meanness he never would have repeated it.

That Marlborough loved gold too well for his great glory we do not deny; but surely Mr. Macaulay might have drawn a somewhat higher inference out of this particular incident. We cannot think these 'forty' coins were hoarded up from their metallic value; they were probably kept for some different reason—perhaps as precious relics and remembrances of the beginning of independence. Could not Mr. Macaulay's charitable imagination figure to itself a young man scant in fortune's goods, yet rich in in-born merit, conscious and prescient of coming greatness—could he not feel how unspeakable a blessing to such a one must have been pecuniary independence, as the best safeguard to political honesty and freedom—the surest escape from the degrading patronage of titled and official mediocrities? In the times of young Churchill no golden India opened her bountiful bosom to which an aspirant to station and fame might retire for a while, to secure by honourable thrift an honourable independence, and thereby the power and liberty of action to realize the prospects of an honest ambition. But even if the Duke had kept the pieces from the meanest motive, how would that justify Mr. Macaulay's exaggeration that already (*i. e.* 1670, *at* 20) his *private drawers contained heaps of broad pieces?*

We have entered into this matter at a length that may appear disproportionate; but wishing to give a specimen of Mr. Macaulay's style, we think we could not do better than by such a prominent example. It cannot be said that we have dwelt on petty mistakes about poor persons when we expose the art by which Mr. Macaulay, on the single defect (if it can be called one) of economy in so great a character, raises such a superstructure of the most *sordid rices*. How much not only more noble but more just towards the Duke was Lord Bolingbroke, his personal and political enemy. 'A certain parasite,' says Warton, 'who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of Marlborough was stopped short by that Lord, who said, "He was so very great a man that I forgot he had that vice."'

Having thus shown Mr. Macaulay's mode of dealing with what forms the chief and most characteristic feature of his book—its anecdotal gossip—we shall now endeavour to exhibit the deceptive style in which he treats the larger historical facts: in truth the style is the same—a general and unhesitating sacrifice of accuracy and reality to picturesque effect and party prejudices. He treats historical personages as the painter

does his *layman*—a supple figure which he models into what he thinks the most striking attitude, and dresses up with the gaudiest colours and most fantastical draperies.

It is very difficult to condense into any manageable space the proofs of a general system of accumulating and aggravating all that was ever, whether truly or falsely, reproached to the Tories, and alleviating towards the Whigs the charges which he cannot venture to deny or even to question. The mode in which this is managed so as to keep up some show of impartiality is very dexterous. The reproach, well or ill-founded, which he thinks most likely to damage the character of any one he dislikes, is repeated over and over again in hope that the iteration will at last be taken for proof, such as the perfidy of Charles I., the profligacy and selfishness of Charles II., the cold and cruel stupidity of James, the baseness of Churchill, the indecent violence of Rochester, the contemptible subserviency of his brother, Clarendon, and so on through a whole dictionary of abuse on every one whom he takes or mistakes for a Tory, and on a few Whigs whom for some special reasons of his own he treats like Tories. On the other hand, when he finds himself reluctantly forced to acknowledge even the greatest enormity of the Whigs—corruption—treason—murder—he finds much gentler terms for the facts; selects a scapegoat, some subaltern villain, or some one whom history has already gibbeted, 'to bear upon him all their iniquities,' and that painful sacrifice once made, he avoids with tender care a recurrence to so disagreeable a subject. Dalrymple had astonished the world by discovering in the French archives that those illustrious Whigs, Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and their fellows, who had been for near a century extolled as the purest patriots our country had ever produced, were the secret agents of the King of France, employed by him to thwart, perplex, and weaken the government, and, by their treasonable intrigues under the pretence of a parliamentary opposition, place the King and the nation in such difficulties as should disable them from impeding the ambitious and oppressive projects of Louis, and, what was still more astounding and humiliating, that these great patriots were not only thus conspiring against the honour and safety of their country, but that they were doing so for bribes. We know not to what extent this shameful traffic may have gone, but we know certainly but a comparatively small portion of it. Dalrymple says, that, 'although the French ambassadors' despatches in the *dépôt* at Versailles men-

tion *several* accounts of moneys laid out by them for political purposes in England between the years 1677 and 1681, yet he finds only three of them.\* The first of these is an imperfect and undated note of some payments from 20*l.* up to 1000 guineas made to some of the less illustrious knaves. The second and third are more precise and important.

In the year 1679 Barillon, the French ambassador, paid the following persons the following sums:—

The Duke of Buckingham . . .	1000 guineas
Algernon Sidney ! . . .	500 "
Mr. Bulstrode (envoy at Brussels)	400 "
Sir John Baber (leader of the Presbyterian party)* . . .	500 "
Mr. Lyttleton (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Mr. Powle (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Mr. Harbord (M.P.) . . .	500 "

—*Dal. i. 381.*

The third account for a subsequent payment runs thus:—

Harbord (M.P.) . . .	500 guineas
Hampden (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Colonel Titus (M.P.) . . .	500 "
Sir Thomas Armstrong (executed for the Rye-House Plot) . . .	500 "
Bennet (secretary to Shaftesbury)	300 "
Hotham (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Harley (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Sacheverell (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Foley (M.P.) . . .	300 "
Ride—very rich and in great credit	400 "
Algernon Sidney . . .	500 "
Herbert, M.P. . . .	500 "
Sir John Baber . . .	500 "
Hill (M.P. ?), one of Cromwell's officers . . .	500 "
Boscawen, M.P. . . .	500 "

'The names,' adds Dalrymple (*i. 383*), 'of almost all the above persons are to be found in the Journals of the House of Commons as active persons of that time.' We have added M.P. where it is known or supposed that the person meant was a member of the House of Commons. Lord Russell's name does not appear in these disgraceful lists, but he was the leader, or more truly, we believe, the tool, of this corrupt junto—most of them being concerned in the Rye House plot. Now let us see how the historian who is so justly indignant at the pecuniary dealings of Charles and James with France treats these still more vile transactions:—

'Communications were opened between Baril-

\* Sir John Baber was a man of finesse, in possession of the protectorship at Court of the dissenting teachers.—*North's Examen. See Dalrymple, i. 388.*

lon, the ambassador of Lewis, and those English politicians who had always professed, and who indeed sincerely felt, the greatest dread and dislike of the French ascendancy. The most upright member of the country party, William Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, did not scruple to concert with a foreign mission schemes for embarrassing his own sovereign. This was the whole extent of Russell's offence. His principles and his fortunes alike raised him above all temptations of a sordid kind: but there is too much reason to believe that some of his associates were less scrupulous. It would be *unjust to impute to them the extreme wickedness of taking bribes to injure their country.* On the contrary, they meant to serve her: but it is impossible to deny that they were mean and *indicate* enough to let a foreign prince pay them for serving her. Among those who cannot be acquitted of this degrading charge was one man who is popularly considered as the personification of public spirit, and who, in spite of some great moral and intellectual faults, has a *just claim to be called a hero, a philosopher, and a patriot.* It is impossible to see without pain such a name in the list of the pensioners of France. Yet it is some consolation to reflect that, in our time, a public man would be thought lost to all sense of duty and of shame, who should not spurn from him a temptation which conquered the virtue and the pride of Algernon Sydney.—*i. 228, 9.*

We will not question the very modest praise that Mr. Macaulay gives Lord Russell of being the most upright of such a party—but when, after having seen *even what we have seen* of Barillon's despatches, he talks of 'the *virtue and pride* of Algernon Sidney,'—'the *hero, philosopher, and patriot*'—we wonder that he had not a word of extenuation for the infinitely less disgraceful, and in every view more venial, errors and frailties of so many others whom he has so unmercifully arraigned. But after thus dismissing Lord Russell's treason and Algernon Sidney's corruption with a censure so gentle as to sound like applause, he never again, we believe, takes the least notice of that affair, and Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney resume their full lustre of patriotism and purity. Let us now see how he manages to find a scapegoat for his illustrious friends. In this general intrigue there were, of course, separate objects and schemes. One of them is important to our present inquiry. The first minister at that day was Lord Treasurer Danby. He was supposed to be hostile to the projects of France; but he had reluctantly taken a part in a negotiation on the part of Charles with Louis for a subsidy of 300,000*l.* This negotiation had been carried on through Ralph Montague, then our ambassador at Paris. Montague and Danby quarreled; and Louis, to get rid of Danby, whose spirit

would not brook subserviency to French politics, instigated Montague to 'ruin' the lord treasurer by divulging this negotiation, which Montague did in the House of Commons, and, being warmly supported by the French-paid patriots, an impeachment was voted and Danby 'ruined.'

For this service Montague stipulated 'for 100,000 livres to make sure of seven or eight of the principal persons in the lower house who may support the accusation as soon as it is begun;' and for 100,000 crowns, or 40,000 livres a-year, to indemnify himself 'for his risk and the loss of place that must follow.' (*Barillon to Louis*, 24 Oct., 1678.) These seven or eight members were probably those mentioned in the foregoing list, and there seems reason to suspect that the sums there mentioned were only instalments of their bribes paid on this account. Algernon Sidney was a principal agent in all these transactions, and his 500 guineas seems to have been an annual pension. Dalrymple pleases himself with the idea that Louis cheated the traitor, and that Montague only pocketed 50,000 crowns; certain it is that he grievously complains of the delay in receiving the money, and describes his patriotic friends as very urgent to receive the balance of their infamous wages. The whole transaction is, we believe, unparalleled in the annals of corruption and impudence. Danby impeached, and very likely (if an accident had not intervened) to have been brought to the block for negotiating with the King of France by the King of England's order a subsidy in which Danby himself had no personal interest—by patriots who were personally pensioned and hired by the same French king to prefer the charge. Now hear Mr. Macaulay. He does Danby a kind of justice, partly, perhaps, because Danby was afterwards a revolutionist, but chiefly, we suspect, because he is unwilling

## DALRYMPLE.

'In the midst of so much combustible matter, the train laid by Montague and Barillon against Lord Danby and his master, was set on fire.

Our readers will judge whether Mr. Macaulay was not writing with Dalrymple before his eyes, and they will judge also whether, in any case, he was justified in suppressing—he so fond of details—all the most curious circumstances of the most curious story of our annals, and which he pretends to tell.

One cannot but be struck with the disproportionate space and labour bestowed on the Monmouth rebellion, and the strange excess of indulgence shown to some and of severity to others of the persons engaged

to awaken debate on a topic odious to him, because disgraceful to the Whigs.

'The French court, which knew Danby to be its mortal enemy, artfully contrived to ruin him by making him pass for its friend. Lewis, by the instrumentality of *Ralph Montague, a faithless and shameless man* who had resided in France as minister from England, laid before the House of Commons proofs that the treasurer had been concerned in an application made by the court of Whitehall to the court of Versailles for a sum of money. This discovery produced its natural effect. The treasurer was, in truth, exposed to the vengeance of parliament, not on account of his delinquencies, but on account of his merits; not because he had been an accomplice in a criminal transaction, but because he had been a most unwilling and unserviceable accomplice.'—i. 332.

No mention here of Russell or Sidney, nor anywhere of Powle and the rest!—all the blame laid on Montague; who Mr. Macaulay omits to tell us was the brother-in-law of Lord Russell, and that his impudent perfidy was at the Revolution acknowledged and rewarded by the Whigs by a Viscounty and an Earldom, and soon after by the Dukedom of Montague; nor, to the best of our recollection, does Mr. Macaulay again allude to these disgraceful affairs; though it is (*cum multis aliis*) a circumstance surely as worthy of historical notice as Lord Feversham's china dish, that this same Powle, the pensioner of France, was afterwards chosen Speaker of the Convention Parliament—as an avowed partisan of the Prince of Orange's election to the Crown. Can it be believed that Mr. Macaulay had accidentally overlooked Dalrymple's detailed exposure of these transactions? That excuse we have an accidental proof that he cannot make, for he condescends to borrow, with an accuracy that could hardly be fortuitous, the very words in which Dalrymple opens the story:—

## MACAULAY.

'The nation was in such a temper that the smallest spark might raise a flame. At this conjuncture fire was set in two places at once to the vast mass of combustible matter.'

in that wicked attempt. The secret of all this is that Monmouth's rebellion was, in fact, but the continuation and catastrophe of the Rye House plot. For that plot Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney had suffered, and these two martyrs, having been early canonized by the revolutionizing Whigs, have been still worshipped—though with a less bold devotion since the discovery of Barillon's despatches—by that same party of which the Russell family have been from the Revolution to this day the great and powerful head. All the Whig

historians, Fox, Mackintosh, and now Mr. Macaulay, have laboured to revive and maintain all the *legal* objections originally made to the proceedings against the Rye House conspirators. He and they endeavour to keep in the background the intention of open rebellion, of which at least all the accused were undeniably guilty, whatever may be technically thought of the evidence upon which the two leaders were convicted. Now Monmouth was notoriously one of the most active leaders of the plot; and there can be no doubt that the Exclusion Bill was intended, by some at least of its supporters, to give him a chance of the crown. His appearance, therefore, in open rebellion, attended by Lord Grey and the other surviving members of the Rye House plot, becomes a strong confirmation of all that the crown lawyers had alleged and crown witnesses proved; and therefore it is that Mr. Macaulay labours to show that Monmouth had no premeditated design of rebellion, that he had given up all thoughts of public life, and that he was at least a reluctant victim to the solicitations and instigation of mischievous people about him. With this clue we can understand Mr. Macaulay's treatment of Monmouth and all the circumstances of his rebellion; his tenderness for Monmouth—his indulgence for Lord Grey, in every way the most infamous of mankind, but the friend and partner of Lord Russell in the Rye House conspiracy—and his extravagant hostility to Ferguson, an Independent preacher, the Judas of Dryden's great satire, a man of furious temper and desperate councils, one of the inferior Rye House conspirators, on whom, as a scape-goat, it has been found convenient to lay all the blame, first, of the sanguinary part of the plot, and now of Monmouth's invasion and assumption of the royal title. The indignation which Mr. Macaulay—as usual abusive beyond all measure of taste or reason—has lavished on this man, already damned to everlasting fame by the muse of Dryden, and more lately by the pen of Walter Scott (from whose historical notes on Dryden's 'Absalom and Achitophel' Mr. Macaulay has largely and without acknowledgment borrowed), reminds us of the passage in Pope, in which his friend, dissuading him from satire in general, allows him to be as severe as he pleases on Jonathan Wild—who had been hanged ten years before.

It has been of course a main point with all the Whig historians to acquit the Prince of Orange of any countenance to the proceedings of Monmouth; but no one has ventured to do so in quite so dashing a style

as Mr. Macaulay. While he wastes so many pages on the most trivial anecdotes, he does not even admit this really interesting question into his text, but dismisses it contemptuously in a foot-note:—

'It is not worth while to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise.'—i. 571.

It happens that there is not one of 'those writers' thus vilipended whom Mr. Macaulay does not, when it happens to serve his purpose on some other point, admit as true and worthy evidence. In a review of two volumes it is hard to be obliged to give up half a dozen pages to the examination of two lines; and it would take us quite that space to produce half the authorities by which the allegation which Mr. Macaulay does not think worth refuting is, we assert, completely established. We shall, however, make room for a few passages which we think will show that, if Mr. Macaulay considers King William's character on this point of any value, it would have been very well worth while to have answered, if he could, that allegation.

First, Dalrymple, a Whig, but an honest historian, and the first who gave us any real insight into the history of those times, tells us that after the Rye House plot—

'Monmouth was received with kindness and respect, and treated even with an affection of familiarity by the Prince and Princess of Orange. . . . From this period the court of the Prince of Orange became a place of refuge for every person who had either opposed the Duke of York's succession or appeared to be attached to the Duke of Monmouth. Most of those who had followed the Duke of Monmouth's fortunes, or who desired to do so, were provided for by the Prince in the British regiments which were in the Dutch service—circumstances which only were wanting to alienate for ever the affections of the two royal brothers from the Prince. They even believed that he had given encouragement to that part of the Rye House conspiracy in which the great men had been engaged.'—*Mem.* i. 58.

Monmouth retired to the Hague in the early part of October, 1679, and it is not surprising that this claimant of the British crown was but coldly received by the Heirs Presumptive. But after a few days, as D'Avaux, the able and well-informed ambassador of Louis XIV., informs us, William obtained from Monmouth a full renunciation of his pretended legitimacy—

'And thereupon they entered into a mutual engagement to unite their interests and assist each other, and it was then that was formed that alliance which has occasioned so many disorders, and which cost Monmouth his life and James his kingdom.'—*D'Avaux, Negotiations*, i. 61.

This important passage would be of itself sufficient to establish the fact; but from this time till the total failure of Monmouth's attempt—five or six years later—there is hardly a despatch that does not testify D'Avaux's conviction, generally supported by evidence, that William was already playing his own deep game behind Monmouth as a stalking-horse. Immediately after the interview just mentioned D'Avaux denounces to Louis XIV. the connexions (*liaisons*) between the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth, which, he adds, 'were the foundation of the Revolutions which afterwards took place in England.'—*ib.* i. 57.

Mr. Macaulay may ask, as other Whig writers have done, how it can be supposed that the Prince of Orange should favour pretensions that were inconsistent with the right of the Princess?—All the authorities, all the evidence, and indeed, common sense, afford an easy answer. In the first place we have seen that Monmouth had personally disclaimed his pretensions before the Prince would receive him even as an ordinary exile; but, moreover, William had a better security than declarations or pledges. He well knew that Monmouth's claim was an absurdity, which might be safely used as an instrument that might help to upset James, but was incapable of maintaining itself. This was William's policy as early as the Exclusion Bill—

'As to the Duke of Monmouth, who was acting in the same direction against the Duke of York, the Prince felt that *if the Duke of York was once out of the way, the Duke of Monmouth could give him no great trouble.*'—*D'Avaux*, i. 105.

This was William's opinion and policy up to the very last. When the news of Monmouth's first successes arrived in Holland D'Avaux says, 'I wonder whether the Prince still thinks that Monmouth can do nothing that he cannot set right again in a moment.'—*ib.* vol. v. p. 84. When, however, in addition to exaggerated accounts of these successes, it became known that Monmouth had been proclaimed *King*, D'Avaux immediately observed a change in William's deportment.

'Since the Prince of Orange has known that M. de Monmouth has taken the title of *King*, he no longer pursues the same course which he did before; for it is certain and evident that not only did it depend on him to prevent M. de Monmouth from sending any vessel out of this State, but that it is also true that Mr. Skelton having pointed out to him where M. de Monmouth was, and having begged that he would either arrest him, or at least turn him out of the States, the Prince of Orange answered that M. de Monmouth was unjustly suspected, and that he had

no connexion with Argyle and the other discontented English, who were here. As for myself, I am persuaded that the Prince of Orange believed that Monmouth's attempt would not go very far, and that all that the rebels would do would be but to render him (the Prince) more necessary to the King of England.'—v. 92.

King James himself, in his own memoirs, tells even more distinctly the same story as the French minister. Dalrymple—adopting D'Avaux's evidence and reasoning, and stating how the Dutch authorities—or rather, according to D'Avaux, the Prince of Orange himself—evaded the request of James's minister for stopping Monmouth's expedition—thus accounts for the Prince's connivance:—

'The Prince interfered not, excusing himself because his assistance was not asked; and perhaps, was not displeased to see one expose himself to ruin, who had been a rival to the Princess for the succession, and disturbances raised which he might himself be called to compose. He even pretended to Skelton that he gave no credit to the reports of Argyle and Monmouth, although *he knew* that one was gone and the other just ready to go.'—*Dalrymple*, 56.

We have not produced a tithe of the evidence before us all in the same direction, but we think we have sufficiently shown that the matter deserved to be treated more seriously than Mr. Macaulay has done. And we have also to complain of the sly and laboured misrepresentation of D'Avaux, by which he endeavours to give his own colour to William's reception of Monmouth at the Hague. He says—

'The Prince and Princess of Orange had now ceased to regard him as a rival. They received him most hospitably; for they hoped that, by treating him with kindness, they should establish a claim to the gratitude of his father. They knew that paternal affection was not yet wearied out, that letters and supplies of money still came secretly from Whitehall to Monmouth's retreat, and that Charles frowned on those who sought to pay their court by speaking ill of his banished son.'—i. 530.

And for this he quotes D'Avaux, who says nothing of the kind, but indeed the contrary, for he complains that a 'belief prevailed amongst the Dutch people (*la plupart des Hollandais*) that the attentions shown the Duke were really not displeasing to King Charles;' a belief which D'Avaux looked upon as a deception on the public, but he does not give the least hint that the Prince and Princess were under that delusion, and the whole scope of his despatches is to expose over and over again the Prince's duplicity in this respect.

Mr. Macaulay proceeds to paint with his most glowing pencil the dutiful and respect-



ful regard which William showed to the secret wishes of King Charles, by his extraordinary attentions to his favourite son. The passage is worth quoting, as a sample both of Mr. Macaulay's style and his fidelity :—

'The duke had been encouraged to expect that, in a very short time, if he gave no new cause of displeasure, he would be recalled to his native land, and restored to all his high honours and commands. Animated by such expectations he had been the life of the Hague during the late winter. He had been the most conspicuous figure at a succession of balls in that splendid Orange Hall, which blazes on every side with the most ostentatious colouring of Jordaens and Hondthorst. He had introduced the English country dance to the knowledge of the Dutch ladies, and had in his turn learned from them to skate on the canals. The princess had accompanied him in his expeditions on the ice ; and the figure which she made there, poised on one leg, and clad in petticoats shorter than are generally worn by ladies so strictly decorous, had caused some wonder and mirth to the foreign ministers. The sullen gravity which had been characteristic of the Stadtholder's court seemed to have vanished before the influence of the fascinating Englishman. Even the stern and pensive William relaxed into good humour when his brilliant guest appeared.'—i. 531.

For this D'Avaux is again quoted, and for this time truly, as far as the naked facts ; but most untruly as to the colouring given, the motives assigned, and the conclusions drawn ; for D'Avaux expressly states that all these attentions were such manifest 'affectation on the part of the Prince that it seemed as if they could only be intended as wanton insults to the King' (*D'Avaux*, iv. 24). But the more immediate object was to insult the Duke of York, and to keep up the spirits of that party in England which was bent on the Exclusion, and of which Monmouth was the leader ; and D'Avaux goes on to give (the very reverse of Mr. Macaulay's gala picture) an account of the harsh and tyrannical treatment by which the Prince (hitherto the coldest of men, and yet the most jealous of husbands) forced the Princess into these extraordinary demonstrations of gaiety and even of gallantry (*ib.* 226). One of these stories—so picturesque that Mr. Macaulay would have been delighted to have copied it if he could have reconciled it with his contemporaneous fictions—deserves particular attention as a clue to William's motives both in his attentions at this time to Monmouth, and as to his ulterior designs upon England. The 30th of January—the Martyrdom of King Charles—was come. This, besides being recognised as a day of humiliation by the Church of England, to which Mary was piously at-

tached, was still more devoutly observed by the royal family ; and the children and grandchildren of Charles always observed that day by fasting and seclusion. A day or two after this D'Avaux writes to Louis XIV. :—

'Your Majesty knows how the English are in the habit of observing the anniversary of the death of Charles I.\* On that day the Prince of Orange forced the Princess, instead of her intended mourning, to put on full dress ; he next, in spite of her entreaties and prayers, forced her to dinner. The Princess was obliged to submit to have all the dishes brought to her one after another. 'Tis true she ate little, or rather, indeed, nothing ; and in order to make public the insult (*outrage*) which he meant to the King by all this, he forced her that night to go to the playhouse, in spite of her efforts to avoid it. It is to be remarked that, though there have been plays four times a-week, the Prince has been there but twice before in the last three months ; which shows that his going to the play that night was a mere piece of parade.'—*D'Avaux*, iv. 263.

The secret of all this evidently was—the Exclusion Bill had failed. The Rye House Plot had not only failed, but had united the nation in loyalty to the King and the legitimate successor. James had had two daughters by his second wife, and might naturally expect a son ; and the country was in a state that afforded no prospect of a change of dynasty : but the revolutionary party, though quiet, were not asleep—intrigues were on foot to recall the Duke of Monmouth. His return would have led to a new attempt to exclude the Duke of York, and open to William a better chance of disturbing the succession. Hence his affected kindness to Monmouth—hence the unseemly attempt to cajole the old republican and regicide party by forcing the Princess to desecrate the anniversary of the murder of her grandfather. After this explanation we beg our readers to turn back and read our extract of Mr. Macaulay's account of the fascinating influence of Monmouth over the pensive William !

We sincerely wish we had room to exhibit side by side all Mr. Macaulay's cited authorities and the use he makes of them. Nothing but such a collation could give a perfect idea of Mr. Macaulay's style of misdating, garbling, and colouring acknowledged facts as to produce all the effect of entire deception : the object of this complication of misrepresentation being to excite

\* By a slip of the pen or the press this is printed in D'Avaux *James* the First, and this error has perhaps prevented the story's attracting as much notice as it deserves. Miss Strickland, in her 'Lives of the Queens,' has related the anecdote, and corrected the name.

a tender interest for the rebel Monmouth, and to exculpate William from any share in Monmouth's design.

To all this we have to add a most important postscript which Mr. Macaulay passes over in prudent silence. William sufficiently testified the interest he had taken in Monmouth's attempt by his favour to the survivors of it. At the Revolution Lord Grey was made an Earl; Ferguson—'Judas'—on whom Mr. Macaulay pours forth all the vials of his wrath for his share in Monmouth's proceedings—was rewarded with a sinecure place of 500*l.* a-year in the royal household; and the obscure printer, who had printed what Mr. Macaulay calls 'Monmouth's disgraceful Declaration,' took refuge with the Prince of Orange—came back with him—was made stationer to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary. (*Kennett*, iii. 428).

After so much political detail it will be some kind of diversion to our readers to examine Mr. Macaulay's most elaborate strategic and topographical effort, worked up with all the combined zeal and skill of an ex-Secretary-at-War and a pictorial historian—a copious description of the battle of Sedgemoor. Mr. Macaulay seems to have visited Bridgewater with a zeal worthy of a better result: for it has produced a description of the surrounding country as pompous and detailed as if it had been the scene of some grand strategic operations—a parade not merely unnecessary, but absurd, for the so-called battle was but a bungling skirmish. Monmouth had intended to surprise the King's troops in their quarters by a midnight attack, but was stopped by a wide and deep trench, of which he was not apprised, called *Bussex Rhine*, behind which the King's army lay. 'The trenches which drain the moor are,' Mr. Macaulay adds, 'in that country called *rhines*.' On each side of this ditch the parties stood firing at each other in the dark. Lord Grey and the cavalry ran away without striking a blow; Monmouth followed them, too, soon; for some time the foot stood with a degree of courage and steadiness surprising in such raw and half-armed levies; at last the King's cavalry got round their flank, and they too ran: the King's foot then crossed the ditch with little or no resistance, and slaughtered, with small loss on their own side, a considerable number of the fugitives, the rest escaping back to Bridgewater. Our readers will judge whether such a skirmish required a long preliminary description of the surrounding country. Mr. Macaulay might just as

usefully have described the plain of Troy. Indeed at the close of his long topographical and etymological narrative Mr. Macaulay has the tardy candour to confess that—

'little is now to be learned by visiting the field of battle, for the face of the country has been greatly changed, and the old *Bussex Rhine*, on the banks of which the great struggle took place, has long disappeared.'

This is droll. After spending a deal of space and fine writing in describing the present prospect, he concludes by telling us candidly it is all of no use, for the whole scene has changed. This is like Walpole's story of the French lady who asked for her lover's picture; and when he demurred observing that, if her husband were to see it, it might betray their secret—'O dear, no,' she said—just like Mr. Macaulay—'I will have the picture, but it need not be like!'

But even as to the change, we again doubt Mr. Macaulay's accuracy. The word *Rhine* in Somersetshire, as perhaps—*parva componere magnis*—in the great German river, means *running* water, and we therefore think it very unlikely that a running stream should have disappeared; but we also find in the Ordnance Survey of Somersetshire, made in our own time, the course and name of *Bussek's Rhine* distinctly laid down in front of Weston, where it probably ran in Monmouth's day; and we are further informed, in return to some inquiries that we have caused to be made, that the *Rhine* is now, in 1849, as visible and well known as ever it was.

But this grand piece of the military topography of a battle-field where there was no battle must have its picturesque and pathetic episode, and Mr. Macaulay finds one well suited to such a novel. When Monmouth had made up his mind to attempt to *surprise* the royal army, Mr. Macaulay is willing (for a purpose which we shall see presently) to persuade himself that the Duke let the whole town into his secret:—

'That an attack was to be made under cover of the night was no secret in Bridgewater. The town was full of women, who had repaired thither by hundreds from the surrounding region to see their husbands, sons, lovers, and brothers once more. There were many sad partings that day; and many parted never to meet again. The report of the intended attack came to the ears of a young girl who was zealous for the king. Though of modest character, she had the courage to resolve that she would herself bear the intelligence to Feversham. She stole out of Bridgewater, and made her way to the royal camp. But that camp was not a place where female innocence could be safe. Even the officers, despising alike the irregular force to which they were opposed, and the negligent general who com-

manded them, had indulged largely in wine, and were ready for any excess of licentiousness and cruelty. One of them seized the unhappy maiden, refused to listen to her errand, and brutally outraged her. She fled in agonies of rage and shame, leaving the wicked army to its doom.'—i. 606, 7.

—the *doom of the wicked army*, be it noted *en passant*, being a complete victory. Mr. Macaulay cites Kennett for this story, and adds that he is '*forced to believe the story to be true, because Kennett declares that it was communicated to him in the year 1718 by a brave officer who had fought at Sedgemoor, and had himself seen the poor girl depart in an agony of distress.*'—*ib.*

We shall not dwell on the value of an anonymous story told *three-and-thirty years* after the Battle of Sedgemoor. The tale is sufficiently refuted by notorious facts and dates, and indeed by its internal absurdity. We know from the clear and indisputable evidence of Wade, who commanded Monmouth's infantry, all the proceedings of that day. Monmouth no doubt intended to move that night, and made open preparation for it, and the partings so pathetically described may have, therefore, taken place, and the rather because the intended movement was to leave that part of the country altogether—not to meet the King's troops, but to endeavour to escape them by a forced march across the Avon and into Gloucestershire. So far might have been known. But about *three o'clock* that afternoon Monmouth received intelligence by a spy that the King's troops had advanced to Sedgemoor, but had taken their positions so injudiciously, that there seemed a possibility of surprising them in a night attack. On this Monmouth assembled a council of war, which agreed that, instead of retreating that night towards the Avon as they had intended, they should advance and attack, provided the spy, who was to be sent out to a new reconnoissance, should report that the troops were not intrenched. We may be sure that—as the news only arrived at three in the afternoon—the assembling the council of war—the deliberation—the sending back the spy—his return and another deliberation—must have protracted the final decision to so late an hour that evening, that it is utterly impossible that the change of the design of a march northward to that of an '*attack to be made under cover of the night,*' could have been that *morning* no secret in Bridgewater. So far we have argued the case on Mr. Macaulay's own showing, which, we confess, was very incautious on our part; but on turning to his authority we find, as usual, a story essentially different. Kennett says,—

'A brave Captain in the Horse Guards, now living (1718), was in the action at Sedgemoor, and gave me this account of it.—That on *Sunday morning, July 5*, a young woman came from Monmouth's quarters to give notice of his design to surprise the King's camp *that night*; but this young woman being carried to a chief officer in a neighbouring village, she was led up stairs and debauched by him, and, coming down in a great fright and disorder (as he himself saw her), she went back, and her message was not told.'—Kennett, iii. 432.

This knocks the whole story on the head. Kennett was not aware (Wade's narrative not being published when he wrote) that the King's troops did not come in sight of Sedgemoor till about three o'clock p.m. of that Sunday on the early morning of which he places the girl's visit to the camp, and it was not till late that same evening that Monmouth changed his original determination, and formed the sudden resolution with which, to support Kennett's story, the whole town must have been acquainted at least twelve hours before.

The last part of this romance to which we can direct the attention of our readers is a misrepresentation of the personal character of King William, so indiscreet as to surprise us exceedingly. Mr. Macaulay's most obvious purpose in this very strange attempt is to double-gild his idol; and, instead of being satisfied, as the world has hitherto been, with considering William III. as a great soldier and statesman, and the opportune though irregular instrument of a necessary revolution, he endeavours to show that he was entitled to the choice which the country is represented as having made of him, by his private virtues, and, above all, by the concurrence in his election of the legitimate successor, his affectionate and devoted wife, who, apart from all political and above all selfish considerations, was but too happy to see the throne, which strict law would have conferred on her alone, shared with the man of her heart. This is of course the indispensable conclusion of all romances, but we confess the dénouement seems here somewhat forced and unnatural. We have little doubt that Mary was an obedient, if not a loving, wife; and that she willingly, gladly admitted William to a participation of her royal rights—not from romantic affection, but for this plain and paramount reason, that without his sword she would have had no rights to share. That *sword* it was which cut the Gordian knot with which the Convention Parliament and its parties so long *seemed* to puzzle themselves. Mr. Macaulay states fully, and more clearly and fairly than is usual with him, the various expedients proposed, and the va-

rious arguments that were urged for the supplying the place of the absent King. The Archbishop and the high Tories proposed a *Regency*, which would have preserved their nominal allegiance to the King. Danby and the moderate Whigs and Tories were for the plainer and, under such circumstances, the sounder course of considering James's abdication as a civil death, and calling the next heir, Mary, to the throne. The old Republican party would rather not have had a monarchy at all; but if a monarch, one whose title should *not* be legitimate; and Mr. Macaulay takes great pains to show that Halifax and the Trimmers, the party that seemed finally to decide the question, were the more disposed for *electing* William on the republican principle of breaking the line of succession. But in fact this last argument was a mere pretence to conceal the duress under which they really had no alternative but the choice of William. All these eloquent debates and all Mr. Macaulay's ingenious argumentations only enwreath the steel. William might say—*ἐν μυχῷ τοῦ κλαδὶ τὸν ξίφος φορῶσω*—‘You may cover my sword with rhetorical garlands, but it is not the less a sword; and if you will have its protection you must submit to its power.’ And as the bulk of his special adherents were of the old Republican Regicide and Rye House party, they not only would have had no compunction in submitting even to his forcible seizure of the Crown, but would have much preferred that to the execution of the threat by which William finally stifled their various differences—namely, that, if they did not make him King, he would retire with his army and leave all parties to the tender mercies of a Jacobite restoration. It was chiefly, we think, with a view of throwing a kind of veil over this real state of the case, not very creditable to the Revolution Whigs, nor very grateful to the national pride of any Englishman, that Mr. Macaulay has indiscreetly, we think, recalled attention to the conjugal relations of William and Mary.

‘For a time, William was a negligent husband. He was indeed drawn away from his wife by other women, particularly by one of her ladies, Elizabeth Villiers, who, though destitute of personal attractions, and disfigured by a hideous squint, possessed talents which well fitted her to partake his cares. He was indeed *ashamed of his errors*, and spared no pains to *conceal* them: but, in spite of all his precautions, Mary well knew that he was not strictly faithful to her.’—ii. 174.

All this is sadly misrepresented. It was not *for a time*—he was not *ashamed of*, and took no pains to conceal, his infidelity! The amour with Elizabeth Villiers began imme-

diately after his marriage, and continued notoriously during all Mary's life. He even made her husband Earl of Orkney, as Charles II. had made the husband of Barbara Villiers Earl of Castlemaine; and in 1697 he made her grants of forfeited estates in Ireland so scandalous that they were rescinded by Parliament; and, in short, as Miss Strickland says, ‘Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of Mary's peace from her marriage to her grave.’—*Life of Mary*, ii. 303. But we decline pursuing a subject even more disagreeable than is here stated; and we pass on to a less unpleasant cause of the estrangement. This, we are told, was William's uneasiness at the awkwardness of his future position as King-consort. Mary ‘had been nine years married before she discovered the cause of William's discontent; nor would she ever have learned it from himself. In general his temper inclined him rather to brood over his griefs than to give utterance to them; and in this particular case his lips were sealed by a very natural delicacy.’—ii. 175.

This admission shows at what a remote period, and with what a distant chance, William began to pine after the crown of England, and would go far to convict him of all the intrigues against the governments of Charles and James, from which Mr. Macaulay, in other parts of this book, so zealously labours to exculpate him. The sequel of the story is more romantic. It was after nine years of unhappiness from moral causes on the part of the wife, and ‘brooding discontent’ from political reveries on the part of the husband, that, by the lucky arrival of an English, or rather Scotch parson, who was travelling in the Low Countries, ‘three words of frank explanation’ were elicited and cured all in a moment. A complete reconciliation was brought about by the agency of Gilbert Burnet:—

‘Burnet plainly told the Princess what the feeling was which preyed upon her husband's mind. She learned for the first time, with no small astonishment, that, when she became Queen of England, William would not share her throne. She warmly declared that there was no proof of conjugal submission and affection which she was not ready to give. Burnet, with many apologies and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. “But,” he added, “your Royal Highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution. For it is a resolution which, having once been announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted.” “I want no time for consideration,” answered

Mary. "It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the Prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me that he may hear it from my own lips." Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. "I did not know till yesterday," said Mary, "that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule: and, in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives." Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a *passion fond even to idolatry*.—ii. 180, 181.

Burnet assures us that William's grief for the loss of Mary was passionate, and it is not improbable that when the discontent that had been so long brooding in his mind was removed he may have become more sensible to the charms of Mary's person, and the strength and accomplishments of her mind; but we confess that we find it difficult to imagine a passion 'fond even to idolatry,' at once so suddenly and yet so permanently produced. And how? By contrition on the part of the profligate husband, and condonation on the part of the appeased wife? Not at all: but by setting the husband's mind at ease as to his future position in a distant and not very probable political event. Burnet—though his interest and feelings would lead him in the same direction as Mr. Macaulay, namely, to magnify William and justify his artful and selfish conduct in his pursuit of the Crown—yet still he preserves a kind of moderation which gives his account a different and a less unnatural appearance. He begins with an introductory anecdote of great significance, wholly omitted by Mr. Macaulay. He describes a conversation between the Princess and himself in which he blamed M. Jurieu for having written with acrimony and indecency against Mary Queen of Scots. The Princess took Jurieu's part, and said 'that if *Princes would do ill things*, they must expect that the world will do justice on their memory, since they cannot reach their persons; that were but a small suffering, far short of *what others suffered at their hands*' (i. 693). One easily understands the meaning of these last words in the mouth of a neglected wife. Burnet goes on to say that some time after this

'I found the Prince was resolved to make use of me. \* \* \* That which fixed me in their confidence was the liberty I took, in a private conversation with the Princess, to ask her what she intended the Prince should be if she came to the crown. She, who was new to all matters of that kind, did not understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would likewise accrue to him in the right of marriage.'—*ib.*

We must pause to observe that Mary was now twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, had been married above nine years, had always had English chaplains and attendants, and 'was,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'a woman of good natural abilities, had been educated by a bishop, was *fond of history* and poetry, and was regarded by very eminent men as a superior woman' (i. 394). Yet Burnet and Mr. Macaulay would have us believe that, until the Prince 'resolved to make use' of *him*, Mary was absolutely ignorant of her position as heiress of the crown. It is much more probable that Mary, like a sensible, ambitious woman as she was, knew her position perfectly well; but seeing the crisis to which affairs were coming in England, had for their common interest resolved to gratify William, and had taken advantage of Burnet's intervention for that purpose.

Burnet, however, according to his own story, explained to her her special rights, the cases of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, Philip and Mary; adding:—

'That a titular kingship was no acceptable thing, especially if it was to depend on another's life.—She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavour effectually to get it legally invested in him for life. This would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled.'

Mary without hesitation resolved to take Burnet's advice, and sent him on the moment to bring William to her, that she might explain her intention with her own lips.

'He was that day a-hunting' [*off after a stag*]. 'The next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife: she promised him he should always bear rule; and she asked only that he would obey the command of "*husbands, love your wives*," as she should do that of "*wives, be obedient to your husbands*." From this lively introduction we entered into a long discourse of the affairs of England. Both seemed well pleased with me, and with all I had

suggested : but such was the Prince's cold way that he said not one word to me upon it that looked like acknowledgment.'—*ib.*

This affords the true clue to the whole of William's conduct with reference to the Revolution. He had resolved—we cannot guess how early—to be King of England in his own right—*Marte suo*, he might emphatically say. Nor do we call this the darkest stain on his history : it was a natural feeling in a careless husband and an ambitious prince ; to many it may seem the more excusable from William's being, in his own right, the next heir to the crown after his wife and her sister ; and, as regards public interests, we doubt whether the expulsion of James—absolutely necessary for the religion and liberties of England—could have been otherwise accomplished and maintained. Our country profited by the selfish policy of William—but it is a falsification of historical fact to pretend that his policy was guided by zeal for the liberties and Church of England, which he really felt as little as James, though, fortunately for us, it suited his personal ambition to profess it. We owe him and his 'glorious memory' public gratitude, but we cannot regard his personal character or conduct with either affection or respect—still less can we accept the extravagant glorifications of every point—even the worst—of his character, by Mr. Macaulay.

We must here conclude. We have exhausted our time and our space, but not our topics. We have selected such of the more prominent defects and errors of Mr. Macaulay as were manageable within our limits ; but numerous as they are, we beg that they may be considered as specimens only of the infinitely larger assortment that the volumes would afford, and be read not merely as individual instances, but as indications of the general style of the work, and the prevailing *animus* of the writer. We have chiefly directed our attention to points of mere historical inaccuracy and infidelity ; but they are combined with a greater admixture of other—we know not whether to call them literary or moral—defects, than the insulated passages sufficiently exhibit. These faults, as we think them, but which may to some readers be the prime fascinations of the work, abound on its surface. And their very number and their superficial prominence constitute a main charge against the author, and prove, we think, his mind to be unfitted for the severity of historical inquiry. He takes much pains to parade—perhaps he really believes in—his impartiality, with what justice we appeal to the foregoing pages ; but he is guilty of a prejudice as injurious in its consequences to truth as any

political bias. He abhors whatever is not in itself picturesque, while he clings with the tenacity of a Novelist to the *piquant* and the startling. Whether it be the boudoir of a strumpet or the deathbed of a monarch—the strong character of a statesman-warrior abounding in contrasts and rich in mystery, or the personal history of a judge trained in the Old Bailey to vulgarize and ensanguine the King's Bench—he luxuriates with a vigour and variety of language and illustration which renders his 'History' an attractive and absorbing story-book. And so spontaneously redundant are these errors—so inwoven in the very texture of Mr. Macaulay's mind—that he seems never able to escape from them. Even after the reader is led to believe that all that can be said either of praise or vituperation as to character, of voluptuous description and minute delineation as to fact and circumstance, has been passed in review before him—when a new subject, indeed, seems to have been started—all at once the old theme is renewed, and the old ideas are redressed in all the affluent imagery and profuse eloquence of which Mr. Macaulay is so eminent a master. Now of the fancy and fashion of this we should not complain—quite the contrary—in a professed novel : there is a theatre in which it would be exquisitely appropriate and attractive ; but the Temple of History is not the floor for a morris-dance—the Muse Clio is not to be worshipped in the halls of Terpsichore. We protest against this species of *carnival* history ; no more like the reality than the Eglintoun Tournament or the Costume Quadrilles of Buckingham Palace ; and we deplore the squandering of so much melodramatic talent on a subject which we have hitherto revered as the figure of Truth arrayed in the simple garments of Philosophy. We are ready to admit an hundred times over Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affectation with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator ; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be, devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite—with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it ;—but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal—and the work we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf—nor ever assuredly, if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England.

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ART. I.—*Results of Astronomical Observations made during the Years 1834, 5, 6, 7, 8 at the Cape of Good Hope; being the completion of a Telescopic Survey of the whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825.* By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart., K.H., &c. 4to., 1847.

THIS volume is very unlike the majority of those records of Astronomical Observations which form an annually increasing load upon the quarto shelves of our scientific libraries. These may be, and for the most part are, of the greatest value, as containing the data upon which the future progress of one large department of astronomy is to be founded, but Sir John Herschel's work is a record of that Progress itself.

Practical astronomy is naturally divided into two branches:—1st, that which depends mainly or solely upon the perfection of the Telescope as an instrument of research—in which the highest resources of optical art are expended in the examination of the heavenly bodies considered singly, or in such small groups as may be discerned at one time in the field of a telescope:—2nd, that which depends more directly upon our power of measuring and subdividing time and space, whereby the relative places of the heavenly bodies are determined, the laws of their motions and the forms of their orbits: the divided circle and the clock are the characteristic implements of this branch of astronomy; telescopes of enormous power are, generally speaking, inapplicable to it. Now the bulk of the publications issuing from our national observatories belong to the latter class of inquiries; whilst the former has, with some exceptions, been left chiefly in the hands of amateurs, or at least of private individuals. The labours of Sir

William Herschel, to which his son has in the present and in former works so largely added, belong in a peculiar manner to the first class. The telescope is almost the sole apparatus: fine telescopes, and the much rarer qualification of using them to the best advantage, are the requisites for success.

It will readily be apprehended that telescopic astronomy, and the records of telescopic observations, are of far more general interest than the reading of altitude and azimuth circles, the counting of pendulum beats, and the determination of a few seconds of error in the tabular places of a planet. And though, as we shall see, there is a vast amount of numerical work in Sir John Herschel's pages, yet the results are so numerous and varied, so striking by reason of their novelty, and so picturesque in their details; that they are fitted to interest every one who is even moderately acquainted with the general facts of astronomy, and render the work eminently *readable*, which is precisely what (it may be stated without any disparagement to our regular observatory publications) the others are *not*. The difference may be illustrated by two descriptions of a distant country which we can never hope to visit. The one is a statistical report of its extent and resources, the number of acres of arable, pasture, or wood, the latitude and longitude of its cities, the altitude of mountains, the number of inhabitants, and the sum of revenue. The other is a graphic description of its natural features and political condition; the road-book of a traveller who has explored its recesses with the eye of a naturalist and a painter, whose sketches live in our remembrance, and by an appeal to universal associations, enable us to realize scenes and manners which we shall never see for ourselves, but which we learn to compare with

what has been all our life long familiar. Thus does the astronomy of the telescope lead us to understand in some degree the economy of other systems; it brings to its aid every branch of physical science in order to obtain results regarding the nature and changes of distant worlds, and to enable us to interpret these results aright by the analogies of our own.

The title-page of Sir John Herschel's book explains its nature and importance: it records 'the completion of a telescopic survey of the *whole surface of the visible heavens*, commenced in 1825.' The grave had not closed for three years over his illustrious Father, when the Son proceeded to carry out and complete, by rare sacrifices, the course of observation in which for half a century Sir William had no rival; and by extending the survey to the southern hemisphere, he rendered compact and comparable one of the most elaborate inquisitions of nature which two men ever attempted.

Sir John Herschel's position and attainments fitted him admirably for so great a work, and justly entitle him to the unenvied position which he now holds amongst the cultivators of exact science. Bearing a name honoured and revered by all, his career at Cambridge reflected upon it fresh lustre; the variety and extent of his acquirements gave him a reputation amongst his college contemporaries, afterwards fully confirmed by the not more impartial voice of mankind at large. Since that time he has been indefatigable as an author. First, in the systematizing of the higher mathematics, and in forwarding their study in his own university;—afterwards by treatises contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, on Sound, Light, and Physical Astronomy, which still rank among the clearest, completest, and most philosophical in our own or in any other language. About the same time he wrote experimental essays on different branches of chemistry and optics in several Journals, and commenced his purely astronomical investigations, chiefly on nebulae and double stars, partly in conjunction with Sir James South, of which the details are given in different volumes of the *Astronomical* and of the *Royal Society's Transactions*. These memoirs collectively include a complete revision of the objects of the same description catalogued and classified by Sir William Herschel. But amidst these serious and systematic employments he found time for writing two admirable elementary works in Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, one on Astronomy, the other on the Study of Natural Philosophy. They unite elegant and perspicuous language with logical order, great simplicity, and

most apt illustrations, and have contributed in no small degree to the extended and popular reputation of their author.

But when the re-examination of the stellar heavens, on the plan adopted by his father, was complete, it yet remained that that part of the sky invisible in Britain should be subjected to a similar critical examination, and the result handed down to posterity, so that changes may be recorded, and their causes investigated. The *full* value of the works of the Herschels will only become known when centuries shall have rolled on, and when all our present writings about *terrestrial* physics shall be consulted merely as historical curiosities long superseded by the advance of knowledge. To finish so great a monument to his own, but more especially to his father's, fame, Sir John did not hesitate to quit in 1833 his home, endeared by many recollections, and undertake a voyage to another hemisphere, accompanied by his lady and a numerous family of young children, and embarrassed with unwieldy and fragile apparatus. But before a determination like his, difficulties melted away. Having disembarked his instruments at Cape Town without accident, and placed them temporarily in one of the government storehouses, his next care was to look out for a residence in a locality suitable for their erection. This he was fortunate enough to find at the seat of a Dutch proprietor, Mr. Schönnberg, bearing the name of Feldhuysen, or Feldhausen, which he describes as—

'about six miles from Cape Town, charmingly situated on the last gentle slope at the base of Table Mountain, on its eastern side, well sheltered from dust, and as far as possible from wind, by an exuberant growth of oak and fir timber; far enough removed from the mountain to be for the most part out of the reach of the clouds which form so copiously over and around its summit, yet not so far as to lose the advantage of the reaction of its mural precipices against the south-east winds, which prevail with great violence during the finer and clearer months, but which seldom blow home to the rock on this side, being, as it were, gradually heaved up by a mass of comparatively quiescent air imprisoned at the root of the precipice, and so gliding up an inclined plane to the summit on the windward side, while they rush perpendicularly down on the leeward with tremendous violence, like a cataract, sweeping the face of the cliffs towards Cape Town, which they fill with dust and uproar, especially during the night.'—*Introd.* p. vii.

During four entire years\* (no inconsidera-

\* The 'sweeps' or nocturnal telescopic surveys of the heavens (381 in number) commenced on the 5th of March, 1834, and terminated 22nd of January, 1838.

ble portion of the *best* of man's life) Sir John Herschel devoted his nights to observation, his days to calculation and manual labour, all directed to the fulfilment of his arduous enterprise. During this time, too, he managed to keep up an extensive correspondence with men of science at home, and to exert himself energetically for the moral and intellectual improvement of the colony with which he had been thus incidentally associated. Not the least remarkable part of this expedition was that it was defrayed out of his private fortune, notwithstanding liberal offers which he received of pecuniary aid from the late Duke of Northumberland, which he thought it inconsistent with the entire independence of his plans to accept; he even declined, as was understood, the use of a government vessel to convey him to his destination. Opinions will differ as to whether he might not, without any compromise of liberty of research, have availed himself of offers most creditable to those who made them; but the reason of his refusal, and also of his afterwards availing himself of the generous proposal of the nobleman above named, to defray the expense of publishing the results, is best stated in his own words at a public dinner given to him after his return. He then said—

‘Much assistance was proffered to me from many quarters, both of instruments, and others of a more general nature—offers in the highest degree honourable to all parties, and I should be sorry to have it thought that, in declining them, I was the less grateful for them. I felt that if they were accepted, they would compel me to extend my plan of operations and make a larger campaign, and that in fact it would compel me to go in some degree aside from my original plan. But that campaign being ended, the harvest gathered in, and the mass of facts accumulated, I felt that the same objections did not apply to the publication of its results; and I therefore refer with pride and pleasure to the prospect of being enabled by the princely munificence of the Duke of Northumberland, to place those results before the public in a manner every way more satisfactory, and without becoming a burden, as they otherwise must have been a very severe one, on the funds of our scientific institutions.’—*Athenæum*, 1838, p. 425.

The generous offer thus accepted was peculiarly well-timed. The labour of extricating laws from masses of facts, great though it be, is a labour of love to the man of science: but the labour and anxiety of publication is not usually so; and is commonly attended with difficulties which, in the case of the abstruser sciences, would be insuperable to most private individuals, but for the existence of those *societies* alluded to by Sir J. Herschel, which with all their

many faults of omission and commission must ever enjoy the credit of having brought to light, or assisted in doing so, the immortal labours of many a patient student, and even the *Principia* of Newton. But the common mode of publication by detached memoirs, buried in a mass of heterogeneous learning, accessible only by a research through piles of quartos, is after all but an imperfect publication. It is quite impossible to expect that any man's works, even the most celebrated, shall be fully appreciated when they can only be read or seen piecemeal, and by very many persons not at all. He who wishes to do a service to the reputation of an eminent man, living or dead, cannot do better than collect his writings in simple chronological sequence, and hand them down to posterity without note or comment. Such a specimen of fraternal piety has been shown by Dr. Davy in his collection of his brother's immortal writings: such Dr. Faraday has in part done for himself; such a high-spirited Peer has enabled Sir John Herschel to do, in the completest and fittest manner, in the publication before us—and such the scientific world hopes that Sir John himself will soon undertake with respect to the multifarious and important writings of his father, scattered over not less than *thirty-seven* volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, and consequently, though often talked of, in reality hardly known except by meagre and superficial abstracts. From the late noble Chancellor of Cambridge, therefore, Sir J. Herschel received a benefit which will contribute in no slight degree to the extension and perpetuation of his fame. The whole execution of the work is worthy of the subject, the author, and the patron.

The eight years following Sir John Herschel's return to England were mainly spent in preparing the materials of this volume. Nor will the time appear at all excessive when we consider, *first*, the vast mass of rough observations accumulated during four years of incessant work; *secondly*, that the reductions were all performed by the author's own hand; *thirdly*, that everything is worked out in the most complete and systematic manner, so as to afford in fact a model of this sort of analysis. To this may be added that during the preparation of the work Sir John Herschel generously gave up much time to matters of general scientific interest, or for the sake of his friends. Amongst many which might be mentioned, the arrangements of the Government Magnetic Observatories occupied much of his attention,\* and within a comparatively short

\* Amongst other efforts to engage public sympathy on behalf of the magnetic cause, Sir J. H.

time he wrote two most excellent and detailed biographies of his astronomical friends, Baily and Bessel. We may, and must, lament, indeed, that time so valuable to science should have been largely spent upon the most mechanical arithmetical computations connected with the reductions of places of double stars and nebulae. The author no doubt laments it as much as we do, and informs us (p. 5) that he found himself at last unequal to the intended task of going through the whole of these reductions twice;\* but it appears that he has always found a difficulty, or felt a scruple, in employing an assistant for such operations; which we regret, because we have little doubt that a mere plodding arithmetician would have done the work with as few, if not fewer mistakes; and *years* might have been added to Sir John Herschel's term of vigorous exertion in the cause of science. The same objection does not, however, apply to the mechanical facility (which he happily possesses in common with his father) of fashioning his own tools and polishing the specula of his telescopes with his own hands. Such dexterity, and such mechanical habits, are of the highest value in themselves to the practical philosopher. They afford a seasonable variety of occupation conducive to mental and bodily health; as he is to employ the instruments, he can scrutinize their defects, and endeavour to remedy them in a way that a person not himself a mechanic might never think of. The very manipulation of such a kind as figuring reflectors will suggest to the ardent and anxious mind of the philosopher, who must devote many hours to it, improvements which might not theoretically occur to *him*, and which would *never* occur to an ordinary artisan. But the grand advantage of all is the absolute independence of external assistance and of skilled workmen which it gives:—

'The operation of repolishing was performed whenever needed, the whole of the requisite apparatus being brought for the purpose. It was very much more frequently required than in England; and it may be regarded as fortunate that I did not, as at first proposed (relying on the possession of three perfect metals), leave the apparatus in question behind. Being apprehensive that in a climate so much warmer, difficulties would arise in hitting the proper temper

of the polishing material, slight imperfections of surface, induced by exposure, were for a while tolerated; but confidence in this respect once restored, and practice continually improving, I soon became fastidious, and on the detection of the slightest dimness on any part of the surface, the metal was at once remanded to the polisher.'—*Intro. p. x.*

The 20 feet Newtonian, on Sir W. Herschel's construction, with specula of 18½ inches clear aperture (of which three were provided), was the sheet anchor of the campaign at the Cape. But along with it he carried a 7 feet achromatic by Talley, with 5 inches aperture—a telescope which had served specially for the measurement of double stars in England, and of the performance of which Sir John gives in his papers in the *Astronomical Memoirs* a most flattering account, stating even that its performance appeared to improve with each fresh addition of power applied to it.

We shall now give a short analysis of the contents of the volume before us, which is a handsome quarto of 452 *well-filled* pages, illustrated by 17 plates.

The First Chapter is on the NEBULÆ of the Southern Hemisphere. To enter into any detail on this subject would be to discuss a general question of astronomy which could receive no justice within our limits, and a great deal of which is as much connected with other writings of Sir John Herschel and with his father's as with the work before us. We have again the highly condensed, almost algebraical language, by which the characters and general effect of nebulae have been so graphically described by the father and the son. Many, which are visible both at the Cape and in Europe, are here re-observed; the remainder are either new or 'have been identified with more or less certainty with objects observed by Mr. Dunlop and described in his Catalogue of Nebulae.' These are 206 in number. 'The rest of the 629 objects comprised in that catalogue,' adds Sir John, 'have escaped my observation; and I am not conscious of any such negligence in the act of sweeping as could give rise to such a defalcation; but, on the contrary, by entering them on my working lists (*at least until the general inutility of doing so, and loss of valuable time in fruitless search thereby caused, became apparent*) took the usual precautions to ensure their discovery.'

Here is a sad tale and warning: for errors like Mr. Dunlop's not only deprive the more conscientious labours of their author of almost all their value, but they inflict a grave and positive injury upon the science which they pretend to promote. If men like Her-

wrote a comprehensive article on the subject in the Quarterly Review, vol. lxvi.

\* In one of his former papers Sir John Herschel, speaking of numerical calculations, says, 'for which I find in myself a great inaptitude.' (*Astr. Soc. Memoirs*, vol. v. p. 221.) It is sad to think of the tear and wear of so accomplished a mind exerted in the mere arithmetic of the volume before us.

schel are to spend the best years of their lives in recording for the benefit of a remote posterity the actual state of the heavens, in order that their changes may be examined and pronounced upon, what a galling discovery to find amongst their own contemporaries men who, without any wish to *invent* (we do not mean to charge Mr. Dunlop with that), but merely from carelessness and culpable apathy, hand down to posterity a *mass of errors*, bearing all the external semblance of truth;—a quintessence of error so refined, that *four hundred* objects out of *six hundred* could not be identified in any manner, after only eight years, by the first observer of the day, and with a telescope seven times more powerful than that stated to have been used! We can add nothing to an exposure so humiliating.

Sir John's chapter on Nebulæ contains several distinct sections. It would have added to convenience of reference, as well as given a more just idea of the variety and quantity of matter in the volume, had the *Table of Contents* of the volume been more full.\* There is, in the first place, a catalogue of nebulae and clusters of stars—1708 in number—chiefly in the southern hemisphere, which forms a sequel to the similar catalogue, by the same author, of 2307 objects of the same kind visible in England, and published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1833. There is complete symmetry in the mode of description and registration. The descriptions (in abbreviated terms) have reference to Brightness, Size, Form; relation to neighbouring Stars; and more particularly to the degree of Condensation of the seeming nebulous matter—a point of much delicacy and difficulty of description, but of capital importance with reference to Sir William Herschel's theory of *progressive* condensation of rare into dense nebulae, and finally into planetary nebulae, nebulous stars, or even clusters of stars. Here is a pretty classification of qualities in these respects (p. 140):—

Great	Obscure	Concentrate
Large	Circular	Graduating
Middle-sized	Round	Discoid
Small	Oval	Discrete
Minute	Elongate	Resolvable
Lucid	Linear	Granulated
Bright	Stellate	Mottled
Faint	Nuclear	Milky
Dim		

\* The absence of an Index is also a real defect; and the Figures of Nebulae, &c., in the plates would have had an increased value had their symbols or numbers of reference been engraved alongside of them.

The following is a specimen of the contracted description of a nebula:—

'(No. 2422). v B; L; v m E; p s p m b M; has a \* 10 m; n f.'

which, being translated, means—

'Very bright; large; very much elongated; pretty suddenly pretty much brighter in the middle; has a star of the tenth magnitude, north following.'

Now this (which we select by chance) proves to be No. 139 of Sir John's Northern Catalogue. Turning it up, we find this description of the same object:—

'Very faint; round; a little brighter in the middle: 20" in diameter.'

The descriptions seem diametrically opposed. Such is the effect of difference of climate at Slough and Feldhausen. But if this be the case—if this be the effect of atmospheric influence (and such Sir John warns us, page 3, that it is) upon observations of the same object by the same telescope and, within a few years, by the same eye, can we hope to perpetuate descriptions which shall enable posterity to decide upon *real* changes of physical constitution?

Sir John gives more particular descriptions of some more remarkable objects. In general we may observe that his figures show less tendency to striking symmetry of form than some of those in his former catalogue; and it is now not denied that that symmetry was in some cases the involuntary deduction arising from a previous impression in favour of symmetric forms (as in the dumb-bell nebula and the well-known No. 51 of Messier's catalogue). But the most interesting observations are upon the nebula in the sword-handle of Orion, the star  $\eta$  Argus, and the Magellanic clouds. Of the former, Sir John gives, in Plate VIII., an exquisite representation, which in all probability will be admitted by astronomers generally to be the most *careful* delineation of a celestial object ever transferred to copper. There are, perhaps, not ten persons alive in a position to judge of its minute accuracy; but this it will occur to no one to doubt who has read the present chapter and the paper on this nebula in the 'Astronomical Memoirs' of 1824 by the same author. The total want of symmetry of the whole; the sometimes sudden, sometimes infinitely graduated shading off of the misty light, resembling slightly the exquisite shading of a snowy surface tossed into fantastic forms by eddies of wind, rising here and there into

seeming ridges, elsewhere intogently swelling domes, or depressed into troughs and basins with cusped boundaries; sometimes apparently representing flats of extensive uniformity or again mottled in an indescribable manner, as with the touch of the miniature-painter's brush—these varieties are well brought out in this magnificent engraving. If we compare it with Sir J. Herschel's older one in the 'Astronomical Memoirs,' we find such a marked difference in the general character of the two that, though it is easy to see that they are representations of the same object, it appears to throw doubt (as we have already noticed) on the possibility of determining with sufficient exactness the features of such complex and ill-defined objects at one time, to give confidence to our belief of real changes at a future and distant one. Sir J. Herschel gives a hesitating expression of opinion that some of the diversities of the two drawings may be due to a nebular variation in thirteen years (p. 31); but such a conclusion would require strong evidence to support it.

Of  $\eta$  Argûs, Sir J. Herschel observes:—

'There is, perhaps, no other sidereal object which unites more points of interest than this. Its situation is very remarkable, being in the midst of one of those rich and brilliant masses, a succession of which, curiously contrasted with dark adjacent spaces (called by the old navigators *coal-sacks*), constitute the Milky-way in that portion of its course which lies between the Centaur and the main body of Argo. In all this region the stars of the Milky-way are well separated, and, except within the limits of the nebula, on a perfectly dark ground, and on an average, of larger magnitude than in most other regions. . . . In two hours, during which the area of the heavens swept over consisted of 47.03 square degrees, the amazing number of 147,500 stars must have passed under review. In the midst of this vast stratum of stars occurs the bright star of  $\eta$  Argûs, an object in itself of no ordinary interest, on account of the singular changes its lustre has undergone within the period of authentic astronomy.'—p. 33.

Sir John then goes on to state that by Halley (in 1677)  $\eta$  Argûs was marked as of the fourth magnitude; in Lacaille's and later catalogues it is denoted by the second; and as observed by himself, from 1834 to 1837, was counted as a large star of the second, or small one of the first magnitude. 'It was on the 16th of December, 1837,' he adds, 'that my astonishment was excited by the appearance of a new candidate for distinction among the very brightest stars of the first magnitude.' This was his old acquaintance  $\eta$  Argûs. 'Its light was, however, nearly tripled.' About the 2nd of January, 1838, its light was judged to be a

maximum, and all but equal to that of the very bright star  $\alpha$  Centauri; but it had manifestly fallen below that on the 20th of the same month. At the conclusion of Sir John's personal observations, in April, 1838, it had 'so far faded as to bear comparison with Aldebaran, though still somewhat brighter than that star.'

'Beyond this date I am unable to speak of its further changes from personal observation. It appears, however, since that period to have made another and still greater step in advance, and to have surpassed Canopus, and even to have approached Sirius in lustre, the former of which stars I estimate at double, the latter at more than quadruple of  $\alpha$  Centauri, so that Jupiter and Venus may possibly have a rival amongst the fixed stars in Argo, as they have on recorded occasions had in Cassiopeia, Serpentarius, and Aquila.'—p. 34.

The causes of fluctuations so great in the brightness of an object at so vast a distance are amongst the most difficult even to guess at, and the watching of these changes must be a matter of great interest to future astronomers, whilst it is yet a nearly untouched inquiry, but of which the basis is laid in the work before us.

Of the nebula adjacent to  $\eta$  Argûs we have not space to say much. Sir J. Herschel has given a large engraved representation of it, mapping the included stars—a labour of no small amount:

'To say that I have spent several months in the delineation of the nebula, the micrometrical measurement of the co-ordinates of the skeleton stars, the filling in, mapping down, and reading off of the skeletons when prepared, the subsequent reduction and digestion into a catalogue of the stars so determined, and the execution, final revision and correction of the drawing and engraving, would, I am sure, be no exaggeration.'

The tables of places of no less than 1216 stars belonging to the group of  $\eta$  Argûs testify to the truth of this statement; and the similar tables for the two nubeculæ, or Magellanic clouds, serve to give us the highest idea of the indomitable patience of Sir J. Herschel as an observer. There are two sections attached to this chapter—one on the *Law of Distribution of Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars over the Surface of the Heavens*, the other on the *Classification of Nebulæ*, which present some interesting general remarks:—

'The distribution of nebulæ is not, like that of the Milky-way, in a zone or band encircling the heavens; or, if such a zone can be traced out, it is with so many interruptions, and so faintly marked out through by far the greater part of its circumference, that its existence as



such can be hardly more than suspected. One-third of the whole nebulous contents of the heavens are included in a broad, irregular patch, occupying about one-eighth of the whole surface of the sphere, chiefly (indeed almost entirely) situated in the northern hemisphere, and occupying the constellations Leo, Leo Minor, the body, tail, and hind legs of Ursa Major, the nose of the Camelopard, and the point of the tail of Draco, Canes Venatici, Coma, the preceding leg of Bootes, and the head, wings, and shoulder of Virgo. This, for distinction, I shall call the nebulous region of Virgo.'—p. 134.

The chapter concludes with a detailed description of the two Magellanic clouds, or nebulous regions, in which (with his accustomed perseverance) Sir J. Herschel has determined the positions of a vast number of individual stars, which he has made subservient to the construction of a general chart of the greater cloud in Plate X. of his work.

The Second Chapter is devoted to the subject of DOUBLE STARS. The great interest of these observations is altogether *prospective*. Sir John has now done for the Southern Hemisphere what his father commenced in the Northern more than half a century before; that is to say, he determined the existence and marked the relative position of many *pairs* of stars, which might afterwards prove to be not merely *optically* double, or seen by the effect of perspective nearly in the same direction, but *physically* double, that is, really in each other's neighbourhood (relatively speaking); and in the circumstances of a planet and satellite, one circulating under the law of gravitation round the other, or, to speak more correctly, both circulating round their common centre of gravity. With only one or two exceptions (such as  $\alpha$  Crucis and  $\alpha$  Centauri), Sir J. Herschel found no previous observations of old date upon double stars not visible in Europe, which, combined with his own, might give a first approximation to the orbits and periods of this highly interesting class of bodies. The accurate Lacaille visited the Cape before such observations were attended to; and Mr. Dunlop's Paramatta Catalogue of 253 Double Stars (Mem. Astr. Society, vol. iii.) appears to be little more worthy of confidence than his Catalogue of Nebulæ. Even the few years which elapsed between the period of Mr. Dunlop's first observations and those of Sir J. Herschel would have sufficed to give a first approximation to the orbits of the faster moving of these twin-suns. But Dunlop, through negligence, indolence, or something worse, has failed to be the elder Herschel of *Antarctic Astronomy*. The discrepancies are so great

and frequent, that we can have scarcely any confidence in those whose agreement with the recent observations is sufficient to allow us to suppose that they *might possibly be correct*. It must have been disheartening to Sir J. Herschel to put down such a judgment as this. 'A great many mistakes appear to have been committed in the catalogue alluded to (Dunlop's), either in the places, descriptions, or measures of the objects set down in it,' p. 167. Again, 'It is useless reasoning on such hypothetical data' (Dunlop's *Angles of Position*), p. 288.

Sir John has two catalogues of double stars. The first contains 2102 such objects, observed and placed by the 20-foot reflector, with the angles of position, and a *rough guess* of their distances. The second contains *accurate* measures of the distances of the more interesting objects, and also of their angles of position by means of the 7-foot achromatic. There are appended some very interesting '*special remarks on the measures of particular double stars in the foregoing catalogues*.' With the two exceptions already referred to, no double star *not visible in Europe* can be said to have its orbital motion even roughly ascertained by these observations. But there will be a great harvest to be reaped some 20 or 30 years hence, when the objects in the Herschel Catalogue shall be re-examined by some equally conscientious observer.

There is one discussion introduced here too interesting to be passed over—it is as to the orbit of  $\gamma$  Virginis, a double star on the confines of the two hemispheres, and therefore observable in either. This discussion (p. 291 *et seq.*) is a continuation of one by Sir J. Herschel in 1832, printed in the 5th vol. of the *Memoirs of the Astronomical Society*, as an example of a new method of discovering the form and position of the orbits of double stars from observation. In that paper he deduced, by peculiar methods, the elements of the orbit from 19 observations, partly of position and partly of distance, since 1780; he included also two older observations by Bradley and Mayer, in 1718 and 1756, and the whole appeared to be quite sufficiently satisfied by supposing the one star to revolve round the other in 513 years, in an orbit having a major semi-axis (as seen from the earth) subtending  $11''\cdot83$ . He also made (in 1832) this prediction: 'The latter end of the year 1833 or beginning of the year 1834 will witness one of the most striking phenomena which sidereal astronomy has yet afforded, viz., the perihelion passage of one star round another, with the immense angular velocity of between  $60^\circ$  and  $70^\circ$  per annum, that is

to say, of a degree in five days.\* - This occurrence actually took place during Sir John's residence at the Cape, though not exactly at the predicted time, but rather towards the middle of 1836, for some time before and after which the appulse of the two stars was so close, that even in the 20-foot reflector, under the sky of the Cape, and by the eye of Herschel, they could not be divided.

The elements of 1832 did not, however, long satisfy the requirements of this quickly moving star. Next year Sir John modified them, increasing the period to 629 years and the major semi-axis to  $12''\cdot09$ . The comparison of the new elements with the observation from 1718 to 1833 agreed, as he stated, 'so well throughout the whole series as to leave nothing to desire.† What a lesson this to physical philosophers in drawing conclusions! So far from leaving nothing to desire, these elements, with the exception of the eccentricity, had little or no resemblance to the true elements of the apparent orbit; and the revolving star, instead of having described only about *one-fifth* of its ellipse in 115 years during which it had been observed, had in reality completed *two-thirds* of its period, perhaps more. To understand how this could possibly happen, we must refer to the interesting diagram, p. 293 of the work before us, which shows the true ellipse nestled so snugly into one end of the former hypothetical orbit, intersecting it in four points, that they nearly coincide for a large portion of the smaller orbit, and precisely that portion described between 1718 and 1833; but a few years after the latter date the variation both of position and distance became totally irreconcilable with the old ellipse, and a new orbit was first computed by the German astronomer Mädler,‡ which has its major axis almost at right angles with the former one, and an area 11 times smaller.

Sir J. Herschel, with his usual candour, does not attempt to gloss over the error into which he had fallen. The error was quite natural, and the remark he makes is most just, namely, that 'this is not the first by many instances in the history of scientific progress, where, of two possible courses, each at the moment equally plausible, the wrong has been chosen.§ Sir John's final

result is an orbit described in 182 years, with a major semi-axis of only  $3''\cdot58$ . But other astronomers are of opinion that a period of about 143 years is the true one. Mädler and Henderson were of this opinion, which shows that some uncertainty still exists; an uncertainty inherent in the problem, since both hypotheses satisfy the observations fairly, as may be seen by comparing Sir J. Herschel's Table of Calculated and Observed Places with Professor Henderson's in Captain Smyth's *Cycle of Celestial Objects*, vol. i. p. 486. A good deal depends on the *choice* of observations to be satisfied; those by different astronomers, and particularly by the elder Struve, appearing to have peculiar and constant sources of error.

But there is a circumstance purely geometrical which creates great ambiguity. The inclination of the plane of the real elliptic orbit (for, throughout, the conformity of the elliptic motion to the law of gravity is assumed) to the radius of vision or to the ideal concave surface of the celestial sphere, is absolutely unknown *a priori*. But though an ellipse seen obliquely always appears as an ellipse, the position of the focus (the principal or central star) may be totally distorted by the effect of perspective; and as the law of the equable description of areas will also hold in the distorted ellipse, we are wholly destitute of a perception of incongruity, which would immediately flow from attempting to satisfy observations by an apparent ellipse whose focus should coincide with the position of the greater star.

Sir John Herschel's method of determining sidereal orbits (described in the 5th vol. of the *Astronomical Memoirs*) will undoubtedly be mainly judged of by the fact whether his orbit or that of Mädler and Henderson shall be found to be correct, which future observations must soon determine. Its principle is two-fold: *first*, to take mean results deduced by graphical interpolation, instead of single results of observation, for the basis of calculation; *secondly*, to reject all measures of distance between the stars for the determination of the elements, saving only the axis of the ellipse, and to effect this by the use of angles of position merely. The first principle, we can hardly doubt, will be ultimately assented to. Upon the second we

\* Mem. Astr. Society, v. 194.

† Mem. Astr. Soc., vi. p. 152.

‡ *Astronomische Nachrichten*, No. 363, for 1838, and No. 452, for 1842.

§ Fontenelle, we think, adds that the least probable is commonly the true one. A curious and similar, but less justifiable, mistake occurs in Professor Playfair's estimate of the shortest time

required by a heavy body to describe the slide of Alpnach, supposing it a cycloid, which he makes about a fourth part too small. But it is just to recollect contrary instances, when they do occur, showing that fate is not *always* adverse to the bold inquirer. Of this several circumstances in the recent discovery of Neptune offer striking instances.

are more doubtful, offering however our scruples with the deference due to so great an authority. It may be very true that angles of position are far more accurately obtained relatively to the speed with which they vary; but this is not enough. The relation of the corresponding distances (or *radii vectores*) must be in some way or other ascertained; and Sir J. Herschel deduces them from the well-known principle that by the equality of areas the radii vary inversely as the square roots of the *angular velocity*. But to obtain the *angular velocity*, we incur chances of error far greater than that of determining *angles of position* merely. Sir J. Herschel determines them by drawing tangents to an interpolating curve. We have had some experience of such interpolation, and we can affirm that when the points of observation are at all distant or irregular, the drawing of tangents is a process attended with the utmost hazard of error—in very many cases exceeding, we should think, the probable error arising from micrometric errors of distance.\* It is in fact determining a quantity of a lower order of magnitude than that obtained from observation, whereas the errors in the direct distance are at least of the same order as those of observation. When the observations of position are multiplied and close, some allowance may be made for the goodness of the method; but when the observations are 20 years apart (as in the present case for 1781, 1803, 1822), it seems to us to leave far too much in the hands of the interpolator. And, indeed, this may be gathered from the fact that Sir J. Herschel's interpolations of the older observations, in his paper of 1832 and in the present work, lead to considerable differences in estimating the angular velocities, and, consequently, the *radii vectores*; differences which we believe will be found pretty much equivalent to the chances of error in the direct measurement of the latter. It is indeed plain from the present work that Sir John has had trouble with his micrometers, and that they are instruments still in point of accuracy very far below the requirements of astronomy; but the very Table which he gives, comparing the computed and observed distances (p. 299) satisfies us that the observations cannot be so very bad—the extreme difference (of those micrometrically measured) amounting to only a *quarter of a second*, and the average to less than half that quantity. It is fair to add, however, that

\* Captain Smyth mentions that Sir J. Herschel has abandoned the method of tangents, and employs first and even *second* differences. (*Cycle*, vol. ii. p. 280, *note*.)

some of these numbers are the mean of several distinct results.\*

The Third Chapter, which contains two sections, appears to us to be the most novel, curious, and ingenious, perhaps even the most practically important of the whole. It is upon *ASTROMETRY*, or the measurement of the relative brilliancy of different stars. Every one knows that the stars visible to the naked eye are divided into six classes or *magnitudes*, the first being the brightest and least numerous. It is also well known that such a subdivision has hitherto been wholly arbitrary, not even a standard star having been fixed upon as the representative of each class; and that it has also been most inaccurate, since many stars marked of the third and even of the fourth magnitude are found to be brighter than those of the second, and this in far too great a number of instances to allow us to suppose that such inversions of order are always or generally due to actual changes in the apparent lustre of the objects themselves.

That Sir John Herschel should have succeeded (and we are persuaded all competent judges will admit that he has done so) in classifying a great number of the more important stars in both hemispheres in the exact order of their brightness at the time his catalogue was made, and this (in the first instance) without the aid of any other instrument than his unassisted eye; that he should have been able to put a determinate value upon the vague definition of 'magnitude,' and that conformable to the average value which practical astronomers have chosen to give it; that he should have been able not only to assign the order of the intermediate stars, but to give numerical fractional values to the intensity of their light, and by the coincidence of independent results show that these numbers may be depended on in most cases to within *one-twentieth of the interval separating two 'magnitudes'*, is a result not only of the highest importance to astronomy by converting what is vague into what is definite, and by declaring to all generations the gradation of the brightness of stars in our day, but it is a splendid example of an in-

\* In the *Comptes-Rendus* of the French Academy (20th of November, 1847) we find an interesting research, by M. Otto Struve, of the orbit of the satellite of Neptune, an inquiry of exactly the same kind as that in the case of double stars; with this difference, however, that the orbit is described in the short space of less than *six days*. The greatest error of distance (compared with the hypothetical orbit) is about 1" or 1.18 of the distance measured. The greatest error of position is  $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . The method pursued for finding the orbit is not mentioned, but it was probably Encke's or Mädlar's.

*duction* in science; an admirable lesson to the student of natural philosophy, of that intellectual alchemy (known, alas! to how few) by which precious truth may be extracted from a seemingly hopeless mass of rubbish, like an ounce of silver from a ton of lead. We must attempt to give some account of these ingenious processes.

The first section is on 'Astrometry, or the Numerical Expression of the apparent Magnitude of the Stars, by the method of Sequences.' We shall introduce it in Sir J. Herschel's own words:—

"Without dissuading from the introduction of new, and the improvement of old instrumental contrivances (or *astrometers*) for this purpose . . . I am disposed to rely mainly for the formation of a real scale of magnitudes on comparisons made by the unassisted judgment of the naked eye. The method which I have followed for this purpose, and which, to distinguish it from others which have been or may hereafter be proposed, I shall term the method of Sequences, is in some sort an extension and carrying out of Sir William Herschel's method of naked-eye comparisons, described in his papers above mentioned, so modified and generalized as to afford a handle for educing from it a numerical scale of values of the magnitudes of the stars compared, which it was not capable of doing in its original form and as practised by him. In this method, stars visible at one time, and favourably, or rather *not unfavourably*, situated for comparison, are arranged in sequences by the mere judgment of the naked eye, and these sequences treated according to a certain peculiar and regular system (to be explained presently) are employed to obtain in one unbroken series a graduating scale of steps, from the brightest down to the faintest stars visible to the eye. Numerical values are then subsequently assigned, and as the scale in this case is entirely arbitrary, and no photometric relations but those of *more* and *less bright* are used, these numbers may be so assigned as to conform on a general average to any usage or nomenclature which may be fixed upon or taken as the general average of astronomers. Waiving all discussion of the greater or less propriety of the magnitudes assigned by this or that observer, I have thought it best on the whole to adopt as my standard of astrometrical nomenclature the catalogue of the Astronomical Society of 2881 stars, published in 1827, being well aware that the magnitudes there assigned are those of different epochs and different observers (but all of eminence), and that in individual cases many and considerable errors exist. The mode in which I have eliminated these errors and secured a true coincidence between the results of my observations and the magnitudes of the catalogue in question *taken as a whole*, will be explained in due course, and will I believe be found to be quite free from objection.'—p. 305.

We have then a tabular view of the results of individual nights' observation, in which a larger or smaller number of stars

are arranged *simply in the order in which they appear more or less bright*: these are the *Observed Sequences*. One of these lists is then taken and compared with the other lists in the following way:—any two or more stars common to two lists ought to be found in the same gradation of brightness. If the stars be temporarily denoted by the letters A, B, C, D, &c., in the *true* order of their brightness, this order ought never to be inverted in the sequences, but if it is so (through unfavourable circumstances or errors of observation) it will be restored by the *average* of all the comparisons of the given stars. In the case when a star C, for instance, has been noted an equal number of times *brighter*, and *less bright*, than D, then they will be provisionally assumed to be equal.

By compendious methods which we cannot stop to describe, the average result of all the direct comparisons of stars by two and two in a continued chain from the brightest to the least bright, is presented in one table called a *Normal Sequence*. This includes about 140 stars, from the brightest of the first down to the fifth full magnitude (p. 334), every individual of which is known, with all the certainty which belongs to direct ocular comparison, to be less bright than its predecessor on the scale, but more bright than its immediate successor. But this list is very far from including all the stars in the original sequences, for many or most stars will not happen to have been *directly* compared with the particular star which ought immediately to precede or to follow them in a perfectly graduated list. For example, let A, B, C, D, &c., now represent the unbroken chain or normal sequence. By this we understand that on one or more occasions C has been compared in the heavens with B, and seen to be less bright, and has also been compared with D, and been found brighter than it. But we may suppose another star *c*, which has been directly compared with B, and found less bright, but not having been compared with D, but only with E or F, and found brighter than them, its place will be uncertain, because we should not know whether to place it before or after D or E; and the compared stars may be even more distant on the scale. Sir J. Herschel extricates himself from this difficulty with admirable address in the following way.

Having written the names of the stars in the unbroken or normal sequence, he adds to each its 'magnitude,' taken from Mr. Bailey's catalogue of 2881 stars before mentioned. These are confessedly but rude, often inaccurate indications. We find, for instance,

stars marked as of the *third* and *fifth* magnitudes occurring (in the true scale of brightness) intermediate between two of the *second*. This looks hopeless enough. Sir John, however, first 'equalizes' these magnitudes by ascribing to each star the mean of its own and of the two preceding and two following magnitudes in his list; and then projecting these equalized magnitudes on paper, he pares down the remaining ruggedness of the transitions from the one to the other by drawing a smooth curve amongst the points representing the 'equalized' tabular magnitudes of each. One awkwardness occurs in the notation; there are stars brighter than the average of the first magnitude, such as Sirius, Canopus, and  $\alpha$  Centauri. These are denoted by fractions less than unity, and as such fractions tend to no definite standard, they remain, as Sir J. Herschel observes, at present wholly arbitrary, having no pretension to photometrical accuracy; thus Sirius has its magnitude denoted by 0.1.

The next step, which is to include stars not directly compared with their nearest rivals in splendour, is very easily conceived, for we can generally find in the corrected sequence\* to which they belong a star brighter and one less bright, which have had numerical values assigned to them by the process last described. *The mean of these values is to be regarded provisionally as that of the interpolated star.*

'Take, for example,  $\beta$  Ceti; this star, in the corrected sequence No. 21, is found between  $\delta$  Argûs (2.55†) and  $\kappa$  Orionis (2.68), being the only star in that sequence intermediate between them. The arithmetical mean between these values is 2.61. Again, in the corrected sequence No. 28, I find interposed between  $\alpha$  Arietis (2.48) and  $\beta$  Hydræ (3.23) three stars,  $\beta$  Ceti,  $\alpha$  Phœnicis, and  $\alpha$  Ceti, from which, supposing these arithmetical means equidistant from each other and the two extremes, we find the value 2.67. And again, in the corrected sequence No. 30, I find  $\beta$  Ceti singly interposed between  $\beta$  [ $\alpha$ ?] Arietis (2.48) and  $\kappa$  Orionis (2.68), which affords a third value of 2.58 for the numerical expression of its magnitude on this scale. The mean of these three determinations, 2.62, may be regarded as the magnitude (*on this scale*) within very moderate probable limits of error.'—p. 336.

What has now been stated explains so fully the scope of the method employed by Sir J. Herschel, that we spare our readers the detail of a final interpolation and addi-

\* *Corrected sequences* are formed from the observed sequences, when by mutual comparison they have been freed from conflicting errors. The *normal sequence* is constructed from the corrected sequences.

† The magnitude of  $\delta$  Argûs in the normal sequence.

tional rounding off of individual errors by a graphical process which completes the discussion; its success may be best judged of by its results. The following are the final estimates of 'magnitude' of two stars selected almost at random from amongst those pretty frequently observed: the numbers in question are derived from independent observed sequences on different nights.

$\alpha$ Lupi.	$\gamma$ Virginis.
2.80	3.05
2.80	3.08
2.80	2.95
2.81	3.11
2.81	3.45
2.83	3.00
2.83	2.93
2.84	3.17
2.83	2.97
Mean 2.82	Mean 3.08

No less than 451 stars have their relative brightness thus determined, and Sir John gives us the welcome information that he is still occupied in applying his admirable system to the stars of the northern hemisphere.\* Of course the highest use of such a catalogue is to detect in future ages conspicuous changes in the brightness of the stars; but in the mean while, during the very time of its formation the author has been led to more than suspect evident changes in some of the objects which he examined even within that short period. The important case of  $\eta$  Argûs has been already mentioned;  $\alpha$  Hydræ and  $\beta$  Ursæ Minoris appear to have changed their magnitudes within short intervals of time. Sir John seems to regard it as probable that *some* change of brightness is the common character of suns; and—pursuing a happy suggestion of his father's (Phil. Trans. 1796, p. 186, quoted in the work before us, p. 351), that certain changes in our own globe may have been due to the variable radiant energy of our own sun—he thus applies it:—

'The grand phenomena of geology afford, as it appears to me, the highest presumptive evidence of changes in the *general* climate of our globe. I cannot otherwise understand alternations of heat and cold, so extensive as at one period to have clothed high northern latitudes with a more than tropical luxuriance of vegetation, at another to have buried vast tracts of middle Europe, now enjoying a genial climate and smiling with fertility, under a glacier crust of enormous thickness. Such changes seem to point to some cause more powerful than the mere local distri-

\* We observe, however, that in the Appendix he gives some comparisons for southern and northern stars, and indicates that he has abandoned the inquiry for the present.

bution of land and water (according to Mr. Lyell's views) can well be supposed to have been. In the slow secular variations of our supply of light and heat from the sun, which in the immensity of time past may have gone to any extent, and succeeded each other in any order without violating the analogy of sidereal phenomena which we know to have taken place, we have a cause, not indeed established as a fact, but readily admissible as something beyond a bare possibility, fully adequate to the utmost requirements of geology. A change of half a magnitude in the lustre of the sun, regarded as a fixed star, spread over successive geological epochs—now progressive, now receding, now stationary, according to the evidence of warmer or colder *general* temperature which geological research has disclosed or may hereafter reveal—is what no astronomer would now hesitate to admit as in itself a perfectly reasonable and not improbable supposition. Such a supposition has assuredly far less of extravagance about it than the idea that the sun by its own proper motion may, in indefinite ages past, have traversed regions so crowded with stars as to affect the climate of our planet by the influence of their radiation.”—p. 351.

The other section of the chapter on the Light of the Stars, is devoted to the account of an attempt to compare *photometrically* the stars with one another, that is, to discover the actual proportions of the quantities of light which they send to the eye.

This is altogether a more ambitious and difficult research than the last. If it has not been attended with the same success, we are not certainly disposed to find fault with the ingenious and patient experimenter, but rather to express our unqualified admiration at the address with which, from *rough* results apparently so hopelessly inconsistent as those which he at first obtained by the use of his instrument, he has constructed a coherent tissue of co-ordinated facts, not always even, or devoid of rents and patches, but still forming on the whole a very serviceable fabric. The student will be delighted by the quickness with which he catches at the expression of the laws which his results (after a good deal of manipulation) are compelled to yield—at the happy foresight with which he knows how, by neglecting what is discrepant in different series, to seize firm possession of what they have in common, to express it by a beautiful and simple empirical formula, and to compel even the accidents of the numerical quantities which enter into it, to aid him in the concise perspicuity of expression with which he unfolds his results.

All this, to be rightly understood and enjoyed, must be studied in the original; we will merely glance at the method and the results.

The light of the moon is taken as the standard of comparison. Her rays are deviated by total reflection in a prism until their direction nearly coincides with that of the star to be observed. The reflected light is condensed by a lens of short focus, so as to form a small radiant image of the moon, which is viewed by the eye at different distances until it appears nearly similar in brightness to the star. The distance is then measured. As the square of that distance, so is the light of the star. The state of more or less *fulness* of the moon is allowed for by calculation; but, notwithstanding this precaution, the comparative brightness of the same star on different nights varied so excessively as to seem to show that the method was altogether useless. It was observed, however, that the brightnesses of the stars thus obtained during one evening bore a pretty constant ratio *when compared with one another*, though not as compared with the calculated light of a full moon; and it was found that the error depended upon the *phase*, or fulness of the moon, and was owing to the greater or less brightness of the ground of the sky (illuminated by the moon's rays) against which the stars were seen. Thus—though the brightness of  $\alpha$  Centauri relatively to the effect of the whole lunar disc (calculated by proportion from the phase on a given evening) appeared smaller when the moon's phase was great than when it was small, because it was seen on a more luminous background in the first case than in the second—the comparative brightness of  $\beta$  Centauri will be similarly affected; and, therefore, the relative brightness of  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ , or of any two stars observed on the same night, may be deduced. Sir J. Herschel finds from the totality of his observations a *co-efficient of reduction* applicable to all stars on the same evening,\* from which he obtains this interesting result, that ‘*the effective impression of a star on the retina is inversely as*

\* He assumes this ‘equalizing factor’ to be ‘constant through any single series’ of observations (p. 374, last line). But can this be granted? We rather think not. Indeed the important inversions in the order of brightnesses by the photometric method in p. 371, compared to the ascertained order of sequence when viewed by the naked eye, seem (after making due allowance for the limited number and difficulty of the observations) to show some fundamental defect in the assumption that the ‘equalizing factor’ is constant for the same evening. As the moon moves amongst the stars, they are placed in a more or less highly luminous ground depending on their angular distance from her; and though the elongation varied only from  $60^\circ$  or  $70^\circ$  to  $103^\circ$  (p. 355), this difference is not to be neglected; still less the greater or less proximity of the stars compared to the horizon, owing to the more intense illumination of the background where vapours abound.

*the square of the illumination of the ground of the sky on which it is seen projected.*—p. 368.

After making due allowances on the ground just explained, Sir J. Herschel arrives (p. 367) at the corrected relative brightness of 69 stars. Of course some standard star must be taken; and he adopts  $\alpha$  Centauri as unity (1.000). We must remember that this star is much above the average brightness of the stars of the first magnitude. Canopus sends to the eye *twice*, Sirius *four times* as much light as this bright star. The data are confessedly imperfect, many of the experiments being the very earliest trials of the method; also the discrepancies are considerable; but such is the backwardness and yet the importance of the subject, that we are glad to accept of this table as a commencement.

A most interesting comparison is then made between the photometrical numbers and the arbitrary 'magnitudes' assigned by the method of sequences, which we have previously detailed; and the author arrives at this curious result, that if the arbitrary numbers called magnitudes be all increased by the fraction 0.4 (a matter attended with no inconvenience, seeing that now for the first time have the magnitudes been specified with any degree of exactness or comparability), the effective brightness (to the eye) of any star will be inversely as the square of its magnitude, or *the new scale of magnitudes will represent the distances of the respective stars from our system, on the supposition of an intrinsic equality in the brightness of the stars themselves.*

The Fourth Chapter, which concludes the strictly *sidereal* part of Sir John's work, is on 'the DISTRIBUTION OF STARS and the Constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere.' Here we have a mass of patient and careful work most excellently reduced. The kind of observation is chiefly Sir W. Herschel's method of *gauging*, or counting the stars, visible at once in the field of the 20 feet reflector, over different parts of the heavens. The main result is the *clearly established increasing paucity of stars in zones receding either way from the great circle which is nearly traced out by the Milky Way*, which is founded on 'the actual enumeration of 68,948 stars in 2292 fields!' (p. 380)—

'Were we to calculate,' adds the author, 'upon these averages, the number of stars visible enough to be distinctly counted in the 20 feet reflector in our hemisphere, throwing together into one the gauges observed in corresponding zones north and south of the Galactic Circle by way of obtaining a broader average, we should

find it to be 2,665,786, and for the two hemispheres, supposing them equally rich, 5,331,572, or somewhat less than  $5\frac{1}{2}$  millions. That the actual number is much greater there can be little doubt, when we consider that large tracts of the Milky Way exist so crowded as to defy counting the gauges, not by reason of the smallness of the stars, but their number.'—p. 381.

This estimate appears, we confess, smaller than one might have expected. But it is singular that in an almost simultaneous and quite independent publication by the elder Struve, entitled *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*, we find, deduced from the gauges of Sir William Herschel, a number of visible stars *nearly four times as great*; nor are we prepared at present to account for the variation, which lies, we observe, principally in the estimation of the numbers in the more crowded zone, in the Milky Way itself. As we have mentioned Struve's very interesting work, we cannot help adding that the coincidence of its appearance with Sir J. Herschel's must give a great impulse to the study of sidereal astronomy; and that Sir John's important *facts*, most cautiously and sedulously separated from any theory whatever about the distribution of worlds and the 'Constitution of the Heavens,' come in excellent time to afford a fresh basis upon which reasonings like those of Struve may proceed, wherein the 'gauging of the Heavens,' a task hitherto attempted only by the two Herschels, and now extended to the very Antarctic Pole, is not a more important element than the determination of magnitudes and brilliancy to which we have before referred. But all this must be postponed for the present.

The Fifth Chapter includes observations of Halley's Comet, with remarks on the physical condition of COMETS generally. If we had not nearly exhausted our space we might have dwelt upon the many curious points which this chapter brings into view; but it is the less to be regretted, as upon so popular a subject most readers will prefer consulting the original. Herschel dwells much upon the surprising increase of volume in the envelope of the luminous head or nucleus of the comet which took place immediately after its reappearance from the *perihelion*, or nearest approach to the sun. It was first seen and measured by Sir John on the 25th of January, 1836, when it was expanding at such a rate that it might almost be said (like tropical vegetation) to *grow under the eye* furnished with a powerful magnifier. Our author actually measured its changes from hour to hour; in one day it doubled its real bulk, and from the 25th of January to the 11th of February, after making allowance



for its approach to the earth, its cubical volume was enlarged *seventy-four fold*. During all this time the symmetry and *definition* of the head or envelope was so well maintained that the bulk could be fairly estimated from the apparent increase of the diameter. On the 22d January it was observed in Europe as a star of the sixth magnitude without *any envelope at all*. From that date it increased uniformly in its linear dimension.

These interesting facts (and others which we cannot stop to particularise) lead Sir J. Herschel to some remarks on the physical constitution of comets, the boldness of which will surprise most readers, but which are very characteristic of the warmth of the author's enthusiasm, when something unexplained comes across him, and the geniality of the imaginative faculty which is ever present in the originators of great theories, though they may not always choose to expose their crude conjectures to the criticisms of the unsympathizing and morose.

Sir John is of opinion that the Envelope existed even on the 22d of January, though invisible, and ceased to be so in consequence of its condensation into the state of a fog or mist, due to the cold arising from the rapid recession of the comet from the sun. He next infers that as the form of the envelope is not spherical, but paraboloidal, the surfaces of equilibrium of the vapour in its transparent state are so too; and that *the laws of gravitation as at present recognised are altogether insufficient to account for it.*—(p. 407.) What then? 'Such a form as one of equilibrium is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as attractive forces.'—p. 407.

'Nor let any one,' he adds, 'be startled at the assumption of such a repulsive force as is here supposed. Let it be borne in mind that we are dealing (in the tails of comets) with phenomena utterly incompatible with our ordinary notions of gravitating matter. If they be material in that ordinary received sense which assigns to them only inertia and attractive gravitation, where, I would ask, is the force which can carry them round in the perihelion passage of the nucleus in a direction continually pointing from the sun—in the manner of a rigid rod swept round by some strong directive power, and in contravention of all the laws of planetary motion, which would require a lower angular movement of the more remote particles, such as no attraction to the nucleus could give them, though ever so intense? The tail of the comet of 1680, in five days after its perihelion passage, extended far beyond the earth's orbit, having in that brief interval shifted its angular direction nearly 150°. Where can we find in its gravitation either to the sun or its nucleus any cause for this extravagant sweep?'—p. 408.

The solution indicated in the text, and defended at some length in a note (p. 409), amounts to this, that *electrical agencies must henceforth be admitted into astronomical theories*. And this electrical energy is not only to reside in the gaseous envelope of the comet (a circumstance in itself analogically not improbable), but also in THE SUN, and that with a force sufficient (as the above quotation indicates) to act with extreme energy at distances far beyond the radius of the earth's orbit! The phenomenon to be explained is no doubt very strange and unaccountable, and perhaps to many persons Sir John's argument may appear more conclusive than it does to us. Were this argument, and all similar arguments and hypotheses (for of course it is not intended to rank above a mere first idea of a possible hypothesis), to be enlisted in the cause of science only by Herschels, the world would certainly be more likely to gain than to lose by their introduction. But we dread the general amnesty which such high authority will appear to afford to the crowd of speculators who at present infest us with empirical nostrums for the solution of unexplained problems, and the interpretation of ambiguous phenomena. And—though perhaps we may smile at the triumph with which M. Demonville and the anti-Newtonians will hail Sir J. Herschel's admission, that a single law of attraction acting through the celestial spaces no longer explains the phenomena—we shall have a much more formidable array of sciolists, who, founding upon their own partial and inaccurate knowledge of many subjects, will undoubtedly strive to bring together heterogeneous laws to explain complicated effects, and build up what they call theories, devoid of probability, incapable of proof, and baffling to any head, save that of the inventor, to comprehend. We need hardly add that electricity has long been the talisman of this school; the salvo of every hypothesis, the endorser of every questionable bill current in the world of science. Without presuming to affirm that Sir John Herschel has not good grounds for putting forth in a tangible shape an opinion upon which, probably, he has long been speculating, we feel some misgivings about its effect as a lesson in philosophizing—one less impressive certainly, but more likely to be popular, than the severe examples of induction and analysis with which the rest of his work abounds.

The Sixth Chapter is on the Satellites of Saturn. The youngest reader who has ever surveyed in 'The Wonders of the Telescope' an engraving of Saturn with his ring and seven moons, must retain for life a kind of special interest in the details of so exquisite

a microcosm, perhaps the most beautiful revelation of the telescope.

Our acquaintance with the Saturnian system has been exactly progressive with the optical power of our instruments. The discovery of the anomalous figure of the planet by Galileo, who pronounced it to consist of three distinct members—'Altissimum planetam tergeminum observavi'—was succeeded by the more perfect view obtained by Huyghens, who ably sketched the form of the ring in its most open state, and correctly explained the mystery of its occasional disappearance as its plane passes through the eye of the spectator or the sun. The division of the ring into two parts and the belts of Saturn's body were noted by Cassini: and the determination of the exact dimensions of the ring, of its position as respects the planet, and the existence of finer divisions which seem to be perceptible on its outer portion, the rotation of the planet and of the ring, have occupied all the leading astronomers of recent times—whilst the laws of its motion or equilibrium have engaged the attention of the ablest analysts, and speculations respecting its possible origin have been amongst the most favourite of the themes of cosmogonists.

Each side of this great ring (regarding it as one continuous body) has a surface nearly 140 times that of our globe, forming the greatest geometrical plane in existence. Its exterior diameter is 176,000 miles; whilst its thickness is estimated by Sir John Herschel at less than 100 miles, or one 1760th of its diameter; which is about the proportion that the thickness of a sheet of common writing paper bears to a circle cut out of it fully 7 inches in diameter! It is surely the most wonderful object in the universe!

Some time has elapsed since the present volume appeared. At that period seven satellites of Saturn were admitted. No new one had been discovered for almost sixty years, and *very, very* few astronomers had ever seen the two innermost, discovered by Sir William Herschel in 1789. Sir John Herschel records *but one, and that a doubtful* observation of the closest of the two, during his five years' residence at the Cape. The third, fourth, and fifth in order from the body of the planet were discovered by Domenic Cassini, in 1684; the sixth and most conspicuous by Huyghens, in 1655; and the outermost (at a disproportionate distance beyond the others) by Cassini in 1671: it was therefore the second of the series revealed by the telescope.

In consequence of some writers having numbered the satellites in the order of their discovery, and others in the order of their

nearness to the planet, confusion has been introduced. This Sir J. Herschel proposes to remedy by adopting mythological names for them, and he has selected those of the Titans and Titanesses, brothers and sisters of Saturn, since, he very gravely adds, 'as Saturn devoured his children, his family could not be assembled round him!' Since the recent 'Special Commission' for dragging planets to light, few persons will be bold enough to enumerate, off hand and in order, the names of even the *primary* bodies of our system; but to include the mythology of the secondaries will be an effort trying to the astronomer who has forgotten his Lemprière.

Sir John Herschel has by his careful measures of the positions of the satellites enlarged considerably our hitherto imperfect knowledge of the forms of their orbits—an inquiry which in its general form is exactly analogous to the determination of the orbit of a double star *from angles of position alone*, which in this case was the more necessary because most of the satellites are utterly invisible in the achromatic equatorial, to which he trusted for direct measures of the distances of objects from one another. The inquiry was simplified in the case of the six satellites nearest to the planet by the assumption that their orbits are in the plane of the ring, which is not even approximately true for the outmost satellite. For four of the seven Sir J. Herschel has deduced the periods or mean motions (which generally coincide well with Sir William Herschel's determination), the epochs, eccentricity, and perisaturnium.

Since these observations were published a most interesting discovery has been made, that of an *eighth satellite of Saturn*, between the bright or Huyghenian satellite and the outmost discovered by Cassini, which, it has been already stated, lies at a distance seemingly disproportioned to the others. This most delicate observation (how delicate we can understand when we find Sir J. Herschel unable with his exquisite 18-inch specula, and under the sky of the Cape of Good Hope, to verify the existence of all the old seven) is due—not to the use of the gigantic reflector of Lord Rosse, nor of the unmatched achromatic of Pulkowa, the pride of the Munich workshops—but to the skill and energy of Mr. Lassell, a private individual engaged in the active daily fulfilment of the duties of a mercantile profession in Liverpool. To the same gentleman we owe the discovery of the satellite, and probably also of a ring belonging to Neptune; and he too has seen one of those

four smaller satellites of Uranus whose existence is avouched by the authority of the elder Herschel, but which had never been seen out of the garden of Slough.

Whilst Mr. Lassell has successfully contended with two most serious impediments to the amateur astronomer, the arduous and periodically recurring calls of professional business, and one of the haziest and most overcast skies in the United Kingdom, he has vanquished a difficulty more serious than either—he has constructed with his own hands the implements he was to use—grinding his specula by a machine invented by himself, and executed by his friend and able coadjutor Mr. James Naysmith of Manchester; and mounting them in a tube with an equatorial motion—a problem which has for the first time been successfully resolved in its application to so cumbersome an instrument as a reflecting telescope of two feet aperture. It is needless to add that Mr. Lassell's time and mechanical skill would have been thrown away had he not possessed the highest qualifications of a successful observer. These are many: a keen eye and a steady hand, a patient mind, and a body inured to fatigue, watching, and privation of rest—a zeal unquenchable in the aspiration to unfold the phenomena of the Creator's universe—and a bold imagination to believe that it has discovered what it scarcely dares to hope—a rigid judgment and a habit of numerical accuracy resolved to dispel every illusion, however fascinating;—these are a few of the most indispensable gifts of the mere observer, regarded as such; and surely no one can doubt that occupations requiring such talents, when voluntarily made the engagement of hours withdrawn from anxious worldly toil, and usually given to rest, must ennoble the heart and the intellect, and shed a halo of serene dignity round a home which is besides cheered by the light of domestic sympathy. The discoveries now referred to have received very recently a well-merited acknowledgment in the medal of the Royal Astronomical Society. Mr. Lassell, in our opinion, claims the highest rank to which the practical astronomer can aspire; as such he is an honour to Liverpool and to England. We must not, however, close this notice without adding that by one of those startling coincidences which do occur, and which have been lately not uncommon in astronomy, this very satellite of Saturn was *almost simultaneously* discovered in the United States of America by Mr. Bond. Not only was there no time for the transmission of the

news one way or other across the Atlantic, but—allowing for the uncertainty which must affect the first observations of such a body (which can only be distinguished from a star by ascertaining its *motion*)—it does not clearly appear that a positive priority can be claimed for either the Old or the New World. Mr. Lassell discovered it to us, Mr. Bond discovered it to *them*.

Sir John Herschel's anticipatory remark, that 'should an eighth satellite exist, the confusion of the old nomenclature would become intolerable,' has been confirmed; and this incident will probably reconcile all astronomers to submit to the *Titanic* phraseology, notwithstanding the threat of *Lemprière*. The new body has been called 'Hyperion' with general assent.

The final chapter on the Solar Spots does not easily admit of analysis. It is with more regret that we abstain from that section of the Appendix which contains an account of most ingenious and interesting experiments on the force of solar radiation at the Cape, deduced from the observed heating effects of the sunbeam; of which we find the *philosophical* expression in the result that it would have sufficed to melt a plate of ice covering the ground 1 inch thick in 2 hours 12 minutes; and the *popular* definition in the fact that Sir John constructed an 'American dispatch' of some pieces of wood and two panes of glass, the sun being the only fire, in which eggs were roasted and beefsteaks broiled, 'and eaten with no small relish by the entertained bystanders.'—p. 443. In common with all interested in this advancing branch of science (not gastronomy, but meteorology) we regret the absence of the copious series of observations on Solar Radiation made by means of the 'Actinometer,' an instrument originally invented by Sir J. Herschel, observations which he had prepared for the press, when an unforeseen source of error in the very construction of the instrument threw a doubt upon every result yet made with it. We cannot but hope that the same creative genius which has done so much for the deduction of correct results from data affected by certain or uncertain error, will yet find a way to extract from the great mass of existing observations of the actinometer a correction which will restore to them their value.

In taking leave of the author, and of his splendid work, we cannot help recalling the evidence which it presents of great and sustained labour. Here we have the actual record of sleepless nights, and abundant proof of the toil of busy days; we have before us the clear-sighted patient observer stationed on his little gallery at the tube of his tele-

scope, whence he so 'oft outwatched the Bear,' struggling against fatigue and sleep;\* we have the mechanist of his own observatory, the optician and constructor of his own mirrors; the artist of his own illustrations; the computer who co-ordinated and reduced all the multifarious results of the campaign; and lastly, the philosopher who with consummate address has unfolded in clear and unambiguous terms the conclusions deducible from the whole. And if we are sometimes tempted to wish that some meaner hand had been found to work out the mechanical details of calculation, or to form those laborious star-maps of the densely populous regions of the sky which we have adverted to as displaying an effort of patience and care truly admirable, we are checked by reflecting upon the important lesson which it teaches;—that in every branch of human acquirement, toil is the only fair and sure condition of fame; that in the sweat of our brow the fruits of knowledge are to be gathered in, as well as those which the earth yields to our material wants; that the unflinching struggle of the mind against the tedium and disgust which operations of detail, or merely mechanical, often inspire, does really fortify

the character and give weight to the decisions of the judgment.

The volume closes with the following paragraph:—

'The record of the site of the Reflector at Feldhausen is preserved by a *granite* column, erected after our departure by the kindness of friends, to whom, as to the locality itself and to the colony, every member of my family had become, and will remain, attached by a thousand grateful recollections of years spent in agreeable society, cheerful occupation, and unalloyed happiness.'—p. 452.

We have put the word *granite* into italics—for we believe that the column, or rather obelisk, is of Craighleith *sandstone*. How difficult is it to establish certainly the simplest facts! Had any contemporary authority of weight declared that Archimedes' tomb was built of *lava*, Tully would hardly have 'paused' to look for the epigraph of the sphere and cylinder on a block of *marble*. A spirited woodcut of the site is given as a tail-piece; but Sir John has not added the inscription upon it, an omission which we take the liberty to supply, as it probably has not been published in this country:—

HERE STOOD FROM MDCCCXXXIV TO MDCCCXXXVIII  
THE REFLECTING TELESCOPE OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, BARONET:  
WHO DURING A RESIDENCE OF FOUR YEARS IN THIS COLONY  
CONTRIBUTED AS LARGELY BY HIS BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS  
TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND HUMANITY  
AS BY HIS EMINENT TALENTS  
TO THE DISCOVERY OF SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

NOTE.—Since these sheets were revised for press Sir John Herschel has published an enlarged edition of his *Elementary Treatise on Astronomy*, mentioned at page 2. The principal additions are in the departments of Physical and of Sidereal Astronomy, both of which appear to be entirely re-written. In the former he has given a *rational*, not a *technical*, elucidation of the lunar and planetary perturbations, including the disturbance of Uranus by Neptune, which led to the discovery of the latter; and in doing this he has illustrated a very difficult subject in a manner essentially new and original as well as elementary. In the Sidereal department he has embodied several of the results of his own Cape Observations detailed in the preceding pages, and also some of those contained in Struve's *Etudes d'Astronomie Stellaire*.

All this is a very decided improvement. We must, however, express a hope that this larger work (price 18s.) will not interrupt the issue of the unpretending volume of *Lardner's Cyclopædia*

(price only 6s.), which has been found of such extensive utility in elementary education. The improved and enlarged treatment of the more abstruse department of Physical Astronomy will scarcely be felt by the great majority of readers (and especially of junior students) to be an adequate compensation for the increase of size and cost.

ART. II.—*Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*. By William Beattie, M.D., one of his Executors. In 3 vols. 1849.

DR. BEATTIE had, we believe, published books of various sorts before Mr. Campbell, in the near prospect of death, requested him to undertake the care of his papers. The only one, however, of which we had preserved any distinct recollection, was an account of a tour on the Continent, performed when he was attached to the household of the Duke

\* So in p. 167. 'An occasional entry may have been made for the homely but useful purpose of avoiding sleep, a thing not unattended with probability of broken bones.'

of Clarence ; and that would have been forgotten too, but for the ludicrous smallness of its anecdotes and flatteries. This mention of an old sin is due to numerous impenitent references in the present volumes : it is a pleasanter duty to say that the poet's selection of his biographer will surprise no reader of his Letters. It is evident that during several of his latter years Mr. Campbell owed as much to Dr. Beattie as any man ever did to a friendly physician : and it is also pretty evident that Mr. Campbell did not at that time live in habits of very close intercourse with any gentleman of superior standing in literature. Dr. Beattie's own allusions to their connexion are all modest ; and we hope no one will ever again tell Campbell's story without doing honour to the best stay of his declining period.

We cannot say that the amiable Doctor appears to have made much progress in dexterity. He has neither sifted well the correspondence, nor does he produce his recollections and those of others in a clear order. The work is clumsily done. It contains, however—it could not fail to do so—many interesting passages ; and if there is a good deal to weary the reader, there is no severer offence.

The main error is one common among those to whom tasks of this sort fall. He has overrated his theme, and consequently, but very much more, the greater part of his materials. The smallest star is the sun of its own satellites. Campbell however was a real star ; and of such there are seldom many visible in the literary hemisphere. When he sank, the world anticipated authentic Memoirs : and with the more curiosity that his life had been on the whole obscure ; but assuredly there was no expectation of three bulky octavos. Yet no man could be justified in pronouncing *à priori* that the executor who notified such dimensions must be in the wrong. It could never have been made out that Campbell was one of those whose writings may be classed with the highest trophies of practical achievement, whether military or political—men of the closet, who nevertheless have such sway over their contemporaries that hardly any details throwing light upon their characters will be other than acceptable to posterity. But it might have come forth that, though the personal career attracted no great attention, it had included incidents which would invest the known works with a new meaning ; or he might have left behind him, in the shape of letters, a really important addition to his works—a new body of valuable miscellanies. On neither of these grounds however can we congratulate Dr. Beattie. As respects facts

of any importance his investigation has proved but sterile, and on the few elicited he seems to have rarely exercised acuteness of reflection ;—nor was Campbell gifted with that nature which abhors a vacuum, and which renders the letters of some of the greatest of authors about the most delightful part of their legacies to the world ; that ever-glowing necessity of the brain and the blood to which we owe the correspondences of Cicero, Erasmus, Voltaire, Scott, Byron—of Goethe, whose signet bore a star with the words, '*ohne hast, ohne rast, without haste, without rest*'—and we may safely add by anticipation the name of Southey. Campbell, beside his fine genius, had some wit and a fair share of scholarship, but his genius seldom animates the page that was meant for a private eye : his wit, it would seem, lay dormant, unless excited by society or wine : and he kept his reading for the booksellers, who employed his active hours for the most part on lucubrations never famous and already forgotten. Let us be thankful that, though the exertion of his noblest faculties was never perhaps, after the first ardours of youth, an unmixed delight, yet as it must have been by far the highest he ever tasted, so it was one for which he durst now and then pay whatever price it might demand. What he did with his eye set on immortality, was first thrown out with vehement throes, half pain, half rapture, and then polished with anxious and timid toil ; the happiest of the first suggestions not seldom suffering grievous mutilation, sometimes eclipse, in this cold process. Let us be thankful for what has escaped such risks. It is no wonder that an author so framed, and compelled to give a considerable space of every day to joyless, uncongenial tasks—should have found no stock of spirit and pleasantry for a copious and lively epilogue of correspondence.

He was a Scotsman, and of course his biography begins with an ell of genealogy. But he had little turn for antiquarianism : every heraldic allusion in his poems is a blunder ; and Dr. Beattie's studies have not lain in the pedigree department. Whether the race of Diarmid adopted 700 years ago the surname of a wandering knight, who married the heiress of the primitive chieftains of Lochawe, together with

'The crest  
That erst the adventurous Norman wore'—

or, as most other septs always maintained, Campbell was only connected by the dream of Sennachies with *De Campo Bello*—and the name (in its earliest written form *Kam-bel*) was in fact only Cambheul, or Cawmul

—Gaelic for *Wry-nose*, as Cameron (Camschronach) is *Wry-mouth*: this is a controversy in which the Southron will take no interest. They will care nothing even about the gross blunder of the following lines—

‘Who won the Lady of the West,  
The daughter of Mac Aillin Mor :’—

though, we own, it still surprises us that any man of the race should have been ignorant that the *Sir Colin*, from whom so many chiefs have delighted to be styled ‘the son of the great Colin,’ was no ancestor of the heiress of Lochawe, but the sixth in descent from her and her crested or crestless husband. The remoter history of the poet’s own branch is left in darkness, which also will be endured. The grandfather was one of the innumerable small lairds of the tribe—Campbell of Kirnan;—but on his death, the estate, which had been over-mortgaged, passed from his blood, and the ancient tower had been levelled to the ground long before the poet visited ‘a Scene in Argyleshire :’—

‘The grass-covered road,  
Which the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea;’—

an exact picture—for the situation is on one of the little armlets of the Firth of Clyde, winding inwards among the mountains. On losing this possession the family dispersed; and a third son, Alexander Campbell, engaged in trade at Glasgow. He was successful;—looked up to among ‘the Virginians,’ who kept the covered pavement of the Exchange to themselves, perambulating it at certain hours in flowing periwigs and scarlet gowns, with long gold-headed canes in their hands, and not to be approached there by any citizen below their dignity, unless leave were formally obtained.\* To this aristocracy of tobacco the American Revolution was a terrible blow; it ruined Mr. Campbell. Others might turn their energies and some remnant of capital into other lines of adventure; but his fortune perished utterly, and he was advanced in years. He had no courage for new enterprises, but received a small annuity from the Merchants’ House, to which his former diligence and unblemished integrity entitled him, and proposed to eke out the means of subsistence by boarding young gentlemen of the University.

\* See the curious paper on the change of manners in Glasgow furnished to the New Statistical Account by Mr. D. Bannatyne. Several paragraphs of it were lately quoted in this Review (Q. R., vol. lxxii.).

He had married when past middle life, and was sixty-seven years of age when Thomas was born (27th July, 1777), in the High-street of Glasgow—the youngest of a large family. Six elder sons appear to have gone abroad—some to North America, but more to the West Indies, which were by-and-bye to Glasgow what Virginia had been. Though the daughters, three in number, were handsome, not one of them married; and as they grew up, they all became governesses.

The Poet was baptized by, and called Thomas in honour of, the Rev. Dr. Reid, the eminent metaphysician, then Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, and an intimate friend of the family. He was the favourite child of his father’s old age, and the pride of his mother’s eye and heart—a delicate child, with a slight form, small, accurate features, a hectic complexion, and eyes such as no one could see and forget; Lawrence’s pencil alone could transmit their dark mixture of fire and softness. Many physiologists have noticed the contrast between the organization of the ordinary Gael and that of the aristocracy. Speaking generally, no class of gentry in Europe are above these last, whether you regard the proportions of the frame or the facial lines. Their blood, no doubt, has been largely dashed with intermixtures; and Campbell’s countenance, we must own, said more than the heralds have been able to do, in support of the story of the ‘adventurous Norman’ and ‘the Lady of the West.’ In his case, as in the vast majority of cases, the talents, so far as inherited, seem to have come from the mother. The father was a man of good sense and singularly placid disposition, without any spark of the celestial fire. Thomas, with his mother’s higher gifts in much higher development, had something of the irritable temper that made her so unlike her husband; but women show weak points openly which men usually endeavour to suppress. Of the three, without doubt, the happiest nature, on the whole, was the elder Campbell’s—he alone went through the world, in spite of his full share of its trials and misfortunes, with unbroken serenity; and he reached a term of years far beyond that granted to his more inflammable offspring, and sank at last by far gentler steps, though not to mingle his dust with that of kings and heroes in Westminster.

The boyhood was very extraordinary; but the verse exercises (vol. i. chap. 2) that attest the rapidity of progress, while their punctilious dates show no less the consciousness of the prodigy, are of less value in our esteem than the testimony of masters

and companions: though they surpass any such things that have been preserved of Scott, and fully equal Byron's,\* more of our readers will be contented with a reference than would thank us for quotations. It is not doubtful that in every great school, boys and striplings, never destined to achieve literary distinction of any sort, far less to win the name of poet, are constantly producing verses on a par (or all but) with what our most famous precocities have done. The talent of imitation is the best that such blossoms can exhibit. The impression made on near observers by the general superiority of vigour is a circumstance, we repeat, of higher importance; and of this impression in the case of Campbell the proof is abundant. In all tasks he was foremost, and he soon surprised his teachers by the evidences of an intellectual alacrity and resourcefulness such as never ought to be contemplated in the appointment of exercises for a class.

The High School of Glasgow, we are informed, was at that time, and continued for many years later, in greater estimation than it can now pretend to as a classical seminary. Since then the term for Latin has been abridged, and the Greek instruction abolished—concessions, it seems, to the enlightenment of the age—in other words, results of Municipal Reform. No one ever profited more by the old system than Campbell. But, though his health was feeble and his diligence uncommon, he was no retired schoolboy. He was well-beloved among his fellows, and took his share in all their diversions. Of these the most favourite was that very dangerous one of *stone-bickers*, which Scott describes in his story of Green-breeks. In these encounters Tom Campbell appears to have been often the dexterous David of the camp; but a grievous casualty occurred in one engagement, and, though his hand had not wielded the sling, he would never again join the muster. This sensibility of

\* We are alluding to the very boyish verses of Byron—of which we have seen more specimens than perhaps ever will be printed; but, we confess, even his best Harrow rhymes seem to us such as in most men's case would have never been thought of any consequence. Nay, we will confess that the repetition of the old vituperation as to the Edinburgh Review on the *Hours of Idleness* seems to us cant. But there are prose letters of Byron's from his sixth year onwards to his entrance at College, which, if ever they should be published, would claim a very different place among the examples of precocity. We never saw any thing to equal the contrast between the childish feebleness of the handwriting (within pencilled lines) and the flow and pith of the language, in which thoughts and sentiments, often generous, sometimes fierce and scornful, but all unmistakably Byronic, are set down in some of the very earliest of these epistles.

temperament showed itself in the delight the slender boy found in long holiday rambles among the moors and glens of the adjoining country, especially in the picturesque ravines of the Cart, and on the open pastoral banks of the Clyde, as yet undeeened and undyked, unstained by dyes, and unweaved of steam-fleets. The impression of these first scenes of natural beauty is stamped with sad fidelity on the last sterling production of his Muse. Glasgow itself, we need scarcely observe, was then very unlike the great city of our day. The population was not probably above a sixth of what it is now. The ground on which the streets and squares inhabited by the upper classes have been erected, was quite rural. Many a huge cotton-mill marks the site of a farmhouse of 1790. The venerable Cathedral and College were still the principal features of the fine, airy, well-built old town, as described by Smollett in the last and best of his novels.

Campbell passed at a very early age, according to the fashion of Scotland, from the School to the adjoining University—(October, 1791); and he speaks in his scanty memoranda of all those whose lectures he there attended with respect and thankfulness: as to John Young, the Greek Professor, his language is that of the liveliest gratitude. This gentleman, as a classical scholar unrivalled in Scotland, was besides a master of Italian literature and of music—an enthusiast in poetry. Nor has any teacher possessed above him the skill to inspire juvenile auditors with his own delight in the visions of genius, as well as in the anatomy of their records to the minutest tint and refinement of word and syntax. His affections were warm—no parent could have taken fonder pleasure in such a son as Campbell than he in such a pupil. An eminent divine, Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, tells our biographer how freshly he remembers Young's ecstasy when he had to read aloud the first of Campbell's metrical versions from Euripides—'the big round tears hung trembling in his eye.' It is little to say that the translations thus approved, some of which are retained in his last revision of his poetry, would have been sure of the prize against the maturest competition of an English university. Nor have we any doubt the Professor's criticism was as influential as his applause was agreeable: in a word, that from his studies under Mr. Young Campbell in the main formed and fixed his poetical taste—his bent for the presentation of simple, strong, and vivid thoughts and images within the narrowest space and with the most careful delicacy of finish.

These exercises gave him celebrity



among his fellow-students; and very soon—College matters being still of primary interest, which it is scarcely to be supposed they can be in a manufacturing town of 300,000 souls—his fame extended over the neighbourhood; and this he turned to account in a very honourable way. When he was in his sixteenth year, his father's distress was still further deepened by failure in a lawsuit, and on the arrival of this overwhelming intelligence his first thought was that now he might find scholars of less mark willing to pay for what help he could afford them in his leisure hours; and he soon had as much of this employment as was not incompatible with his own studies. The money thus earned was not for himself, but for his parents, or rather for his sisters, who, unless their education were to be liberal, had small chances of independence. In like manner, when the College session was over, he obtained Young's recommendation to a lady of the Campbell clan, who wanted a tutor for her boys, and went in this capacity to

‘the Hebrid isles,  
Placed far amidst the melancholy main.’

His journey through Argyleshire and his residence at Sumpal in Mull, introduced him to some of the wildest and grandest scenery of his native kingdom, which could not but give a powerful stimulus to his susceptible imagination. He now made acquaintance also with some of the sterner experiences of life; for though treated with kindness, he was for the first time to judge and act for himself in continued relations with a family not his own. To our wonder, Dr. Beattie wonders that his inquiries should have traced hardly any reminiscence of Campbell among the Hebrideans. He found only a dim tradition that the tutor afterwards known to fame was addicted to solitary rambles among the mountains, and rowing himself in moonlight about the loch. Some letters to College friends of the time, especially to one who, from mere fervour of affection, had walked with him great part of the way across the mainland of Argyle, are interesting for their artless reflection of the eager delight and unbounded trustfulness of young companionship. They also indicate both the fretting under new restraints, and the natural melancholy that more softly clouded his thoughts; and from them too we gather that here love first soothed and first pained him. A charming Caroline, who paid a visit to his employer's family, was nothing loath to accompany him in his walks and boatings. Sonnets ensued, and dreams, which had the common ending. Dr. Beattie seems some-

what reluctant to confess that the Hebridean exile produced also certain stanzas in honour of a ‘humble beauty,’ a ‘Maria’ of the reaping-field. Burns would never have turned his Highland Mary into Maria, nor would Campbell have done the like in the days of Lord Ullin's Daughter; but the Doctor's fear is to tarnish the romance in muslin, though the russet, by his own showing, was about as lasting wear.

Whether either Caroline or Maria had any share in the matter we are not instructed; but after a few months Campbell resigned his post, and felt like an emancipated prisoner when he joined a comrade who had also been tutorizing among the islands, and the pair were at liberty to make out ‘Balclutha’—i. e. Glasgow, in their own fashion. They walked all the way, thinking little of the hard fare of a shepherd's sheiling, or even of sleeping all night in their plaids under a bare cliff in October. ‘Youth,’ says Scott, ‘is a fine carver and gilder;’ the companion too was in his way a poet, and they had many precious things to communicate. Campbell's knapsack held, among other fruits of the summer, a complete translation of the Clouds, and two or three choruses from the Choeophoræ—which also Dr. Beattie takes to be a Comedy by Aristophanes! (i. 155.)

In the vacations of three succeeding summers he lived in as many houses in the country as tutor. One of these places was Downie in Appin, where he had under his eye the whirlpool of Corrievreckan and other scenery embalmed in Gertrude of Wyoming. The winter always found him again in Glasgow, and every experiment made him dislike more and more the position of a preceptor—

‘Far from the sports and nameless joys of  
home.’

One of his father's boarders and his pupils in 1795-6 was a gentleman afterwards distinguished at the bar of Edinburgh, and now esteemed as a judge—Lord Cuninghame. He was not much younger than Campbell, and out of lesson-hours they were equal companions. The Judge describes the family as strictly regulated, but cheerful. In addition to Young, whom Campbell adhered to during the very unusual number of six sessions, he now attended some of the philosophy classes and the lectures of the then celebrated John Millar on the law of nations. Campbell's liberal politics are ascribed by himself in his *Memoranda* to the influence of this eloquent professor; his letters, however, show that in 1794 he had

begged five shillings from his mother, and walked to Edinburgh and back again, in order that he might attend the trials of Muir and Gerald for sedition, and that these men seemed to him glorious martyrs after the noblest classical pattern. Lord Cuninghame says that while he himself and the majority of the boarders took the same side in fireside debates, there were a couple of obstinate young Tories in the house, who maintained what battle they could against the dominant worship of Harmodius and Aristogeiton. The Poles, he adds, were at the same date in high honour with their future laureate and life-long friend. All these controversies however were carried on with the greatest good humour, and the page is enlivened with some reminiscences of practical jokes out of doors, in which Tories and Whigs, preceptor and pupils, exhibited entire sympathy.

Several surviving fellow-students well remember the extreme depression of Campbell's spirits, when he returned among them latterly from his tutorships. He was, in almost all respects, old for his years, and serious care had begun to fix itself upon him. He was the wonder of the University; session after session, Dr. Wardlaw says, the other youths saw him carry off prize after prize without a grudge, and admitted that the peculiar attention he received from the professors was honourable to them. In their houses he was a frequent guest; and this was an enviable advantage, for most of them had students of a superior class—occasionally young Englishmen of birth and fortune—domiciliated under their roofs, and lived also on terms of hospitable familiarity with the best families of the neighbourhood. This was especially the case with Richardson, Professor of Humanity (*i. e.* Latin), who, though neither a genius nor a masculine scholar, like Young, was a man of taste and acquirement, enjoying much local reputation as one of Mackenzie's coadjutors in the Mirror, and the author of some Essays on the Characters of Shakspeare, besides a volume of poems—this last long dead and buried. He had been tutor in the family of Cathcart, and acted as private secretary to the noble Lord when ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was now a rich elderly bachelor, very distinguishable among his brethren for trimness of the outward man, suavity of address, and the neatness of all his domestic arrangements. He was also the only one of the more eminent professors that was a high Tory; but no Whig among them patronized the young Tyrtæus with warmer zeal, and his good word was worth all the rest put together with the ladies—

who readily saw merit in so comely a strippling; discovered presently that he could not only translate Ovid to Mr. Richardson's satisfaction, but pen for himself a sonnet to an eyebrow; and by and bye perhaps a little agitated the good gentleman's *ailles de pigeon* by dubbing his *protégé* 'the Pope of Glasgow.'

It may seem odd that, with such friends, he should have found cause for the anxiety that could not conceal itself from intimate observers. But it was so; and the notes supplied to Dr. Beattie by another acute class-fellow, the Rev. Dr. John Muir, go far to explain the matter. After mentioning the constant eulogies of 'the profound Young' and 'the elegant-minded Richardson,' Dr. M. says,

'This praise seemed to have impaired the links of his remaining career, for in the severer studies of mathematics and philosophy . . . . he did not excel. It seemed as if the praise he merited and received in the language classes had led him to form the idea that perseverance and industry were requisite only in meaner minds. The indolence incident to our fallen nature was felt and shown by our youthful poet. He seldom even exercised his gift, except when roused by the prospect of gaining a prize, or by some stirring incident among the students.'

Within and beyond the academic walls, he could, by efforts of brief duration, command a measure and even a kind of applause unattainable to his coevals; and having tasted this cup, he more and more shrunk from graver labour. This is not the place for a disquisition on different methods of academical discipline: there is much to be said in favour of the Scotch system, especially with reference to the temper and habits of that people; but the temptation for rhetorical ambition in the chair itself, the preponderance of public exhibitions, and especially the large share of honours allotted for essays in English composition, are circumstances exceedingly dangerous for youths of the irritable fibre to which genius usually allies itself. A lad who has been accustomed to this sort of triumph—unless he has a fund of solid sense not often conjoined with a rapid development of the imaginative sympathies—will hardly be more likely to relish the calm toil by which the fondest self-love of youth can never dream of any achievement beyond the unobtrusive solidity of deep foundations, than a woman, who has once trod the stage amidst bravos and bouquets, to find full contentment in the duties and comforts of a village home. Every renewed experiment, we have seen, increased his aversion for domestic tutor-

ship. That, however, was the only line in which his teachers could be of immediate use to him; and it was only by pursuing it that he had a fair prospect in the profession which his parents had set their hearts upon. They were zealous Presbyterians—and their ambition for Thomas was eminence in the Kirk. Most of the companions who supply notes for this chapter were destined for that career. With them Campbell attended one course of Hebrew, and his facility in languages being very remarkable, he thus acquired so much that, when in his advanced life he was induced to resume that study, 'a very little exertion,' says a friend of his and ours, 'enabled him to read the Psalms and Genesis in the original.' But here he stopped: he would not proceed with his friends to the Theological Professor; and Dr. Beattie intimates, about as distinctly as he ever intimates anything on a delicate topic, that the reason was a disturbance of Campbell's religious opinions.

'What were his religious principles at this stage of his career I have no positive evidence to show. He affirmed—in playful allusion to his intimacy with the masters of that language—that he was of the Greek Church. At the age of eighteen, as he informs us, "he became an emancipated lover of truth," and entered upon a course of "free inquiry" into "the merits" of certain infidel writers of that period. At the time in question, or even earlier, as he acknowledged many years afterwards, he suffered great anxiety on the subject of religion, and spent much time in its investigation. At last his mind became settled, and he arrived at what he conceived to be "satisfactory conclusions;" but when brought into collision with his previous, and naturally strong, religious aspirations, those sophistries produced a discord in his mind, of which he never seemed fully aware. His adopted "opinions," however, had only a superficial hold; they could never eradicate the deep-seated impressions which he had imbibed under his father's roof; and if, during their influence, he was at times rash or unguarded in conversation, he was uniformly grave and circumspect in his writings.'—vol. I. p. 209.

The Doctor's language appears studiously obscure. At what period it was that he said he was of the Greek Church we are left to guess; but the extent to which he piqued himself on his Greek lore—probably never profound—was among the peculiarities which the casual acquaintance of his declining years smiled at; and from the contrast which the Doctor makes between the 'satisfactory conclusions,' the 'adopted opinions,' the occasional 'rashness of conversation,' on the one side, and, on the other, the 'uniform gravity and circumspection of his writings,' a reader may be apt to infer

that Dr. Beattie alludes to the works by which Campbell is known to the world, and the talk of which his biographer was a hearer. Of all this we know nothing—well content to know that in his closing hours his language and demeanour were such as his good parents could not have disapproved. If any unpleasant conjectures are set afloat, Dr. Beattie may thank the awkwardness of his own pen. Few would have thought it wonderful that the flattered 'Pope of Glasgow' should have shuddered, when it came near, at the vision of a Geneva cloak and a moorland manse.

He had, however, read Johnson's *Lives* and Boswell, and caught some notions of the perilousness of a life without a real profession; and though the chronology of his various attempts is hardly to be made out from these pages, where narrative and letters are jumbled together but not interwoven, there is evidence that he did feel his way, after the Kirk was dropped, as to almost every profession within his reach. He tried the counting-house of a mercantile friend, whose patronage might have advanced him either at home or in the West Indies: but the daybook and ledger soon disgusted him who had not been able to command his attention in the metaphysical or mathematical lecture-rooms. He tried surgery—but was driven away by the first operation he had to witness. Millar's rhetoric and Cunningham's society tempted him to the law; he attended a course on Heineccius, and found his curiosity pleasantly stirred; but these were the flowers on the threshold, and when he looked farther, the prospect was gloomy. If he were to fix on the bar, he must remove to Edinburgh, and find means of subsistence there while in training. But the greatest difficulty was behind. Poor as the Scotch Bar's prizes are in comparison with those of the South, its initiatory cost was (we suppose still is) much heavier. In those days, or not long afterwards, the fees amounted to 500*l*.—Campbell might about as rationally have contemplated meeting a demand for 5000*l*.

For young ambition, however, in Scotland, when it does not point to arms, the grand magnet is always the forensic gown: and his would not readily abandon that aim. His hopes appear to have been fed on light enough diet—for example, his letters show that he indulged in great expectations from an 'eminent physician's' promise of an introduction to an 'eminent barrister,' who, he fancied, was at once to instruct him gratuitously in the learning of the robe, and unlock for him some mysterious resources by which he might support himself during the novitiate. For

the 500*l.*—we hear of no calculation on that point: we can only fancy that youth carved and gilded with unusual boldness and brilliancy. But the busy barrister's reply to the physician, when it did come, was fatal. It is no part of the Scotch advocate's arrangements to have legal pupils about him; he would as soon think of giving private lessons in dancing; nor has he employment for any assistant, except one clerk to write from his dictation—a situation which in this gentleman's case was already filled. Mr. Cunningham must have quitted Glasgow before the date of this hallucination. Its dispersion threw Campbell into despair; but by and bye—we know not how many months had elapsed—he recurred to the main dream, and resolved on at all events transferring himself to Edinburgh, and trying what could be done on the spot. His few clothes and books, with a considerable bag of MSS., were committed to the carrier, and for the second time he walked to the capital, where he found no acquaintance whatever except Cunningham. This gentleman was now attending the chambers of a Writer to the Signet, as is common enough with those meant for the bar, and his old friend and tutor obtained the vacant stool of a copying-clerk at the same desk where he himself was content to labour. But such labour, even if the ulterior prospects had been as clear as they were to Cunningham, it is exceedingly doubtful that Campbell could have long endured. He very soon rejected it. The same kindness procured him a trial of two other establishments: but he could abide no stool and no desk out of his own garret.

Having all but resolved to resign for the third time, he was wandering about the streets one Sunday when he met an acquaintance, one of the Masters of the Glasgow High School, who remarked his downcast air, and showed great concern when informed of his circumstances. This Mr. Park was on his way to call on Dr. Anderson, author of some *Lives of British Poets*, and honourably remembered as an active Samaritan of the literary community. It chanced that the doctor's daughters had observed from their window the schoolmaster's approach, and inquired who his companion was—that pale youth who looked so woful as they parted. He told Campbell's story; and the party greatly admiring a certain 'Elegy on Mull,' which he had got by heart, requested him to bring the poet with him on his next visit. There are so few marking events in Campbell's life, that his biographer seems justified in considering the meeting which ensued as of that order. Dr. Anderson, though not the first author that he conversed

with, was the first professional author—the first man acquainted with 'the trade.' The Edinburgh trade was just beginning to show signs of life—Anderson himself had already suggested and been employed on sundry schemes towards that breaking up of the London monopoly, which Constable with the Edinburgh Review and Walter Scott at his back ere long effectually achieved. The doctor, warmly encouraging Campbell as to his poetical vein, and promising instant endeavours to procure a purchaser for some of the MS. plays from the Greek, informed him that any man who counted on living by his verses would pretty certainly find himself out in his reckoning: but that if he would undertake to do what the booksellers wanted done, there would be no lack of employment, the dullest of it not so bad as copying leases and wills, and by which he might subsist, reserving for the Muses such brighter hours as alone are propitious to their worship. Here were new lights, and hopes comparatively at least feasible. A bargain begun about the Medea hung fire; but one for an abridgment of Edwards' West Indian History was forthwith concluded—a duodecimo volume—for 20*l.*; which sum the experiences of a copyist and a tutor had not taught Campbell to consider with disrespect. And here it should not be omitted, that small as his pay from the solicitors must have been, he had contrived not only to live on it, but to save a few pounds. So severe at this time were his personal habits.

He rejoined his friends at Glasgow in evident exhilaration. The abridgment advanced at a swift pace—for what will not the first glimpse of independence lighten? and having been smitten one evening, when on a country visit, with a young lady's singing of an indifferent set of words, he brought down next morning the ballad of *The Wounded Hussar*, which found its way to the newspapers, was reprinted with music, encored in theatres—and gave Dr. Anderson the opportunity of introducing his name advantageously among various circles in Edinburgh. The Hussar was followed by a Dirge of Wallace, which was never included by Campbell in any edition of his writings, and is here reprinted from the Galignani copies, from which he had often petitioned for its removal. Excepting the close of one stanza, we see little in it beyond an echo of the then fashionable strains of Alonzo the Brave, and the like. Alluding to the huge rusty blade shown at Dumbarton Castle, which if Wallace ever used it must have been used with both hands, Campbell has these lines:—

'For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield—

*And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield,  
Was light in his terrible hand.'*

But this piece, too, had great local success; and he was now encouraged to think of a poem on a considerable scale. Some couplets on Hope, produced during his melancholy sojourn in the Hebrides, were recalled to memory, and the capabilities of the subject expanded on him. He made additions as suggestion rose and opportunity served; the most, it appears, in the same house where he wrote the Hussar, and no doubt conceived the Wallace Dirge, that of Cordale in the beautiful vale of Leven, hard by Dumbarton.

That summer the young poet dreamt another dream. This was a magazine, to be set up in alliance with a few of his old intimates, but of which he, the editor *in fore*, would not hesitate to undertake for three-fourths of the letter-press. Some of his letters on this scheme are most buoyant. Sydney Smith said there were three things every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and write an article. Every clever knot of young academics fancy they could conduct a journal and rule the opinion of the world. On this occasion there was no publisher who would risk his capital.

This vision was not dispersed without many a pang—and Glasgow had sunk with his disappointment. He made up his mind that Edinburgh must be his head-quarters: his abridgment was finished; he had been requested by its publisher to superintend the printing of some Greek text for that university, and counted on further employment from the same house. His father, however, was now very feeble, and the sisters being scattered, Thomas could not bear to think of a permanent separation from the humble Penates. His parents were persuaded to remove also; and the approach of winter (1798) found him and them together in a retired outskirt of the Canongate. It was a busy winter with him, and an anxious one still: he continued to correct Greek proofs, and do other taskwork for the bookseller; but some qualms having again disturbed his vista of a purely literary career, he had reverted to the idea of Medicine, and entered himself at two of the classes connected with that pursuit. He had also reasoned himself into the propriety of resuming the practice of private teaching; and the Glasgow professors having written in his favour to their Edinburgh brethren, he found as much of that as there was leisure for. The chemistry lecture much interested him; and whether as tutor or as fellow-student, or as associated

in the debating societies of the college, he soon became familiar with several young men since distinguished. In a letter of the time, he expatiates on the wonderful promise of Henry Brougham, by two years his junior, predicting the highest triumphs in the abstruser sciences, from which no more sparkling, no more golden seductions, have ever entirely weaned that athletic appetite. In some memoranda of far subsequent date, he mentions Francis Horner, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Cockburn as among his acquaintance 'before he was known as an author.' Another, whom he takes care not to mention, was John Leyden. Meantime he gave many secret hours to his poem, and by and bye the MS. was submitted to Dr. Anderson, who read it with great delight; urged, and superintended most careful revisions; as chosen passages acquired what he considered the requisite finish, communicated them to other friends—and finally negotiated with a Mr. Mundell, whose offer of 60*l.* for the copyright was accepted. The day before the first sheet was to be sent to the printer, Anderson told Campbell that the only part he could not entirely approve, was the very opening of the poem. The original draft is now given us, and there can be no question that the criticism was justified. Campbell received it with some mortification, and Anderson called on him next day, rather late, to apologise for his freedom. The poet had passed a wakeful night, and was now fast asleep—but the first twenty-two lines of the Pleasures of Hope, nearly as we have them, were decipherable on the blotted leaf by his bedside—and those beautiful lines were indeed a cup of gladness to the kind censor. Even to the unrivalled view from the Calton Hill over the Frith of Forth and the Perthshire mountains, it will henceforth be an additional glory that it (and not, as hitherto reported, some Hebridean prospect) suggested the poem which it would be idle to transcribe.

How long Campbell adhered to his medical lectures we are not told by the medical biographer; but we conjecture he had not made out the session with any of them. Ere it closed, the poem was ready, and the shadows it cast before it had attracted considerable notice. While yet in real obscurity he had knit a friendship, to be dissolved only by death, with John Richardson (of Fluyderstreet), then a law student—then, as ever, a student of everything good and graceful, and who will go down with the singular distinction of having enjoyed confidential familiarity through life with three of the brightest of his age, Thomas Campbell, Walter Scott, and Joanna Baillie. It was through him

that Campbell, shortly before the appearance of his volume, was introduced to Scott. Though Scott had printed nothing but a few translations from the German, he was well known for antiquarian and literary accomplishments, and his house was the centre already of a very extraordinary society. The *Pleasures of Hope* appeared in April, 1799—the author being then, as he himself notes, ‘exactly twenty-one years and nine months old:’ and neither the Lay of the Last Minstrel nor *Childe Harold* was welcomed with a readier chorus of admiration. Henry Mackenzie, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Gregory, Mr. Alison (author of the *Essay on Taste*), and Thomas Telford (the engineer), immediately called, and begged the honour of his acquaintance. Scott invited him to meet the whole remarkable knot of his friends (Leyden only excepted) at dinner; but Campbell being in Scotland much such a name as Smith is here, it seems the claims of the stranger were not suspected till the host rose and proposed the health of the Poet whose work all present had been enjoying. Dr. Beattie clears up Scott’s passing allusions to a feud between Campbell and Leyden. Campbell had fancied he traced to Leyden an absurd exaggeration of his earlier distresses—which at last, it seems, took the shape of a newspaper paragraph, detailing how he had been actually on his way to Leith to drown himself when he fell in with the schoolmaster Park, and that thus his very life was due to the first interview with Dr. Anderson. Campbell’s pride was grievously wounded, and he had for some time *cut* John Leyden. This stalwart borderer was then labouring zealously for Scott’s assistance in the collection of the *Minstrelsy*, and on their first meeting, after the issue of the *Pleasures*, said, ‘You may tell Campbell that I hate him, but that, dash it! he has written the best poetry that has been penned for fifty years.’ Scott reports that he conveyed the message with the fidelity of a Homeric herald, and that Campbell replied, ‘Tell Leyden that I detest him, but know the value of his critical approbation.’ Scott adds, that he thought he saw his way to making up ‘that feud,’ but Leyden soon after started for London—and India—so there the matter remained. We have no belief that Leyden either invented the story or wrote the paragraph; but we can very easily understand that there was a repulsive instinct between that very rough subject and the pretty looking, probably somewhat prim little junior, originally no doubt introduced to his notice as the Pope of Glasgow.

Campbell, in his *Memoranda*, reflects with some bitterness on having parted, for

60*l.*, with ‘a copyright which was worth to the bookseller for several years an annuity of full 200*l.* ;’ but he candidly adds that Mundell gave him in free gift 50*l.* on the forthcoming of each of the early reprints, and as there were two of these within the first year, and three in the second, the reinforcement to resources like his must at the time have been most welcome. The delight of the parents may be imagined—or we should rather say of the mother, for the mild old man was now obsolete and near his grave. In her first visits to Edinburgh shops she had, it seems, been accustomed to give her address as ‘Mrs. Campbell of Kirnan,’ and though her husband never possessed a yard of the estate—nor indeed could have done so although it had remained with the old blood—the family name is so widely spread that the license might be excusable; but though she did not drop the ‘of Kirnan’—as sacred as a German *Von*—she now always added, in a raised voice, ‘mother of Campbell the poet—the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*.’ For this we thank Dr. Beattie.

We adhere in general to the opinions expressed concerning Campbell’s poetry in an article on his *Collective Edition* of 1836 (Q. R., vol. 57); and at any rate there is no room on the present occasion for a revival of that criticism. Now instructed that in 1836 there was no vigour left to be stimulated, we may wish it had been given here and there in gentler terms—at the close, perhaps, in terms of somewhat broader approbation; but we do not anticipate that the judgment of posterity will be much different. The rapture of April, 1799, on the first appearance of the *Pleasures of Hope* was very natural. Burns had lately died. Cowper was sunk in hopeless insanity, soon to be released. Their vivid examples had not sufficed to abolish the drowsy prestige of Hayley. Of the great constellation that has since illuminated us, but few of the more potent stars had ascended above the horizon. Crabbe, under a domestic sorrow of which Campbell was destined to participate, had fallen into a dejected inactivity, and was all but forgotten. Rogers had some years earlier published the *Pleasures of Memory*, to which the *Pleasures of Hope* owed more than the suggestion of a title; but that genial effusion only promised the consummate graces since displayed, though too parsimoniously, by its now venerable author. Wordsworth and Coleridge had sent forth ‘*Lyrical Ballads*,’ some of them exquisitely beautiful, and in the aggregate most deeply influential; but these were as yet, and for a long while after, appreciated

only within a narrow circle ; no one misunderstood and undervalued them more than did Campbell himself. Southey had produced nothing that survives in much vitality. Moore was at college or at Anacreon. Byron had not yet lain dreaming under the elm of Harrow—nor Wilson listened to 'the sweet bells of Magdalen tower.' The moment was fortunate, and the applause more creditable to the public than advantageous (in the upshot) to the new poet.

Excitable as his temperament was, and joyously as it was excited at this brilliant season, there was always a thread of the national forecast in him: and his letters show that the first tumult had scarce subsided before he recurred to a grave contemplation of his own practical futurity. We hear nothing further of physic; but he speculates more and more on the chances of success as a lecturer on the belles lettres, and we cannot doubt that what he really looked to as his ultimate establishment was a chair, classical or rhetorical, in one of the universities; nor can it well be doubted but that if he had stuck to Scotland he would within reasonable time have had the offer of such a position. But, caressed lion of the hour as he was, he could not mingle with the varied cultivation of Edinburgh and not recognise in himself the effects of imperfect training and narrow society: he felt that much was wanting before he could sustain in the general intercourse of life the rank which his poetical success had opened for him. He had while yet in Mull read with envious but hopeless longings of the continental wanderings of young Goldsmith: now, he thought, he had at command the means of travelling; and his acquaintance with Scott having awakened curiosity about the language and literature of Germany, it was to that quarter that he was most desirous of turning. His Whig allies in the Parliament House suggested that while abroad he might be an useful correspondent for the *Morning Chronicle*, then conducted with eminent spirit by the Scotchman who associated on intimate terms with the loftiest of the party aristocrats. Mr. Perry tendered handsome remuneration, and requested the recruit to visit him ere he embarked. Campbell assented, but the nervousness of self-distrust recurred—it would still be better that he should have rubbed himself a little more upon the world before hazarding his bow and his brogue to the criticism of London:—and he took ship at Leith for Hamburg in June, 1800. He yet designed to perform most of his travels in Goldsmith's pedestrian fashion; and this was realised. He does not seem to have been diligent as Perry's

intelligencer; but he remained in Germany for ten months, acquired some facility in the language, conversed with Klopstock, and it must be supposed profited in various ways by his adventures. We owe to them a large proportion of his best property. The magnificent stanzas On leaving a Scene in Bavaria, though not perhaps written till several years afterwards, are clearly foreshadowed in one of his letters to Richardson while voyaging on the Danube; but several very famous pieces were transmitted by post to Perry, and gave his newspaper such illumination as no other in recent times has owed to its 'own correspondent.' From the rampart adjoining a convent of Scotch Benedictines, who had received him with great cordiality, he witnessed the storming of Ingolstadt; and that vision of the realities of war gave its life to the noble lyric on Hohenlinden, which field he had traversed a fortnight before 'the drum beat at dead of night.' We may observe that he had some courteous intercourse with the officers of the French army when they occupied Ingolstadt, and was even introduced to their General and Madame Moreau. The Ode to Winter was another contribution. The rumours first of Danish and then of Prussian adhesion to the designs of the First Consul cut short his stay in the South. He hastened back by a different route to Hamburg; and, on seeing the warlike appearances at Altona, the most popular of his songs, 'Ye Mariners of England,' was dispatched to glorify Perry. The glance at our Martello system in

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,

may have partly reconciled the editor to the prevailing patriotism of the inspiration. It was at Hamburg, on the second visit, that he fell into company with some of the Irish who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798, and their distress suggested the 'Exile of Erin.' The far more pathetic 'Soldier's Dream' was sent from the same place. Some other pieces, then published in the *Chronicle*, have, like these, been included in numberless editions of his poetry. One has been now for the first time reprinted from the newspaper. Campbell was struck with the chanting of a Latin ditty, in honour of Marshal Laudohn, by a troop of Imperial dragoons whom he met in a forest. One of the officers gave him the words, and he transmitted a free translation:—

'Rise, ye Croats, fierce and strong,  
Form the front, and march along!  
And gather fast, ye gallant men,  
From Nona and from Warradsen,



Whose sunny mountains nurse a line  
 Generous as her fiery wine!  
 Hosts of Buda! hither bring  
 The bloody flag and eagle wing;  
 Ye that drink the rapid stream  
 Fast by walled Salankeme!  
 Ranks of Agria!—head and heel  
 Sheathed in adamant steel!  
 Quit the woodlands and the boar,  
 Ye hunters wild on Drava's shore!  
 The trumpets sound, the colours fly,  
 And Laudohn leads to victory!

Every baron, sword in hand,  
 Rides before his gallant band.  
 The vulture, screaming for his food,  
 Conducts ye to his fields of blood.  
 Men of Austria! mark around  
 Classic fields and holy ground—  
 For here were deeds of glory done,  
 And battles by our fathers won.  
 Heirs of plunder and renown,  
 Hew the squadrons—hew them down!  
 This is glory—this is life.  
 Champions of a glorious strife,  
 Moving like a wall of rock,  
 To stormy siege or battle shock!  
 Grenadiers! that fierce and large,  
 Stamp like dragons to the charge!  
 Foot and horsemen, serf and lord,  
 Triumph now with one accord!  
 Soon the rapid shot is o'er,  
 But glory lasts for evermore.'—vol. i. p. 339.

May the day be not remote when such really national choruses shall again resound wherever the standard of Austria is unfurled!

The poet embarked for Leith, but some alarm of privateers drove the convoy from its course; and finding himself in Yarmouth Roads with the prospect of detention, he quitted the vessel and took coach for London. He arrived with few shillings in his pocket: but Perry at once did everything kind and flattering. It was now at Perry's table that he first met John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, whence two of his most valued friendships. Perry carried him to dine at Holland House, where the noble host made the same impression that always waited on his most polished benevolence; and Mackintosh astonished him by the matchless affluence of his conversation, which was yet less admirable than its modesty. Mackintosh invited him to dine with 'the King of Clubs,' or 'The Club'—the one instituted by Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds; and here he met, among others, the two Smiths, Sydney and his hardly less remarkable brother, Robert—commonly called to the end by his Etonian style of *Bobus*. While intoxicated with this new brilliancy, and negotiating for a regular connection with the newspaper which had been his *open sesame*, he received news of the death of his father (stat.

91); and his letter to the Rev. A. Alison, who had watched the old man's last hours and announced the event, has these natural and touching sentences:—

'When I think that the father of so many sons was interred by strangers, I have no consolation but in one reflection, that in you he had the delegate of my affections, if the sentiments of nature can at all be transferred. But yet, to the bosom of confidence, I confess that a sore self-accusation lies on my heart. I left him in his last days! The thought is exceeding bitter. I should not have wept for his loss, if I had shared but his last benediction.'—vol. i. p. 361.

He was speedily in Edinburgh, where he found his mother's distress aggravated by the discovery that the allowance from the Glasgow Merchants' House could not be continued. On this occasion, as on all others, Campbell's feelings of family love and duty were generously displayed. Precarious as his own position was, he undertook at once to make good the forfeited annuity; he also proposed to two of his sisters that they should get rid of their engagements, join their mother and set up a boarding-school of their own in Edinburgh, he becoming bound for the larger house and new furniture requisite. The plan was adopted: it insured comfort otherwise unattainable for the afflicted parent, and for a time promised well for the sisters. Ultimately their school did not prosper; and Campbell, in his endeavours to support them in their struggles, was forced to contract a debt 'on Judaic terms,' the burthen of which hung over him for many anxious years; but he never complained.

His arrangements were oddly interrupted. In the smack that brought him to Scotland was a lady passenger, who sat daily on deck with the Pleasures of Hope in her hand, and mentioned casually (the poet's person being known to none on board) that she had heard with regret a rumour of Mr. Thomas Campbell's imprisonment in the Tower on a charge of high treason. He laughed at this, and had forgotten it, when, as he was at dinner a week or two afterwards, he had a summons to attend the Sheriff of Edinburgh. The officer carried a search-warrant, and he and his papers were conveyed to the sheriff. That magistrate received him with solemnity. One of his fellow-voyagers from the Elbe to Yarmouth had been a certain Donovan, a Croppy of 1798. Government had been warned of this man's return by some Hamburg inquisitor, who thought fit to add that he had for his companion the author of 'the Exile of Erin' and other dangerous songs, a travelling agent of the Morning

Chronicle, notorious when in Germany for haunting rebel society, and vehemently suspected of having conveyed to Moreau intelligence concerning the movements of the Austrian troops. Donovan was now in the Tower, and it might be necessary to confront his associate with him. Campbell answered, that he had never seen Donovan except on board the *Hamburgh* ship, and was wholly ignorant of his subsequent adventures. The sheriff opened the trunk and began to examine the MSS. Innocent letters and diaries appeared, scraps of unfinished poetry, and, by and bye, the original draft of 'Ye Mariners,' which this loyal functionary had not before heard of, and now read with equal surprise and delight. 'Mr. Campbell,' said he, 'upon my word, I think we had better have a bottle of claret to sustain us through the rest of this batch of treason.' The sequel can be guessed. To avoid another introduction of Mr. O'Donovan, we may as well say here that Campbell encountered him a twelvemonth later, evidently in poor plight, on the streets of London:—

"Ha, Donovan," said I, "I wish you joy, my good fellow, in getting out of the Tower, where I was told they were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace." "Och," said he, "good luck to the Tower! black the day that I was turned out of it. Would that any one could get me into it for life!" "My stars! and were you not in confinement?" "Tschach! The government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a state prisoner. The Tower gaoler kept a glorious table; and he let me out to walk where I liked all day long—perfectly secure that I should return at meal-times. And then, besides, he had a nice pretty daughter." "And don't you go and see her in the Tower?" "Why, no, my dear fellow. The course of true love never yet ran smooth. I discovered that she had no money: and she found out that my Irish estates, and all that I had told her about their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So, when the day arrived that your merciless government ordered me to be liberated, I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to the newspapers."—vol. i. p. 366.

To return to Edinburgh. On Campbell's arrival there, it struck Mr. Cuninghame that his continental trip had much assuaged the fervour of his liberalism. On the other hand, he was introduced about this time to the late Lord Minto, who had been enchanted with his first fruits, and manifested an earnest wish to be of service to him; and Campbell, feeling this kindness very sensibly, but also sensitive to other considerations, took an early occasion to inform the Tory peer frankly that his 'opinions' were 'republican.' The Earl,

we dare say, cared nothing about Campbell's politics, except as fearing they might lessen his own chances of helping him. Meantime he was requested to visit Minto Castle; and this was done as soon as the mother's affairs had been all settled, and order taken as to a certain entanglement of his own, which now pressed. Ere he started for Germany he had projected and begun a poem on a grand scale, to be entitled *The Queen of the North*; and his bookseller had advanced some monies on the understanding that it was to be finished abroad, and ready about this time for publication; but alas! the sheriff's search had discovered only fragments of *The Queen*, and Campbell was embarrassed by the non-fulfilment of the bargain. The result was, that on being released from the poetical bond he agreed to execute a piece of humbler work for Mundell—to wit, 'Annals of Great Britain,' a compendium of our history from the accession of George III. to the opening of the century, in three octavos, for each of which the allowance was to be 100*l*. It was at the same time arranged (the bookseller certainly showing remarkable generosity on this point) that there should be a new edition, the *Seventh*, of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in a splendid quarto form, with engravings, to which all the subsequent poems, printed in the *Chronicle* or yet in MS., were to be annexed; the book to be published by subscription, and a considerable share of the aggregate profit assigned to the author. With these engagements, and the expectation of more regular gains from the newspaper in London, Campbell found his mind comforted; and after enjoying for a while the easy society of the Alisons, Gregories, Richardson, and so forth, he proceeded to Minto. It does not seem that he ever recurred to the *Queen of the North*, nor do either the hints now given of its scheme, or the few verses that we can examine, inspire much regret on that subject. The *Queen* was *Edina*. The poet was to survey the richly varied scenery from the Castle of Edinburgh, and, depicting all this in his verse, interweave the most striking episodes of history that could be connected with the panorama. When he set to work in Germany he soon discovered that his stock of national lore was neither large nor accurate; and now on the spot, with the Advocates' library at his elbow, it is easy to understand that he shrunk from the projected breadth of his canvas and a glimpse of the materials that must be digested before he could fill it up. But there was a radical fault in the plan; hardly any art could have disguised its artifice. He had

proposed for something of epical dimensions a conception purely lyrical; and nothing so wearisome as an overgrown ode.

The ensuing visit to Teviotdale brought him to a near view of life and manners of which hitherto he had only read and heard, or obtained slight and, casual glimpses. The impressions which his letters acknowledge are probably much what the reader might anticipate; but as his feeling does not seem to have been modified by any subsequent experience, and its continuance could not well fail, in a country like this, of having some influence on the general shaping of his destiny, we shall make room for a specimen of these early confessions.

'Aug. 28, 1802.—Lord Minto's politeness only twitches me with the sin of ingratitude for not being happier under his hospitable roof. But a lord's house, fashionable strangers, sofa'd saloons, and winding galleries, where I can hardly discover my own apartment, make me as wretched as my nature can be—without being a *tutor*! Every one, it is true, is civil to me; the very servants are assiduous in putting me right when I lose my way in the galleries; but, degraded as I am to a state of second childhood in this new world, it would be insulting my fallen dignity to smile hysterically and pretend to be happy.'

'Sept. 4.—Lord Minto's company is uniformly agreeable; his conversation, when you get him by himself (though he affects neither wit nor learning), is replete with sincere enthusiasm and original information. But still this is a lord's house—although *his*. His time is so much employed with strangers—fashionable, proud folks—who have a slang of conversation among themselves, as unintelligible to plain sober beings as the cant of the gipsies, and probably not so amusing if one did understand it. A man of my lowly breeding feels in their company a little of what Burke calls proud humility, or rather humble contempt. It has astonished me to see what a cold repulsive atmosphere that little thing called *quality* can spread around itself, and make us believe that it exists at least as a negative quality—like that of cold. But like all other little passions this *hauteur* is cowardly,—a little indifference on the side of the vulgar makes those minions of fashion open their eyes, half shut with affectation of pur-blindness, and look at least more respectfully. As to conversation—the human mind at a certain elevation of rank grows more barren than the Alps.'

Campbell took final leave of Edinburgh and of Scotland (as his residence) at the opening of 1803: but what finally decided the step is left in some uncertainty. Dr. Beattie attributes a good deal to endless annoyances from some near connexions, for whom he had done what he could, and, with his *mother* on his hands, could now actually do no more—(we fear the cautious phrases

used can leave little doubt as to who these connexions were);—but nevertheless intimates that the superiority of London as a theatre of literary adventure must have had the chief sway. By whatever cause it was quickened, the step is still viewed regretfully by those who observed his earlier as well as maturer years. One of these writes thus—

'Had he now obtained a professorship, or settled as a lecturer on belles lettres, he might have been happy; for he would have been under the observation of those whose opinion he respected—the friends of his youth, and the admirers of his reputation.'—vol. i. p. 374.

On arriving in London he met Telford, and the kind engineer tells the not less affectionate Alison—

'If he will only do as well as we anxiously wish, he may become one of the most important—as he already is certainly one of the greatest men of the age. I am so deeply interested in his welfare and fame that I am eternally giving him advice; but he knows it is from downright affectionate regard. I have asked him to live with me at the Salopian, where I may have him constantly in check.'—p. 423.

Charing-cross was a convenient position for Telford, who had to do with parliamentary agents and all the substructure of road and bridge bills; but the poet did not long adhere to it. He says, the noise of the immense thoroughfare (in those præ-macadamite days) was enough to drive any man crazy. It may be possible that the mathematical exactness of Telford's rules and notions proved also somewhat fatiguing to him; howbeit, he took a den for himself in dull and dingy South Molton street. When Lord Minto came to town he attended him every morning for an hour or two—as a sort of private Secretary; but whether this continued during the whole session of Parliament, does not appear. We suppose it had not been possible for Perry to offer him quite such an engagement with the Chronicle as had been counted on; for he soon accepted one from Dr. Tulloch, proprietor of a heavier print, now remembered only by the Anti-jacobin's couplet—

'Thou Morning Chronicle, and Morning Post!  
Couriers and STARS, Sedition's Evening Host!'

This doctor was also owner of a Philosophical Magazine, and not unwilling to enliven its science with some admixture of general literature; so Campbell undertook to assist him in that department too. 'Tulloch, like Perry, was Scotch; and indeed, though Campbell had abandoned his old country,

he always lived very much among his countryfolks. We have heard him defend himself for his truantry, on the ground that there were more of them in London than in Edinburgh—and, perhaps, fifty years ago this was hardly an exaggeration. His connexion with Tulloch's paper and magazine lasted during many years. Now and henceforth some part of his day was regularly spent in the Star office. But he had by no means dropped his kindly intercourse with Perry; and occasional verses, and now and then a prose *jeu d'esprit* too pungent for grave Dr. Tulloch, were still welcomed by the Chronicle, and applauded at Brookes's. His visits to the King of Clubs were repeated, and he appeared from time to time at Holland House, where once at least he conversed at leisure with Mr. Fox, and left a very favourable impression on that excellent judge, especially by some criticisms on Virgil. But feelings not remote from those we have found confessed at Minto Castle come out in the letters that paint, to old intimates, his morning reflections on the brightest evenings of the highest and most accomplished London society.

'Much as the wit and erudition of these men pleases an auditor at the first or second visit, the trial of minds becomes at last fatiguing, because it is unnatural and unsatisfactory. Every one of these brilliants goes there to shine; for conversational powers are so much the rage in London that no reputation is higher than his who exhibits them to advantage. Where every one tries to instruct there is but little instruction. Wit, paradox, eccentricity—even absurdity if delivered rapidly and facetiously—takes priority of sound reason and delicate taste. I have watched sometimes the devious tide of conversation, guided by accidental associations, turning from topic to topic, and satisfactory upon none. What has one learnt? has been my general question. The mind, it is true, is electrified and quickened and the spirits are finely exhilarated; but one grand fault pervades the whole institution; their inquiries are desultory, and all improvement to be reaped must be accidental.'—vol. i. p. 384.

In another page he wonders that Sydney Smith can endure so much of 'the devil's drawing-room—London.' But he does not advert to the other singularity, namely, that the drawing-room never tired of Sydney. Peradventure some light may be thrown on all this by a brief note from the worthy historian of the Scotch poets, Dr. David Irving, who, about the same time, met Campbell under no gilded ceilings, but at the plentiful board of Messrs. Longman and Co., in Paternoster-Row; a sort of ordinary maintained by that great firm for the benefit of

its literary allies and subjects. The Doctor says:—

'Among other individuals, not so easily remembered, the company included Walter Scott, Thomas Young, Humphry Davy, and George Ellis; and I may add without any hazard of contradiction that such guests as these could not now be assembled at any table in the kingdom. Scott had not then attained the height of his reputation; but he was at all times conspicuous for his social powers and strong practical sense. Upon that occasion he was full of good humour, and had many stories to tell. Ellis possessing an ample fund of elegant literature, was a model of all that is pleasant in society. Young was alike distinguished in science and erudition. Davy, who was so great in his own department, seemed willing to talk in an easy and unpretending strain on any topic that was discussed. Among these men Campbell did not appear to much advantage: he was too ambitious to shine, nor was he successful in any of his attempts. He was much inclined to dilate on the subject of Homer, but on various points was opposed with equal decision and coolness by Dr. Young, who, in all probability, was familiarly acquainted with Wolf's Prolegomena—which had been published eight years before and introduced a new era in criticism. Davy was ready to interpose any remark that occurred to him, though it might be presumed that his chemical was superior to his classical analysis. On the subject of Greek poetry, Scott was silent. Campbell began to wax somewhat too earnest; but, finding that he did not attract all the attention to which he evidently thought himself entitled, he started from his seat at an early hour, and quitted the room with a very hasty step.'—vol. i. p. 434.

Dr. Beattie, who only knew Campbell in his later period, pronounces this scene of May, 1803, and its exit 'very characteristic.' We already begin to see in Campbell something of the besetting weakness of one whose better inspiration he often rivalled—Goldsmith.

Ere the close of that year he took a step for which poor Goldy never had any courage. A Mr. Sinclair, his uncle by marriage, had met with reverses in the City, and was now living in a small house somewhere on the 'Five Fields,' that is, the desolate region since covered with the solemn squares of Belgravia. He had a large family of daughters; of whom the youngest, with a name that might have satisfied any romancer, united romantic and majestic beauty of feature and form. Campbell fell in love with his cousin, and she responded. The old people suggested prudential objections; but the swain, besides detailing sundry agreements with Tulloch and the booksellers, had actually a 50*l.* note in his desk: and the fair Matilda coinciding in his hopeful views of the Exchequer question, the

wedding was speedily solemnized. They took lodgings in Pimlico, and there their first boy was born, Thomas Telford Campbell; but the Poet had from early days dreamt of a cottage and garden of his own—

Oh! that for me some home like this might  
smile,  
Some cottage home! '——

He now thirsted to realize the vision, and leased and furnished a house on Sydenham Green, which he inhabited for seventeen years—in fact, the only dwelling-place on this side of the border that will be remembered in connexion with him. His letters overflow with simple and honest happiness; the wife is of angelic sweetness, and the sight of her and her babe makes labour for the first time a delight to him. He now keeps a horse: the ride to and from the 'Star-Chamber' every forenoon is good for his health; in the evening he advances with the 'Annals,' and throws off minor Essays for various magazines. One series of papers was on Agriculture, and Campbell, who probably could not tell barley from lavender in the field, says he thenceforth overawed the farmers that occasionally rode to town with him by the profundity of his views concerning the rotation of crops and the virtues of manures. After Dr. Thomas Young's treatise on Bricklaying in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, nothing of this class astonishes us. Let us quote one of the young father's tender effusions over his child:—

'Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands,—long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep—I durst not waken him, but ventured one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. Since that time he has continued to grow in grace and stature. I can take him in my arms, but still his good nature and his beauty are but provocatives to the affection which one must not indulge; he cannot bear to be hugged, he cannot yet stand a worrying. Oh that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth. My poor boy! shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far! At present, his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and Nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful!

But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood, especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out.'—vol. i. p. 472.

The sequel sheds a melancholy gloom over these happy sentences.

We have no intention to dwell so minutely on Dr. Beattie's second and third volumes. The events are few, and the interest, where there is any considerable interest, has a painful complexion. Our object was to put together such an outline of the earlier career as might explain the sequel; and already perhaps few will see much reason to wonder at the scanty issue of Campbell's dazzling blossom.

After the lapse of a year or two, one of his sisters being desirous of a situation in London, he thus replies to a letter in which she had expressed such notions of his influence as it was very natural for her to have entertained. When one of an obscure family acquires any species of eminence, how prone are the rest to exaggerate his acquisition; or where, as in this case, there could be no question of the solidity of his claims, to magnify egregiously their own chances of profit thereby. There could not be a kinder brother, but his sisters did not always remember that he was now a husband and a father, as well as a son and a brother.

'Feb. 1805.—I cannot pretend to much interest among the great. I would not be right in saying I have none. One has no exact measure for a thing so dependent on accident or the feelings of others. Lord Minto, the Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Henry Petty, and Lord Webb Seymour, have been often heard to lament that I was not provided for. I have been introduced to others of the nobility, but acquaintance with them I never could keep up. It requires a life of idleness, dressing, and attendance on their parties. I exhausted a good deal of time and money in one London campaign, and got no object attained that I desired. I have still retained acquaintance with one or two respectable families, but not in the highest rank. I think they are better hearted than the high gentry, and enter into one's affairs more in earnest. The great are indifferent creatures. I have some hopes from two intimate friends, a Mr. Weston, of the City, and Sydney Smith, the preacher. It may seem a fault in my character that, having so many great and good friends, I can get nothing done, either for my own advantage or the benefit of those I love. It was a remark of your worthy aunt, in depreciating my character to the Sinclairs, that "I made friends, but never kept them." I am not surprised that a person so unlike myself should think exactly

so of me. I feel, however, the injustice of the observation in the value I attach to friendship. I have all my early and equal friends still attached to me, and I have reason to think very truly. The great and the rich have been kind to me, and have said such things as would have made you believe I was to be amply provided for. As to intimacy, I never could even wish it with them; it is got by sacrificing independent feelings. I have never parted with the best part of my character.'

At Sydenham he found society that suited him. That neighbourhood was studded with the residences of comfortable families connected with the commerce of London, and with several of these he and his wife soon came to be on a footing of close intimacy. Weary wives, idle widows, involuntary nuns, were excited splendidly, by such a celebrity at their doors. The requests for autographs were unceasing. No party could be complete without 'the Pleasures of Hope'; he was here in no danger of being overborne or outshone; his appetite grew by what it fed on, and perhaps half of Dr. Beattie's second volume is occupied with the memorials of as silly an interchange of semi-sentimental twaddle as ever encumbered the history of a true genius. That there was great worth and real kindness on both sides we make no question, but the record is humbling enough when one thinks that at this very period he could still be Campbell—that to moments snatched from Stars and Philosophical Magazines, abridgments of the Annual Register, Essays on Turnips, and the pic-nics of suburban bluestockings, we owe compositions—few, alas, and far between, like his own angel's visits—but still entirely worthy of his first promise.

He continued however, though at intervals gradually widening, to be seen in the higher circles that had been so willing to welcome him; and, from the time of his marriage, Dr. Beattie says he can trace a series of plans towards the improvement of his fortune set on foot by the Whig leaders, whose great merit of zeal for friends we have always been most ready to acknowledge. One was not a very radiant project: it pointed to some chair of English literature in the University of Wilna. Dr. Beattie on this topic is mysterious. We can make out that the grand obstacle, according to Campbell's own view, was his burst of Polism in the Pleasures of Hope; but whether one of his rivals really forwarded the lines about Kosciusko to the Autocrat of Russia, or Campbell seriously apprehended that if he were appointed, it would only be under a covert design of lying in wait for the first outbreak of his liberalism, and then lodging

him for life in Siberia, we have no means to decide. The thing was soon dropped, and who carried the prize our Doctor is too stately to reveal. What the other schemes were, we are not told. Meantime his earnings were not sufficient for his expenditure. Dr. Beattie says:—

'It has been generally supposed that Campbell wrote very little at this period of his life; such was not the fact; but it is true that what came before the public comprised only a small proportion of what he wrote. His flow of thought was not rapid; and he was often like an artist setting figures in mosaic—cautiously marking the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place. Nor did this habit of nicety and precision diminish with experience; for erasures are more frequent in his later than in his earlier manuscripts. He was rarely if ever satisfied with his own productions, however finely imagined or elaborately finished. Aiming at that perfection to which no modern author, perhaps, has attained, his progress was not equal to his perseverance; for what was written in the evening was often discarded the next morning.'—vol. ii. p. 16.

Campbell himself candidly and shrewdly says:—

'I was by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was *overcalculating* the gains I could make from them. All artists are apt to make similar mistakes. The author sits down to an engagement, for which he is to have so much per sheet. He gets through what seems a tenth of the work in one day, and in high glee computes thus:—Well, at this rate, I can count upon so many pounds a day. But innumerable and incalculable interruptions occur. Besides, what has been written to-day, may require to be rewritten to-morrow; and thus he finds that a grocer, who sells a pound of figs, and puts a shilling, including threepence of profit, into the till, has a more surely gainful vocation.'—vol. ii. p. 24.

His difficulties by and bye were perplexing; the Wilna scheme appears to have alarmed his duns, far and near, like an electric shock;—but on such mischief—if it ends in the pestering—with the detail of little borrowings, all reluctant and all honourably repaid—why should Dr. Beattie wish anybody to dwell? The only lesson needs no index, and, however expounded, would be expounded in vain. If a man of brilliant talents, without any delinquency that can rouse serious reproach, be seen exposed to broad and tangible extremes of misfortune; if a man like Campbell, bright amongst the brightest of his day, sincere and upright in his heart, were exhibited as

undergoing some real calamity in consequence partly—even mainly—of such im-providences and miscalculations as are easily forgiven to the smallest of his kind; if we saw him cast into prison, his home dismantled, his wife and children turned pen-niless upon Sydenham Green, there would be something to stir the coldest blood; and many, incapable of being fired with Lochiel or melted by O'Connor's Child, would hang over the record as willingly as they sigh at a melodrama. But Campbell's pecuniary miseries never reached any romantic climax.

They were lightened—for the moment at least they were greatly relieved—and the chance of ultimate pressure was ever after kept at bay—by a pension obtained for him during the brief reign of All the Talents. Its amount was nominally 200*l.* a year, but fees and charges reduced it to 168*l.*; and be it never forgotten that, whatever the annuity previously allotted to his mother had been, he now raised that payment to a full moiety of this sum, and down to her death, in 1812, never permitted any personal difficulty to interfere with her benefit.

The pension having been in fact the gift of the Foxes, he pays a visit of gratitude to Holland House—but not until after the lapse of two years:—

'Jan. 21, 1808.—The meeting was formidable to me. They are kind and most *voluntarily* benefactors to me; but that makes the meeting somewhat awful. Lady Holland is a formidable woman. She is cleverer by several degrees than Buonaparte! The fear of appearing *not* at my ease is always my most uneasy sensation at that house. Pride and shyness are always sparring in my inside. But on this occasion I was peculiarly fortunate. I walked for about an hour, almost alone, with Lady H. I do assure you I was quite spruce! Most fortunate was the mood upon me at the time—none of your Scotch *mauvaise honte*; no, no—I felt such self-possession, such a rattle of tongue and spring-tide of conversation, so perfectly joyous, that I acquitted myself like a man, and went away as well convinced that my dignity had been unimpaired as if I had been dining with Cullen Brown. Off I marched with Sydney Smith; Sydney is an excellent subject—but he too has done me some *kind offices*, and that is enough to produce a most green-eyed jealousy in my noble and heroic dispositions! I was determined I should make as many good jokes, and speak as much as himself; and so I did, for though I was dressed at the dinner-table much like a barber's clerk, I arrogated greatly, talked quizzically, metaphorically; Sydney said a few *good things*—I said many!!! Saul slew his thousands—David his tens of thousands. Mrs. S. helped me to two delicious dishes—and I was exceedingly hungry—veal and pickled pork, both highly commendable, particularly the latter.'—vol. ii. p. 134.

The following passage may be conveniently placed by the foregoing. The family with whom one of his sisters is living, come up to inspect London, and he calls on them (1810):—

'I was a little afraid of the Dover-street interview with the M.'s. Although my sister spoke of them highly, I had contracted an idea that they were proud people. On my way I had prepared to put my looks and manners into the most dignified attitude! But though I behaved sublimely to the footman, and almost knocked him down with overawe, I had no sooner got to the inside of the drawing-room, than I found it better to put off my godlike air, and resume my human appearance. They were plain, sensible, and civil people, with good characteristics, and a little *cordiality* of manner—just what I wanted—nothing that was over-much, or that might have led me to suppose they were saying in their hearts, "Let us be kind and civil to this man, and not avail ourselves of his sister being our governess." I am quite glad that my sister is there. I stayed to dine, and took the latest Dulwich coach.'—vol. ii. p. 192.

Dr. Beattie seeing Campbell complain in many letters of painful shyness, while correspondents, in the main eulogistic, charge him, in his earlier stages, with arrogance in his tone of talk, appears to be of opinion that the two failings could not have existed in the same man. We must beg leave to differ from the Doctor. In those failings—(without attaching much importance to the poet's own double confession just cited)—we see merely different shapes of the same too indulgent self-esteem, or, if the phrenologists please, different developments of the same love of approbation—the convex and concave sides of the same deformity. We do not forget old Homer's twofold division of *shame*; but what is called shyness by men speaking of themselves, is often neither less nor more than arrogance not screwed up. It was a serious misfortune for Campbell that he was always thinking so much about what other people were thinking of him. This was the parent of many unlucky consequences—among others, of great and needless loss of pleasure to himself. There was no reason why he should not have set his rest on old equal friendships—no man but a fool ever does not: there was no reason why he should not have been kind and attentive to persons vastly his inferiors who had any sort of claim upon him—no man with a heart like his could have been otherwise. But he might have done and been all this, and yet enjoyed in moderation—and, as a student and artist, profited largely by enjoying—the calm contemplation of that grand spectacle denominated the upper world. It is infi-



nately the best of theatres—the acting incomparably the first, the actresses the prettiest. He could not bear to go to it unless he was himself to be the star. He could not be comfortable in his corner, and come forth when he got his cue; far less could he relish the more delicate luxury of a side-box. But though all this continued to be the case, what Dr. Beattie might truly and fitly have added was, that in his later time Campbell's manners in general society were free from all presumption. His bearing, as we remember him, was truly gentle; the only uneasiness that he occasioned was by his own manifest uneasiness—a thing sufficiently puzzling to persons who had from childhood admired him afar off.

By and bye he joined a volunteer regiment, called the 'North Britons,' and for a time was constant at drill and also at mess. This last was not good for his health. Already his newspaper engagement bringing him daily to town, he had been quite enough exposed to the temptation of festive boards and tavern meetings. Moreover, temptations of a like kind were not wanting at Sydenham itself. There were jolly aldermen there as well as enthusiastic spinsters. Above all, the original of *Paul Pry*, Tom Hill, then a flourishing drysalter in the city, and proprietor and editor of the 'Theatrical Mirror,' had a pretty box in the village, where on Saturdays convened the lights of song and the drama, Matthews, Liston, Incedon, and with them their audacious messmate and purveyor, the stripling Hook. The dignity of Campbell's reputation surrounded him amidst these merry-makers with a halo before which every head bowed—which every chorus recognised. All this was very different from Holland House, from the King of Clubs—even from the Divan in the Row. To Campbell it was more fascinating. Even so Goldy, in the circle of Burke and Johnson, sighed secretly for his Irish poetasters and index-makers, and the 'shoemaker's holidays,' as he called them, of Highbury Barn.\* Dr. Beattie, who carefully remarks at the close of the Glasgow College period, that Campbell had 'as yet,' in spite of much dangerous example, practised great moderation at table (vol. i. p. 209), now writes with reference to the volunteers and so forth:—

'This occasional absence from home, it was said, and the facilities which it offered for entering more freely into company, fostered a taste for conviviality which was neither friendly to study nor domestic retirement. The social pleasures of the evening were followed by a painful coun-

terpoise of depressed spirits and inaptitude for mental exertion. I do not presume to say that his mode of life was different from that of many of his own standing; but what was pursued with impunity by others was often extremely prejudicial to him. By a too easy compliance with their solicitations, he was led to countenance a style of living and thinking—not altogether in accordance with the high standard of which he had given a solemn earnest in his *Poems*—which laid the foundation of habits that in after years he found it very hard, or even impossible, to conquer.'—vol. ii. p. 87.

We are not surprised to find that working the brain and also the stomach in this style, his nerves—never very firmly strung—were sorely disturbed. Appetite by and bye failed—a walk of a mile knocked him up—he could hardly sit his pony for an hour—he was forced to drop all penmanship for weeks at a time. At last he had a really alarming attack of *Coma vigil*, and it took some months' seclusion in the Isle of Wight to restore him.

These misfortunes affected his purse seriously. Among other efforts for relief he entered upon a tedious negotiation about a Collection of the British Poets—already sufficiently detailed in the *Memoirs of Scott*, who, at one stage, seemed likely to associate himself with Campbell in the editorship, and received, as the treaty dragged on, not a few Philippics against *The Trade*. This indeed was always a favourite strain with Campbell, though no reader of these volumes will find anything whatever to justify it. Hear him—

'Cadell and Davies asked my terms for thirty lives, and I gave in the same estimate which Sir James Mackintosh offered—a thousand pounds. They are the greatest ravens on earth with whom we have to deal—liberal enough as booksellers go—but still, you know, ravens, croakers, suckers of innocent blood and living men's brains! . . . It is of consequence to the general cause of letters that neither journeymen like myself, nor masters—-independent artists like you, should be over-reached in their transactions. Constable is a deep draw-well. It is not two months since he made me absolutely believe he had not been meant by nature for a bookseller. But God knows he is not the worst of the bunch. . . . We scorned Philip—we laughed not ill-naturedly at Louis XIV; but at this Buonaparte we gnash our teeth with the laugh of wretches on the wheel. Either he is more respectable than we allow, or we are grown a parcel of cowards not to treat him with dignity. Perhaps in my feelings towards the Gallic Usurper—Wretch; Tyrant, as we charitably call him—there may be some personal bias; for I must confess that ever since he shot the bookseller in Germany I have had a warm side to him.'

However, out of this frustrated scheme sprang two others, both successful, and one

\* See Mr. Foster's very entertaining book, 'Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography,' pp. 476–488.

of them eminently so. First, the preparation of an Essay on English Poetry, with Specimens and biographical and critical Notices, on which Campbell kept working at intervals during seven or eight years; at last completing the book published in 1816 by Mr. Murray, whom he justly describes as 'a gentleman, albeit a bookseller:' a book not unworthy to be handed down with the classical verse of its author, and which cannot now be re-perused without moving deep regret for the trivial and perishable nature of his other prose writings, whether buried in the utter darkness of petty magazines, or bearing his name on their tombstones in the purlieus of 'Bedlam and Soho.' Secondly, the Plan of Lectures on Poetry at the Royal Institution, suggested by this compilation while in progress, realized with applause in 1812, and repeated for three or four seasons to diminishing audiences.

Having just read over Campbell's Essay and Notices, we could not but speak of them as we have done. At the same time we must add that, even considered without reference to other matters, that book itself is not to be thought of without some pain. Excellent as it is, who can help feeling that the plan was unfortunate—that he was 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' from first to last, and has left us but *specimens*, not only of what others had done, but of what he could have done?\*

But we are trespassing somewhat as to our chronology; and the earlier Sydenham period should not be lightly dismissed—for, besides all this prose-work, good, bad, and indifferent, it produced, with one or two small exceptions, whatever of lasting worth he was ever to add to the poetry of his adolescence. The *Battle of the Baltic* and *Lochiel* are the first in date; and Dr. Beattie is enabled to illustrate very curiously the elaborate anxiety with which both were brought into their ultimate shape. The original draft of the *Battle*, sent to Scott in 1805, consists of thirty stanzas,—one third more than the published copy—and though the superiority of the latter is very decided, we see that Campbell's endless tinkering obliterated not a few passages such as few would have parted with, far fewer could have afforded to lose. Take for instance this picture of the English sailors:—

'Not such a mind possess'd  
England's tar;

\* Perhaps in the recent reprint for the 'Home and Colonial Library'—a miscellany conducted with singular skill and without the slightest pretension—the omission of the long verse extracts is favourable to Campbell. The attention of the reader is more kept to his pleasing guide.

'Twas the love of noble game  
Set his oaken heart on flame,  
For to him 'twas all the same—  
Sport and war.

'All hands and eyes on watch  
As they keep—  
By their motion light as wings,  
By each step that haughty springs,  
You might know them for the kings  
Of the deep.'

*Lord Ullin's Daughter* and *Glenara* were written soon after, and all these pieces were added to *Gertrude of Wyoming*, when that exquisite poem, begun in 1806, and occupying the noblest hours of five successive years, was at last issued in quarto, *more majorum*, December, 1810. All the proud prodigality of poetical genius that had been developed since the opening of the century seemed but to have quickened the appetite of the public, and the reception of *Gertrude* must have been equal to the author's highest anticipation. In this work he achieved his greatest honour. In the *Pleasures of Hope*, it is true, we find more lines that have passed into parts of speech; but the *Gertrude* also will stand that sort of test well—and it has such a pervading charm of pensive sentiment, with so many flashes of electrical inspiration, that we must, on the whole, place it above the early Poem. The contemporary criticisms might alone, if we had a folio's space at command, restrain our pen now. The Edinburgh Reviewer's private letter shows how well he understood Campbell:—

'It ends rather abruptly—not but that there is great spirit in the description—but a spirit not quite suitable to the soft and soothing tenor of the poem. The most dangerous faults however are your faults of diction. There is still a good deal of obscurity in many passages—and in others a strained and unnatural expression—an appearance of labour and hardness; you have hammered the metal in some places till it has lost all its ductility. These are not great faults, but they are blemishes; and as dunces will find them out, noodles will see them when they are pointed to. I wish you had had courage to correct, or rather to avoid them—for with you they are faults of over-finishing, and not of negligence. I have another fault to charge you with in private—for which I am more angry with you than for all the rest. Your timidity or fastidiousness, or some other knavish quality, will not let you give your conceptions glowing, and bold, and powerful, as they present themselves; but you must chasten, and refine, and soften them, forsooth, till half their nature and grandeur is chiselled away from them. Believe me, my dear C, the world will never know how truly you are a great and original poet, till you venture to cast before it some of the rough pearls of your fancy. Write one or two things without thinking of publication, or of what will be thought of them—and

let me see them at least, if you will not venture them any further. I am more mistaken in my prognostics than I ever was in my life, if they are not twice as tall as any of your full-dressed children.'—vol. ii., p. 173.

One more of the 'full-dressed children' soon followed, to ourselves perhaps the very dearest of the family—the *O'Connor's Child*. It was included in the second edition of *Gertrude*; and if we except the ode of farewell to Kemble (1817), 'The Last Man' (1823), and the stanzas on the Improved Clyde (1826), it would have been better that Campbell had never again touched verse.

Dr. Beattie produces in his first volume some fragments of a mock-heroic poem on the meal-mobs of Edinburgh, during the 'scarce years' (1800-1801), which might have been dispensed with. That Campbell, however, had a fine vein of humour and satire in him was always asserted among his intimates, and his effusions in that line in the *Chronicle* have often been alluded to as among the moving causes of his pension. The Doctor gives one specimen of 1813, which may perhaps make some of his readers sorry that there are no more; a closer search of the files, they will exclaim, might be well bestowed. Dr. B. says—

'The following *jeu-d'esprit* or "Suggestions" by Campbell appeared in the columns of a morning paper. The lines evince a strong party spirit, but are very characteristic of that vein of pleasantry by which he often turned the rancour of political prejudice into a harmless jest.'

The said 'Suggestions' begin with—

'As recruits in these times are not easily got,  
And the Marshal *must* have them, pray why  
should we not  
As the last—and I grant you the worst—of  
our loans to him,  
Ship off the whole Ministry body and bones to  
him?'

—and so on, till we reach—

'Nay, I do not see why the great Regent himself,  
Should in times such as these lie at home on  
the shelf;  
Though in narrow defiles he's not fitted to  
pass,  
Yet who could resist if he bore down *en  
masse*?' &c.—

vol. ii. p. 229.

All this is very clever in its way; but the piece is Moore's—and its true title is 'Reinforcements for Lord Wellington.' (See Longman's 8vo. of 1845, p. 170.) Who has been 'suggesting' the learned doctor?

Whether Gertrude, or Anti-Regent squibs (genuine or imputed), or Lady Charlotte

Campbell had most to do with the introduction of the Bard of Sydenham to the 'Court of Blackheath,' we cannot pretend to rule; but he now became an honoured visitor of that refined circle. Our readers will regret with us that Dr. Beattie has not condescended to a fac-simile of the original drawing by his hero of the scene commemorated in the following extract; performers, H. R. H. the Princess of Wales (ætat. 45), 'the daughter of Mac Aillin Mor,' Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Thomas Campbell:—

'I *must* be getting down now, for I have attained the summit of human elevation—dancing a reel with royalty! Imagine four personages standing up at right angles to each other, *thus* . . . . . I overheard Miss —, one of the ancient azure-hose, remark that Mr. C. had the neat national trip! This was conciliatory; but she looked and spoke at me as if she had more respect for my heels than my head. Seriously, I am pleased with all this; but I begin to dread that I have got into too much good luck by this princely acquaintance. I told the great personage that I loved operas to distraction! Then why don't you go often to them? she demanded. They are so expensive, quoth I. Next day a ticket for the season arrived! God help me! I shall be obliged to live in London a month to attend the Opera-house—all for telling one little fib!'—vol. ii. p. 216.

Another figure at the only Court that could ever have at all suited Campbell—and, if all tales be true, a more highly favoured one—was Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the great artist volunteered a portrait of the new Laureate and Terpsichorist of Blackheath. Campbell is about the same time described by Byron as 'a spruce high-priest of Apollo, looking as if the God had sent him a wedding-suit fresh from Olympus.' At home rather slovenly, it would seem that when visiting, the smartness of his attire was always noticeable. Even as an elderly man he was curious in waistcoats and buttons. He had begun to get bald ere he saw London, and assumed a Brutus. This impaired his appearance ever after; if he had been as 'knowing in wigs' as George IV., it would have done so; but his choice was abominable. It is pity that Lawrence did not insist on his depositing the incumbance when he sat, but his pencil reproduces it without much embellishment. The features themselves required none. It is one of Lawrence's sterling works. Great was Campbell's own anxiety on the occasion:—

'If you see Mr. Lawrence again, implore him to say what he decides about my "lovely portrait." I have got so smoky and old-looking that I wish to get back my imaginary beauty, just to see how I shall look when I grow young again in

heaven. This is the merit of Lawrence's painting; he makes one seem to have got into a drawing-room in the mansions of the blessed, and to be looking at oneself in the mirror.'—vol. ii. p. 222.

In 1814 he visited Paris, then garrisoned by the English; but his letters contain nothing worth transcription. He was presented to the Duke of Wellington, but the Duke was unluckily not told that he was the Poet, and the Poet was a little mortified at being received merely with the civility due to an ordinary gentleman of Clan Diarmid. In 1815 he was called to Scotland by an event of consequence—the laird of Kirnan died; not a Campbell, but related to the family, his admiration of the allotting half the pension to the mother, had made him set down his remote kinsman for a legacy of 500*l.*, with a share of any unsettled overplus of personal estate. This bequest turned out to be worth 5,000*l.*: and henceforth there really ought to have been no more pecuniary embarrassment. The capital sum, however, thanks to the terms of the will, remains at this day for the behoof of the poet's only surviving son. Being in Scotland, he had thoughts of repeating his lectures at Edinburgh; and Scott, in encouraging this notion, had an ulterior object in view, for the Professor of History was infirm, and it was hoped that an arrangement might be made for Campbell to mount the chair as 'assistant and successor:' but this scheme failed—how, Dr. Beattie does not inform us. Campbell never lectured in Scotland, but he gave a course at Liverpool in 1818.

In 1820 he undertook the editorship of Mr. Colburn's Magazine. His salary (to cover also six articles in verse and six in prose yearly) was 600*l.*; and conceiving that it would be necessary to remove from Sydenham, he took a house in Seymour-street West. Some months were to intervene ere he entered on office, and he employed them in a run to Germany, moved chiefly by the desire of collecting materials for Lectures on Continental and Ancient Poetry, which he meant to deliver at the Institution, and then print in the Magazine. He reached his old haunts at Ratisbon, went on to Vienna, and spent, on his way back, some useful and agreeable weeks at Bonn. Here he furnished up his Hebrew, with a view to commenting on the poetry of the Old Testament, and made acquaintance with W. A. Schlegel, of whose conversational merits we have this notice:—

'Schlegel is so attentive as to call every day; but he talks without listening even to questions, and upon subjects on which he has not information

enough to make him edifying. He thinks he understands English politics, and pesters me with his crude speculations about our impending national bankruptcy and the misery of our lower orders! Yesterday he asked me if I thought our peasantry happier than the serfs of the feudal system—and I asked him to-day, what was the price of labour in Germany—in order to institute a comparison between the situations of the poor in both countries; but my German philosopher was too great a man to know anything. When he has nothing to say, he prosed away like the clack of a mill where there is no corn to grind. One could take down a book from a shelf, ten times more wise or witty than almost any man's conversation. Bacon is wiser, Swift more humorous, than any person one is likely to meet with; but they cannot chime in with the exact frame of thought in which we may happen to take them down from our shelves. Therein lies the luxury of conversation; and when a living speaker does not yield us that luxury, he becomes only a book standing on two legs.'—vol. ii. p. 364.

This strain smacks of Goldy: but whether the last touch be a crib from Sydney Smith's 'Book in breeches,' or Sydney had pointed a waif of Campbell's, we are not sure. When he reappears in London as editor of the New Monthly Magazine, Dr. Beattie—we believe a contributor to that work, and so originally introduced to him—is very luculent in his expatiations on the dignity and importance, also the success of the undertaking; he, moreover, ascribes great part of that success to Campbell's own papers, and he dwells on the delightful circle of co-operators now congregated around the chief—his fatherly kindness to them—his enlarged hospitalities, and his exemplary discharge generally of all his new duties. To several of these things we demur. The Magazine was in his time (as it continues to be) lively, varied, and popular: but though the Editor's abridgments of his Lectures were very fair articles, none of them made the least of what people call a sensation; and the only sensation ever made by his poetical novelties (with two exceptions, already alluded to) was far from flattering. Dr. Beattie acknowledges that Campbell's good nature led him often to insert articles, which, when in print, he could not bear to look at. That is probably the case with most editors, but still it was wrong. Again, we are forced to infer that the new conglomeration of younger literati\* was by no means a for-

\* Campbell's attempts to enlist men of letters of his own standing appear all to have failed. The replies of Moore and Smith are characteristic and diverting—especially 'the preacher's':—

\* *Foston*, Dec. 13, 1820.—What line of conduct do you mean to hold on the subject of religion? I beg you to be quite explicit on this point . . . . Remember also that a *Mag.* is not supported by

fortunate circumstance; that it encouraged and largely developed the ancient weakness of Campbell—the love of being in that sort of society where he could predominate at his ease. Like Jedediah Cleishbotham, ‘he was a man, and had been a schoolmaster:’ we may add, that he seems to have been latterly as wedded to his pipe as Dr. Parr—but lacked that awful pedagogue’s potency to usher all his appendages into worshipful chambers of Whigdom. Lastly, it is admitted that he did not conduct himself with due care in his relations with the publisher; for ere long he was in debt more than a year’s salary—a very mischievous feature in editorship, as we need not hint to the initiated. Campbell’s politics, of course, tinged the journal; though, as respected our domestic matters, not offensively. His Polish mania interfered more heavily. From even an earlier time his letters show him as preyed on by adventurers from that quarter and patriotic refugees of kindred souls. General Pepé, the Neapolitan hero, Colonel Macirone, the illustrious author of a Treatise on Street-fighting, barricades, pikes, &c., and we know not how many Italian and Spanish Carbonari, now haunted him and his Magazine. One foreign connexion was, however, eminently useful to it—it had the distinction of including, in several successive numbers, Mr. Blanco White’s first and only valuable work, ‘Doblado’s Letters.’ This was indeed worth a wilderness of monkey.

Before he had been editor for a year a terrible affliction befel Campbell. The subject is painfully delicate, but Dr. Beattie’s mode of dealing with it is pitiable. In one page (ii. 401) we have him saying of the poet’s first-born—‘symptoms of a malady, to which we need not particularly allude, began to dispel the hopes,’ &c. &c.: two pages lower commence not allusions—but extracts upon extracts from letters about the choice of lunatic asylums; the Doctor himself adding in a note, that there was an hereditary taint—that one of Mrs. Campbell’s sisters was then in confinement; and elsewhere, that Campbell’s difficulties about se-

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papers evincing *wit* and *genius*; but by the height of the tide at London Bridge—by the price of oats, and by any sudden elevation or depression in boiling-peas. If your *Mag.* succeeds, it will do so as much by the diligence and discretion you will impress upon your nature, as by the talents with which you were born. As for me, I am rusticated—indolent—cut off from the society of clever men—and engaged in E. R. But answer my question, and I will consider the matter. Will any political changes take place soon in Germany? Can you promise us any decapitation of High-Dutch Princes? Yours truly, S. S.’

lecting a keeper for his poor boy were increased by the ‘very irritable’ state of his wife’s own nervous system. This was, indeed, a fatal blow to Campbell, for the malady proved incurable—and he had now no other child in life. For some time he would not, could not understand, that the case was fixed: but at last the conviction came, and thenceforth hope was none for him upon this earth—over all the futurity gloom far blacker than death. In justice to Campbell it is quite necessary that this sad part of his history should be clearly apprehended and fully weighed. There was no occasion for Dr. Beattie to do more than state the broad facts; but while the correspondence and details of journeys to different asylums are worse than superfluous, the hesitating dimness of his main text on the whole subject is merely absurd. It is well known that the gentle mother herself, undermined by this great grief, sank into such a state of health that Campbell’s house was in every sense the house of mourning during all the remainder of her life. It is a solemn thought, in how many cases the home of genius has been overshadowed, even within our own time, by reason of similar calamity.

In 1824 he rallied his energies so far as to complete and carry through the press another volume of poetry; but this brought no comfort. The principal piece, *Theodric*, was saluted by an unanimous verdict of—Guilty without extenuating circumstances. He had quite persuaded himself that it was the consummating glory of his Muse, and the disappointment was horrid. Dr. Beattie, we should add, admires *Theodric*: this no doubt was the tone of that ‘literary brotherhood,’ so distinguished for ‘variety of power and unity of purpose’ (ii. 399), which clustered round Campbell as the Magnus Apollo of the New Monthly.

We are now favoured with another chapter of mystery. Campbell had always regarded with dislike and jealousy our English universities. He had never, we dare say, been much of a Presbyterian, but, though a great admirer of our Liturgy, he appears to have continued all along, in the main, an Anti-Anglican: he moreover had a natural preference for the Scotch modes of instruction. It had for years been a reverie of his that it would be a noble achievement to found a liberal and latitudinarian university in London—that such an institution would, far more effectually than any other device of feasible attainment, shake the mediæval supremacies and superstitions of Cam and Isis, and help forward the grand sister causes of civil and ecclesiastical Reform. In the troubled and ominous year

1825, he at length had the satisfaction to perceive that his expositions on this head were telling among Reformers more qualified than himself to start such an enterprise and conduct it through initiatory struggles. The College in Gower Street was founded: and great was the surprise when, in the first formal announcement of its arrangements, the name of the Poet, universally known for the primary mover, did not appear. That he was to be installed as Warden, and hold at the same time some Professorial chair, had been taken for granted out of doors. Why no such appointment was offered him remains, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, in *obscurum*; as do, we may observe, several other odd things in the early history of the Institution. Dr. Beattie must, one might suppose, have heard Campbell relate his own views and impressions on a topic to him so important; but neither text nor margin, narrative nor correspondence, affords any light whatever. No one doubted, or can doubt, that Campbell was mortified; and it is possible that his mortification was too severe to be told for the sympathy of the brotherhood.

He received consolation from a distant quarter. The agitations about academic changes in the south had been watched with very intelligible interest in the north: and the young students there began to think the time was come for some quasi-democratic efforts on their part. The office of Lord Rector, of which we really do not know the original scope, had long been considered at Glasgow as merely affording the Principal and Professors an opportunity of paying a compliment to some leading gentleman in their vicinity: and when parties were nearly balanced, or politics in a lull, the usual arrangement was to have a Whig Rector one year, a Tory the next, whose duties we believe were strictly limited to a procession across the quadrangle, a brief speech of formal civility delivered in an embroidered gown, and an orthodox evening in the refectory of the Sanhedrim. The election was with the students in certain classes—those we presume of the first foundation: these were all however very young students—the majority boys from twelve to sixteen: and they had for ages voted in their red togas and antique Nations as their masters in conclave settled beforehand. The scheme was to make this undergraduate-poll a real one—to have Lord Rectors of their own free choice—and it was very natural and honourable for the Glasgow lads to think first of the originator of the London novelty, and greatest literary name connected with their own college within living memory. Campbell was delighted when he heard of this

rebellion against the *Senatus Academicus*, then mostly composed of Tories—he and his Whig friends in the North exerted every energy—the ‘ancient solitary reign’ of the dignitaries fell at the first assault, and was (apparently) abolished for ever. The poet’s letters on this subject—the overflowing rapture he shows about ‘his dear boys’—and his proceedings when he went down to be installed, harangued the unwonted multitude in the Great Hall, banqueted with the humbled dons—who hedgingly created him L.L.D.—and was regaled with honest zeal by the youthful members of a newborn ‘Campbell Club;’ all these matters occupy large space in the book, and will probably be smiled over by many of its readers. But we confess the whole chapter leaves a rather pathetic impression on our minds. We should recollect Campbell’s disappointments and distresses. Ever nervous, ever jealously sensitive, the darkness of his domestic circumstances must have made him brood in many a melancholy hour over the comparison of what had once been expected and what had been done. This last was much, yet very inadequately answerable to the former. He had won a distinguished name—his genius had met with cordial acknowledgment; but others had far surpassed him in boldness of enterprise, in energy of toil, in grandeur of achievement, in extent of influence. He had not put his stamp on his age—he had gratified but not governed it; his small volume, exquisite and admired, might never have existed, and the blank would hardly have been noticeable. Lastly, his recent additions had been voted worthless by acclamation. Was he exhausted? Had he done his all? Had he really done enough for immortality? Could he be sure that he was not to sink step by step into actual oblivion? At such a moment to have his old renown hailed anew by a rising generation, and see himself enthroned by their hands where he won his earliest trophies, may well have been oil and balm to many a secret wound.

A genuine spark was awakened amidst the embers. It was now that surveying the haunts of his youth, so much altered since he first wandered among them, he penned these beautiful lines, the last quite worthy of his pen that ever dropped from it:—

‘And call they this Improvement?—to have changed,  
My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,  
Where Nature’s face is banished and estranged,  
And Heaven reflected in thy wave no more;  
Whose banks, that sweetened May-day’s breath before,  
Lie sere and leafless now in summer’s beam,  
With sooty exhalations covered o’er;

And for the daisied green-sward down thy stream  
Unightly brick-lanes smoke and clanking engines gleam.

'Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains;  
One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom

Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.  
But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom?

See, left but life enough, and breathing-room  
The hunger and the hope of life to feel,  
Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,  
And Childhood's self, as at Ixion's wheel,  
From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little meal.

'Is this Improvement—where the human breed  
Degrades as they swarm and overflow,  
Till toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed  
And man competes with man like foe with foe,  
Till Death that thins them scarce seems public woe?

Improvement!—smiles it in the poor man's eyes

Or bloom: it on the cheek of Labour?—No.  
To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,  
We banish rural life and breathe unwholesome skies.

'Nor call that evil slight. God has not given  
This passion to the heart of man in vain,  
For Earth's green face, the untainted air of Heaven,

And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.  
For not alone our frame imbibes a stain  
From foetid skies; the spirit's healthy pride  
Fades in their gloom. And therefore I complain

That thou no more through pastoral scenes  
shouldst glide,  
My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde!

The election was repeated next year (this again, we believe, an innovation), and the Lord Rector enjoyed the second celebration with no less fervour. His sky now much needed some rays of comfort, and these happy visits to his Alma Mater were among the last vouchsafed to him. His second and most promising boy was early lost. In 1828 his poor wife died. The troubles of his editorship accumulated. Some indiscretions brought threats of legal procedure against the bookseller, and he began to look more narrowly into the state of Campbell's account. The Poet resigned in 1831; and was unwise enough to engage in a negotiation about the property as well as editorship of a rival Magazine, called 'the Metropolitan,' which never acquired any very sound footing, and died young. By 1834 this 'bubble,' as he terms it, and other causes, had surrounded him with fresh embarrassments—worse than ever, indeed—nor do we

see how he could have escaped from them but for the generosity, never vainly appealed to, of Mr. Rogers, and then the death (otherwise an afflicting blow) of his old friend Telford. The engineer left Campbell 1000*l.*; and, joyfully discharging his debt to the senior bard, he shook himself free from *The Metropolitan*.

His day had begun to sink: the third volume is the record of his twilight—not an overgraceful twilight—and which we shall be pardoned for treating as rapidly as if it had been tropical. What Dr. Beattie considers as redeeming glories of the declining hour seldom strikes us in the same fashion. Of these, the foremost in the practical department was the founding of the 'Polish Literary (!) Association,' which the Doctor pronounces 'one of the noblest triumphs of modern philanthropy,' but in the history of which we discover little to interest us, except that it originated certainly in Campbell's fixedness of political creed, and was attended with many illustrations of his charitable temper. We are afraid there is reason for the general suspicion that it was made subservient to purposes not contemplated, or at least not well weighed, by the amiable founder. It became, we apprehend, instrumental to the designs of that knot of Republican Conspirators who had then their head-quarters here in London, and who have lately had every opportunity of familiarizing the civilized world with their true purposes and characters. A smaller matter was a new London clubhouse—one of the numerous imitations of the Athenæum. This, instituted in 1823, had Campbell among its original members, and for some years he was a pretty regular attendant. What special disgust had affected him in 1829, Dr. Beattie does not say; but he quitted the Athenæum and set up, close by it, *The Literary Union*, which has either expired long ago, or perhaps adopted some more Greekish title. It is hardly unfair to surmise that he had been offended by the reluctance of the old committee to facilitate the admission of some of his Polish and Irish cronies. In the new house he had his heart's content—he ruled supreme; and it continued, while he was in London, to enjoy whatever advantages his presence and patronage might imply. We need not go into his dreams, after the Reform Bill, about being M. P. for his native city. It is evident that he had been deluded by the young hot-bloods of 'the Campbell Club,' and was never seriously thought of among the bearded electors: but here again his disappointment was sore. Then he had a vision of being knighted—and we wonder how he escaped the Guelphic ribbon



—but it was never offered; and there was another pang. In the literary line he did nothing that is pleasant to recur to. The most trumpeted and the most flagrant failure was his life of Mrs. Siddons (1834). Much was even then expected on this head; he had been from his youth exceedingly intimate with her and all that extraordinary family, and it was hoped that in reviewing her career he might exhibit once more the chaste and tasteful critical vein of his Specimens. But while his Ode on the Retirement of Kemble will always form our great actor's best monument, the Siddons pyramid has already crumbled into dust. Evil communications had cockneyfied the author of Hohenlinden. A short excursion to Algeria produced 'Letters from the South,' in 1836; but that work does not tempt us to linger. It is impossible to consider the rich results of his early travels without regretting deeply the narrow sphere within which most of his subsequent life was bound. That chapter proves abundantly that, though few poets have trusted more to the impressions offered by books, yet none was more accessible to the power of realities. Fed and stimulated by a greater variety of scene and action, he might probably have done enough to cast the best of what he has left us into the shade. But it was now too late even for Africa. Campbell was exhausted. We hope he had merely been tempted, in consequence of booksellers' debts, to lend his name to some other still more imbecile productions of the press. Far be it from us to 'allude to them particularly.'

Our readers, after what we have hinted, will not be astonished to find that his wife's death had been by no means an unmitigated addition to his list of afflictions. Some time afterwards it seemed as if he had made up his mind to start afresh in life. He took a house better than he had ever before had, and in a more fashionable situation—one of the quiet old court-yards of Whitehall: and here for one season he gave dinners and evening parties of considerable pretension. It was then rumoured, and Dr. Beattie now confirms the report, that he indulged visions of a second matrimony. The brass buttons shone with renewed gayness; and though in letters of earlier date he had expressed his wonder that 'gentlemen of a certain age, if they will wear wigs at all, do not see the prudence of eschewing unmixed brown or black,' his own head-dress was now as luxuriantly juvenile as any that had once excited his commiseration (vol. iii., p. 137). He had a little court of Poles, Paddies, and Paddingtonians in constant attendance; and, we believe, occasionally did the honours to

about as strange mixtures as could ever have amused that locality since Vanbrugh reared and heated the 'gooseberry-pye' of Swift's Epigrams. The dream of love ended in disappointment and bitterness:—

*Jam nec spes animi credula mutui,  
Nec certare juvat mero,  
Nec vincere novis temporibus floribus.*

His expenditure in that season had been unwise: the folly was brief—and never repeated; but Dr. Beattie clearly intimates that, notwithstanding the pension, now unburthened, the two legacies, and the proceeds of a last collective edition of his poems, which he was enabled to put forth in consequence of the expiring of the copyrights originally assigned—he never was, while he remained in London, free from pecuniary annoyance. Some public appearances—especially one at an unusually crowded dinner of the Literary Fund, Prince Albert in the chair—gave deep pain to his friends, and to multitudes who had known him only from his writings. There ensued even grave alarm upon his publishing in the newspapers (April, 1841) an advertisement signed T. C., and with the date of his residence, imploring for an interview with a little girl, quite a child, whose countenance, contemplated for a moment at Spring Gardens Corner, had thrown the sexagenarian poet into a portentous delirium of rapture (vol. iii., p. 304). We do not think we ever saw him later than this; but well remember that there was a very general satisfaction upon the intelligence that, after frequent change of house and lodging in and near London, he had at last resolved to retire abroad, with the attendance of a niece who had recently been invited to live with him, and who to the end watched over him with the affectionate care to which his conduct in all domestic relations had so well entitled him.

He went in September, 1843: but the choice of Boulogne was not happy, as all who have any notion of the society of that place, and consider the following sentences, will easily comprehend.

'To habitual intemperance he was not addicted. They who said so, were ungenerous, unjust; but he would not quarrel with their injustice; they had ground, no doubt, for the insinuation. Some minds remember nothing so distinctly as the failings of their unhappy friends. If there were moments of human life, when, in agony of mind, the maxims of prudence might be forgotten—the reins of self-control suffered to drop from the hand—such moments he had known. He was alone in the world; his wife, and the child of his hopes, were dead; his only surviving child was consigned to a living tomb; his old friends—brothers—sisters—were dead—all but

one, and she too was dying; his last hopes, on a point he would not name, were blighted. As for fame, it was a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at his age, to his own solitary experience it was bitter. Left in those chambers "alone with his glory," was it wonderful that his philosophy, at times, took fright? that he rushed into company—resorted to that which blunts but heals no pang? and then—sick of the world, dissatisfied with himself—sank back into solitude? Yet he would tax no man's sympathy—he would get to the end of his journey as uncomplainingly as he could; he was weaker than other men—not, perhaps, more wicked. If censured for his faults, he would only say to his friends, "Strike—but hear me!"—vol. iii. p. 410.

We are under no temptation to enlarge on the topic thus dismissed by Dr. Beattie, whose evidence, however, in the opening of the extract, is important, and will be exceedingly welcome to many. His allusions to his friend's desolate hearth remind us of the lamentation of an ancient British bard:—

*God hath provided unpleasant things for me :  
Dead is Morgeneu, dead is Mordav,  
Dead is Morien, dead are those I love.\**

The constitution was broken long before he repaired to Boulogne. The ensuing spring found him rapidly sinking. Dr. and Mrs. Beattie hastened to his side, and joined Miss Campbell in every assiduity that reverence could dictate. The concluding chapter will be perused with more satisfaction than any other in the Doctor's third volume. *Sat est viris*. The end was devout, serene, even happy. In his own words:—

The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,  
And Life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

'June 12th.—He has passed a tolerable night—sleeping at intervals. By his desire, I again read the prayers for the sick—followed by various texts of Scripture, to which he listened with deep attention—suppressing, as much as he could, the sound of his own breathing, which had become almost laborious. At the conclusion he said—It is very soothing! At another time I read to him passages from the Epistles and Gospels—directing his attention, as well as I could, to the comforting assurance they contained of the life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour. When this was done, I asked him, Do you believe all this? Oh yes, he replied with emphasis—I do! His manner all this time was deeply solemn and affecting. When I began to read the prayers, he raised his hand to his head—took off his nightcap—then,

clasping his hands across his chest, he seemed to realise all the feeling of his own triumphant lines—

This spirit shall return to Him  
Who gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark.  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led Captivity,  
Who robb'd the Grave of victory  
And took the sting from Death!

'Later in the day he spoke with less difficulty—he said something to every one near him. To his niece, who was leaning over him in great anxiety, and anticipating every little want, he said,—Come—let us sing praises to Christ!—then pointing to the bed-side, he added—Sit here. "Shall I pray for you?" she said—Oh, yes—he replied; Let us pray for one another! In the evening, a relation of my own, whom he had known many years, and who accompanied us from London on this visit, read prayers from the Liturgy at his bed-side,—and that Liturgy, of which the Poet had so often expressed his admiration in health, was a source of comfort in the hour of sickness. He expressed himself "soothed—comforted;" and, after a few words uttered in a whisper, he fell into a quiet slumber. As we sat by his side—reflecting on what had passed—we thought with Rogers:—

Through many a year  
We shall remember with a 'sad' delight  
The words so precious which we heard to-night!

'June 14th.—At a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and in a slow, distinct whisper, he said—*We shall see \* \* to-morrow!*—naming in the same breath a long-departed friend. After giving him a teaspoonful of some liquid at hand, he moistened his lips with it—adding as usual—"Thank you—much obliged;" and these were the last connected words we heard from him.'—vol. iii. pp. 372–375.

Next day, June 15th, 1844, he expired. It was not unfortunate that he had ceased for some space to be before the English world. All was forgotten except the upright and generous qualities of the man, and the few imperishable creations of a genius in its own sphere seldom surpassed. It being known that he had from an early time counted on 'going to sleep in Westminster Abbey' (vol. ii. p. 176), his remains were brought over accordingly. On the 3rd of July they were interred in the Poets' Corner, hard by those of Chaucer and Dryden, and the obsequies were discharged in a very honourable manner. On one side the bier stood the chief of his clan, the late Duke of Argyle, and on the other Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister: the attendance in-

\* Merdinn Wylt—quoted by Mr. Herbert in his very curious book, the Cyclops Christianus, p. 79.

cluded a large assemblage of hereditary and acquired distinction: and the service was read by a friend and brother-poet, one of the prebendaries, Mr. Milman. The inscription on the coffin was 'Thomas Campbell, LL.D., author of the Pleasures of Hope, aged LXVII.' A monumental statue (by Mr. Marshall) is now about to be erected in the Abbey. It has two very common faults: it conveys the notion of a much taller and more athletic man, and the attitude is somewhat theatrical; but the poet's features are preserved with happy fidelity.

His place is safe: yet the young aspirant should not neglect the warnings which, lasting as his honours will be, his history enforces. On the gravest of these, indeed, it would be idle to say a word: this tale is but one of the thousand that preach trumpet-tongued—to the deaf—the imprudence of any poor man in commencing life with no profession but that of the pen. That is, we fear, a hopeless affair. A lesson by which some may possibly profit, is the danger of precocious celebrity—too easily as well as too early achieved—inducing afterwards reluctance for labour, with at the same time a sore, anxious fretfulness for the high and commanding authority which waits only on patient, strenuous ambition:—a pain continually sharpened, it may be, by the consciousness that the supereminent prize was, nay is, within reach—yet this spur rarely overmastering the chill of tremour and the fatal creeping of laziness. From which indulgences springs a thirst for others to cloak them—above all to cloak them from one's self; namely—not to mention gross things—the tendency to cast about for ignobler gratification in the acquisition of such a standing in the world as may be best promoted by worship of its secure influences—that is, by the art or trade of tufthunting, at present the most flourishing of mysteries—or, if there be too much of pride or languor, or both together, for assiduity in this line, the falling back on the humble but soft cushion which is always ready for any real celebrity, however stunted in its development—the cheap luxury of assentation: which last appears undoubtedly to have been Campbell's Delilah. Both foibles however spring from one and the same root—*Vanitas vanitatum*, *omnia vanitas*—and which is after all the worse growth of the two, it might not be so very easy to determine. They are frequently intertwined; the man who fawns upon the great is apt to lose no opportunity of making himself amends by playing the cock-of-the-club among those who will let him. Campbell was singularly free from the former blot. The balance of the culpabili-

ties should be left for those who can acquit themselves of having tampered with either; and they will not perhaps be the sternest of critics for the mistakes and failings of a conscientious and benevolent man, who paid a good deal for them in his lifetime, and never injured any one but himself.

#### ART. III.—1. *The Chess-Player's Handbook.*

By Howard Staunton, Esq. 1847.

#### 2. *Maxims and Hints for the Angler and Chess-Player.* By Richard Penn, Esq., F.R.S. New edition. 1842.

#### 3. *Le Palamède: Revue Mensuelle.*

#### 4. *The Chess-Player's Chronicle.*

ENGLAND has not hitherto been the land of arm-chair amusements. The turf and the chace, the rod and the gun, have numbered among their votaries the mass of those whose means allowed them anything beyond the vicissitudes of labour and rest. And these active sports still keep their ground, but with a difference:—the sportsman of Queen Victoria's epoch has his evening as well as his morning to employ—conviviality is chastened, and music or conversation claims the hours formerly resigned to the bottle. A similar change has been wrought among those whose mornings are passed in the more sedentary pursuits of commerce or study. The tradesman and artisan have partaken the movement, and through every rank of society, save the very lowest, there is evinced a preference for intellectual recreation over animal refection. Reading-rooms and mechanics' institutes multiply, and their supporters have wisely desired to vary the attractions which they present. To these and similar causes we in great measure attribute the growing popularity of Chess. Others may go deeper, and say that in this anxious period, when all those appliances which seem designed to save time and trouble only leave us a few additional minutes for 'toil and turmoil, cark and care'—in this age of mental high pressure, men seek in their very diversions something of intellectual discipline for the battle of life: and this view also has probably much of truth. But however we account for it, the fact is certain that the study and practice of Chess are rapidly increasing.

At the beginning of the century the most laborious search for works designed to teach chess would scarce have discovered fifty, and most of these rare, and in foreign languages. The list might now be enlarged

tenfold. Chess has truly a literature of its own. To Damiano, Philidor, Lolli, Greco, Ponziani, and the anonymous Modenese, are added Petroff, Jaenisch, Szen, Alexandre, Bourdonnais, Calvi, Laza, &c., on the Continent—with our own countrymen, Sarratt, Lewis, Walker, Staunton—and a crowd of less voluminous but ingenious contributors, from the clerical sphynx, the Rev. H. Bolton, to the unmusical though chess-honoured names of Bone and Muff. There are manuals of every price and calibre, and both the openings and terminations of games are analysed with the most industrious accuracy. Of this among the most striking examples are Major Jaenisch's volume on the variations of a single opening (the King's Bishop's Gambit), and M. Alexandre's quarto, the *Encyclopédie des Echecs*. The latter contains analyses of all the legitimate openings, with the different forms which they may be made to assume by probable variations in the attack or defence. It is a great literary curiosity, but we fear not likely to be often employed except by writers on chess, or by the patient victims of a game by correspondence. Its bulk is alarming, and its notation, though not difficult, is less simple and obvious than that in the ordinary treatises. Equally remarkable in another way is a recent publication by the English *Chess-Champion*, Mr. Staunton, which compresses in a small 12mo., we will not say all that can, but all that need be learnt from books as to the laws of the game, the best principles for conducting it, the chief openings and their happiest variations, with examples of each from actual play by the masters, and a numerous selection of interesting chess problems. Nor is this all—the Chess-player's Handbook also supplies an explanation of all the different modes of chess-notation, and a very full analysis of those various positions towards the termination of the game where the drawing or winning turns on the nicest points of play. The work is illustrated by 200 neatly executed diagrams, the arrangement perfect, the type clear, and—the price is 6s. 6d.! As a mere specimen of what printing can do in the nineteenth century, it deserves examination. Another, and a yet more elaborate work of the same comprehensive character, is the *Schach-Spieler's Handbuch* of Bilguer and Von der Laza, the pride of German chess-players. We believe that a curious collector might now make up a library of 1200 volumes on this so recently little-heeded subject.

But chess has not only its Handbooks and its Encyclopædias—it has also its own periodical literature. There issues monthly from the Polytechnic press *The Chess*

*Chronicle*, in 40 neatly printed pages, which are wholly and solely devoted to chess in all its forms—correspondence, challenges, anecdotes, problems, games actually played, and games which might, could, would, or should have been played. Mr. Staunton is the editor—the circulation large and continually increasing. Turning to the Continent, we behold a rival periodical, the *Palamède*, by M. St. Amant, also popular and well-conducted, though less exclusively devoted to chess, other games of skill occasionally finding a corner in its pages. Even the shock of the last tragicomic Revolution has left it flourishing in republican glory.\* The nomenclature may indeed be a little embarrassing, having been long since adapted in France to the ancient *régime*. Instead of the energetic Ferz or Vizier of the Eastern game—or the stately and influential Queen Consort of the English chess-board, our neighbours appropriately installed *La Dame*, the great lady, the reigning favourite, as head of the court and chief prop of the crown, while the Monarch was supported on the other side by no mitred prelate, but the official Fool with cap and bells. We might moralize this, but we would rather speculate on the future. How will the dignities of the chess-board be treated where the pictures of even a citizen-king have been regarded but as targets for patriot ball-practice? *La Dame* may indeed be easily replaced by a nude figure of Liberty, Equality, or Fraternity; and for *Le Fol*, the principal difficulty will be to select the character best entitled to bear the bells. But what name can be found unprofaned which may suit the leader of the mimic state? We shall be sorry to hear 'Barri-cades to your President' substituted for 'Check to your King,' or 'Mate' revolutionized into 'Abdication.' There is (or lately was) an excellent Journal in Germany, the *Berliner Schachzeitung*, and we believe two have been set up quite recently, one in the United States and another in British India. Some half-dozen Sunday newspapers, too, 'swell the triumph and partake the gale,' enlivening their columns with subtle problems or well contested games; and yet singular contrast! but fifteen years ago, Mr. G. Walker's 'Philidorian,' though treating of other games as well as of chess, and diversified by much of wit and humour, as well as of technical research, lived but for six numbers,† and then expired, 'a prey

\* The Journal is continued by M. Kieseritzky under the name (from the well-known café) of 'La Régence.'

† These six numbers make a charming little volume. There is a tale of Chess Diablerie,

to torpid apathy.' We believe that the chess-clubs alone would now suffice to keep the Chronicle going; and this brings us to our last and most decisive piece of evidence.

The clubs are almost a new feature of the case. It is true that ever since the time of Philidor one or more chess-clubs have existed in London, but so ephemeral, that in 1843 only one remained that had told above five years: moreover even at these the attendance was thin, and confined to a particular circle. Now there is a club in almost every considerable provincial town, while those of our great cities nearly vie with the two here, the 'London' and the 'St. George's.' It seems almost invidious to particularize—but Liverpool, Nottingham, Leeds, and Bristol have produced some of the finest provincial players. Brighton also stands high, as do Halifax, Wakefield, and several other Yorkshire towns. It would be difficult to guess at the aggregate numbers enrolled in all the clubs, but we should conjecture that those of Yorkshire alone number 400 members; and, be it remarked, these members are all *bonâ fide* chess-players. There is not even a well-spread table to attract; coffee and tea are generally the sole refreshments. Let our readers suppose it club-night, and with us take a peep at the proceedings. The room is well lighted—there is a good fire—sundry gentlemen of various ages are sipping coffee, with the addition, perhaps, of a cigar. But observe the business-like air of the meeting; our friends mean chess and nothing else. Look at that stout gentleman with very large shoes—he is a merchant, and this his recreation after severe business. Contrast his intense though heavy application of intellect, with the air of nonchalance and assumed superiority on the keener visage of his opponent, a surgeon in small practice, but of much local celebrity as an oracle of Liberalism and spouter at 'literary societies.' See—our solid friend has moved at last, and his antagonist, who has thrice cleared his throat and four times taken snuff, in the vain hope of accelerating the process, plays on the instant. Two or three admirers behind him look approval at each other—but the destinies frown—our 'man of genius' has risked all in a premature though brilliant attack, and, ere long, will console himself for a lost game by confidential whispers:—'Oversight—get careless—so very slow—shouldn't mind the Knight—time him,' &c. In a corner of the room the Secretary is playing over, for the instruction of some of the rising members, one of Staun-

better than all the similar attempts since made; and the lucubrations of Mr. Rummins on Whist are most entertaining.

ton's games, just reported from the metropolis. Elsewhere a visitor from a distant club is doing battle with the President, who seems fully conscious how much is expected of him. But, look where you will, all is chess—a tourney à l'outrance maintained between various pairs of champions, till midnight clears the lists. When it is considered that hundreds of meetings such as these take place weekly throughout England—that they are attended by persons filling a respectable place in society, and of good, perhaps superior average attainments—that they are absolutely divorced from gambling and intemperance, and require no other stimulus than that of innocent rivalry in an intellectual amusement—that they are not only finding supporters in the middle classes, but giving birth to kindred institutions among our intelligent mechanics and artisans—it will, we think, be admitted, that there must be something in Chess not wholly unworthy the notice of our readers at large. We propose meantime, without any pretence of deep research, to say a few words to such of them as are not wholly unacquainted with the game, on a few points which we deem interesting in its history, its practice, and its morals.

Its birth-place has been the subject of as much contest as Homer's. India, Egypt, Arabia, Greece, China—each has its claim. All attempts, however, to trace it to a classical fount are futile. Both Greeks and Romans had games resembling draughts—possibly like backgammon:—but the two distinguishing characteristics of chess—the various values and powers of the pieces, and the dependence of the fate of the game on that of the principal piece—are nowhere alluded to. We might add, though in this perhaps we shall be deemed fanciful, that we deem the spirit of the game too accurately scientific for the genius of early Greece. The claim of China seems more plausible; but we cannot be induced, by the 'centesimal and millesimal mode of exaggeration' prevalent among the Celestials, to believe them either the oldest nation of the East, or generally the 'repertoires doctrinarum atque leporum.' The distinctive chess now possessed by the Chinese, has the air rather of a game degenerated and confused, than of a great invention, perfected during the lapse of 2500 years.\* The weight of authority, as well as evidence, appears in favour of India, from whence the Arabians and Persians both admit that they received it. But if we are glad to be supported in this view by Sir

\* We are aware that we are here differing from a most learned writer—the Hon Daines Barrington—whose article in the ninth volume of the 'Archæologia' assigns the invention to China.

William Jones, we cannot likewise subscribe to his idea that chess, as now played, is unchanged from its original form—that this Minerva sprang complete from the brain of some Thunderer. We think that Sir William himself furnishes evidence to the contrary, when he traces the very name of Chess, with the titles and shapes of the chief pieces, to the Chatur-anga,\* which certainly constituted a very ancient eastern form of the game. Decisive proof is unattainable, owing to distance of place and time, and want of records; but we cannot doubt that practice discovered imperfections which were gradually corrected. Those who have observed how difficult it is to get up a game at the 'Four-chess'† even at a club in the present day, and how tedious and unsatisfactory it often proves, unless the antagonists are both quick and well matched, will readily conceive how two armies came to be condensed into one; the redundant King being changed into a Vizier or General. Another natural improvement would be the dismissal of the dice, and leaving the player free in his choice of the piece to be moved. The very anomalies of the game—such as queen-ing a pawn, castling, and playing the pawn two squares at the first move—seem as though they had been suggested by long experience; the former to diminish the number of drawn games, the two latter to bring the pieces more rapidly into collision. We admit these to be improvements—but from their very nature they cannot well have belonged to such a grand 'first conception' as Sir W. Jones supposes. It is observable, too, that the Chatur-anga has wholly disappeared, as though it had been merged long since in the more perfect form of modern chess; while Mr. G. Walker has published some translations from ancient Persian chess MSS., which, showing an approach to the present mode, must, we think, be regarded as denoting a distinct intermediate game. But be this as it may, the Persians affirm that the game reached them from India in the sixth century, and we might naturally suppose that it would enter Europe *via* Constantinople, whither every product of the East found

its way; and, in point of fact, we find this to have been the case, as our earliest European notices of the game are drawn from Byzantine writers.\* Whether the western portion of Europe received it from travellers who had visited the Golden Horn, or the Crusaders brought it home with them from Palestine, seems scarce worth disputing; indeed it was most likely propagated in both ways: but it clearly became very prevalent shortly after the first crusade, whereas till near that time it appears to have been known to none but the Scandinavian nations, whose roving mariners probably brought it for themselves from the East.† Wherever the game was introduced, it appears to have rapidly acquired popularity—a result hardly to be wondered at, in an age when scarcely any intellectual resources were accessible, save to the clergy. Spain and Italy seem to have early attained a pre-eminence in skill, which the latter did not lose till the middle of the last century. But if the skill of other nations was less, the keenness, we had almost said ferocity, with which the game was pursued, appears to have been greater in the North. We have an unpleasant proceeding on the part of Canute recorded—how he made away with a nobleman to whom he was under deep obligation, because he refused to be cheated point blank. Nor was there much dignity in the later squabble between our Henry I. when Prince, and the Dauphin, who revenged a series of defeats by striking his adversary with the chess-board, and was in turn most unroyally drubbed by the English fist: but generally, wherever chess is mentioned in old chronicles or metrical romances, it is as the occasion of some act of violence or bitter feud. The great size of the early chessmen,‡ and the use of metal in the boards, must have rendered them tempting weapons for an angry man—the rooks especially seem to have been often used as Homer's heroes employ some huge stone.

As the anecdotes approach modern times, they assume a more civilized character.

\* Chatur-anga (Sanskrit) signifies 'the four members of an army,' or elephants, horses, chariots, and foot-soldiers. It was also called Chatuñjāji, or the four kings, since it was played by four persons, two allied against two, each commanding eight pieces. The board contained sixty-four squares as now. There were many grades of success up to a complete victory, the stakes won varying proportionably. A throw of the dice decided which piece should be moved, or at least restricted the player's choice.

† See The Philidorian, p. 207, for an explanation of this variety.

\* For instance, it is alluded to by Anna Comnena, in the twelfth book of her Alexias, in a manner which shows that in the twelfth century it was familiar there. A most costly set of chessmen, extant till the Revolution at the Abbey of St. Denis, were dressed in the Greek garb of the ninth century, and Sir F. Madden (who has collected all the earliest stray notices of the game) respects the tradition that these pieces had been a gift from the Eastern Emperor to Charlemagne.

† We ought perhaps to have excepted also the Moors of Spain, who may have derived it early from Arabia.

‡ See Sir Frederick Madden's Remarks on the Ancient Chessmen found in the Isle of Skye.

There was something almost chivalrous in the manner in which great players, especially those of Spain and Italy—as Ruy Lopez, Paolo Boi, and Leonardo ‘il Puttino’—used to traverse land and sea in search of a worthy antagonist. And though we may not think that the first of these worthies was appropriately rewarded by Philip II. for his skill with a Bishopric, we read with pleasure of the encouragement which in those days ‘lords and dukes and noble princes’ used to give to a game which was almost a science. No amusement, perhaps, has been patronized by so great a variety of remarkable personages as chess. Charles XII. of Sweden was passionately fond of it, though his play had the characteristic imperfection ‘qu’il faisait toujours marcher son Roi.’ The calmness with which he could sit down to the game when he had barricaded his house at Bender, contrasts curiously with the headstrong folly which prompted so desperate a resistance. The Marechal Boufflers was a skilful player. Napoleon found the game a great resource, especially in his monotonous captivity at St. Helena. There is something melancholy in the thought, how often his mind must have wandered from the mimic troops before him, to other fights in other fields; yet perhaps the best inscription for Napoleon’s chess-board (which we trust is at Mad. Tussaud’s, as well as his Waterloo chariot) might be supplied by Juvenal’s lines:—

Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit orbi  
Illustresque animas—

We cannot add, especially so soon after the 18th of June,

impune et vindice nullo!

Charles I. was actually playing when he received the news that the Scots intended to deliver him up. Frederick, ‘the Great Elector’ of Saxony, returned calmly to his game after yet bitterer tidings. Certainly, one of the characteristics of the game is its power of engrossing the mind, and withdrawing it from subjects of painful contemplation. We have found its absorbing interest deaden even the force of acute bodily pain. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the boundless range of combinations, in which the mind may wander without ever seeming to go too far.

It has often been asked, ‘Are great abilities requisite to make a first-rate chess-player?’ and the under-valuers of the game have replied triumphantly by pointing to the number of men who have shone as chess-

players, and in no other line. Yet this reply is not conclusive, unless it could be also shown that these men laboured earnestly for higher successes, and failed. Chess, no doubt, like other amusements, has been the occasion of wasted talents and lost opportunities. Few are aware, possibly, that before Philidor addicted himself strongly to chess, he had obtained considerable celebrity as a composer, and had written an opera which was much admired. We may lament such cases, but must not argue as though they were not. For ourselves, we have seen clever men who were decidedly ‘muddle-headed’ over a chess-board; but we never saw any person attain to excellence in the game *with ease*, who was not possessed of superior abilities. Indeed, whatever may be the faults of chess, it cannot be charged with that of being too easy. Lord Bacon censured it as ‘too wise a game.’ Walter Scott withdrew from it, alleging that ‘he saw a man might learn another language with less strain to the mind.’ Lively people—not to dwell on such great geniuses—often find it too laborious for a recreation—dull ones constantly give it up in despair. In short, to shine at it requires uncommon readiness and accuracy of calculation. We must, therefore, withdraw the credence too freely given in our youth to the charming story in the ‘*Animaux célèbres*,’ of a certain chess-playing monkey; how he beat his royal master, and how, after receiving sundry blows in reward of his victory, he prefaced the next checkmate by taking up for his personal security a cushion which lay ‘convenient.’ Yet to swallow this spirited fiction requires hardly more faith than that of the ‘gentle public’ in every European capital, who visited the ‘Automaton Chess-player.’ In the nineteenth century (credite, Poster!) it was an article of common belief, that, by winding up every ten minutes or so, mere machinery could be made capable of replying to and out-manceuvring stratagems resulting from deep thought and susceptible of almost endless variation. Day after day did spectators crowd to the miraculous triumph of mechanic art, and retire ‘awed, delighted, and amazed.’ We have before us a book printed in 1819, not particularly ill written, which shows most gravely the impossibility of any trick in the case; and expatiates on the skill which could thus enable matter to perform the functions of mind.\* How gene-

\* We refer to the translation published in London, of Mr. Charles Gottlieb de Windisch’s ‘*Letters on the Automaton Chess-player*’—whereof a short specimen will suffice:—‘Notwithstanding the superior ingenuity of modern artists which scientific inventions discover, it seems absolutely



rally this view of the case, or one little short of it, prevailed, may be gathered from the fact, that the Automaton Trumpeter of Mons. Maelzel, exhibited here in 1819 along with the Chess-player, though really a most masterly piece of mechanism, attracted little or no attention in comparison with that intrepid hoax.

We would not, however, be understood as denying great credit to Mr. De Kempelen's ingenious contrivance for concealing the player, and at the same time making him aware of his opponent's moves. After the person who directed the game from within, had successively slidden through the different parts of the machine, leaving each in its turn clear for exhibition, he lighted a taper and seated himself, with a board of his own, immediately below that on which the Automaton was to operate. The pieces which the figure moved had powerful magnets at their bases; and below, and near each square of the board, hung a small metal ball by a short thread. Thus the player below could at once see from what square a piece had been removed—by the dropping of a ball, and where one had been placed—by the rising of another. The move, thus learned, he repeated on his private board, and having then decided on his own, directed the arm and fingers of the figure accordingly.

Two points more may be worth mention—the one, that a clever Cambridge mathematician, Mr. Willis, solved the mystery by fair reasoning from what he saw, without a single considerable mistake, and published his solution, while the 'gentle public' as aforesaid were still in utter darkness. The other, that while our countryman Mr. Lewis was the hidden performer, the Automaton lost but six games in some three hundred, though always giving the odds of 'pawn and move.' This, no doubt, was mainly attributable to that gentleman's great skill; but we confess we are inclined to attribute something also to a kind of superstitious fear in the players, who found themselves *vis-à-vis* with a black-bearded wooden Turk, and serenaded with a perpetual whirring from the wheels in his interior.

The Automaton is now almost forgotten. Mr. Lewis (the more the pity) has ceased to play: we must let by-gones be by-gones, and hasten to a part of our subject where true chess-players will be more likely to

find fault with the quality than with the quantity of our remarks. With regard, then, to the practice of chess, we would first observe that it has now obtained a most desirable uniformity. All over Europe (with the exception of one village)\* it is played alike; so also in the New World, and in British India. In China there still prevails a clumsier form of the game: but this is a matter of little concernment to any but the Celestials themselves. In the accessible regions of the world, as we have said, one general mode obtains. To point out one or two technicalities—the Italian method of castling, which allowed the king and rook to exchange places, or occupy any intermediate squares, has now nearly disappeared. Taking 'en passant,' at an adverse pawn's first move, is universally admitted: so is the choosing what piece one will for a pawn pushed home, even to the extent, if needful, of half a dozen queens at once. An equally important movement is the reckoning stalemate as a drawn game.

Another advantage has arisen from the multiplication of clubs, and consequent publication of accurate rules, viz., that the strict game is now played, instead of those courteous surrenders of advantages offered by a heedless adversary, which used often to make winners of those who had received back two or three leading pieces in the course of the game. These were a source of endless unpleasant discussions, besides being in themselves an absurdity. We confess we have no notion of rewarding an opponent for his oversights. We would show him as little mercy as Mr. Smith O'Brien would to Lord Clarendon. Nay, we should be moved hereto by a consideration of his benefit as well as our own—for why should we teach him vacillation and heedlessness? But should you have an opponent not inured to this rigorous procedure, then, reader, let us commend to you a suggestion of Mr. Richard Penn, F. R. S., whose 'hints' are as judicious as they are quaint.

'Some persons,' he says, 'when they are playing with a stranger who entreats to be allowed to take back a move, let him do so the first time; then, almost immediately after, put their own Queen *en prise*; and when the mistake is politely pointed out to them, they say that *they* never take back a move, but that they are ready to begin another game.†

impossible that any piece of mechanism should be invented which, possessing perfect mechanical motion, should appear to exert the intelligence of a reasoning agent. This seeming impossibility is surmounted in the construction of the Automaton Chess-player.'

\* Strobeck holds certain privileges by a curious chess-tenure; and the game there played differs from the ordinary one in many important particulars.

† Some of the wood-cuts in Mr. Penn's instructive and amusing little book are from sketches by

Perhaps the most remarkable instance on record of a strict enforcement of the tenor of chess-law occurred in the celebrated match, by correspondence, between the London and Edinburgh Clubs. At the 27th move of the second game the London Club threw a rook away. How they did so Mr. Lewis explains in the following words:—

'The 26th, 27th, and 28th moves were sent on the same day to the Edinburgh Club; this was done to save time. It so happened that the secretary, whose duty it was to write the letters, had an engagement which compelled him to leave the club two hours earlier than usual—the letter was therefore posted at three instead of five o'clock; in the meantime one of the members discovered that the 2d move (the 27th) had not been sufficiently examined. An application was immediately made at the post-office for the letter, which was refused; in consequence a second letter was transmitted by the same post to the Edinburgh Club, retracting the 2nd and 3rd moves, and abiding only by the 1st. The Edinburgh Club, in answer, gave it as their decided opinion, that the London Club were bound by their letter, and that no move could be retracted; they therefore insisted on the moves being played: the London Club conceded the point, though they differed in opinion.'

We cannot but think, under all the circumstances, the Edinburgh Club were to blame. What rendered the mishap more vexatious to the Londoners was, that whereas they had won a game before, they now barely lost it, and thereby the match, which the winning of this game would have decided in their favour. There can be little doubt that the London Club (then comprising Messrs. *Lewis, Fraser, and Cochrane*) was the stronger of the two. On the part of Edinburgh, we believe the lion's share of the work fell to the late Mr. Donaldson. Let not any beginner suppose the task of conducting such a contest a light one. True, there was no railway then, and only one letter was exchanged per week, containing a single move in each of the games which were going on simultaneously. But that single move! Let no man who has not nerves of wrought-iron, a brain of clock-work, and, above all, a glut of leisure, engage in a game by correspondence. Let us grant (what was not true twenty-five years since) that the books will now carry you through the first ten moves without risk of serious error, or any greater labour than

that required to hunt out the results arrived at in the best analysis. Still after those moves a far more complicated series will come, which you must investigate for yourself. The difficulty of this task will vary, and is from time to time suspended by forced moves, as in cases of check, &c. Nevertheless, that difficulty will appear, on the lowest calculation, to be of a most formidable character. Seven cards may be played 5040 different ways. Think, then, reader, what it must be to analyse all the most likely variations in the conduct of so many pieces, seven moves deep on each side! The division of labour in a numerous committee of course lightens a burthen else too heavy for the broadest shoulders. Two very clever amateurs, Mr. H. W., of the Isle of Wight, and Mr. N., of Nottingham, played a match by correspondence some years since. Both games were drawn, and both players seriously ill at the close of the match. The brain and nerves had both been overtasked, and neither party has ever since regained his full chess strength. With such an example before us, we frankly confess our dread of chess by correspondence. The game so played, however, may be studied with peculiar advantage by the aspirant after chess honours. There are no brilliant faults to mislead him, and he will arrive at solid and accurate conclusions as to sound modes of attack and defence. The match between Paris and Pesth is particularly instructive. To a Frenchman what an anti-climax in Paris and Pesth! However, the Hungarians, headed by the famous M. Szen, won *both* their games—in their conduct of which it is difficult for the most hypercritical to detect a flaw. The French players, it is true, suffered early in the match the loss of the veteran Des Chapelles; but as they could only have retained his services on condition of playing an untenable counter-gambit, we must rather congratulate them on getting rid of so crotchety an ally. The Nestor of Parisian chess, indignant at seeing his pet move—the darling of his fancy—so rudely slighted, offered to play his own opening against all the rest of the committee, but prudently declined to stand by his challenge when accepted. This was not M. Des Chapelles' first retreat under similar circumstances; and unless documents, as well as rumours, be much given to lying, the contagion of his

his friend Sir F. Chantrey. In several of these both Sir Francis and Mr. Penn are hit off as anglers; but one of the best exhibits them at chess, the great sculptor thus seeking consolation under gout, as witness his flannelled limb and foot-stool.

\* No move would be considered sound in a great match which would not bear this amount of scrutiny. Of course many variations, even of those which looked promising, are dismissed, after a move or two, as untenable. Else the task would be impossible.

example subsequently affected his 'chess lieutenant,' M. St. Amant. But of this anon.

We were speaking of modes of chess-play, and ought not to pass by one which has, at different times, drawn great attention as a kind of intellectual phenomenon—we mean the playing blindfold, or without a board. This requires of course great practice, and thorough acquaintance with the board; and any chess-player, possessing these requisites, will be able to do it well enough to beat one who has only played in private society. But to do it thoroughly well—to play within a pawn or so of one's usual strength, without seeing the pieces—demands further a peculiar natural gift, without which the great mental effort made produces but a lame and impotent conclusion—the party blindfolded playing about a rook below his usual strength in a short game. That for most men the effort is a great one may be fairly inferred from its effect on La Bourdonnais, the most ingenious player of his day, whom it is said to *have killed*. Of living players we believe Mons. Harrwitz to be the best at this mode of play. But no one has appeared since Philidor at all comparable with that remarkable genius in this singular kind of contest. All the feats of Jedediah Buxton, and similar prodigies of calculation, sink into nothing when compared with the triumph achieved by Philidor in a *triple contest at blindfold chess*. His antagonists were three of the best players of his day—Count Brühl, Dr. Bowdler, and Mr. Maseres. With the first two he played even—to the third he gave the pawn and move. Great pains were taken by these gentlemen to puzzle him, by opening their games as nearly alike as possible, but in vain. He was never in the smallest degree embarrassed, and played out all three games with as much ease and accuracy as if he had had the boards before him. The management of his pawns—a department in which he has never since been equalled—attracted especial admiration on this occasion. In one of the games they formed—together with those of his opponent, which they stopped—a complete *chevaux de frise* across the board, over which none of the hostile pieces could pass. This game was in consequence drawn; the other two were won by Philidor, who showed not the smallest fatigue after an exertion so extraordinary.

We have often heard the question started, what rank Philidor would hold among the players of our day, could he re-appear on the chequered field? The general reply is, that he would have no chance with many of the present masters of the game, who start

with a knowledge of the various openings obtained by the most profound analysis. This conclusion is arrived at chiefly from the study of Philidor's work on chess, confessedly a feeble performance when compared, for instance, with the German Handbuch, or with Staunton's English compendium. At the risk, however, of being deemed either old-fashioned or ignorant, we must plead guilty to a conclusion less flattering to modern professors. We believe on the evidence of Philidor's recorded games, that on the whole he has had no superior. He certainly often lost time in getting his pieces into play, but he did so without seriously compromising his game, and when once fairly afloat he showed a fertility of resource and accuracy of calculation which have rarely since been surpassed. And it is very conceivable, that had he been able to meet with an antagonist of powers equal to his own, he would have exhibited more curious and profound combinations than he ever found actually necessary. There is a legend, indeed, that the Turkish ambassador was a match for him, or nearly so, over the board, but we must qualify this with Herodotus's favourite reservation, as 'a statement which for our own parts we cannot trust.'

Since Philidor's days the supremacy of the chess-board has never been undisputed. Many, and of course all Frenchmen assigned it for a time to Des Chapelles, but he was beaten by our own Lewis at the pawn and move, and never afterwards played with him even. La Bourdonnais repeatedly defeated McDonnell, but the latter was not the champion of English chess, and always received odds from Lewis. Mr. Staunton is probably the strongest player now living. We say probably, on account of the great number of German and Russian players with whom he has had no opportunity of measuring his strength—Szen, Jaenisch, Petroff, and other names of might. But it is certain that for years he has not met his match, and is in danger of becoming—like the pugnacious little Irish tailor *before he married*—'blue-moulded for want of a bathing.' His success in his Parisian match with M. St. Amant is well known, as well as his subsequent victories over Messrs. Harrwitz and Horwitz. There are some singular circumstances connected with the abortive attempt at a return-match with the first-named gentleman, which might introduce us to a new branch of our subject, the 'diplomacy of chess.' But we shall give only a general outline of the facts, referring our readers (should their curiosity be unsatisfied) to Mr. Bryan, an American

virtuoso, who has executed the task of historian ably and impartially.\*

Mr. Bryan gives the whole of the correspondence, which is of such a character that every French player with whom we have met considers his own countryman's character for combativeness (*quoad chess*) irretrievably damaged by it. We will merely show how it arose. In November, 1843, Mr. Staunton went over to Paris to play his first match, accompanied by his two seconds, Messrs. Harry Wilson and Worrell, both enthusiastic amateurs. The first winner of eleven games was to be declared the conqueror. Mr. Staunton had scored *ten* when his adversary had won but *two*, and under the same circumstances might have been safely backed at any odds to secure one of the next two games, and consequently the match. But at this critical point his good genius, in the shape of Mr. Harry Wilson, unwillingly abandoned him (Mr. Worrell having already returned to England), and he was exposed to the trying ordeal of playing day after day in the midst of eager adversaries, whom the spirit of national rivalry had rendered forgetful of the golden rule—a clear stage and no favour. Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that he lost four games more ere he gained the one which decided the match. Still M. St. Amant's defeat was complete enough. It was made worse by the desperate pleas resorted to to account for it. St. Amant was (comparatively) out of practice. Staunton had been training for the match expressly. '*Des centaines de séances, des milliers de parties sont là pour l'attester.*' The pieces played were '*d'une forme lourde, énorme, disgracieuse,*' and so on, through a multitude of details, false in fact and pitiful in taste. The conclusion of the letter in the '*Palamède*,' of which the above are samples, is too sublimely French to be omitted.—

'*Rappelons alors à l'Angleterre que St. Amant ne se regarde pas comme battu; (!) qu'à son tour il se propose de demander une revanche; que St. Amant reçoit Pion et deux Traits de M. Des Chapelles. Rappelons-lui enfin, à cette orgueilleuse Albion, que les dieux de l'Olympe faisaient payer cher aux mortels la nécessité d'abandonner leurs célestes demeures!*'

The English of which is, that the editor of the *Palamède* is not beaten, or if he is, will

\* '*Historique de la Lutte entre l'Editeur du Palamède, Journal Français, et l'Editeur du Chess-player's Chronicle, Journal Anglais:*' Paris, chez C. Tresse.

call in Des Chapelles to beat the too successful Englishman. But, alas! M. Des Chapelles, fairly reposing on his laurels, and perhaps unwilling to match himself in his wane with an antagonist at the full, left St. Amant to be his own avenger. The latter, however, showed as much reluctance to take the '*revanche*' so often talked of, as Mr. Mitchell to encounter the law he professed to brave. After trying every means to escape a second struggle—garbling some of Mr. S.'s letters—suppressing others—shifting\* his proposals as soon as accepted, and so forth, till for very shame he was forced to meet a man who would play with him at his own place, his own hours, and on his own terms, Fortune stood his friend. Mr. Staunton was attacked in Paris (whither he had gone expressly to play) by a dangerous illness, and forced to return to England *re infectâ*. M. St. Amant has been in England since, and has played with other antagonists, but not with Mr. Staunton, though the latter has offered him *carte blanche* as to every arrangement for another match. M. St. Amant is a very discreet man; and if, as is reported, he is now in office under the new régime, we trust that a recollection of his '*Chess-correspondence*' will secure for him some high diplomatic trust.

For those of our readers who feel a national pride in the question, we would mention that the Champion of American chess, Mr. Stanley, is an Englishman. In fact, we have now, as a nation, no rivals in this noble game, except the Germans. We hope ere long to see a spirited contest with some of their *célébrités*. It may interest some of our readers to know that a match is at present playing at the London Club between two first-rate foreigners, Messieurs Harrwitz and Horwitz.

So much for 'the state and prospects' of the chess world.

We have often heard the remark, that 'chess would be all very well, were it not so very difficult to find persons to play with.'

\* We must give a specimen of M. St. Amant's power of shifting his ground, in connexion with a point of great interest to chess-players. In his match with Mr. Staunton, the games were all *close* ones; that is to say, the *royal* opening—King's P. 2, King's P. 2—was *never* played: the defence was always on the Queen's side of the board, the attack often so; and all the brilliant gambits, &c., were excluded. Amateurs were loud against this; and Mr. Staunton accordingly proposed that in their return match the *royal opening* should be played by both. M. St. Amant's first reply was, '*Vous semblez venir au devant de mes désirs. . . . j'en signe l'engagement de deux mains.*' But when a *bonâ fide* engagement seemed probable, he terms the same proposition '*inconcevable, et une concession énorme.*'

Nor is this complaint wholly groundless as regards people residing in the country—not the ‘*rus suburbanum*,’ but the veritable country, with its ‘*pomp of groves and garniture of fields*’—nothing within thirty miles larger than a quiet market-town. In such a locality the squire or parson may think himself fortunate if he gets a game in a month with a passing stranger, or can train up some one of his own family circle to make a respectable fight. We knew an old gentleman, many years a widower, who was a real enthusiast for chess, though but a third-rate player. Being hospitably given, he was seldom long without an antagonist; but when the daughters, who had done the honours of his table, were married and settled far off, and he found the effort of entertaining friends daily greater, he looked out for a sensible woman who could play at chess, and having satisfied himself that she would be a good match for him, took her ‘for better for worse.’ Our own impression is, that she was a little the better; but if so, Griselda might have taken a lesson from her, for she managed to be always a game or two behind. For ourselves, we believe we are capable of much self-devotion, much self-sacrifice. We would ride for our friend—dine for our friend—canvass, puff, speechify, and huzzah! for our friend: but to lose a game of chess to him deliberately—to endure with a decent face his efforts to console and ‘patronize’ us as beaten!—we cannot extend so far—nor can we advise our chess-playing country friends to choose a wife on the grounds above set forth. They must be patient and hopeful, and they will enjoy an occasional bout keenly in proportion to its rarity. But in large towns no chess-player, whether resident or a casual visitor, need be at a loss: he has but to find out when the club meets and who are its members, and the free-masonry of chess will do the rest. In London, it is true, the clubs are not quite so accessible; but Ries’s Divan leaves the amateur nothing to desire. For ourselves, though unworthy members of a metropolitan as well as provincial club, we confess a great regard for Mr. Ries’s saloon, as now improved and embellished. In these days, when even the ‘centesimal and millesimal mode of exaggeration’ leaves Mr. Cobden under disagreeable impressions as to the present and prospective scarcity of cash, we shall be pardoned for saying a word on the point of economy. We know not in what manner a shilling can be more productively invested. A good cup of coffee—a good cigar (for those who have not been nauseated with smoke in Germany)—access to a really handsome and spacious room well furnished

—the use of an ample supply of periodicals, British and foreign, with novels galore for those who cannot long keep up the mental effort of chess—are of themselves not bad things; but to a thorough-going devotee the chief attraction is in the good play to be seen, and the strong players to be encountered. Poor Daniels, indeed, has been some years gone—the most agreeable of antagonists—who never kept you waiting, his brilliant play seeming to come by intuition. But Mr. Löwe, Mr. Tuckett, Mr. E. Williams of Bristol, and others of nearly the same calibre, may generally be seen there; and occasionally Mr. Staunton, and another amateur, in our opinion only inferior to him among English chess-players, Mr. Buckle; foreigners of note, too, constantly make it their resort. In fact, any one desirous of being handsomely beaten may be gratified at the said Divan daily, between the hours of 2 and 11 p.m. Young (and occasionally *elderly*) gentlemen from the country are sceptical on this head: they have outshone all the ‘little stars’ in some retired neighbourhood, and when a piece is offered them by a master of the game at Ries’s, they reject it loftily—not only indignantly, because their antagonist, poor man, has had no opportunity of knowing their strength. ‘Alas! regardless of their doom, the little victims play.’ In an hour or so they are brought to a sense of their situation. Game after game has been rapidly scored against them. They have accused the light (which is excellent)—the pieces (which are large and ‘kenspeckle’ in the extreme)—their oversights, which they have had no time to make, being destroyed almost instantly by slashing gambits. They would deem themselves bewitched\* were it not for the Sadduceism of the nineteenth century. But at length the unwelcome truth flashes on them—they are playing with an opponent who can give them the rook—possibly the queen! This discovery, however unwelcome, is a new era in their chess-existence: as Mr. Penn ob-

\* Some centuries ago, this was no uncommon belief for a beaten player. It is recorded of one of the old Italian masters (Leonardo ‘il Puttino,’ we believe), that on one occasion he was beaten heartily by a Moorish stranger. He returned home disconsolate; he had lost his money, and, what was then deemed yet more precious, his renown; yet, on reflection, he could not but think his opponent’s play had been but second rate. The inference was obvious; he had been spell-bound; but the remedy was easy to so devout a Catholic. He re-entered the lists next day with a relic of peculiar sanctity—a thumb of St. Anthony, we think—in his pocket. Leonardo, thus armed, retrieved his laurels of course—and the Mussulman abandoned the field with the pithy remark, *Thine is stronger than mine*.

serves, 'You will never improve by playing only with players of your own strength. In order to play well, you must toil through the humiliating task of being beaten by those who can give you odds. These odds, when you have fairly mastered them, may be gradually diminished as your strength increases.' Thus the defeated squire is at last on the road to improvement; he has gotten rid of a delusion. And here we may observe, that there are sundry delusions prevalent concerning chess, which are only to be dispelled by playing in the clubs. We will notice a few of these, owning our obligations once more to Mr. Penn, and to an ingenious writer in the 'Chronicle,' Captain Kennedy: they will be found principally to belong to the class of errors learnedly called 'idola specus,' derived from viewing objects from a confined position and in a false light. We pray the indulgence of our readers, should we perchance demolish any cherished idol of their own.

Delusion the first.—That to take odds destroys the interest of the game, and that to offer them to a person with whom you have played but a game or two, is a great act of presumption. Whereas, in fact, in the great majority of cases, without odds given the game is a certainty, and therefore lacks interest; and a good player can see in a few minutes what is the relative strength of his antagonist.

II.—That Mr. Heavyside, or any other hard-headed man, can, by intense exertion of mind, if his game be once fairly opened, make head against a first-class player with a decent chance of success. This delusion is probably fostered by the care which a man, who has a chess-reputation to lose, will always exert at first in playing with a stranger. Nevertheless, Mr. Heavyside's cake is dough. There is a gulf between a half-trained country amateur and the leading member of a good club, which no inspiration of genius or effort of calculation will over-leap.

III.—That in the progress of a game at chess, it is sacrilege for a by-stander to speak a word. On the contrary, any one who plays among players must expect to hear many remarks made. This is trying at first, but occasionally gives a useful lesson, and is rarely attended with serious inconvenience. Bad players either are prudently silent or speak quite beside the mark; while good ones take care to make no comment which can affect the progress of the game.

IV.—That a game at chess may be of indefinite length—may outlast the Trojan war, or be transmitted (as we have read in

sundry voracious magazines) from father to son. This is all 'bosh;' good games are mostly decided in fifty moves on each side, and, except in the case of a set match, where reputation is at stake, nineteen out of twenty are concluded within an hour. There are some awfully slow players, but they usually play so badly that they are beaten pretty soon, in spite of their delays.

V.—'That it is illiberal to play the strict game.' To this we can only reply, that other methods are but a miserable imitation. People talk of the hardship of 'losing a game by an oversight,' and so on. It is much harder to arrive at nothing but 'conclusions inconclusive,' and to have the game terminate in an Irish discussion which of the two parties made the greatest blunders! To put the question on its right footing, a quick sight of the board and close attention during play are important merits at chess. A player must fail in *both* ere he can make a gross oversight; let him be punished accordingly, or he will never learn to do better.

These are some of the popular idols—there are many more which want of space compels us to leave unbroken. But is the game itself an idol—useless, and valueless? or is it worth the attention of the reflective and the time of the prudent man? These are grave questions; we can but help our readers towards forming a conclusion, which will be—perhaps ought to be—different in different minds, but generally, we think, favourable to this fascinating game.

The weight of authority is strongly in favour of the practice of chess. We have honestly quoted two great names against it; we can remember but one more of any consequence.

'Who then, that has a mind well strung and tuned

To contemplation, and within his reach  
A scene so friendly to his favourite task,  
Would waste attention at the chequered board,  
His host of wooden warriors to and fro  
Marching and countermarching, with an eye  
As fixed as marble, with a forehead ridged  
And furrowed into storms, and with a hand  
Trembling, as if eternity were hung  
In balance on his conduct of a pin.'

The lines are not bad, but we doubt Cowper's competence to judge of the question. His mind, exquisitely amiable, was never healthy; his recreations were generally those of a hypochondriac or a humourist; and we really believe that he might have been less subject to morbid imaginings, more fitted to turn his intellectual powers to practical account—had he given to the close and methodical calculations of chess some of

those hours which he passed in gazing dreamily on the drawing-room fire. On the other hand, we might multiply the names of eminent men—some already alluded to—with whom chess has been a favourite recreation. Among those who have written in praise of the game, Franklin first occurs to us; his 'Morals of Chess' are well known. If he be deemed too utilitarian (though, by the way, the *objections* to chess are more frequently of that school), we would refer to a writer of the present day, whose powers of imagination have been brilliantly exemplified *Now and Then*—but who is not less distinguished for sound sense and practical sagacity.\* Mr. Samuel Warren, in his 'Introduction to the Study of the Law'—a work for which we anticipate a permanent popularity—is not daunted by the Baconian *obiter dictum*, but strongly recommends chess as a most desirable recreation for those who are training for legal honours. He regards it—and we believe most truly—as involving much wholesome mental discipline: temper, vigilance, rapid and long-sighted combinations, all being in requisition. Indeed, it is difficult to conceive a game more commendable on these grounds. As a school for the temper we hold it in especial esteem; young players are constantly seen quarrelsome over the board, or angry—perhaps sulky—after defeat. Not so with veterans. We have taken part in a meeting where more than seventy skilful amateurs have been variously paired in conflict, all the live-long day, without a hasty expression being heard or a cross look seen. Surely these had learned some self-command during their noviciate. Nor is defeat the only trial of temper to which a true chess-player learns to rise superior—'t were pity of his life else! He may be matched with a slow player—with a hesitating player—with a garrulous player—worst of all, he may have at his elbow, or full in his sight, one of those pitiless and ill-omened bores whom the French term *comètes*—a person in whose presence he feels it impossible to win. The class are thus described by Mons. Méry, in an amusing paper on whist, in the first volume of the *Palamède* :

'Les Comètes du jeu sont tenaces, et elles

\* It seems almost sacrilege to write of chess without alluding to Vida's beautiful poem; but the truth is, that its merits are of a kind totally foreign to any practical view of the subject. It does not teach the game, nor show its moral or social advantages, nor the mode in which it may be best enjoyed. But it is a treasure to the classical scholar, as showing how objects, unknown in classical times, may yet be justly, elegantly, and poetically described in a dead language.

s'éternisent sur un fauteuil. Sous prétexte qu'ils n'ont pas de préjugés, ces astres aléatoires ne se font aucun scrupule d'accomplir une série de catastrophes, sans accorder aux ruinés une indemnité légitime. Les Comètes n'ont point d'entrailles, point de remords; elles se lèvent à six heures pour dîner, et retournent à huit pour achever une victime dans l'exercice voluptueux de leur tranquille digestion!'

Yet not even one of these terrible portents, though armed with snuff-box and eye-glass—not the vultus instantis *cometæ*—must ruffle the 'tenacem propositi virum.' The self-command acquired under the necessity of resisting these petty trials is one most valuable result of chess. The intellectual drilling has also its value, partaking as it does both of the accuracy and of the ingenuity of mathematical study. This value, however, will be different to different minds, and we can conceive that there are those for whom some purely imaginative recreation might be more profitable. Still, while games of skill are encouraged, chess must take the lead among them.

Of its superiority there can be no more satisfactory proof than the readiness with which it is played for no stake but honour. The shilling or sixpence, which is the regular stake at many clubs, is no contradiction to this rule. It is not staked in order to give an interest in the game, but to compel players to equalize the contest by giving and receiving proper odds; and it may be omitted with advantage when the parties are well matched and often in the habit of meeting. We are not writing a panegyric on chess, though we confess a sincere wish to see it yet more generally practised. We conceive it likely to be highly useful in supplanting coarser and less instructive amusements, especially among the working classes; yet we know, that, like other good things, it is open to abuse, and we therefore conclude this our offering to 'Caïssa,' by a few 'Cautions to Chess-players,' if not all original, yet all confirmed by our own experience:

1. Chess not until the business of the day is fairly done, and you feel that you have earned your amusement.

2. Chess not in mixed society, when it is likely that your antagonist and yourself will be missed from the circle by either hostess or company.

3. Chess not with persons much older than yourself, when you feel sure that you can beat them, but not sure that they will relish it.

4. Chess not with your wife unless you can give her odds, and then take care rather to over-match yourself.

5. Play not into the 'small hours,' lest the



duties of the next day should suffer from scanty rest or late rising.

6. Do not commend your adversary's play when you have won, or abuse your own when you have lost. You are *assuming* in the first case, and *detracting* in the second.

7. Strive to have no choice as to board, pieces, &c., but, if you have any, never mention it after a defeat.

8. Mr. Penn recommends you 'not to be alarmed if your adversary, after two or three lost games, should complain of a bad headache.' We add—beware of *attempting* to alarm him by the like complaint in like case.

Lastly. Idolize not chess. To hear some people talk, one might think there was 'nothing else remarkable beneath the visiting moon.' Chess is not a standard for measuring the abilities of your acquaintance—nor an epitome of all the sciences—nor a panacea for all human ills—nor a subject for daily toil and nightly meditation. It is simply a recreation, and only to be used and regarded as such. The less selfish you are in its pursuit—the clearer head—the more patience—the better temper you bring to the practice of it, the better will you illustrate the merits of chess as the most intellectual of games, and establish your own character as a philosopher even in sport.

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ART. IV.—1. *The Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*, illustrated by Robert William Billings and William Burn. Parts I.—XXVII. Edinburgh. 1847-9.

2. *Descriptive Notices of some of the Ancient Parochial and Collegiate Churches of Scotland*. By T. S. M. London and Oxford. 1848.

3. *Ecclesiological Notes on the Isle of Man, Ross, Sutherland, and the Orkneys; or, a Summer Pilgrimage to S. Maughold and S. Magnus*. By a Member of the Ecclesiological Society. London. 1848.

4. *On the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Argyllshire*. By John Saul Howson, M.A., Trin. Coll., Cam. Published in the Transactions of the Cambridge Camden Society. Parts II. and III. Cambridge. 1842-5.

WHEN the loss of a horseshoe brought the 'Queensferry Diligence' to a stand, almost at its journey's end, the Laird of Monkbarns congratulated himself and his young fellow-traveller on the opportunity thus offered of

examining 'a very curious and perfect specimen of a Picts' camp or round-about.' An archæologist of another nation would have remembered rather that he was in the neighbourhood of a fine Romanesque church—it would have been called Saxon in those days, and Norman five years ago—and would have found more attraction in the sculptured doorway and semicircular apse of Dalmeny, than in the misshapen ditches of an aboriginal hill-fort. But Sir Walter drew from the life. At the very time when his pen was tracing the characteristics of 'The Antiquary,' the most ponderous of Scotch antiquaries was travelling in the birth of overgrown quartos, in which the remains of the Mediæval architecture of the north were held up as things beneath the regard of intelligent men. 'Ancient castles, religious houses, places of worship'—so Mr. George Chalmers declared—'those modern antiquities, which are all subsequent to the twelfth century, supply to well-informed minds scarcely any amusement, and still less instruction.'\*

It would be unfair to charge this heresy, in its full enormity, on the general assembly of Scottish archæologists. But it is not to be denied that some such doctrine was long prevalent among them, and its influence seems still manifest in the bent which their studies have taken beyond the Tweed. While other branches have been cultivated with success, not only have architectural antiquities been neglected, but what little has been done for them has been accomplished chiefly by strangers. The works named at the head of our paper are all of any note that have of late years appeared on this subject; and it will be observed that, with a single exception, they are published in England; while of that exception—certainly a very signal one—we have to add, that though the book owes much to the enterprise of its Scottish publishers, the principal (if not sole) author is an Englishman, in whom the cathedrals of Durham and Carlisle trained those faculties which are now devoted to the illustration of Kirkwall and Holyrood. Thus it is in our day; and even so it has been from the beginning.

During the Great Rebellion, James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, made a few drawings of Scottish buildings, which were transferred to copper in Holland, and have recently been engraved again by the Bannatyne and Spalding Clubs. These plates must be spoken of with gratitude; but it was not until after the lapse of nearly half a century

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\* Caledonia, vol. iii. p. 573. Cf. vol. ii. pp. 94, 406, 569, 844, 974.

that an attempt was made to bring together, in one volume, a set of views of the memorable places of the north. The author of the undertaking was a German adventurer, John Abraham Schlezer, whom some chance of travel landed in Scotland a few years after the Restoration. His '*Theatrum Scotiæ*' appeared in 1693, but in an imperfect state, containing no more than 57 views. The impression was limited to 157 copies, of which, at the end of three years, more than half were unsold. We dare not say that this fate was undeserved. The work—though now possessing a certain interest for its representations of objects that have perished or are marvellously changed—is ill executed in every way. The German seems to have been conscious of this, and, in proposals for another edition, he pledged himself to 'turn out seven or eight plates, the prospects of little mean things, or else not well done at all,' and to give about a hundred new engravings. The Scottish Parliament encouraged him by a small grant, but his design never reached further than the execution of twelve plates, and these appeared in such guise that it is matter of dispute what the places are which some of them profess to figure. The fate of Schlezer and his book served to deter any one from venturing upon the same field for nearly a hundred years. It was in 1769 that Pennant made the first of those tours which awakened public interest in the scenery and antiquities of Scotland. The first volume of his work—which, antiquated as it is, will remain, perhaps, in more than one point of view, the most respectable book of Scottish travel, until Mr. Murray shall persuade some competent person to undertake a scholarly '*Hand-Book for Scotland*'—appeared at Chester in 1772, the same year in which the author set out on his second tour, the account of which was published in 1774. The effect of these works was signal. We are tempted to believe that it was Pennant's First Tour which incited Johnson to fulfil his long-cherished intention of a voyage among the West Isles. It is certain that it was immediately after the publication of the book that the Doctor made up his mind to the expedition; and that he proclaimed himself, on all occasions, a devout admirer of the Welshman:—'He's a Whig, sir; a sad dog; but he's the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does.' We may note, as perhaps another fruit of Pennant's volume, that the year following its publication saw the first of those '*Etchings, chiefly of Views in Scotland*,' by which the ingenious John Clerk of Eldin—for whom is claimed the invention of 'breaking the line'

in sea warfare—amused his leisure, and which, even in an imperfect collection, is now among the rarest of Bannatyne books. It was confessedly the example of Pennant which produced in 1780 the '*Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*,' by Charles Cordinor, a priest in English orders. This work was followed, at the distance of fifteen years, by another of greater scope, the '*Remarkable Ruins and Romantic Prospects of North Britain*,' published by Cordinor in conjunction with his engraver, Peter Mazell. In the interval, Adam de Cardonnel had given to the world his etchings of '*Picturesque Antiquities of Scotland*' (1788-1793). It is to be lamented that this work was executed on a smaller scale than was at first intended: its diminutive size renders almost worthless what might otherwise have been a serviceable book. Contemporaneous with Cardonnel's etchings was the well-known Captain Grose's '*Antiquities of Scotland*' (1789-91); and for this—which, with all its grievous faults, was still the best work on the subject—the commonwealth of letters had to thank an Englishman.

We pass at a step over the multitude of publications which thenceforth—more especially after Scott had begun to rekindle the decaying embers of nationality, 'colourishing old stamps which stood pale in the soul before'—showed that the callous north was at length shamed into some kind of interest in the architectural monuments of its elder time.\* We make no account of the common herd of '*Views*' and '*Scenes*,' '*Beauties*' and '*Pictures*.' Even of works which took higher flight we content ourselves with merely naming one or two, such as the '*Views in Orkney and on the North-eastern Coast of Scotland*' (1807), a set of spirited etchings by the late Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, circulated only among friends; the '*Border Antiquities of England and Scotland*' (1814), to which Scott contributed

\* If any one should surmise that we press too hard on our friends beyond the Border, let him read an indignant note in '*Ancient and Modern Art, Historical and Critical*,' by George Cleghorn, Esq., vol. i. p. 139. Edin. 1848. The incumbent of the parish, writing in 1836, thus accounts for the recent mutilation of the tombs of the Douglasses under the very shadow of their ancestral towers, in their own church of St. Bride in Douglasdale:—'During the many years when Douglas Castle was deserted as a residence, the aisle was left open and unprotected; and the boys of the place, with the destructive propensity characteristic of the Scots, made it a favourite amusement to aim stones at the chisel-work' (New Statist. Acc.; Lanarkshire, p. 491). This is a melancholy commentary on the proud lines:—  
'Hosts have been known at that dread name to yield,  
And Douglas dead, his name has won the field.'

an admirable introduction; the 'Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland' (1825-6), which he enriched by a series of delightful essays that may be held up as models of what might be done for Scottish topography, with the greatly enlarged sources now opened to the antiquary; and the picturesque etchings which Scott's early friend, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, has published at divers times from the huge store of drawings which fill his portfolios.

But no one of these books, nor all of them taken together, can supply the materials necessary for even a superficial study of Scottish architecture. The range of the best is but limited; and their purpose, with scarcely an exception, is rather show and general representation than that faithful and minute illustration which is indispensable for real or scientific use. The 'Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities' of Mr. Billings is the first work which, either in point of extent or of style, has any claim to be regarded as a collection worthy of the remains yet spared to Scotland. It undertakes to give at least one view of every ancient edifice worthy of notice, while the more remarkable are to be presented in the detail of two or more engravings. So far as the publication has proceeded—and it has now been in progress for more than two years—it is worthy of all praise. The plates are large enough to admit of the distinct delineation of minute peculiarities. Mr. Billings is a masterly draftsman, well skilled in the history and characteristics of architectural style, bearing an excellent eye for perspective, and uniting scrupulous fidelity to good taste and a knowledge of effect. His engravers do him justice; and altogether nothing can be more satisfactory than his representations.

Had this work been completed, we should have had less diffidence in attempting to trace an outline of the annals of ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland. If our sketch be meagre or inaccurate, let it be remembered that the materials are scanty and indigested. Only one Scottish county has had its ecclesiology in any way explored as a whole. Though eight summers have flown since Mr. Howson read his papers 'On the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Argyll' to the Cambridge Camden Society, not only has his example failed to find a follower, but, on a late visit, we found some of the best antiquaries of Edinburgh ignorant of the existence of these essays. We are encouraged to hope that this reproach may have since been removed—partly because, during a more recent walk in the Parliament House, our ears caught some such sound as 'curious brass,' 'large matrix,' 'fine rubbings'—partly be-

cause the painstaking author of the 'Descriptive Notices of some of the Ancient Parochial and Collegiate Churches of Scotland' dates from the Scottish capital. His work is very acceptable, as giving a multitude of facts, the fruit of laborious personal inquiry: it would have been still more valuable had his descriptions occasionally risen beyond bare inventories—as we have heard them called—and had he known to avail himself of what has been printed by the Scottish Clubs for the elucidation of their church antiquities.\* The latter portion of this censure applies, in some measure, to the 'Ecclesiological Notes on Ross, Sutherland, and the Orkneys,' though that author is a livelier and better informed writer. We do not think that *he* would have given us a chapter on Coldingham without one allusion to what Bede has written, or Raine has published, on the history of that ancient monastery. Yet even he writes about Kirkwall and her Earl Saint without apparently having seen either the 'Orkneyinga Saga' or the 'Saga Magnus Eyia-Earls Ens Helga'—works which we cannot name without recording our earnest hope that every encouragement will be given in this country to the new editions promised by the antiquaries of Copenhagen in their collection of the Scandinavian sources of the early history of the British Isles. The prospectus of the 'Antiquitates Britannicæ et Hibernicæ'—as published in the 'Guide to Northern Archæology,' edited and partly translated by the Earl of Ellesmere—is full of promise, not only for the Scottish annals, but for English church history.

We stumble, in defect of light, even on the threshold of our task. On the site of that conflict between Agricola and Galgacus which Monkbarns sought to fix on his Kaim of Kinprunes, volumes have been written; but, although the Scots pride themselves on the purity of their early faith, no attempt has

\* We might extend this remark. The Scottish Chartularies, of which, under the editorial care of Mr. Cosmo Innes, about twenty volumes have now been printed, contain mines of information, the wealth and worth of which is far from being sufficiently appreciated. If Mr. Hallam, for instance, had read Mr. Innes' graceful preface to the 'Liber S. Marie de Calchou' (p. xxxvi.), he would have been able—in his instructive and candid 'Supplemental Notes to the View of Europe in the Middle Ages'—to strengthen his argument for the identity of condition between the 'villein regardant' and the 'villein in gross' (pp. 353-386), by the testimony of a profound legal antiquary, that in Scotland, 'in the old laws regarding them, and the numerous conveyances of *neyfs* or *serfs*, preserved in the chartularies of an early date, we can trace no admission or claim of right raising any class of them above the rank of absolute *serfs* or *villeins* in gross.'

been made by them to discover the fate of the first Christian church built in their land. Bede relates that the first tribes of North Britain who turned from their idols to worship the true God, owed their conversion to the British bishop, Nynias, or Ninian. He had studied at Rome, and on that headland of Galloway where he chose the chief seat of his mission 'he built a church of stone, in a way unusual among the Britons.' It was dedicated by him to St. Martin of Tours, from whom he obtained masons to shape its walls after the Roman fashion. In this 'White House,' as it was named, the body of St. Ninian had its rest, with the bodies of many other saints; and for ages the place continued to be famous, not only in North Britain, but throughout the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, and among the races of Ireland. Even from Gaul were letters sent to 'the brethren of St. Ninian at Whithern,' written by the most accomplished scholar of the age—Alcuin, the divine and the philosopher, the historian and the poet—the confidant of Charlemagne\* to use the words of M. Guizot, 'his councillor and intellectual prime minister.' In more modern times, the ancient shrine was renowned as a pilgrimage, whither kings and princes, churchmen and warriors, with people from many realms, came by sea and land to make their devotions. The reader will ask, 'Do any remains of this famous church of the fourth century exist?' Alas! this is a question which the Scottish antiquaries have never thought worthy of consideration. They have forgotten Whithern as utterly as if it had been the commonest spot of earth in their country; and it is to a contemporary English writer—not in the most orthodox odour—that we owe the information that a roofless and ruined chancel, built about the end of the twelfth century, occupies 'the site of much more ancient buildings, which had been the crypt, as it would seem, of an extensive church; for there are large vaults of old and rude masonry around, which rise higher than the level of the chancel floor.' 'These,' he continues, 'must have been part of the original church of St. Ninian, of the fourth century, or built by the Saxons in the eighth century; and it would be interesting to ascertain whether they are not really part of a church, the building and date of which are so marked in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland.\* We are not sanguine as to the inquiry, but it ought to be made; and we shall look to Mr. Billings for drawings of every vestige

of a hallowed edifice which can be supposed coeval with the foundation of the oldest bishopric north of the Humber.

The white-walled cathedral, which from that bold promontory of Galloway looked upon the shores of Cumberland and the distant peaks of Man, was not the only church in Scotland constructed on an Italian model. We may read in Bede how, about the year 710, Naiton or Nectan, King of the North Picts, sent ambassadors to Ceolfrid, abbot of the venerable historian's own monastery of Jarrow, praying 'for architects to build a stone church in Pictland, after the Roman manner.' The royal request met prompt compliance; but it would be vain to search for traces of this structure—as vain as to look for the churches which the Italian Boniface and his companions are said to have built at Invergowrie, Tealing, and Restennet in Angus, at Rosemarky in Ross, and elsewhere in the northern provinces of King Nectan's dominions. Towards the middle of the fifth century, St. Palladius, who was sent from Rome to the Christian Scots, visited North Britain, and died at Fordun, in 'Mag Girgin,' or the Mearns. But Ireland, as it was the chief object of his mission, so it had his 'Teach-na Roman,' or Roman house, while Scotland received his relics and his spiritual succession. There were others who came from distant lands to labour in the conversion of the Scottish tribes; either impelled by that chivalrous spirit of devotion of which the Dark Ages show many noble examples, or carried to the shores of Albany by tempests or contrary winds, like Arculf, that bishop of Gaul, who, returning from Palestine in the latter years of the seventh century, was driven among the West Isles, to instruct the monks of Iona, and through them great part of the Christian world, in the memorable places of Jerusalem, and the architecture of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. In the beginning of the ninth century, St. Regulus, or Rule, and his companions, brought from Byzantium or from the coasts of Achaia what were believed to be relics of the Apostle St. Andrew. Where the Greek missionaries touched Scottish ground, at Mucros or Kilrimont in Fife, the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland afterwards arose; but they built their first church beyond 'the Mounth'—apparently at Kindroghet in the Brae of Mar, where they first met the Pictish King, and unveiled the treasures of their shrine, while he and all his host bowed themselves to the earth before it. A second church was raised at 'Monichi,' in Angus; a third at Forteviot, in Strath-erne; while Kilrimont, in Fife, was hallowed—like the Irish Glendalough—by its seven

\* 'Lives of the English Saints,' no. xiii., St. Ninian, p. 147. The chancel is described as 'a well-proportioned and beautiful specimen of the Early English style.'

churches, built on the wide territory which King Hungus gave to God and St. Andrew by the symbol of a turf offered up on the altar. In Ussher's time the name of 'the Greek Church,' given to a building on the banks of the Boyne in Ireland, was believed to mark the site of an early mission from the Eastern Church; but the soil of Scotland can boast of no such visible memorial coeval with St. Rule. It is equally barren in tokens of the enterprise of St. Adrian and his companions, whom Hungary—in the young ardour of the faith it had so recently embraced—sent forth to find martyrs' graves on the Scottish shore.

It were vain to ask for remains of edifices reared by native hands among either of the Celtic nations who inhabited North Britain of old. We have Bede's testimony that the Britons—who in his day, and much nearer to our own, possessed all the country, to the south of Clyde and Forth, except the narrow margin of Lothian and the Merse on the one coast, and the projecting angle of Galloway on the other—were accustomed to build their churches of timber. In the sixth century, when St. Kentigern—the founder of the see of Glasgow, the founder also of the see of St. Asaph of Wales—laid the foundations of the latter, the history bears that it was a wooden church, after the manner of the Britons, '*quum de lapide nondum construere poterant, nec usum habebant.*' There is still more abundant testimony that such was the use also of the northern Scots both of Ireland and of Albany. When Bede describes the building of the cathedral of Lindisfarne by St. Finan, in the year 652, he tells us that 'it was constructed not of stone, but of oaken planks, thatched with reeds, after the Scottish manner.' This '*mos Scotorum*' was carried by their missionaries even beyond the Alps; and in his wooden oratory at Bobbio, among the wild hills near the source of the Trebbia, St. Columbanus, early in the seventh century, reproduced in classic Italy the rude type of Irish Banchor and Scottish Iona. St. Bernard relates that, so late as the twelfth century, St. Malachy built a wooden shrine in Ulster, '*opus Scotticum, pulchrum satis*;' and that when afterwards he began to raise a stone edifice, such as he had seen abroad, the Irish exclaimed against it as a piece of Norman extravagance, a vain and useless innovation.

The monastery which St. Columba founded in Iona, in the middle of the sixth century, is called by an old writer '*gloriosum cœnabium.*' That it was so, in one sense, no person will question who traces on the map how large was the region of England which its Scottish missionaries and their

Saxon disciples built up in the Christian faith. But its glory was not material: the only passage in Cumin or Adamnan, from which we can infer anything as to the buildings on 'that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonia regions,' speaks of the Apostle of the Scots as sending forth his monks to gather 'bundles of twigs to build their hospice.' The mainland abode of St. Woloc, a bishop of the same age, is described in the Breviary as a mere wattle-hut—'*pauperculam casam calamis viminibusque contextam.*'\* The greater dignity of the churches seems to have been in their construction, not of basket-work, but of squared timber: they were log-houses, not wigwams. Thus, in accordance with what Bede writes of Lindisfarne, the Breviary relates that the church of St. Maolrubha, at Urquhart, on the western bank of Loch Ness, was built of 'hewn oak;' and of the same fashion doubtless was the more famous church which he founded at Applecross, in the western wilds of Ross, in the year 673, and which a century later gave an abbot to the great house of Banchor.

Built, as the primitive churches were, of such perishable materials, it is not to be wondered at that so many 'venerable seats of ancient sanctity' in Scotland should now offer little to the eye of the pilgrim beyond an undefinable something, in their general aspect, of sweetness or serene repose—that '*insita sibi species venustatis*' which arose to the imagination of Bede, as it contemplated the green mount sprinkled by the blood of England's first martyr. Yet around a few of the early northern shrines there still remain tangible vestiges of religious use, partaking, in some measure, of an architectural character. In the Irish Life of St. Cuthbert, printed by the Surtees Society, there is a passage describing the first work of his mission in terms which may probably be applied to the case of all the spiritual labourers of his age and nation. It tells that withdrawing from that monastery of Dull, in Athol—whose '*Comharba*,' or lay-abbot, in the eleventh century, was the father of the long line of Scottish kings—he chose his dwelling on the mountain of '*Doilweme*,' where first he reared a great cross of stone, then built an oratory of wood, and, lastly, shaped to himself a bath in the rock, in order that, immersed in the cold water, he might pass whole nights in prayer, after a custom which is recorded to have been the observance of St. Patrick, St. Kentigern, and Bede's

\* '*Breviarium Aberdonense*,' prop. SS. pro temp. hiem., f. xlv. Why do not some of the Clubs reprint this rare and valuable book?

Drycthelm, the penitent recluse of Saxon Melrose.

Of such crosses as St. Cuthbert raised on the banks of the Highland Tay, remains are to be seen in every province of Scotland. They resemble the stone crosses of Ireland, except that for the most part they are less elaborate; some of them—unhewn blocks, graven with a cross, or covered with uncouth figures and symbols—showing a rudeness which suggests a higher antiquity than is probably their due. One somewhat different from the rest—the well-known pillar at Ruthwell on the Solway—has been shown by Mr. Kemble to be an Anglo-Saxon work of the age and province of Bede. Another, Newton, in the Garioch, bears a rudely cut inscription which has hitherto resisted the interpretation of scholars, though the Welsh archæologists, we think, have deciphered things nearly as illegible. But we forbear to enter on a subject for the study of which the first foundations are only now laid by Mr. Chalmers of Auldbar, an accomplished country gentleman, who has prepared, as his contribution to the Bannatyne Club, a costly series of engravings of the 'Sculptured Monuments of Angus,' the richest of all the northern shires in this somewhat perplexing kind of memorial.

It is not known that any traces of the bath which St. Cuthbert hewed now exist in Strath-tay. Nor do we find that the western antiquaries have discovered St. Kentigern's 'bed,' 'bath,' and 'chair' of stone at Glasgow. But those of St. Maoliosa are yet shown in the Holy Isle, on the coast of Arran. The stone 'pillow' of St. Columba stood for ages beside his sepulchre in Iona. The 'baths' of St. Woloc may still be seen beside his ruined church in Strathdeveron; and we are told, in one of the Spalding Club volumes, that it is but of late since 'multitudes of diseased children were bathed in these pools, and part of their attire left floating on the waters' as a propitiatory offering. The palmer in Mar-mion was bent for the 'holy pool' of St. Fillan; and the saint's chair of rock yet remains to mark the seat of the ancient monastery which he founded in the heights of Glendochart, and the Cornharba of which appears in old statutes as taking rank with the Earls of Athol and Menteith. The stone chair of St. Marnan still looks down upon the church which bears his name at Aberchirder; and other instances might be found of a relic which seems to have been characteristic of Celtic hagiology. In Leland we read how in his time the stone chairs of St. Mawe and St. Germoc were preserved in the cemeteries of the churches dedicated to their honour in Cornwall; and St. Maughold's chair—a 'hol-

low scooped out of the rock'—is still shown beside his church and well in the Isle of Man. The 'frithstool' in Beverley Minster is probably a monument of the same kind: it is said to have been brought from Scotland, and perhaps the saints' chairs which remain there may have served the same purpose of 'seats of peace,'—the 'grithstol' of the laws of St. David—places of refuge for those who fled to the churches for sanctuary.

The Caves which the primitive confessors of Scotland excavated or enlarged in the cliffs of her iron coast, are more to our present purpose. Such places of religious retreat were commended by the examples of St. Martin of Tours, the light of Western Christendom in the fourth age, and of St. Benedict, the patriarch of European monachism. The caverns dug by the former saint and his disciples in the rocky bank of the Loire are still shown; and the name of the Holy Grotto, at Subiaco, in the upper valley of the Anio, distinguishes the cave cut midway on the face of a precipice, in which the latter passed three years of austere solitude. Sir Walter Scott has commemorated the 'ocean-cave' of St. Rule, at St. Andrews. It is dug in the face of a rock, and is divided into two chambers: the outer, which is nearly circular in shape, measures ten feet across, and has an altar hewn on the east side; the inner, where the saint is supposed to have slept, is of a square form, measuring about eight feet on each side. Other oratories or penance-cells of the same kind are the sea-beaten cave of St. Ninian, in a tall cliff of the Galloway coast; the cave of St. Columba, on Loch Killisport in Knapdale; of St. Cormac, in the same neighbourhood; of St. Kieran, in Kintyre; of St. Maoliosa, at Lamblash in Arran; of St. Gernad near Spynie in Murray; of St. Serf at Dysart; and the den at Dunfermline, to which the use or tradition of a later age has given the name of St. Margaret. Some of these places have not long ceased to linger in the reverence of the people; a few have altars, crosses, or inscriptions; and one or two have what seem to be 'benaturae' and 'piscinae.' Their use, as places of ascetic retirement during Lent, is sufficiently illustrated by the history of St. Kevin's bed at Glendalough, and by a passage in the life of St. Kentigern, where that Apostle of Strathclyde—the season of mortification past—is seen in devotion at the mouth of his cave, gazing on the skirts of the departing storm, and rejoicing to feel once more the sweet breath of spring upon his cheek. Perhaps the famous Dwarfie Stone at Hoy, in Orkney, and the singular chamber called St. Wilfrid's Needle, which lies deep in the

foundations of Ripon Minster, are monuments of the same class. The readers of Mr. Curzon's 'Monasteries in the Levant' will remember his description of 'the numerous caves and holes, some of them natural, but most artificial,' in the rocks of the holy vale of Meteora, in Albania. He adds that "in the dark and wild ages of monastic fanaticism, whole flocks of hermits roosted in these pigeon-holes."

These things have taken us back to the infancy of the Celtic church in the north. Five following centuries of her life have left but two monuments of note; and both bear the impress of the parent country of the Scots. The 'Round Towers' at Abernethy and Brechin show their Irish origin on their face, and it is in Irish manuscripts that we must look for their history. Dr. Petrie is said to have discovered the date of the more northern of the two; and we hear that in the second volume of his 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland,' he is to prove that the bell-tower of Brechin was built by Irish churchmen, about 1010, or a few years after the death of that King Kenneth Mac-Malcolm, of whom it is written in the Chronicle of the Picts, 'This is he who gave the great city of Brechin to the Lord.' We have not learned that the builders of Abernethy have been retrieved, but that from the beginning this was peculiarly an Irish house.

It is not impossible that, although hitherto unascertained, there may exist in Scotland remains of ecclesiastical buildings in that rude but most interesting style, which Dr. Petrie unexpectedly brought to light in Ireland. They should be looked for in the parts nearest to that island; and we really find there indications of sufficient promise to encourage a closer search. The old accounts of St. Kilda describe what seems a 'beehive-house,' built wholly of long thin stones without cement, and famous in the traditions of the islanders. Pennant saw near Muggastot in Skye, the remains of 'a monastery of great antiquity, built with great stones without mortar.'

The Conquest in England is nearly contemporary with the dawn of a revolution which—slow, silent, and nearly bloodless—wrought changes in Scotland more momentous and far more auspicious than flowed from the Norman triumph at Hastings. The northern kingdom was to be wholly transformed. Not new lords only, or strange laws, but a new people and another language—almost another form of religion—were to be introduced. The Celt was henceforth to serve in the land which he had ruled,—was to feel that, though a Prince of his line sat upon the 'Lia Fail' at Scone, and

was hailed in Celtic speech and fashion 'King of Albany,'—the power had departed from the nation of the Gael. His birth-right and heritage—even his name of Scot—were to be shared among the Anglo-Saxon fugitives, Norman adventurers, and mercenary men-at-arms from Flanders and Brabant. This eventful change, almost unnoticed by contemporary chroniclers, is still imperfectly understood; and, though it is the key to the annals of civilisation in the north, its history is yet to be written. Beginning with the partition of Northumbria and the cession of Lothian to the Scots about the middle of the tenth century, a continuous series of causes contributed, during nearly four hundred years, to the colonisation of the territory beyond the Tweed by chiefs and people from the more southern provinces. The historian, who prepares himself for this subject, will have to show how the tide of migration northwards was influenced by the fall of the Welsh dominion of Strathclyde—by the civil wars in Albany which were let loose by the dagger of Macbeth—by the throes which preceded the dissolution of the Anglo-Saxon power—by the Conquest—by the terrible wrath of the Conqueror—by the dreaded fury of the Red King. But the chief place in his canvass will be filled by a benigner figure—that saintly Princess who brought to the Scottish throne the blood and rights of the Anglo-Saxon kings, and planted among the Scottish people the seeds of a more energetic faith and a superior civilisation. There is no nobler picture in the northern annals than that of St. Margaret—illustrious by birth and majestic in her beauty—as she appears in the artless pages of her chaplain Turgot. The representative of Alfred and the niece of the Confessor, she showed in womanly type the wisdom and magnanimity of the one, and more than all the meek virtue of the other. The daughter of exiles who found refuge in the court of St. Stephen, she began in Scotland the good and great work of enlightenment which that prince accomplished in Hungary. Wedded to a rude husband—no unmeet type of his barbarian realm—she subdued his wild nature until he became the gentle minister of her wishes, the partner of her never-ending works of charity and mercy—eager to share in her long vigils and frequent prayers—gazing fondly on her books which he could not read, or carrying them away by stealth that he might bring them back to their mistress with new and costly adornments.

The church of St. Columba—sadly fallen from the days when it called forth the glowing praises of Bede—lived only as a barren



and sapless branch in the time of St. Margaret. Its chief temporal possessions had become the heritage of laymen. Its wealthier priests were an hereditary caste, living in ease and sloth, and transmitting their benefices to their children. The observance of the Lord's Day had ceased. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not only no longer celebrated, even on the holiest day of all the year, but its disuse was justified by a perversion of Scripture, which, monstrous as it is, still obtains, we believe, among 'the Men' in some parts of the Highlands. To redress these abuses was one of the first cares of St. Margaret. Provincial councils were summoned at her command; and in one of these—'like another Helena,' says the Prior of Durham, in allusion to an incident in the life of the mother of Constantine—she disputed for three days with the degenerate clergy, and out of Scripture and the Fathers convinced them of many of their errors.

St. Margaret died in 1093, having seen only the beginnings of the reformation for which she laboured. But the pious work was continued by the three Kings her sons—the meek Edgar, the fierce Alexander, the saintly David. The great aim of all these princes, as of their mother, was to assimilate the Scottish church to the English. St. Margaret had a monk of Durham for her chaplain; the English primate Lanfranc was her chosen counsellor and spiritual father; and it was with Benedictines from Canterbury that she peopled her foundation of Dunfermline. Treading in their mother's footsteps, Edgar and Alexander took for their ghostly adviser the great St. Anselm—Lanfranc's successor on the throne of Canterbury—preferred English priests to their bishoprics, and filled their religious houses with English monks. St. David pursued the same policy even still more strenuously; and so nearly completed what his predecessors began, that the Kings who reigned after him found little left to 'Anglicise.\* So 'thorough' was this ecclesiastical revolution, that the Scottish church was not so much reformed after the southern example, as gradually overgrown by an English church transplanted to the northern hills, with its clergy, creeds, rites, and institutions.

Of the Scottish sees all, save three or four, were founded or restored by St. David; and

their cathedral constitutions were formally copied from English models. Thus the chapter of Glasgow took that of Salisbury for its guide. Dunkeld copied from the same type, venerable in its associations with the name of St. Osmund, whose 'Use of Sarum' obtained generally throughout Scotland. Elgin or Murray sent to Lincoln for its pattern, and transmitted it, with certain modifications, to Aberdeen and to Caithness. So it was also with the monasteries. Canterbury was the mother of Dunfermline; Durham, of Coldingham. St. Oswald's at Nosthill, near Pontefract, was the parent of Scone, and, through that house, of St. Andrews and Holyrood. Melrose and Dundrennan were daughters of Rievaulx in the North Riding. Dryburgh was the offspring of Alnwick; Paisley, of Wenlock.

As with the bishoprics and religious houses, so in a great measure also was it with the parish churches. The ecclesiastical system which obtained in Scotland before the reform of St. Margaret and her sons, was monastic, not parochial. 'St. Rule,' says an old Life of the founder of St. Andrews, 'had the third part of all Scotland in his hand and power, and ordained and divided it into abbacies.' The clergy lived together in humble colleges scattered over the country. This was the use also of the followers of St. Columba. With the decay of religion, the lands of these monasteries passed into the hands of laymen, in whose possession we see them in the charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries\*—the

\* Their whole policy is described in a single sentence of the unpublished chronicle attributed to Walter of Coventry:—*Moderniores enim Scottorum reges magis se Francos fatentur, sicut genere, ita moribus, lingua, cultu; Scottisque ad extremam servitutem redactis, solos Francos in familiaritatem et obsequium adhibent* (*Memoriale Hist. ad ann. 1212*, printed in a note to the 'Chronicon de Lanercost,' p. 371).

\* As these vestiges of the primitive ecclesiastical arrangements of Scotland do not appear to have attracted the notice of Scottish antiquaries, we trust our readers will forgive us for occupying a few lines with a dry, repulsive note of authorities, which will enable those who take interest in the matter to follow it out for themselves. The *Registrum Vetus de Aberbrothoc*—besides notices of the great 'comburbas' of Abernethy and Brechin, of whom we have accounts elsewhere—preserves traces more or less complete of the old monasteries or hereditary lay-abbots of Monyfeith (pp. 34, 82, 190, 278, 330, 331)—of Old Montrose (pp. 4, 67)—of Arbirlot (pp. 29, 32, 47)—of Edzell, doubtless the abbey in Glenesk founded by St. Drostan (pp. 47-49)—and perhaps of Kinef (p. 47). In the *Registrum Prioratus S. Andree* we have Rossin (pp. 55, 126, 200)—*Ecclesgiring* (pp. 27, 229, 234, 138)—*Kilgouerin* (p. 334)—and *Dull* (pp. 295, 296), of which we have much elsewhere. The *Liber Insule Missarum* (that is, Inchaffray) gives us Madderty (pp. 15, 26, 71-79). In the *Registrum de Dunfermelyn* we have Dunkeld (pp. 6, 20, 29, 41, 47), which meets us also in many other places—and Kirkmichael in Strathardle (p. 144). The *Liber Ecclesie S. Trinitatis de Scon* supplies Kilspindry (p. 53). We find Mortlach and Cloveth in the 'Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis' (vol. i. pp. 6, 85). The *Liber Cartarum S. Crucis de Edwinesburg*, besides furnishing Melginch (pp. 38, 53, 54, 177)—and Falkirk (pp. 79, 83), the

indications of which explain the rubric of the Life of St. Rule, 'How it happened that there were so many abbeys in Scotland of old time, which many laymen now possess of hereditary right.' These lay possessors took the title of 'abb,' or abbot—as was the case also in Ireland and Wales, where the same abuse prevailed—but left the religious services (where such were performed at all) to be discharged by a prior and a few irregular monks. This rude order of things was gradually displaced by the parochial system, as the Anglo-Norman colonisation of the country advanced. There is a parchment in the treasury at Durham, which enables us to describe in his own words how the Northumbrian colonist settled himself on the left bank of the Tweed, in the beginning of the twelfth century:—

'To the sons of holy mother church'—thus the charter runs—'Thor the Long, greeting in the Lord: Know that Aedgar, my lord, King of the Scots, gave to me Aednaham, a waste; that with his help and my own means I peopled it, and have built a church in honour of St. Cuthbert; and this church, with a ploughgate of land, I have given to God and St. Cuthbert and his monks, to be possessed by them for evermore. This gift I have made for the soul of my lord the King Aedgar, and for the souls of his father and mother, and for the weal of his brothers and his sisters, and for the redemption of my dearest brother Lefwin, and for the weal of myself, both my body and my soul. And if any one by force or fraud presume to away take this my gift from the saint aforesaid and the monks his servants, may God Almighty away take from him the life of the heavenly kingdom, and may he suffer everlasting pains with the Devil and his angels: Amen.\*

So prayed the founder of the parish of Ednam, the birthplace of the poet of the 'Seasons.' Long Thor may serve as the type of his very numerous class. Wheresoever the Teutonic settler—whether he were a Saxon of old blood, impatient of the Conqueror's yoke, or a Norman discontented with the portion of a younger son at home, or a Fleming, whose skill in the assault and defence of fortified places made him welcome in all countries—wherever the southern adventurer obtained a grant of land from the King of Scots, there he planted a hamlet, and built a church for the folk of

abbey whence St. Modan converted the Scots dwelling on the Forth—shows that, about the year 1175, even Iona itself was, wholly or in part, in the lay possession of the King of Scots (p. 41). From other records we might add to this list Ratho, Kinghorn, Kettins, Blair in Gowrie, Glendochart, Kilmar, Applecross, Lismahago, Govan, and perhaps Selkirk and Dornoch.

\* Raine's North Durham, app., p. 38, nn. clxi., clxii.

his manor. There are districts where the parishes are known to this hour by the names which they took from their first lords in the twelfth century. Thus in the Upper Ward of Clydesdale—the 'plantation' of which, by the help of the 'Register of Kelso,' is put before us almost as clearly as if it were a 'lot' in Australia in our own day, or a 'precinct' in Ulster in the reign of King James I.—we can tell that Robertson was so called from Robert the brother of Lambin (who again gave name to Lamington)—Symington from Simon Lockhart (who gave name also to Symington in Kyle)—Thankerton from Tancard (who may have counted kin with him who gave name to Tancarville on the Seine). The clergy who served these new churches were either priests brought from England, or kinsmen of the Anglo-Norman founders born in Scotland. This was the case also, even still more conspicuously, in the higher ecclesiastical ranks. Thus, of fifteen prelates who were elected to the primatial see of St. Andrews during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—and who wrote themselves in charter and on seal 'Episcopi Scottorum'—not one appears to have been a Celtic Scot: only a few sprung from the Anglo-Norman houses of Scotland; the great majority were Saxons and Normans from England. We see in the list a prior of Durham—a monk of Canterbury—a canon of St. Oswald's, near Pontefract—a son of the Earl of Northampton—a son of the Earl of Leicester. Even

'in the north,  
Beyond the thundering Spey,\*

the chapter of Murray chose for their bishop an abbot of Cogges-hall in Essex, in 1171, and a canon of Lincoln, in 1252.

What has been written will prepare the reader for the perfect sameness of ecclesiastical architecture on both sides of Tweed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or throughout the epochs of the Norman or Romanesque and the Early English or First Pointed styles. During these ages—and they beheld the northern church's height of material not less than of spiritual grandeur—cathedral and convent, church and chapel, arose everywhere in Scotland, fashioned on English models, by English hands, or under English oversight.

\* Professor Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers'—a volume of verse which shows that Scotland has yet a poet. Full of the true fire, it now stirs and swells like a trumpet-note—now sinks in cadences sad and wild as the wail of a Highland dirge.

'The people work like congregated bees,  
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses,  
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains  
From Heaven a *general* blessing; timely rains,  
Or needful sunshine; prosperous enterprise,  
And peace and equity.'

St. Margaret built a church at Dunfermline, the spot where her auspicious nuptials with the King of Albany were celebrated. She chose her burial within its walls, which received also the bodies of her husband and their children; and, as the Twin Gods fought for Rome in her great battle with the Thirty Cities—as San Jago charged with Spain against the hosts of Mexico—so it was believed by the Scots that on the eve of the dreaded day of Largs the tombs of Dunfermline gave up their dead, and there passed forth through its northern porch, to war against the might of Norway, 'a lofty and blooming matron in royal attire, leading in her right hand a noble knight, refulgent in arms, wearing a crown upon his head, and followed by three heroic warriors, like armed and like crowned;' an illustrious array in which it was easy to recognise 'the Protectress of Scotland,' her consort, and her sons. The structure of the Saxon princess did not survive the middle of the thirteenth century, when it was taken down to make way for a pile more worthy of the sepulchres of the northern monarchs—a large and stately choir of First Pointed architecture. This, in its turn, was replaced by a fabric in the style of the year 1820; so that of the ancient abbey church of St. Margaret there now remains nothing but the Romanesque nave, which was consecrated in 1150. Though not of great size, the sombre masses of the interior are impressive. The English visitor will remark more than one point of resemblance to Durham and Lindisfarne; and there is no violence in the conjecture that the same head may have planned, or the same hands have hewn, part of all the three. We know that when the foundations of Durham were laid, in 1093, by the confessor and biographer of St. Margaret, her husband Malcolm was present; and when the new church received the relics of St. Cuthbert, in 1104, her son Alexander witnessed the rites.

The little Romanesque church and square tower at St. Andrews, which bear the name of St. Rule, have, so far as we know, no prototype in the south. The common herd of Scottish antiquaries assign them to the seventh or eighth century; but no one acquainted with the progress of architecture, who diligently peruses the '*Historia B. Reguli et Fundationis ecclesiæ S. Andree*,' will have much difficulty in identifying the

building with the small 'basilica' reared by Bishop Robert, an English canon regular of the order of St. Augustin, between the years 1127 and 1144. Its singular tower, more than a hundred feet in height, may perhaps have been suggested by some such structures as those at Billingham and Monk Wearmouth—Lord Lindsay sees its type in the Round Towers of Ireland—and what else is peculiar in the edifice may be explained by the slender means at the disposal of the bishop, who had not yet rescued the possessions of the see from the fangs of the laymen, and laywomen too, who had sacrilegiously usurped even the offerings of the faithful upon the altar. Such was the condition of the metropolitan see of the Scots at the date of this prelate's accession, that, though the relics of St. Andrew gathered pilgrims from far and near, yet, we are told, 'the shrine of the blessed Apostle was without a minister, nor was the eucharist celebrated except on the rare occasions of the presence of the King or the Bishop—the Culdees mumbling their mass after their own fashion in a nook of the paltry church.' It was the bishop who reformed these things, that sowed the seeds also of mundane civilisation around his humble cathedral, by persuading Mainard, the Fleming, to leave the safe walls of Berwick, and undertake the establishment of 'a burgh' in St. Andrews; an enterprise, doubtless, quite as perilous in the circumstances as the foundation of a city in the wilds of Connemara—under Sir Robert Peel's scheme for the plantation of Connaught—would appear at this day to an alderman of Bristol.

The conventual churches of Kelso and of Jedburgh exist but in broken ruins; but enough of both is spared to show that they were noble examples of the more advanced Romanesque. 'In the midst of the modern town the abbey church of Kelso'—says the learned editor of its charters—'stands alone, like some antique Titan predominating over the dwarfs of a later world.' Begun in 1128—and so far completed as to receive the tomb of the founder's son, Earl Henry of Northumberland, 1152—it was a structure commensurate with the magnificence of its endowments, as the first-born of St. David's pious zeal, and with the lofty pretensions of its mitred abbots, who long disputed precedence with the priors of metropolitan St. Andrews, and even contended for superiority with the parent house of Tiron in France, to which this Scottish daughter gave more than one ruler. There are traces of Romanesque work in Dryburgh, in the tower of Dunblane, in Iona, Coldingham, and Monymusk. Two nearly perfect

parish churches of the Romanesque age survive at Dalmeny in Lothian and at Leuchars in Fife,—the former apparently in the twelfth century a manor of the Anglo-Norman house of Avenel; the latter a Scottish fief of one of the Magna Charta barons, Saier de Quincy Earl of Winchester. Neither building need fear comparison with the common standard of English examples. Both are late in the style: Leuchars is the richer, Dalmeny the more entire of the two. Both have semicircular apses—a feature found also in the parish churches of St. Kentigern at Borthwick and St. Andrew at Gullane, and in the chapel bearing the name of St. Margaret within the walls of Edinburgh Castle.

But of all the Romanesque buildings in Scotland the most memorable by far is the majestic High Church of those distant northern isles, which, until an age comparatively recent, were no portion of the Scottish church or state, but owed ecclesiastical obedience to the Metropolitan of Drontheim and civil fealty to the King of Norway. The 'storm-swept Orcades' had been converted to the faith, about the end of the tenth century, by the renowned warrior-saint King Olaf Trygvason, who had himself received baptism in the Cornish isles of Scilly. The Orkneys probably still remembered that it was from England that the light had dawned upon their darkness, when, in the beginning of the twelfth century, we see one of their Earls taking spiritual counsel of St. Anselm, and receiving an earnest admonition to obey the bishop who was then labouring among his people. The chief who thus addressed himself to the throne of Canterbury, was that Earl Hacon who, within a few years, was fated to stain his hands in a murder which gave the islands their patron saint and their stately cathedral church. The dominion of the Orkney archipelago was at that time divided between two cousins. Hacon Paulson was fierce and ambitious; Magnus Erlendson had a gentle nature in a warrior's form. Both had been men of rapine and blood in their youth; but while the restless Hacon, following the wild fortunes of King Magnus Barefoot, continued to live in war and tumult, some serener star conducted the son of Erlend to the court of St. Margaret of Scotland. He afterwards passed a twelvemonth in England with King Henry Beauclerc, and sojourned for a time in the palace of a Welsh bishop. A great and sudden change had been wrought in him, and in no long time it found a characteristic display. He was compelled by the Norse king to embark in a fleet equipped for havoc on the coast of Wales; but when the

galleys prepared for battle, Magnus refused to take arms. 'Here is no man who has done me wrong,' he said; and so repairing to his accustomed seat in the prow, he remained there devoutly reciting the Psalter, in front of the raging fight. Well might the mild rule of such a just lord endear him to his people; but the universal love in which he was held only served to hurry the son of Paul to the accomplishment of the design which he had formed to put his kinsman to death, and so possess himself of all the islands. Little art was needed to betray the guileless Magnus into his power. Hacon, at the last moment, would have been content to suffer his mutilated rival to drag out the remains of life in chains and blindness; but his savage followers swore that now one or other of the Earls must die. Magnus had prepared himself for his fate with Christian humility, by vigil and fervent prayer, by contrite tears, and by devout reception of the eucharist. Yet some feeling of the warrior's pride appears to have survived to mingle with his latest thoughts. 'Stand before me'—he said to his executioner—'and strike with your might, that your sword may cleave my brain: it were unseemly that an Earl should be beheaded like a thief.' So died the son of Erlend, in the year 1110. The fame of his sanctity, attested by miracles wrought at his tomb—some of them, it is to be confessed, not much distinguished by their moral tendency—spread through the north with wonderful rapidity. Pilgrimages were made to his shrine at Birsá, vows paid in his honour, prayers offered for his intercession, from all parts of the northern archipelago, from Scotland, from Sweden, from Denmark, from Norway. It is even affirmed by the Bohemidists that he obtained reverence in Bohemia and on the Lower Rhine; but we suspect that in these, and perhaps in some other instances, he has been confounded with another 'St. Magnus the Martyr,' to whom—as may be read in William of Malmesbury, Roger of Wendover, and John of Fordun—churches were dedicated in Saxony in the tenth century. It is however certain that the life of the saintly Earl of the Orkneys was woven into a Saga in the Icelandic speech in the year 1130; and, some six or eight years afterwards, the cathedral at Kirkwall was founded by his sister's child, Earl Rognvald,—in fulfilment of a vow, it is said, that should he recover his uncle's earldom from the son of Hacon, he would rear such a church in honour of the saint as had never been seen in the north before. The building was so liberally sped by the oblations of a devout age, that all Christen-

dom was popularly said to have paid tribute for its erection. But the spirit of religion must then have been fervid in the islands themselves: an Orkney convent, of which all other memory seems to be lost, gave an abbot to the great Cistercian house of Melrose in the year 1175; and the Earl who laid the foundations of Kirkwall died in the odour of sanctity after a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem. He had begun his High Church on no mean scale; and it was afterwards greatly enlarged in length. To this circumstance, together with its severe simplicity, its narrowness, its height, and the multiplicity of its parts, must be ascribed the most striking characteristic of the pile—its apparent vastness. Mr. Neale doubts if either York or Lincoln gave him the idea of greater internal length. Yet Kirkwall measures less by half than the least of these minsters; and, indeed, generally the largest churches in Scotland are to be compared only with the smallest English.\* But we linger too long with Earl Magnus and his temple. Our readers will learn with pleasure that a cathedral so remarkable in all its circumstances—and to which the romance of *The Pirate* has given a new renown—is about to be illustrated in a way worthy of the subject by a Northamptonshire baronet of classic name and lineage, who passed a whole summer in the study of the venerable fabric. Until the expected volume of Sir Henry Dryden shall appear, curiosity may appease itself in the excellent engravings of Mr. Billings, and the descriptive prose of Mr. Neale.

\* We give the length of the chief Scottish cathedrals, and of one or two of less size, as we find the measures stated in the Scottish books:—

St. Andrews . . . . .	358 feet.
Glasgow . . . . .	283 ,,
Elgin . . . . .	282 ,,
Kirkwall . . . . .	218 ,,
Aberdeen . . . . .	about 200 ,,
Fortrose . . . . .	about 120 ,,
Iona . . . . .	115 ,,
Lismore . . . . .	56 ,,

Let these figures be compared with the dimensions of the great English minsters:—

Winchester . . . . .	515 feet.
Ely . . . . .	535 ,,
York . . . . .	524 ,,
Canterbury . . . . .	513 ,,
St. Paul's . . . . .	510 ,,
Lincoln . . . . .	482 ,,
Peterborough . . . . .	476 ,,
Salisbury . . . . .	474 ,,
Durham . . . . .	461 ,,

Of the Scottish conventual churches, few are so perfect as to be capable of measurement. The length of Dumfermline is given at 275—of Arbroath, 271—of Jedburgh, 215 feet. We trust that Mr. Billings' design contemplates ground-plans and measurements of the principal buildings figured in his collection.

The Romanesque had the same duration in Scotland as in England, except that in the north perhaps only one edifice—the church built by St. Margaret at Dumfermline—arose before the year 1100. But the date was the same at which in both countries the style began to show that change of character which issued in the First Pointed. The transition appears in the choir of the cathedral of St. Andrews, which was founded in 1162. It is more clearly developed in the older portions of the abbey church of Holyrood, which can scarcely be later than 1174, when the occupation of Edinburgh Castle by an English garrison seems finally to have driven the canons from the iron fortress where they had been sheltered for half a century, together with that 'Black Rood of Scotland,' from which they took their name,\*—a mysterious relic which, brought to Scotland by St. Margaret, was kissed by her dying lips and grasped by her dying hands, was bequeathed to her children as a treasure above all price, stood before the deathbed of St. David, and was regarded by all the nation of the Scots with deep feelings of love and awe. A few faint traces of Romanesque linger in the conventual church of Arbroath, founded in 1178; but the cathedral crypt of Glasgow, begun in 1181 and consecrated in 1197, is wholly First Pointed.

The First Pointed, extending from about 1180 to about 1286, was the great age of church building beyond the Tweed. We owe to it altogether, or in part—besides the enlargement and all but completion of Kirkwall—the cathedrals of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Whithorn, Elgin, Brechin, Dunblane, and Dornoch. Beside parts of Dumfermline and Jedburgh, we owe to this style also, chiefly or in a considerable measure, the conventual churches of Holyrood, Arbroath, Dryburgh, Paisley, Dundrennan, Manuel, Kilwinning, Restennet, Corsraguel, Coldingham, Lindores, New Ferne, Pluscardine, Cambuskenneth, Deir, the Maison Dieu of Brechin, Sadael, Ardochattan, and Oronsay. There remain very few parish churches in the First Pointed style; but the doubt

\* The better sort of Scottish antiquaries have discarded the story (for which there is no old authority) of the miracle which placed 'the Holy Rood' in the hands of St. David, while wrestling with a stag at bay on the spot where the Abbey now stands. But they seem not to have recognised the real origin of the name of the Palace of their Kings, though it was pointed out by the learned Papebroch a hundred and fifty years ago. The Black Rood of Scotland was carried to England by King Edward I., along with another famous ensign of northern sovereignty, the Lia Fail, or fated stone of Scone.—(Hist. Eliensis, in Anglia Sacra, t. i. p. 643; Chronicon de Lanercost, p. 261.)

raised in the 'Descriptive Notices,' by T. S. M., whether 'any of the smaller churches of Scotland were erected during this period,' is utterly groundless. On one leaf of the Register of St. Andrews we have a list of no fewer than nine parish churches consecrated, in one diocese, by one bishop, between May 1242, and August 1243. There is a First Pointed chapel beside the castle of the ancient lords of Lorn at Dunstaffnage, and another at the once famous sanctuary of Tain in Ross.

Of the conventual churches of this age the grandest undoubtedly was that which the fears or the devotion of the King of Scots reared on the shore of Angus, in honour of St. Thomas à Becket. It was founded in 1178—within seven years of the martyrdom of the heroic Primate—was so far built in 1214 as to receive the tomb of its royal founder, and was consecrated in presence of his son in 1233. It now exists only in ghastly fragments, which seen from sea have an imposing look, but viewed closely serve for little more than to denote the style and great size of the fabric. Of Holyrood only the nave survives, and that not without some additions of a later age. Although riven and roofless, it is still interesting from the mere beauty and peculiarities of its architecture, apart from all its solemn associations of a fated line of Kings, and a national life which is no more. Dryburgh had felt the frequent scathe of English war before that day of desolation came which silenced for evermore the sweet chaunt of orison and litany within its walls. These have been so often ruined, rebuilt, and ruined again, and the ivy—a rare thing in Scottish ruins—has so overgrown them, that it is not easy to judge of the architectural character of all the parts. But the lines of the thirteenth century are written on those fine arches of the Lady-aisle, or north transept, beneath which sleep the earthly remains of Scott, surrounded by the dust of many a White canon and many a Border knight, 'amid the ashes of his own rough clan, in the heart of the scenes he sung, and of the valley he loved so well.'\* Only a small portion is left of the church of the Benedictines of Coldingham—the Urbs Coludi of Bebe—and part of that is Romanesque. Some traces of this earlier order seem to run even through the First Pointed portions, of which Mr Raine assures us that 'the ornamental parts will bear a rigid comparison with the most highly finished buildings of that most striking style.' We can still discern in all their extent the

foundations of the church of the Clugniao monastery which the progenitor of the Stuarts endowed so munificently, in the midst of his great fief of Strathgryfe, 'for the souls of King Henry of England, of King David and of King Malcolm,'—terms which show us that though Walter Fitz-Alan had become the Seneschal of Scotland, he had not forgotten his duty to the English king. But though we can trace the form of choir and transepts at Paisley, there is little to engage attention beyond the nave, and the interest of that is in the peculiarities of its triforium and huge corbels—neither of which are pleasing features. There are other things, however, to requite the study of professed ecclesiologists; and a member of the Maitland Club might find an easy contribution in a set of engravings of the sculptured panels which run along the eastern wall of the mortuary chapel—called St. Mirine's aisle—at the end of the south transept.

The metropolitan cathedral of St. Andrews was founded in the year 1162—the King of Scots being present—by Bishop Ernold, who had been abbot of Kelso, and must have been taught by that princely pile to look with disdain on the little chapel of St. Rule built by his predecessor Bishop Robert. The new work seems to have advanced apace during the period of Bishop Richard (1163–1178). We see him issuing letters to the aldermen and burgesses of the lately erected burgh, forbidding them to seduce or withdraw any of the builders, hewers, quarriers, or other labourers, without licence from the canon having charge of the fabric. These workmen were to have the same privileges of market for food and raiment as were enjoyed by the burgesses. A fiercely disputed election followed the death of Bishop Richard, and the church probably made no great progress until the year 1202, when William Malvoisin was translated from the see of St. Kentigern to be 'Bishop of the Scots.' The pontificate of this energetic Norman extended to nearly forty years, and his charters, yet extant, attest how earnestly he laboured to carry on 'the work of the new church of St. Andrew to its consummation.' He was the first prelate buried within its walls. We continue to hear of the building under Bishop David in 1249, and under Bishop Gameline in 1266 and 1269. Two years after the last of these dates we discover that the choir, the transepts, and two or three bays of the nave were built. The episcopate of William Wischart (1271–1279) saw the completion of the nave—which is said to have been of eleven bays—and the building

\* Liber S. Marie de Dryburgh, pref., p. xxxvii.

of the west front. But times of trouble were now at hand. Some accident, we know not what, ruined part of the building, and before it could be repaired the canons were in the toils of the usurers. The desolating Wars of the Succession followed; and it was not until the year 1318 that the cathedral was consecrated by Bishop William Lamberton, in presence of the King, seven bishops, fifteen abbots, and almost all the earls and lords whom the wreck of war and revolution had spared to Scotland. The gift of a hundred marks yearly attested the gratitude and devotion of Bruce 'for the mighty victory vouchsafed to the Scots at Bannockburn by St. Andrew, the guardian of their realm.' Of the High Church which was thus solemnly dedicated, there now remain only portions of two gables and a side wall.

'It has been observed,' says Mr. Gladstone, 'as a circumstance full of meaning, that no man knows the names of the architects of our cathedrals. They left no record of themselves upon the fabrics, as if they would have nothing there that could suggest any other idea than the glory of that God to whom the edifices were devoted for perpetual and solemn worship; nothing to mingle a meaner association with the profound sense of His presence; or as if, in the joy of having built Him a house, there was no want left unfulfilled, no room for the question whether it is good for a man to live in posthumous renown.' The remark, though in spirit not less true than beautiful, would be liable to obvious exceptions if interpreted altogether literally. The Breviary of the Scottish church appointed a lesson to be read to the people, commemorating the architectural skill of the builder of one of her minsters; and the temple which he raised in the remote north was called by his name from within a century of his death. The fierce Norsemen of the diocese of Caithness had torn out the tongue and eyes of one bishop, had scourged, stoned, and burned another to death, when, in 1223, Gilbert de Moravia, archdeacon of Murray, was chosen to the see. To give significance to the election, it was made in presence of the King of Scots and the captains of his host; and the priest on whom the choice fell, was a kinsman of the great chiefs who had then recently acquired that vast territory—'the Southern Land' of Caithness—which now gives the title of Duke to their lineal descendant. With such support from the arm of flesh, Bishop Gilbert ruled his church in peace for more than twenty years. He had built or repaired many royal castles throughout the northern provinces; and he now employed

his skill in rearing a cathedral church at Dornoch, as he himself tells us, at his own charge. 'He built it with his own hands,' adds the Breviary; and we are assured that even the glass for its windows was made upon the spot, under his own eye. The constitution which he framed for the government of the chapter, has lately been printed for the Bannatyne Club, from the original parchment at Dunrobin: we learn from it that, in the cathedral which he left endowed for five dignitaries and three prebendaries, he found at his accession no more than one priest. The good bishop was canonised within no long period of his death. The church which he built survived to our time, though much decayed and partly ruined. It was 'restored' about twelve years ago, but the work unhappily was not intrusted to competent hands.

What St. Gilbert of Murray did for Dornoch was accomplishing at the same time for Dunblane by a Preaching Friar of foreign birth, who is said to have received the tonsure from St. Dominic himself. The bishopric of Strathern was restored by St. David, after a vacancy of more than a hundred years, during which almost all its revenues had been usurped by laymen. A Romanesque tower which still remains, would seem to have been built about that time; but such was the forlorn condition of the see at the accession of Friar Clement in 1233, that—we give his own words—'its rents were barely sufficient to maintain him for six months; there was no place in the cathedral where he could lay his head; no chapter; only a rustic chaplain saying mass thrice a week in a roofless church.' Such was Dunblane when this learned and eloquent Dominican came to its rule: the chronicles tell us that he left it, after a pontificate of fifteen years, 'a stately sanctuary, rich in land and heritage, served by prebendary and canon.' It is now more than two centuries since the ruins of the nave which Bishop Clement built, moved the indignation of Laud. The more modern choir, which has but one aisle, was all the cathedral of Leighton, who marked his affection for the Scottish episcopate by leaving his learned library to this little diocese, as he endowed an almshouse, and founded college exhibitions in the great metropolitan see to which he was afterwards called.

The grandest of all the northern minsters was unquestionably Elgin. It alone, among the Scottish cathedrals of the thirteenth century, had two western towers. They are now shorn of their just height, but still they may be seen from far, lifting their bulk above the pleasant plain of Murray, and



suggesting what the pile must have been when the amiable and learned Florence Wilson loved to look upon its magnificence as he meditated his 'De Animi Tranquillitate' on the banks of the Lossi, and when the great central spire soared to twice the altitude of the loftiest pinnacle of ruin that now grieves the eye. The foundations of this noble church were laid about the year 1224 by Bishop Andrew de Moravia, the near kinsman, probably the nephew, of that St. Gilbert who on the opposite shore of the firth was at that very time raising the humbler walls of Dornoch. We know little of the building of Elgin. The records of the see show us 'Master Gregory the mason and Richard the glazier' at work in the autumn of 1237. Some chance reduced part of the fabric to ruin in 1244. We have it described in the end of the next century as 'the pride of the land, the glory of the realm, the delight of wayfarers and strangers, a praise and boast among foreign nations, lofty in its towers without, splendid in its appointments within, its countless jewels and rich vestments, and the multitude of its priests:'—it had seven dignitaries, fifteen canons, two-and-twenty vicars-choral, and about as many chaplains—'serving God in righteousness.' These sentences are taken from a letter in which the Bishop of Murray makes his lamentation to King Robert III., complaining that on the feast of St. Botolph, 1390, the King's own brother, the Earl of Buchan, had descended from the hills with a band of wild Scots, and given the sumptuous cathedral to the flames, together with the parish church, the Maison Dieu, eighteen manse of the canons, and the whole city of Elgin. The prince of the blood who was the author of this savage exploit was popularly known as 'The Wolf of Badenoch'; and it would be no very unfair measure of the difference between the social conditions of Scotland and of England in that age, to take the ferocities of the hoary incendiary of Elgin for a type of the one, and the Gadshill robberies or Eastcheap gambols of young Harry Monmouth for a symbol of the other. The Stuart prince made his peace with the church before he died, and he sleeps in the cathedral of Dunkeld beneath a tomb which describes him as 'an earl and lord of happy memory.' His effigy was broken and defaced after the Revolution of 1688 by a garri-son of Westland Whigs or Cameronians, who, it may be supposed, would have spared this sepulchre had they known that its tenant in his time had set such a brave example of 'rabbling prelati- cal curates' and destroying 'monuments of idolatry.' Much of what now remains of Elgin shows itself to have

been rebuilt or altered after the dire calamity of St. Botolph's day. The beautiful eight-sided chapter-house seems about a century later. The work of restoration doubtless occupied many years, though it was promoted by royal grants, though a third part of the whole revenues of the see were devoted to it for a time, and though yearly subsidies were levied on every benefice in a diocese which stretched from the Ness to the Deveron, from the sea to the passes of Lochaber and the central mountains that divide Badenoch and Athol.

We have reserved the last place in our hasty glance at First Pointed edifices to the High Church of Glasgow. Greatly favoured of fortune, this fine pile shares the distinction of being one of the two, or three Scottish cathedrals—Kirkwall is another, and perhaps Lismore is a third—which have been spared to modern days in a comparatively entire state. It is fortunate also in that we know more of its story than of the annals of any other northern temple. The ground on which it stands—so ran traditions which were of reverent antiquity even in the twelfth age—was hallowed for Christian burial by St. Ninian of Galloway in the beginning of the fifth century. But the faith planted by that first apostle of Scotland had suffered decay, the tribes whom he had converted were relapsing into paganism, and his cemetery at Glasgow was neglected or forsaken, when, beneath the shade of its venerable trees, a little church and humble monastery of wood arose about the middle of the sixth age. From this, as from the chief seat of his mission, St. Kentigern—the Mungo of the Scottish commonalty, the Kendeayn Garthwys of Wales—spread or restored Christianity throughout the whole extent of the British kingdom of Cumbria, from Lochlomond and near Stirling to Windermere and beyond Appleby. Glasgow became the ecclesiastical capital of this extensive region, the spiritual mother of all the Welsh tribes 'of Reged wide and fair Strathclyde.' It was here that St. Kentigern made his own sepulture, and here that for ages the kings and warriors, the saints and sages of Cumbria chose their rest beside the ashes of the renowned apostle of their nation. That nation passed away: its wasted territory was shared by sundry tribes and strange races, and in the tenth century its dominion was given to the heir of the King of Albany, on condition of serving the Anglo-Saxon sovereign in war by sea and land. Amid these convulsions, the faith itself scarcely survived: the see of St. Kentigern fell, and laymen seized its possessions. Its restoration, in the early years of the twelfth century, was

the work of the sainted son of St. Margaret. As next in succession to the Scottish crown, St. David was Earl or Prince of Cumbria, during the reign of his brother King Alexander the Fierce; and in the year 1115 he procured the consecration of his preceptor John to the bishopric of his semi-barbarous princedom. The new prelate, after a short sojourn, fled in terror from the wild tribes over whom he was appointed, and took the staff of pilgrimage for the Holy Land; but the injunction of Pope Calixtus and the persuasion of St. David overcame his fears, and he returned to preach repentance and tidings of salvation throughout all the Cumbrian dales.

The ancient cemetery, with its tall cross of stone and its girdle of old trees, seems to have been nearly all of St. Kentigern—his relics excepted—that remained at Glasgow when Bishop John laid the foundations of a new cathedral. It was begun before the year 1124, and he consecrated it in the year 1136, in the presence of his royal pupil, who was now King of the Scots. At the end of about forty years this structure was laid waste by fire. Meanwhile the see had waxed rich in possessions. A burgh had been established beneath the shadow of the church. We have charters which show us the very process of its foundation: here a burgess from Haddington is building a house, there the monks of Melrose take a grant of land, here a toft and a net's fishing in Clyde are assigned to the Knights of the Temple—a weekly market is appointed for Thursday—the Bishop obtains 'the King's peace' for the burgesses and his protection for their chattels—

*'Urbem designat aratro,*

*Indicique forum, et patribus dat jura vocatis.'*

The prelate who thus founded what is now the second or third city of the empire, had been called to the throne of St. Kentigern from the rule of the great Cistercian monastery of Melrose. Bishop Joceline made large preparation for his new cathedral. The fashion after which he proceeded was not very different from that which is still in approved use in like cases. He published a book, and set an association on foot. The book was a new 'Life and Miracles of St. Kentigern,' and its preparation was intrusted to one of the most popular biographers of the day, Brother Joceline, of Furness in Lancashire. The work is still extant, and while it possesses other claims to interest, the skill with which it addresses itself to the immediate object of its composition challenges praise. Nothing is omitted which could excite the faithful to be generous; nothing

which could magnify the dignity of the see of Glasgow. Its jurisdiction had been recently curtailed by the erection of its English territory into the diocese of Carlisle: therefore every vestige of St. Kentigern's old renown in the south—the church which shadows Southey's tomb still bears his name, and it was early interpolated into Asser's 'Life of Alfred' to prove the antiquity of Oxford—is diligently collected. The Bishops of Glasgow had been summoned to yield obedience to the Archbishop of York as their metropolitan: therefore Brother Joceline relates how it came to pass that the successors of St. Kentigern were subject to no primate, but were vicars of the Apostolic see itself, and took precedence and had power above even Kings, so long as Cumbria was yet a kingdom.

The book of the Cistercian of Furness must have served as an ample brief to the members of the Cathedral Building Society, which was now instituted by the Bishop. It had its 'collectors' in every corner of the realm; and we, who have so lately seen the proceedings of the 'Dombau Verein' of Cologne, may with little difficulty picture the course of the 'Brotherhood of St. Kentigern of Glasgow.' The King of Scots took it under his especial patronage by a charter of protection and privilege, full of affection for the ancient see, 'which, though poor and lowly in temporal estate, is the spiritual mother of many nations.' The allusion is to the divers tongues and kindreds which then peopled Cumbria, and which, in other charters, are recounted by name—'Normans and Saxons, Scots, Galwegians, and Welsh.'

Bishop Joceline laid the foundation of his High Church in 1181. He began at the east, and the work advanced so rapidly that the crypt was consecrated in 1197, on the octave of St. Peter and Paul. Three bishops took part in the rite, and its anniversary was commemorated by the institution of a 'dedication feast,' with a great fair of eight days duration, which is still a high holiday with the unsuspecting youths and damsels of the Covenanted West, and of old gathered yearly around the cathedral, for business or devotion, craftsmen from Selkirk, guildburghers from Dumbarton, Solway fishers, shepherds from the Forest, Nithsdale yeomen, squires of Carrick, Clydesdale knights, the lordly abbots of Jedburgh and Corsraguel, Highland chiefs from the Lennox, Border moss-troopers from the Liddel and the Esk. That evanescent throng has long passed away—even the religious purpose of its first institution is forgotten as if it had never been; but Bishop Joceline's magnificent crypt still remains, the admiration of all eyes.

'Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis.'

It has perhaps no rival, certainly no superior in the island; and they who of late years—since it was cleared of modern deformities—have wandered in the gloom of its central maze of pier and pillar, or have lingered in the twilight of its noble arcades on either side, will confess that the Chroniclers of Melrose gave the old abbot of their house no undue praise when they wrote, 'Jocelinus episcopus sedem episcopalem dilatavit et Sancti Kentegerni ecclesiam gloriose magnificavit.'

The founder of Glasgow died in the second year after the dedication, so that he can have built little or nothing beyond the undercroft. Indeed, we hear nothing of the progress of the structure for a long time. In 1231 the chapter was deep in debt; but William of Bondington, a prelate of energy, having been appointed to the see two years afterwards, fourteen hundred marks due to merchants of Florence were discharged in 1240. It was about the same time that Forveleth, the widowed Countess of the Lennox, gave to the fabric a piece of land on the banks of that stream of Leven of which Smollett has sung so sweetly. The bishop had not failed to have recourse to the great instrument of church-building in the thirteenth age—the no less effective cause of church-destruction in the sixteenth—'papal indulgences,' or dispensations by the Pope granting release from the heavy burdens of ecclesiastical discipline to all penitents promoting the undertaking. To add new force to this remission, a canon was passed by a Provincial Council of the Scottish clergy held at Perth in 1242, ordaining that the indulgence for the cathedral of Glasgow be hung up in every church in the realm; that its terms be plainly expounded in the vulgar tongue to the parishioners; that on every Lord's day and festival from Ash-Wednesday to Low Sunday, after the Gospel is read, the duty of contributing to the work be enjoined on the people; that their alms and legacies, together with the goods of persons dying intestate, be faithfully collected; and during the season so specified, for no other object than this shall offerings be solicited in the parish churches. To the fruits of this ordinance, doubtless, we owe the completion of the beautiful choir before 1258.

The next twenty years would appear to have seen the building of the central tower—which was to be surmounted by a wooden spire—and of the transepts, which are so very short as scarcely to break the long perspective of the exterior. In 1277

the chapter purchased from Maurice, lord of Luss, the privilege of cutting all the timber needed 'for the fabric of their steeple and treasury.' It was covenanted that the 'proctors of the work,' their carriers and artificers, should have free entry to Maurice's lands—which lay along the western shores of Lochlomond—should have right of felling, hewing, and dressing timber wherever they chose, should lead or carry it in whatever way they thought best, and should have pasturage for their horses and oxen. But from some cause or other the forests of Luss seem to have been found insufficient for the undertaking; and in 1291 Bishop Robert Wishart begged 'timber for the spire of his cathedral' from Edward I., then in the rule of Scotland as its Overlord. The English king was no niggard in grants 'for the honour of God and Holy Church:' he bestowed forty oaks from Darnaway on the high church of Caithness; and he gave the Bishop of Glasgow not only sixty oaks from Eitrick, but twenty stags for his own table. But the spire of St. Kentigern was not yet to be built: the faithless prelate had scarcely digested the last of King Edward's venison, before he turned the oaks into catapults and mangonels, and with them laid siege to the garrison which kept the Cumyn's castle of Kirkintilloch.

When or how the steeple was at length completed, we do not learn. We know only that it was consumed by lightning about 1400. The building of the present spire, which is of stone, was begun by Bishop William of Lauder (1408-1425) and finished by Bishop John Cameron (1425-1447). During their times likewise were built the crypt of the chapter-house and the chapter-house itself—a plain quadrangular structure at the north-east corner of the Lady Chapel. The nave probably had been in progress from the beginning of the fourteenth century, during which bequests were made to the fabric by that 'flower of Scottish chivalry' the Knight of Liddesdale, and others: it appears to have been finished, with both its aisles and a deformed western tower (which has recently been taken down), before the year 1480. Archbishop Blacader (1484-1508) having built the rood-loft and the stairs which descend to the great crypt, resolved on the extension of the southern transept, but accomplished nothing more than its undercroft—a very beautiful work, of which Mr. Billings ought to give us an engraving. This fine chapel was the last thing attempted—if we except the vile 'consistory-house' happily now removed—before the Reformation overtook the canons, and stamped fulfilment on the adage which had prophesied of their

High Church as a Penelope's web, the type of an endless task—'Like St. Mungo's work, it will never be finished.'

The minster of which we have thus tried to sketch the history is undoubtedly a noble work of architecture, though we may smile when we hear it spoken of as second only to Salisbury among First Pointed cathedrals. It is yet more memorable in its traditions. Ancient story, as we have seen, associates its site with the first preaching of the faith in Scotland. Here the cross was planted, and here was ground blessed for Christian burial by a Christian bishop, while Iona was yet an unknown island among the western waves, while the promontory of St. Andrews was the haunt of the wild boar and the seamew, and only the smoke of a few heathen wigwams ascended from the rock of Edinburgh. The ground which St. Ninian hallowed, and St. Kentigern chose for the seat of his religion, was honoured also by the footsteps of St. Columba, who came hither in pilgrimage from his island monastery, singing hymns in honour of the Apostle of Strathclyde. With these vestiges of the holy men of old we may mingle the associations of ancient romance which attach to the spiritual capital and royal tombs of the kingdom of Arthur and Merlin, of Aneurin and Taliesin. The edifice which we now behold has seen the English Edward prostrate before its high altar, and heard his vows at the gloomy shrine of St. Kentigern. It witnessed the absolution of Bruce, while the Red Cumyn's blood was scarcely yet dry upon his dagger. Its walls rang with exhortations that it was better in the eye of heaven to fight for that outlawed homicide, than to do battle for the cross in the Holy Land. In its vestry were the Bruce's coronation robes made ready in haste: from its treasury was 'the Banner of Scotland' taken, which waved above the ruined 'Kaiserstuhl' at Scone, when, with maimed rites and a scanty train, heralds proclaimed him 'Robert, King of the Scots.' In a more peaceful age its chapter-house and crypt sheltered the infant convocations of the University, in which Smith was to teach doctrines that have changed the policy of nations, and Watt was to perfect discoveries that have subdued the elements to be the ministers of mankind. It has seen a King serving at its altars; for as the Emperor was a canon of Cologne, and the French monarch a prebendary of Tours, so a Scottish sovereign—the devout and chivalrous King James of Flodden—had a stall in the choir and a seat in the chapter of Glasgow. Beneath the shadow of its rood-loft, unrestrained by the presence of the Patriarch of Venice, the Primates of Scotland—

following the example of Canterbury and York in an earlier age—have brawled and struggled for precedence, amid the cries of their attendants, the rending of cope and surplice, and the crash of shivered croziers. John Knox described and may have witnessed the tumult; but his triumph would have been checked could he have foreseen that before his own discipline was twenty years old the same walls were to witness a riot not less unseemly among his own followers—were to hear the clash of steel, to see the 'moderator of the presbytery' plucked by the beard from his seat of office—the preacher pulled by the sleeve in the pulpit with a 'Come down, sirrah!'—while without bells were rung, drums beat, and blood flowed in the streets. Buchanan—so long Scotland's greatest name in letters—trod the aisles of Glasgow in his youth, and sat a delighted guest at the classic table of its archbishop. That castle hall was forsaken, the desolate cathedral was hastening to decay, when Buchanan's pupil, Andrew Melville, is said to have clamoured for the instant destruction of the pile as 'a monument of idolatry,' whither superstitious people 'resorted to do their devotion,' and which by reason of its huge 'vastness' was all unsuited for the stern simplicity of orthodox rites. But the time of the old minster was not yet come: the edifice which Melville wished to destroy was reserved to be the theatre of the proudest triumph which Melville's disciples ever achieved. Large as are the dimensions of the High Church of Strathclyde, they were much too narrow for the eager multitudes who swarmed around its gates in December, 1638, while within Covenanted ministers, and nobles gorged with church spoil, were defying their King and excommunicating their Bishops. It was, perhaps, the greatest confluence of people, says Burnet, 'that ever met in these parts of Europe, yet a sad sight to see, for not a gown was among them all, but many had swords and daggers.' Baillie, the Covenanted principal of the neighbouring College, gives even a fiercer picture of this memorable council. 'We might learn modesty and manners from the Turks or pagans'—he breaks out—'our rascals, without shame, in great numbers make such din and clamour, in the house of the true God, that if they used the like behaviour in my chamber, I would not be content till they were thrust down stairs.' Such was the characteristic disorder amid which the 'Jericho of prelacy' was cast down, and 'the curse of Hiel the Bethelite' thundered against all who should attempt its rebuilding. But the exultation of that day was not to prove lasting. A brief course of fifteen

years saw the assembly of the Covenanted Kirk invaded by theocratic enthusiasts yet wilder than themselves—saw the members marched in silence to the foot of the gallows-tree, and there dismissed with an ominous warning of the destiny which awaited them should they seek to meet again. Before that scene was acted on the Burgh Moor of Edinburgh, Cromwell had sat in the High Church of Glasgow, listening for three hours to the impotent railing of Mr. Zachary Boyd, smiling at the impatient rage of his captains who spoke of pistolling the preacher, and taking a more ingenious revenge, by subjecting Mr. Zachary to a private homily longer and drearier than his own. Glasgow echoed the universal delight which hailed the Restoration, yet amid that joyous tumult a voice was heard from the depths of her cathedral crypt prophesying woe and lamentations—Cargill, the rugged confessor of a relentless Covenant, sparing not to denounce the faithless King even on the first ‘oak-apple day’ of his reign. A few years pass, and, in the choir above, the low sweet voice of Leighton is heard in those angelic strains of eloquence and devotion which haunted the memory of his hearers to their dying day. A few years more, and the cathedral is beset by a surging crowd of Cameronians—fanatic wanderers from the hills, whose wrath will not tarry for the slow retribution of the law, but who are there, at their own hand, to purge the temple of God of ‘the prelatical intruders,’ as ‘dumb dogs,’ ‘Erastians,’ ‘schismatics,’ ‘Covenant breakers,’ and ‘soul-murderers.’ Yet a few years more, and probably from the pulpits of the minister, as certainly from other pulpits in the town, the people are stirred up to armed tumult against that union with England which has made their little burgh a great and wealthy city, and covered their river with the trade of nations. And now, last scene of all, after centuries of neglect, the breaches of St. Kentigern’s venerable High Church have been repaired, and its decayed places raised up—it is swept and garnished—those western portals so long closed are thrown open. Who, in these days of sudden and marvellous mutation, shall say for what or for whom they wait?

The First Pointed or Early English style passed into the Decorated or Middle Pointed by such gentle gradations, that it is difficult to mark the change by a date which shall hold good in all cases. In England, the year 1272 has been most generally taken, probably because it denotes the beginning of a new reign. On like ground the year 1286 may be assumed in Scotland, where it marks

an epoch of ever calamitous memory—the close of a long season of peace without and happiness within, by the untimely death of the last Alexander. The tide of civilisation which had for two centuries flowed northwards without check, was now to be stayed—was even to be rolled back. The learned editors of the ‘Ancient Register of Arbroath’ do not hesitate to avow their belief that, ‘regarding the country only in a material point of view, it may safely be affirmed that Scotland at the death of King Alexander III. was more civilised and more prosperous than at any period of her existence, down to the time when she ceased to be a separate kingdom in 1707.’ Half a century before this was written, the laborious editor of Wyntown had recorded a like confession. Commenting on the ancient lyric in which the Scots so long bewailed the death of ‘the Peaceable King,’ he acknowledged that then indeed ‘the prosperity of Scotland suffered a long eclipse: “our gold was changed into lead;” and our fishermen and merchants into cut-throats and plunderers, whose only trade was war, whose precarious and only profit was the ruin of their neighbours.’ Such were the effects of the dire struggle which closed its first scene on the field of Bannockburn—a victory which, weighed in the balance of the mere utilitarian, must be set down as a greater disaster to Scotland than the carnage of Flodden or the route of Pinkie Cleuch—

‘Pharsalia tanti  
Causa mali: cedant feralia nomina Cannae,  
Et damnata diu Romanis Allia fastis.’

The first note of contest banished every English priest, monk, and friar from the northern realm. Its determination was followed by the departure of those great Anglo-Norman lords—the flower of the Scottish baronage—who, holding vast possessions in both countries, had so long maintained among the rude Scottish hills the generous example of English wealth and refinement.\* Then it was that De la Zouche and De Quincy, Ferrars and Talbot, Beaumont and Umfraville, Percy and Wake, Moubray and Fitz-Warine, Balliol and Cumyn, Hastings and De Coursi, ceased to be significant names beyond the Tweed—either perishing in that

\* It is related, for example, that, about the middle of the twelfth century, Robert de Bruce, lord of Skelton in England and of Annandale in Scotland, bestowed the latter domain on his second son—the progenitor of the Scottish Kings. The youth returned to Cleveland with a complaint that in his Scotch territory he had to eat oatcakes, whereupon the old lord gave him two English manors to find him in wheaten loaves. (*Monasticon Anglicanum*, vol. vi. part i. p. 267.)

terrible revolution, or withdrawing to their English domains, there to perpetuate in scutcheon and pedigree the memory of their rightful claims to many of the fairest lordships of Albany, and to much of the reddest blood of the north.\*

The consequences of this crisis, so far as regards ecclesiastical architecture, were twofold. Henceforth comparatively few buildings arose in the north, and these, with one or two exceptions, were on a meaner scale. In the second place, England now become an hereditary enemy, no longer supplied models for the sacred edifices beyond the Tweed, which received instead the impress of the new ally of France. In England, the First Pointed was succeeded about 1272 by the Middle Pointed or Decorated, which obtained for about a century—being supplanted by the Perpendicular or Third Pointed, whose reign, beginning about 1377, closed only with the Reformation. In Scotland, the Middle Pointed may be said to have occupied the whole period between the death of King Alexander III. in the end of the thirteenth, and the change of religion in the middle of the sixteenth century. Until the country was finally thrown into the arms of France on the accession of the first Stuart king in 1371, the Middle Pointed in the north maintained an English character: after that event it gradually assumed a foreign aspect.

To one or other of these ages of Scottish Middle Pointed, we owe the cathedrals of Aberdeen, Fortrose, Lismore, and Edinburgh, with portions more or less extensive of Dunkeld, Brechin, Elgin, Glasgow, Dunblane, and Iona. The same style gave us the conventual churches of Melrose, Sweetheart, St. Monan in Fife, the Dominicans at St. Andrews, and the Franciscans at Aberdeen and at Stirling, with the gateway and refectory of Dunfermline, and portions of Holyrood, Balmerino, and Paisley. But its chief works were of less size and humbler pretension, as more commensurate with the decaying piety and diminished resources of the country—collegiate churches and chapels such as Roslin, Restalrig, Crichton, Dalkeith, Corstorphine, Bothwell, Biggar, Carnwath, Hamilton, Maybole, Lincluden, Dundee, Crail, Foulis, Seton, Dunglass, the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh, St. John's at Perth, St. Saviour's at St. Andrew's, St. Duthac's at Tain, Kings College at Aberdeen, and the lately demolished choir of St. Nicholas in

the same city. To this style also belong a few parochial churches, such as those of Lanark and Douglas in Strathclyde; Haddington, Whitekirk, and Midcaldier in Lothian; Auldbar and St. Vigeans in Angus.

The most beautiful, not only of the Scottish temples of this era, but of all the northern fanes of whatever time, is Melrose. The splendour of Middle age romance which Scott has thrown around the place, has almost obliterated its older and holier renown, when it was described by Bede as the home of the meek Eata, the prophetic Boisil, the austere Cuthbert—when, with Coldingham and Abercorn and Tynningham, it was the lamp of that Anglo-Saxon Lothian which, deriving its own faith from Iona, sped the glad gift to many an English province, and even sent a missionary across the seas to become the apostle of the Austrasian tribes on the Meuse, the Waal, and the Rhine. The light of Melrose had long been quenched, when in the middle of the twelfth century St. David bestowed the territory on a colony of white-robed Cistercians from Rievaulx. The site of the ancient shrine, on a lovely bank almost encircled by the Tweed, was still marked by a chapel, which bore the name of St. Cuthbert, and was the frequent resort of pilgrims. But the new monks chose their dwelling some little distance above, on the plain between the river and the skirts of 'Eildon's triple height.' They dug the foundations of their church in the spring of 1136, and it was consecrated before the summer of 1146 was at an end. This fabric was laid in ruins during the Wars of the Succession—the scourge of which fell so heavy on the Border abbeys, that the monks and novices of wealthy Kelso, though their house escaped destruction, were driven to beg food and clothing among the more fortunate monasteries remote from the English march. The rebuilding of Melrose, as we now see it, received the especial patronage of Bruce, and occupied almost his latest thoughts. In 1326 he made a grant to the monastery, for the fabric of its new church, of all the feudal casualties and crown issues of Teviotdale, until they should amount to two thousand pounds sterling—a sum equal to more than fifty thousand pounds in the present day. 'The Good Sir James of Douglas' was appointed steward and warden of the bequest: and the King, from his deathbed at Cardross on the Clyde, addressed a letter to his son and successor, entreating him, in the tenderest terms and by the most solemn adjurations, to see that the grant received liberal fulfilment, and that 'all love, honour, and privilege be rendered for evermore to the monastery of Melrose, which he himself had in such pious

\* So the three garbs—the well-known bearing of the great and illustrious house of Cumyn—appear on Mr. Pugin's new Romanist chapel at Cheadle, to mark the claim of the founder, the Earl of Shrewsbury, to the representation of the old Lords of Badenoch.

affection, that he had appointed his heart to be buried within its walls.' This remarkable letter was written on the 11th of May, and the king expired on the 7th of June, 1329; so that it must have been suddenly and in the last stages of his loathsome malady that the innocent blood of Cumyn and the unfulfilled vow of penance rose before his soul, and he resolved that his dead heart should be borne by the Knight of Douglas on that pilgrimage to the Holy Land which his living feet had failed to accomplish. But the memorable death of the Good Sir James frustrated the King's dying wish; and the heart, brought back from the Andalusian battle-field, was by Randolph entombed at Melrose 'with great worship.' The new building seems for a time to have proceeded slowly. The grant of King Robert was renewed by David II. in 1370, in terms which show that no considerable portion of the two thousand pounds had then been received; and, indeed, it appears that the full amount of the bequest had not been completed even in 1399. Great part of the edifice, however, must have been built before that time, by the help doubtless of the opulent revenues which the abbey enjoyed from other sources. The character of its architecture—graceful symmetry, lavish profusion of ornament, exquisite delicacy of workmanship—has been familiar to every one since the publication of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which presents the structure in lines so admirably true, that they have passed as definitions into the hand-books of the ecclesiologists. It is less generally remembered that during most part of the century in which this glory of Scottish art was built, Teviotdale was an English county, and the monks of Melrose were liegemen of the English king.

Of the few northern cathedrals of the Decorated age, the finest was that of St. Peter and St. Boniface at Rosmarky or Fortrose. Mr. Neale dilates with enthusiasm on 'the once glorious' minster of the bishops of Ross. 'The style,' he says, 'is the purest and most elaborate Middle Pointed; and the whole church, though probably not 120 feet long, must have been an architectural gem of the very first description. The exquisite beauty of the mouldings shows that in whatever other respect these remote parts of Scotland were barbarous, in ecclesiology at least they were on a par with any other branch of the Mediæval church.'

The larger but less ornate cathedral of St. Machar at Aberdeen was begun in 1366. The dean and chapter—Barbour, the venerable poet of the Bruce, being one of the dignitaries—taxed themselves for the fabric

in sixty pounds annually for ten years; the bishop surrendered certain revenues which were worth probably about twice that sum; and the Pope in 1380 made a liberal grant of indulgences to all the faithful who should stretch forth a helping arm to the work. But all these appliances availed only to raise the foundations of the nave a few feet above ground. Forty years passed before Bishop Henry Leighton (1422-1440) reared the two western towers, completed the walls of the nave, and founded the northern transept. His successor, Bishop Lindsay (1441-1459) paved and roofed the edifice. It was glazed by Bishop Spens (1459-1480). The pious Elphinstone (1487-1514)—one of those prelates who in their munificent acts and their laborious and saintly lives showed to the Scottish church, in her corruption and decay, the glorious image of her youth—built the great central tower and wooden spire, provided the great bells, and covered the roofs of nave, aisles, and transept with lead. Bishop Gawin Dunbar (1519-1531)—a meet successor to Elphinstone—built the southern transept, and gave to the nave the flat ceiling of panelled oak which still remains, with its eight-and-forty shields, glittering with the heraldries of the Pope, the Emperor, St. Margaret, the Kings and Princes of Christendom, the Bishops and the Earls of Scotland. The choir seems never to have been finished; and of the transepts, only the foundations now remain. The nave is nearly perfect; and its western front, built of the obdurate granite of the country, is stately in the severe symmetry of its simple design.

Dunkeld—reposing on the margin of the majestic Tay, in the deep bosom of wood, crag, and mountain—was early chosen as a religious home. Both St. Columba and St. Cuthbert appear in its traditions; it seems to have preceded St. Andrews as the seat of the primate or 'High Bishop' of Albany; and it could boast that among its lay-abbots in the eleventh century was numbered the progenitor of a race of Kings. The annals of the modern cathedral are not free from perplexity. The piers of the nave seem Romanesque; and the pier-arches, the triforium, and the clerestory seem First Pointed; yet we are told by the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, writing the history of the see early in the sixteenth century, that the foundations of the nave were laid in 1406 by Bishop Robert of Cardeny, who carried the work as high as the second tier of arches 'commonly called the blind story,'—leaving its completion to Bishop Lauder, by whom the cathedral was dedicated in 1464. Commending the difficulty which these statements raise to the judgment of the 'Oxford Architectural' and



the 'Cambridge Camden' societies, we pass to the aisle-less choir, built between 1318 and 1337 by 'Master Robert the mason,' during the pontificate of William de Saint Clair, that stout warrior whom Bruce is said to have styled 'his own bishop.' The great eastern window was filled with coloured glass by John of Peebles, who ruled the see from 1377 to 1396. The rest of the choir was glazed by his successor, who died in 1437. Bishop Lauder built the great tower and the chapter-house between 1470 and 1477. In the latter year the diocesan synod was held at Dunkeld for the first time, the clergy hitherto having been compelled, by terror of the Highland 'catheran,' to meet in the church of the Friars of Mount Carmel at Tullilum, under the walls of Perth. But a few years before, an Athol chief burst into the cathedral on the solemn festival of Pentecost, and the Bishop, who was celebrating high mass, only escaped the sword and arrows of the Clan Donnoquhy by clambering to the rafters of the choir. This minster was the scene of violence to the last. When the most illustrious of its Prelates, Gawin Douglas—he who

'in a barbarous age  
Gave to rude Scotland Virgil's page'—

came to take possession of his throne in 1516, he was opposed by a shower of shot from the cathedral tower and bishop's palace; and it was not until the power of his still mighty house had been gathered from Fife and Angus, that he obtained access to his church—'thanks to the intercession of St. Columba,' says the chronicle, 'without loss of life or limb.'

The cathedral of St. Moluac, at Lismore—the seat of the bishop of a diocese which was dismembered from Dunkeld in the beginning of the thirteenth century—is perhaps the humblest in Britain. The High Church of Argyll is less than sixty feet in length by thirty in breadth; it has no aisles, and seems to have had neither transepts nor nave. Contrasted with this small rude fane, the conventual church of Iona—which about the end of the fifteenth century became also the cathedral of the restored Scottish diocese of the Isles—will appear magnificent, though otherwise it is little likely to answer the expectations raised by so great a name. It is cruciform, but without aisles; and the structure, which probably never was highly elaborated, has been so battered and repaired, that, if we except some curious capitals, and the tracery of the windows in the central tower, not much is left to requite the pilgrimage of the mere architectural antiquary. Modern change has deformed the little ca-

thedral of Brechin, but the north-western tower and spire of the middle of the fourteenth, and the western window of the middle of the fifteenth century, have fortunately escaped. The hand of innovation has made still more free with the collegiate church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, which, in 1633, became the cathedral of the new diocese erected by King Charles for the greatest of the Scottish divines of the great Caroline school—the learned and pious William Forbes. Except the beautiful lantern and the interior of the choir, little or nothing remains which we can associate with the memorable things seen or heard by the old walls of the High Church of the Scottish capital—Knox preaching 'as if he would ding the pulpit in *blads* and fly out of it'—the tumult of the 'Octavians' in 1596, shouting for the 'sword of the Lord and of Gideon' to do justice on that 'wicked Haman,' as they styled poor King James of timorous and pedantic memory—the tempest of curses and lamentations, the wringing of hands and throwing of bibles and fald-stools with which the serving-wench and Puritan gentlewomen of Edinburgh assailed the Book of Common Prayer in 1637—the captivity of Haddo, the proto-martyr of loyalty in the north—the funerals of Montrose, the most illustrious of the many brave and noble hearts sacrificed to appease a Covenant whose assemblies anatomized toleration as a heresy and deadly sin, whose ministers clamoured with Rutherford for 'the exercising of justice against bloody malignants,' or with Nevay thundered the judgment which befel Saul upon all who should sheathe the sword until they 'had utterly destroyed the Amalekites.'

It is in the collegiate churches—which belong with scarcely an exception to the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries—that French characteristics are most strongly developed. Polygonal or three-sided apses are almost universal; double doorways, with flattened heads enclosed within a pointed arch, are numerous; battlements are comparatively rare, and graduated gables or 'corby steps' are frequent; there are not a few instances of 'gabled' or 'saddle-back' towers; and the tracery of the windows partakes more or less of the Flamboyant. The church of St. Michael at Linlithgow—the scene of the apparition that warned King James IV. against the war of Flodden\*—is a large and

\* The Scottish antiquaries have failed to observe that this passage, one of the most picturesque in their later chronicles, is little more than a copy from an incident which is recorded by the English annalists as having befallen King Henry II. in the chapel of St. Piran, at Cardiff. Let the Scottish

fine example, though less foreign in its aspect than others of more recent date. It was built to replace a church consecrated in 1242, and burned down in 1424; and a glance at Mr. Billings' view of the south elevation will suffice to show how widely the style differs from that which prevailed in England in the same age. The western tower formerly rose into an imperial crown, supported on flying buttresses, such as still surmount the cathedral of St. Giles at Edinburgh, the tower of King's College at Aberdeen (built about 1515, rebuilt about 1636, at the cost of more than ten thousand marks), the Cross or Tolbooth steeple at Glasgow (built about 1628), and such as at one time surmounted the central tower of the parish church of Haddington (built with the rich choir about 1462). Of this kind of lantern only one example is known in England—that which, far excelling any of those in the north, crowns the tower of the church of St. Nicholas at Newcastle.

It is fortunate that Mr. Billings turned his attention betimes to the collegiate church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh. This fine fragment, founded about 1461 by Mary of Gueldres, the widowed consort of King James II.—was pulled down only last summer to give wider room for a railway station! The plan of the building contemplated a choir and nave, with aisles to both, transepts, and a central tower; but no part of the nave was built, and the tower was never carried above the roof of the transepts. It is remarkable that most of the collegiate churches of the north were left in like unfinished state; in some instances the choir only has been built, in others a transept has been added, tower completed or raised to half its height; but rarely indeed has the pile been made perfect in all its parts. It seems as if the grudging piety of a declining age grew weary before the humble works to which it aspired could be accomplished. Even Roslin—though sumptuous to excess in the multitude and labour of its decorations—will not altogether escape this censure. Of the design for which Sir William of Saint Clair, Earl of Orkney, is said to have brought an architect from Italy in 1446, only a third part was executed, and that is

vision, as described in the text and notes of *Marmon* (cant. iv., stt. xiv.—xvii.), be compared with the English, as narrated by Higden (*Twysd X. Script. col. 2395*), and at more length by Giraldus Cambrensis, in no fewer than three of his works—his *Hibernia Expugnata* (lib. i., cap. xxxix.), his *Itinerarium Cambriæ* (lib. i. cap. vi.), and his recently printed '*De Instructione Principum*' (lib. ii. cap. xii.). That the story was well known in the north in the middle of the fourteenth century, is shown by the allusion made to it in the '*Scala-chronica*' (p. 43) of Sir Thomas Gray, of Heton, in Northumberland.

in a style so impure that the costly interior is a thing as much to marvel at as to admire, while the exterior is altogether wanting in effect. Among the few complete collegiate churches of the Middle Pointed age, are those of Corstorphine (about 1430), Easter Foulis (about 1442), St. Salvator at St. Andrews (about 1456), St. Duthac at Tain (about 1481), King's College at Aberdeen (founded in 1500), St. John at Perth, and St. Mary at Dundee. The last two have been 'restored,' but not without questionable changes. The tower at Dundee—almost the only thing of that kind in Scotland which lays claim to much notice—is thoroughly foreign in its character; and, as has been remarked, it is 'more like the tower of a *Hôtel de Ville* than of a church.' We are not left to infer the influence which France exercised upon Scottish architecture merely from the similarity or identity of style: we have record of Frenchmen who had oversight of the chief temples of the north. A rhymed inscription on the south transept of Melrose relates that John Murdo, 'born in Parys certaynely,' had the charge of St. Andrews, Glasgow, Melrose, Paisley, and the abbeys in Nithsdale and Galloway.

The inexhaustible faculty of excuse which we see painted in the old domestic of Ravenswood, is more characteristic of the Scots as a nation than Sir Walter perhaps would have been altogether ready to confess. Thus, for several centuries, the invasion of King Edward I. was their never-failing apology for the absence of every sort of chronicle, record, and diploma, which—as Caleb Balderston said of the 'silver plate, napery and plenishing,' vainly looked for by strangers at Wolfscrag—'they should have, but had not.' That pretext has been exploded; and it begins now to be acknowledged that the muniments, of which the loss was so long deplored, never had any existence. But John Knox is still put forward as the cause why Scotland has so little to show of old ecclesiastical grandeur. That the rough and turbulent Reformer was the immediate, though perhaps the unwilling, means of destroying a few churches, and that his system indirectly wrought the ruin of many more, is undeniable; but the paucity of ancient religious edifices in the north, and the melancholy state in which we behold them, must be accounted for on other grounds.

There is no reason to suppose that the number of stately parish churches in Scotland was ever considerable. Except in a few provinces, the manors—which, as in England, were so often conterminous with the parishes—were large, and many of the great lords held whole regions of the country. These might be tempted to build a de-

cent structure for the parish of their residence, but could care little for the religious fabrics of districts which they saw perhaps only once a year, when they gathered their vassals to the hunt, or held their barons' courts in the open air, on the 'moot-hill,' or within the circle of 'standing stones.' The curse of impropriations too was heavy on Scotland. The abbeys possessed vast numbers of churches in all the corners of the land, and they grudged every penny of tithe which was diverted from their treasury to the uses of the parish. Even where the benefice continued free, and the landowners were resident, the poverty which prevailed from the beginning of the fourteenth century must in general have prevented the erection of any very ambitious edifice. We have a fervid description of the beauty of the chancel of Dollar in Clackmannanshire, in 1336, but the chronicle does not conceal that the building was only of hewn oak. We know that at the same date the chancel of Edrom, in the Merse, was thatched with straw. Nor does there appear cause to believe that the great mass of the parish churches were in much better state, either in that age or until long after the Reformation. Nor will this account of Scottish churches give any surprise, when we read in the *Hand-book of English Ecclesiology* that, in North Wales, 'a large proportion of the churches resemble barns or cottages rather than churches;' that in Lancashire 'a church of a date anterior to the Reformation may be looked on as a rarity;' that in Durham 'the original churches are comparatively few, from the parishes being of great extent, and the large tracts formerly uninhabited;' that in Northumberland 'the churches are not numerous;' and that in Cumberland 'most of the churches are rude and humble structures.'

The Scottish monasteries were still unscathed long after the English houses, in the phrase of Burke, had been 'voluntarily surrendered to the King by the lawful proprietors, with the gibbet at their door.' The Russells were in Woburn, and Malmesbury was a weaver's shop, before a shrine was pillaged at St. Andrews or a tomb violated at Dunfermline. The first blow at the abbeys of the north was struck by the same Defender of the Faith who spoiled the southern convents. Henry vainly counselled his nephew James to follow the example of 'the dissolution of the monasteries;' but he succeeded by his agents in stirring up the mob of Dundee to destroy the Dominican and Franciscan friaries in that town, to sack Lindores, and to make an attempt upon Arbroath—a house doubly hateful to the English monarch as the possession of a great

living adversary, Cardinal Betune, and as a monument of the renown of that dead enemy, whose bones he burned, whose name he struck from the calendar—St. Thomas of Canterbury. The tumult of Dundee was in the autumn of 1543; and in the following spring and summer Henry despatched an army to the north which gave Melrose, Kelso, Dryburgh, Jedburgh, Eccles, Newbottle, Holyrood, and Haddington to the flames, with many a collegiate and parish church in Lothian, the Merse, and Teviotdale. Great as was the havoc then made, it fell far short of Henry's wishes, for he had his heart set upon the destruction of Arbroath, and gave injunction that St. Andrews should be razed to the earth, 'so as the upper stone may be the nether, and not one stick stand by another, sparing no creature alive within the same.'

It was not until fifteen years after these things that the full tide of the Reformation broke upon the Scottish shore. The shock was fierce, but its fury has been greatly exaggerated. It does not appear that the example set by England was much, if at all, exceeded, except in so far as that what was performed in the south chiefly by royal command, was accomplished in the north partly by lawless violence, partly by doubtful or defective authority. If Knox urged that 'to drive the rooks away, you must pull down the nests,\*' Henry VIII. had long before quoted the same adage for the same purpose. If Knox, at Perth and St. Andrews, preached violently or coarsely against image-worship, Queen Elizabeth appointed a scarcely less vehement 'Homily against Peril of Idolatry' to be read in every parish church of her realm. If, stirred up by Knox's sermons, the 'rascal multitude,' as he styled them, broke down shrine and statue, chantry and chapel, the English mob had done the same in the early years of Edward VI, and the work of demolition had been completed by the formal authority of that prince and his successor. If in driving out the friars and monks many acts of barbarity were done by Knox or by his followers, let it be remembered that Southey has written of 'the reck-

\* Spottiswoode speaks doubtfully of this as a mere report, adding that the 'words (if any such did escape him) were to be understood of the cloisters of monks and friars only.' The story is told by Drummond of Hawthornden (MSS. Bibl. Soc. Ant. Scot.) with a retort which is worth preserving: 'George Buchanan said to John Knox, when he would have had the kirks razed, by the simile, "Cut the trees and the crows will build no more,"—"And if ye had rent your breeches, John, whether would you throw them in the fire, or cause clout them? Whether would you go naked, or abide their mending?"' The original gives the point somewhat more broadly.

less destruction' of the English monasteries, 'that, as it remains a lasting and ineffaceable reproach upon those who partook the plunder, or permitted it, so would it be a stain upon the national character, if men, when they break loose from restraint, were not everywhere the same.' If Mr. Riddell and the modern Scottish antiquaries bewail the turbulence of Knox as the cause of the lamentable destruction of Scottish records, let them read what Bale and Fuller, Anthony Wood and Henry Wharton have written of the manuscript treasures which perished in the English Reformation.

The received tradition of the indiscriminating havoc to which Knox and his fellow-preachers excited the Scottish populace, involves too grave mistakes in matter of history. It invests the early Reformers with an ascendancy over the national mind which they did not possess; it attributes to them a measure of Puritanical fanaticism which was the growth of a later generation.

It is impossible to look into any series of Scottish records of that time without meeting evidence that the doctrine and discipline of the Reformers, for many years after their legal establishment, had but a partial and insecure footing in Scotland. Notwithstanding the terrible penalties by which they were intrenched in the statute-book, perhaps their chief support was derived from the able and energetic counsellors of Elizabeth of England. Knox, the fancied idol of the mob, appears as the frequent butt of popular slander and scurrility. Thirty years after the Reformation, his disciples had been unable to plant ministers in half the parish churches. The adherents of the old faith counted numbers or influence everywhere, and predominated in most parts of the Highlands and Isles, in the whole region north of the Dee, in Angus, in Nithsdale, and in part of Galloway. So obstinately did the ancient rites linger in the affection of the people, that the Parliament in 1581 had to forbid, by severe penalties, pilgrimages to chapels, wells, and crosses, church-wakes and holidays, singing of carols, and lighting of bonfires. For more than half a century the Kirk continued to launch her thunders against pilgrimages to some of the more famous shrines; and even so lately as 1775 the historian of Murray complained that to 'the chapel of Our Lady of Grace' on the Spey, 'multitudes, even from the Western Isles, do still resort, and nothing short of violence can restrain their superstition.' In 1594 'the Popish Earls' of the north defeated in pitched battle the forces of the Protestant west. The victory was celebrated by the last high mass which was sung in the cathedral of Elgin.

In the south, in 1590, a few Benedictines of Dunfermline, with doors bolted and barred, kept watch in their choir by the shrines of St. Margaret and St. David, the sepulchres of Bruce and Randolph. Twenty years later, mass was openly performed in many parish churches of the north, and Jesuits disputed with the Reformed preachers. Even in the westland shires, in 1626, Paisley was such a 'nest of papists' that its Jenny Geddeses rose in tumult, and with insult and execration drove from the town a grave Protestant divine—Boyd of Trochrig, a name famous not only in Scotland, but among the French Huguenots—who attempted to establish himself as a preacher in the abbey. These instances, which it were easy to multiply, may serve to show that even if Knox had traversed the realm from side to side, preaching destruction to the cathedral and abbey churches, his exhortations would in most places have fallen on deaf ears.

But in truth the Scottish Reformer desired no such sweeping demolition. His 'First Book of Discipline'—the scheme of ecclesiastical polity which was tendered for the approbation of the State in 1560—provided for the maintenance of all the cathedral, conventual, and collegiate churches and chapels, which were at the same time parish churches. The qualification extended to the great majority of the noblest structures in the land. The orders, issued in 1560 for the burning of images and removal of altars, strictly enjoined that no harm should be done to the churches in glass-work or iron-work, in stall, door, or window. In the second year of her existence, the Kirk prevailed with the State to pass an act for 'upholding and repairing parish churches,' and her efforts to enforce the statute were unceasing. In 1570 she proceeded against the commendator of Holyrood for allowing his abbey church to become ruinous, and for suffering some of the parish churches in his patronage to be turned into sheep-folds. In 1571 she instructed certain commissioners to deal with the State, 'for preservation and upholding' of the cathedral of Glasgow. Knox was present when these instructions were given: only two months before he had recorded his emphatic approbation of a sermon by one of his colleagues, inveighing against 'the foul deformity and desolation of the kirks and temples,' which, more like sheep-cots than the house of God, argued that there was no 'right religion in most part of the realm.' The 'upholding of cathedral kirks which are parish kirks' was again before the General Assembly in 1573, when the existing laws were ordered to be enforced, until more effective provi-

sions should be enacted by the Parliament. In 1588 the Kirk appealed to the King, demanding that he should interpose to avert the ruin which threatened Glasgow, Dunfermline, and Dunblane. It would be superfluous after all this to refute the story that the cathedral of Glasgow was only saved from Knox and his mob by the arms of the honest craftsmen of the city. The legend, in its first and only ancient form, is placed not in 1559, but in 1578—is told not of John Knox, but of Andrew Melville. Even of him it can scarcely be true. That he may have urged that the large sums in which the citizens (much to their credit) taxed themselves for repairing their High Church, might be better applied in building new churches on the Genevan model, we can readily believe; but if he had carried the matter so far as has been pretended, there must have been trace of it in some contemporary record.

What, then, are the causes why the wreck of ecclesiastical buildings has been so much more general in Scotland than in England? One obvious reason is the rejection of the episcopate, depriving the cathedrals of their natural guardians and the revenues set apart of old for their preservation. Nor should it be forgotten that in the south some of the grandest of the conventual churches were rescued, or have been upheld, by their conversion into cathedrals of newly erected sees. But there was no such happy accident of reformation in the north—no churchman to devise or prince to perform for Holyrood and Melrose what Cranmer and Henry accomplished for Westminster and Peterborough. In some cases—as in Aberdeen and Elgin—the necessities of the Scottish State, by stripping the roofs of their lead, accelerated the work of decay. A clan feud ruined one cathedral—that of Dornoch, which was given to the flames during a war between the Murrays and the Mackays in 1570. We have enumerated the abbeys of Lothian and the Border which were burned in the English invasion of 1544: they were never repaired. In western Cunningham, Kilwinning survived to 1591; in northern Murray, Kinloss was ruined only by the fall of the spire in 1574. The homes of the old religion were still guarded in their desolation by the memory of their former sanctity, and by terror of the fate which, in popular belief, awaited their sacrilegious destroyers. This feeling was not confined to the followers of the fallen hierarchy. Knox himself had solemnly denounced the vengeance of God upon the ‘merciless devourers of the patrimony of the kirk;’ and it was not until 1591 that his

disciples began to complain that ‘sacrilege was esteemed no sin.’ Alas! within half a century they themselves, however unwittingly, were found acting on the very opinion which they had condemned—making common cause against the King and the Bishops, with those ‘merciless devourers’ of ecclesiastical spoil whom Knox had adjured them to shun and resist.

The ill-starred Covenant was no sooner called into being than its wrath fell upon the abbeys and cathedrals. The purgation to which these had been subjected at the Reformation by Knox and Murray was not sufficient for the wilder Puritanism of Henderson and Argyll, and stringent edicts went forth for the destruction of all ‘idolatrous monuments.’ Then it was that the niches of Melrose were emptied of their statues of prince and prelate—that the sculptured pillar at Ruthwell was broken in three—that the synod of Argyll was let loose upon Iona, to cast its monuments into the sea and its manuscripts into the flames—that the magnificent rood-screen of Elgin and the stately altar-screen of Aberdeen were hewn in pieces—and that in the city of Jameson, ‘the Scottish Vandyke,’ a portrait of an old mayor or provost was ordered to be removed from the vestry, where it had hung for nearly two centuries, as ‘savouring somewhat of popery.’ We have no journal of any of the northern ‘Will Dowsings’ who executed these outrages, but some of the memoirs of the time show us how they went to work. Here is an account by honest Spalding, an eye-witness of their doings at Elgin; we modernise the spelling, and slightly abridge the phraseology:—

‘Monday the 28th December 1640. Mr. Gilbert Ross, minister at Elgin, the young Laird Innes, the Laird Brodie, and some others, broke down the timber partition-wall dividing the kirk of Elgin from the choir, which had stood since the Reformation. On the west side was painted in excellent colours, illuminated with stars of bright gold, the Crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. This piece was so excellently done, that the colours and stars never faded or vanished, but kept fresh and sound as they were at the beginning, notwithstanding the kirk wanted the roof since the Reformation, and no whole window thereintill, to save the same from storm, snow, sleet, nor wet, which myself saw. And, marvellous to consider, on the other side, towards the east, was drawn the Day of Judgment. All is thrown to the ground. It was said this minister caused bring home to his house the timber, and burn the same, but each night the fire went out: whereat the servants and others marvelled, and the minister left off to burn any more of that timber. A great boldness, without warrant of the King, to destroy churches at that

rate! Yet it is done at command of the Assembly.'

We learn from a pleasant volume of 'Memoirs of the Family of Rose of Kilravock,' edited for the Spalding Club by Mr. Cosmo Innes, that the spoils of the rood-loft of Elgin were applied to introduce the abomination of a gallery in a neighbouring parish church. The rere-dos of the high altar at Aberdeen—'matchless within all the kirks of Scotland'—was turned to the same base use. We again quote from Spalding:—

'Upon the 16th of December, 1642, Dr. Guild, and Mr. William Strachan, our minister, began the down taking of the back of the high altar upon the east wall of Bishop Gawin Dunbar's aisle, as high near as the ceiling, curiously wrought of fine wainscot, so that within Scotland there was not a better wrought piece. It is said the craftsman would not put his hand to the down taking, till our minister laid first hand thereto, which he did, and then the work began. And in down taking of one of the three timber crowns, which they thought to have gotten down whole and unbroken, it fell suddenly upon the kirk's great ladder, broke it in three pieces, and itself all in *blads*, and broke some pavement with the weight thereof. Now our minister devised a loft, going athwart the church south and north, which took away the stately sight and glorious show of the body of the whole kirk; and with this back of the altar he decorated this beastly loft.'

The iconoclasts of the Covenant had scarcely done their work, when they were succeeded by yet more ruthless spoilers—those troopers of Cromwell whom Mr. Macaulay represents as so distinguished by 'austere morality and the fear of God,' that 'no oath was heard, no drunkenness seen' among them, no insult offered to 'the honour of woman,' no 'rough gallantry complained of by any servant-girl,' but who appear in the sober police-sheets of the kirk-session registers as spreading debauchery through the Scottish glens and hamlets, and teaching the Scottish cities and seaports new excesses of licentiousness. These gifted Puritans stabled their steeds in the parish churches, and made cathedrals and abbeys their quarries for building forts over which they planted the banner of 'Emmanuel.' To raise the walls of their garrison at Inverness, they ruined the beautiful High Church of Ross, and completed the wreck of that Cistercian monastery of Kinloss, which, in the last corrupt days of the Scottish church, had been hallowed by native piety and munificence, and adorned by the arts and learning of Italy and France. They made an arsenal of the venerable church of St. John at Ayr,

within the walls of which Bruce had held his parliament. They turned the chapel of St. Ninian at Aberdeen into a barrack, and fortified it with ramparts of stone torn from the buttresses of the cathedral and the ruins of the bishop's palace. Monuments which national pride had spared amid the ravages of the Covenant, found no mercy from alien sectaries, who defaced the sepulchre of the Good Sir James of Douglas, because he had been 'an enemy to the English nation,' and English mothers, three centuries before, had stilled their children with the terror of his name.

Had the work of devastation and decay been stayed even at this late period, the ecclesiologist would not have had to mourn over Scotland as the barren waste which she now is. It needs but a glance at the books of topography of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, to see how much has perished since that time. It was not until after the Revolution that the central spire of Aberdeen—undermined thirty years before by Cromwell's soldiers—gave way, crushing the transepts in its fall. The great tower of Elgin outlived the Union: it fell on an Easter morning, and so completed the ruin of that magnificent church, within the choir and towers of which, still brilliant with ancient fresco or distemper, disciples of the old worship were wont to assemble in the middle of the previous century. All feeling of awe or reverence had now vanished from the minds of the people, and the ecclesiastical ruins were spoiled without compunction or remorse. If a congregation had taken shelter in some aisle or transept of a huge conventual or cathedral pile, down went choir or nave to keep their little place of meeting in repair. Nor was this all, or the worst. Melrose supplied materials for building a tolbooth and mending a mill. Kelso was turned into a jail. Arbroath was farmed out as a common quarry. Tungland, whose flying abbot still lives in the satire of Dunbar, became a prey to 'the pilfering spirit of the country people.' So it was also at Glenluce, at Inchaffray, at Urquhart—everywhere. Even where churches remained entire, and might have endured for ages, they were in many cases wantonly pulled down by unconscious town-councils or unreflecting 'heritors,' to make way for new buildings more accordant internally with the favourite type of a big lecture-room, more congenial externally to the prevailing fashion of the day—that fashion now copying the deformity of a gigantic barn, now aping the graces of a classic temple, now running to seed in that bristling conglomeration of pinnacles which

seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of 'modern Scotch Gothic.'

The history of ecclesiastical architecture in the north may be said to cease at the Reformation. The restoration of the episcopate in 1610 was followed in some parts of the country by the erection of a few parish churches, but in a style so mean as to possess scarcely any character. The 'Kirk of Alloway,' for which Burns' spirited tale secured a niche in Grose, is a favourable example of the class. The Primate Spottiswoode endeavoured to introduce a higher type, by building at Dairsie in Fife 'a church after the English form.' We know it only in the imperfect representations to be found in Sibbald and Swan, which do not say much for its merit; but assuredly it should have a place in Mr. Billings' work, were it only to show us what a Scottish archbishop considered to be the model for an English church in 1622. Of the debased style—a strange mixture of Gothic and classic features—which prevailed a few years later, the Tron Kirk at Edinburgh and the chapel of Heriot's Hospital are familiar examples. Classic types predominated during the dreary eighteenth century; but one interior of this era may be mentioned with praise—the design which Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, contributed for the erection of the West Kirk in his native city of Aberdeen. There was a return to Gothic forms soon after the beginning of the present century, but it is unfortunate for Scotland that so many of her most ambitious efforts in this style were made when there had been little progress in its scientific study. The Episcopal church of St. John the Evangelist at Edinburgh avoided the sin of a gallery—'that beastly loft' is downright Spalding's phrase—but it has no chancel. Mr. Rickman furnished the design for the small parish church of the Ramshorn—since christened St. David's—at Glasgow: it is not one of his happiest efforts, but is above every other attempt at modern Gothic in the commercial metropolis of the north. More recently one or two Episcopal chapels in the country have been built from plans of English architects; and one native Scot—Mr. Henderson of Edinburgh—is making himself known by build-ings for the Episcopal Church, of no small merit.

The last forty or fifty years have seen the erection of many hundreds of parochial and dissenting churches in Scotland. The number which will escape the censure of the most indulgent taste, is small; but in almost every instance there has been at least

an intention to do well, which must be recognised with gratitude. The reproach which Scott put into the mouth of Andrew Fairservice, that many a dog-kennel in England was better than many a Scottish church, is no longer true; but that it was merited during nearly two centuries is not to be questioned. In 1631 the churches beyond the Tweed are deplored by one of the most learned of Scottish divines as vile cabins and squalid huts—'viles casæ et sordida tuguria.' Archbishop Abbot, whose Puritanism made him regard things in Scotland with no unfriendly eye, related to Sir Henry Spelman that, in 1605, he found only one bell in Edinburgh, and that not only had the country churches no bells, but when, at Dunbar, he asked how they chanced to be without such a commodity, 'the minister, a crumpty unseemly person, thinking the question as strange, replied, "It was one of the Reformed churches!"' The same age proscribed as papistical the degree of Doctor in Divinity, which is now so universal in the north, that it will be difficult by and by to find a 'placed minister,' much less a dissenting preacher, without it. In the following century, Captain Burt tells how the spouse of an English colonel, having proposed to a minister's wife in Lothian or the Merse to hang her pew with cloth, was met with the exclamation, 'Line the desk! troth, madam, my Goodman would think that rank popery!' Bells were not universal in parish churches, even at the end of the last century. It often happened that where they were provided, there was nowhere to hang them: a theologian of the year 1679 inveighs against 'that pitiful spectacle, bells hanging upon trees for want of bell-houses.' Such a 'bell tree' is still shown in the park at Auldbar; but here, obviously, the bell was not placed on the church for the same reason that the campanile at the Curral in Madeira is built in the churchyard wall, and at the sequestered church of Ardcloch in Murray, on the neighbouring promontory—in order that the bell might be better heard—the church itself, in all these cases, lying in a deep ravine. In the beginning of the reign of George III., Pennant wrote that 'in many parts of Scotland our Lord seems still to be worshipped in a stable, and often in a very wretched one: many of the churches are thatched with heath, and in some places are in such bad repair as to be half open at top.' This statement is confirmed by what we find in the Statistical Account, published between 1791 and 1799. We read there of two churches at Morven, in the West Highlands, which, 'without seats or bells, might as



properly be called sheds'—of the church at Glenmuick, in the Middle Highlands, 'thatched with heath'—of Feteresso, on the east coast, 'in the area of which pools of water stand for several days after a heavy rain'—of St. Mungo's, in Annandale, as 'having no bell, neither plastered nor ceiled, the seats in a ruinous condition.' More generally, the minister of Glenorchy says, 'Many of our country kirks are dark, damp, and dirty hovels;' and the minister of Bedrule, on the Border, assigns the 'very indecent state of many of the parish churches' as one of the reasons of the increase of dissenters, 'whose houses of worship, though built by contribution, are decent and comfortable.' Until a date comparatively recent, few country churches, however respectable otherwise, were ceiled; but before the English ecclesiologist admires the fashion, let him hear the use to which the open timbers were occasionally put. A minister of Dunlop has narrated with great glee, as a proof of the popularity of one of his predecessors, that on the Sunday when the annual sacrament was to be administered, the church was so crowded from an early hour, you 'might have heard the boogers cracking at six o'clock in the morning,' which he explains, you might 'have seen the folk sitting on the *balks* [*i. e.* tie beams] of the kirk like bykes [*i. e.* swarms] of bees.' To all this might be added melancholy instances of gross and wilful profanation. Knox and his colleagues carried their respect for the house of God so far as to prohibit the holding of civil courts 'within kirks;' but it is told of some of those who professed to be the followers of Knox, during the excited period which succeeded the Revolution of 1688, that they 'eat, drink, and even smoke' within the walls of parish churches. The feeling which led to such miserable doings would seem to have arisen from a fanatical wish to testify against the reverence of holy places supposed to be inculcated by 'popery and prelacy.' We may charitably hope that such outrages would have been avoided, if they who committed them had only known that, in the age immediately preceding the Reformation, the Scottish temples were so habitually profaned to secular uses, that even in conventual churches women exposed linen for sale as in a market; and that in England, immediately after the Reformation, it was found necessary to admonish the people by authority, that the church is 'the house of prayer, not the house of talking, of walking, of brawling, of minstrelsy, of hawks, of dogs.'

We return to Mr. Billings' work, to add an expression of hope that it will receive that

liberal patronage to which its merit gives it so just claim. If Scotland has been culpably negligent of the monuments bequeathed to her charge by the Church of the Middle Ages, the reproach cannot too soon be wiped away. Even they who think worst of the latter days of that ecclesiastical system—and we believe that it would not be easy to exaggerate the general corruption of the church and state of Scotland in the years immediately before the reformation\*—even those, we say, who judge most harshly of the Mediæval hierarchy, may find wisdom as well as charity in the remark of Schlegel, that it is not just always to associate the idea of its latest degradation with the image of the thing itself, and thus in a moment to blunt all feeling of sympathy for the noble memorials of departed ages.

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- ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the State and Operation of the Law of Marriage as relating to the Prohibited Degrees of Affinity; and to Marriages solemnized abroad or in British colonies.* Presented to both Houses by command of her Majesty. Folio, 1848.
2. *The Report examined, in a Letter to Sir Robert H. Inglis, Bart.* By Alex. J. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P. 8vo. 1849.
3. *Substance of the Speech of the Right Hon. James Stuart Wortley, in the House of Commons, February 22, 1849, on moving for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Act 5 and 6 Will. IV. c. 54.* [Lord Lyndhurst's Act.] 8vo.
4. *Marriage with a deceased Wife's Sister prohibited by Holy Scripture as understood by the Church for 1500 years.* By E. B. Pusey, D.D., with a Speech by Edward Badeley, Esq., M.A., in the Queen's Bench, June 15, 1847 (Queen v. St. Giles-in-the-Fields). 8vo. 1849.
5. *Letters by (the Five Divines) Rev. W. W. Champneys; Rev. Thos. Dale; Rev. J. H. Gurney; Hon. and Rev. H. Montagu Villers; and Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D.; in favour of the Repeal of the Law which prohibits Marriage with the Sister of a deceased Wife.* 8vo. 1849.
6. *Against profane dealing with Holy Matrimony.* By the Rev. John Keble, M.A. 12mo. 1849.

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\* See, on this point, the candid confession of a distinguished ecclesiastic of the seventeenth century, who died when on the point of being raised to the purple, George Cone, in his '*De Duplici Statu Religiosis apud Scotos*,' (1625) pp. 89-91.

7. *Letter to Sir Robert H. Inglis.* By an Englishwoman, a Sister and a Widow. 12mo. 1849.

THE two national characteristics which distinguish the people of the United Kingdom from the countries on the continent of Europe are the sanctity of the Lord's Day and the sanctity of the marriage relation.

A greater contrast cannot be found between England and France, or indeed between any two civilized nations, than that which would meet the eye of a non-European traveller, who, having passed one Sunday at Calais, should pass the following Sunday at Dover: every shop open among the French, every shop closed among the English; one church in Calais, with scarcely one sermon except in Lent; four churches in Dover, with ten sermons between them; Calais with its theatre more full on Sunday than on any other day; Dover, a town more populous than Calais, without any theatre, except when visited by some provincial company, and without one public amusement of any kind on the Sunday.

So, again, in respect to the marriage relation; though the facilities of divorce vary in different countries, and will always vary according to the nature of the law of marriage in each; and though there are very imperfect statistics in respect to the number of divorces as compared with the number of marriages in any one country; and though, even if the tables were more full and accurate than they are, the results would give no fair conclusion as to the sanctity in which the marriage relation is held, unless there be in the first instance something like uniformity in the sanctions under which it is contracted—it is clear to every English sojourner on the Continent that the number of divorces or equivalent separations among persons of the higher classes in society is immensely greater than in England. A woman whose life either before or after her marriage has been proved unchaste has never, unless in some rare cases where the offence has been committed in a foreign country, and the party was the wife of a foreign minister in England, been received into the hallowed circle of English society. Those *liaisons* which, though they may occasionally have been exaggerated, and may not in every single instance be evidence of personal corruption, nevertheless have for three centuries at least existed in the south of Europe—these have never been recognised, and have most rarely existed, in England; and, in truth, the palliation urged in southern countries for the licence, namely, that the married couple were united by the choice of their parents, and not by their own,

cannot be pleaded in England; and the sin would therefore be in England, more than elsewhere, inexcusable.

In the United Kingdom the marriage of any man with any woman, both having arrived at years of discretion, is unfettered in fact as a general rule, whatever partial exceptions may exist.

It is very true that the law of marriage in different portions of this empire is different; and there are those who contend that such difference is in itself a sufficient ground for the interference of legislation; that uniformity ought to be obtained at all hazards; and that, whether by lengthening or by lopping, whether by stretching the facilities of marriages in England to the measure of Scotland, or by diminishing the facilities in Scotland to the lower measure of England, uniformity in the mode by which the most important of all the relations of life is to be legalised—is essential.

Without entering into this consideration—though some recent decisions on the question of Presbyterian marriages in Ireland render it a matter of deep, painful, and practical interest, in reference to the validity of certain marriages there celebrated—we revert to the fact that as between man and woman in the United Kingdom there is no impediment to a contract of marriage except that impediment which the Law and the Church impose by the Table of Prohibited Degrees.

In the course of the last two years a considerable agitation has been carried on in and out of Parliament, with a view to the abrogation of that Table of prohibited degrees, or at least to the excision of two out of the number—namely, the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister, and the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's niece. The parliamentary agitation commenced, indeed, some years earlier, when Lord Francis Egerton moved in 1842 for leave to bring in a bill to alter the prohibited degrees.

No controversialist ever gained anything by mis-stating or understating the case of his antagonist. We will endeavour, therefore, as fairly as possible, to represent the views of those who advocate the alteration of the table of prohibited degrees.

They state in substance—‘that in the first instance at the Creation, marriages, which no human being would now contemplate without horror, were lawful, because necessary:—That when the necessity ceased, God implanted in His creatures a sense of shame, and repugnance, and disgust at the very thought; and that they have never since been imagined to be possible, by either Jews or Christians:—That when God separated

one nation from the rest of the world, and gave them peculiar laws for their government, He not only confirmed this natural horror against such marriages by express and formal prohibition—but added other limitations which in His infinite wisdom He then judged to be necessary for the existing state of the society into which He had brought His people:—That these limitations, being *pro tanto* an abridgment of the natural right and capacity of the two sexes to marry at their discretion, must not be extended beyond their very letter, lest we should be wiser than God—and should forbid that which He has not thought fit to forbid:—That a prohibition, like a penal law, ought to be construed strictly, and ought not to be made to include more than it specifies; it being equally easy for God to have added this or that prohibition to the list, if the restriction had been agreeable to His will:—That under these considerations, whatever God has not prohibited, He has allowed; and while we do not deny the right of the civil power to limit marriages in any way which may be required by the civil convenience, as to the age of the parties, for example, we deny its right to invoke the name and will of God as prohibiting that which His word has left open.\*

Passing over the consideration of the primæval state of mankind, and the universal liberty of marriage which then necessarily existed, and which was restricted exactly as the necessity for its existence ceased,—passing this over, inasmuch as no one has ever contended for its revival, we may take our stand on the authority for or against the proposed legislation, as such authority is contained in the Bible.

Though the prohibited degrees are many, yet, for all the purposes of argument—we believe we might say, for all the practical purposes which the advocates for the proposed bill have in view—the change of law in respect to one degree only, and in that degree to one sex only, is the real object. All who have taken a part in the discussion, down to the very Commissioners themselves, admit that, if the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife be prohibited by Scripture, *cadit questio* (Report, p. ix.)

We contend that it is prohibited by Scripture.

It is remarkable, but it is incontrovertible as a fact, that there is not in the whole volume of Scripture any one prohibition or restriction of any kind in respect to the marriage relation, except in the Book of Leviticus.\* Even polygamy is not in express

terms forbidden by the Gospel; yet on that point inference is as strong as any direct prohibition; and a formal veto is not required to exclude polygamy from Christian society, so long as the words of our Lord are heard: 'For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh;' establishing by an inference as conclusive as express words, that the union of one man and one woman constitutes exclusively the marriage which Christ sanctions. So much for polygamy. But as to the marriage of any one man with any one woman, the mind and will of God are expressed in the Pentateuch, or not at all. The silence of other books of the Holy Canon compels us either to resort to this portion of the Bible, or to conclude that, in that relation which is of all others the most essential to the existence of our race on earth—that relation which God instituted in our state of innocence, which He sanctioned by His own presence at Cana, and which He made the type of His own union with His Church,—He has left us without restraint to seek, almost as natural brute beasts, those who may be our pairs. Who will advocate such a conclusion? If no one will advocate it, the Book of Leviticus contains the moral and universal code of marriage laws, applicable to Christians as well as to Jews, binding as entirely those who live in the nineteenth century after Christ, as those who received it fifteen hundred years before His advent.

Many of the chapters in that book begin with a solemnity awfully suited to a communication from God to man; and no one in the whole Bible opens more solemnly than the eighteenth chapter, which contains the laws relating to marriage. There is a preface of five verses, in which the incommunicable name of JEHOVAH is four times introduced; calling upon all the people to avoid the doings of the nations of Canaan, and to do the judgments and to keep the statutes and the ordinances of God. 'Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and my judg-

xxvii. There is a strong passage in the late Rev. Thos. Scott's Miscellaneous Letters,—an authority, which to four, at least, of the Five Divines will appear worthy of some attention. 'If we reject the laws in Leviticus, we have no law of God on the subject; no, not against marrying sisters or brothers, or any relation. Nor can we think that God intended to set aside these laws in Leviticus, and to give no other in their stead. Can we suppose that He meant to leave the Christian Church *without law* in this most important matter? But if not *without law*, the laws in Leviticus, in all general cases, are in full force.' Scott's Letters and Papers, 8vo. 1844: 'Letter on Marrying a Wife's Sister,' p. 271.

\* Repeated in part in Deuteronomy xx. and

ments ; which if a man do he shall live in them. I AM THE LORD.' And then follows the great law promulgated with such an awful appeal—None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him—in marriage. I AM THE LORD. We have transferred the words into the popular language, assuming\*—1. that they mean marriage ; and 2. that, though they are addressed to the male sex, 'near of kin to him,' they are not restricted to that sex, but apply equally to the female. Mr. Keble well observes :—'The woman's duty and the woman's sin are left to be inferred in each case : but what should we think of the woman who should therefore account herself left at liberty, so far as the Levitical laws are concerned ?'—*Keble*, p. 14.

Learning would be thrown away in explaining what is meant by the word *kin*. The most ordinary and the best of our dictionaries explains it as signifying, 'relation either of consanguinity or affinity.'—*Johnson*.

This, then, is the text of the law ; the verses, which follow, contain illustrations and specifications, sufficient to show the meaning of the legislator—not Moses, but JEHOVAH, the LORD of Moses ; and to furnish rules of conduct to those who receive the law of God in all ages, and who are taught to apply His will by a reasonable, holy, and necessary analogy, from things expressed to things implied.

It has been contended, that the *animus* of the legislation is to prevent confusion of blood ; and that there is no prohibition of marriage where there is no blood-relationship. It is enough to say, in reply to this allegation, that the very second class of marriages, which is forbidden, is a class in which such blood-relationship does not exist ; namely the *marriage of a man with the wife of his father*. This single fact, even if it stood alone, is enough to prove, that the Almighty Lawgiver, who, under the Gospel, expressly declared that man and wife should be one flesh, here by anticipation and implication announced the same fact ; and taught us that, where he prohibited a marriage in reference to the *consanguinity* of the parties, He prohibited it equally in reference to the corresponding *affinity* of the parties, and disallowed alike the marriage of a man with his mother-in-law and the marriage of a man with his mother. These specifications are painful,

but they are necessary ; since the subject has been forced upon us by those who seem to be as regardless of the law of God as of the law of man ; and some of whom, we fear, will violate the one and repeal the other, defying public decency, destroying the social happiness and security of others, and anxious only to obtain the sanction of a human legislature for the indulgence of their own passions.

Their great argument, as we have already abstracted it, is that the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister is not prohibited, and therefore is allowed by God's law ; in other words, that what is not forbidden is permitted. The argument proves too much ; no man is forbidden by God's law, *totidem verbis*, to marry his own daughter ; an atrocity never legalized, however practised, in Egypt or in Persia : but can a Christian, does a Jew, maintain,—did any one, intrusted with common sense and common feeling, ever tolerate the existence of such a licence ? Does not every one see, that where, as in the tenth verse, the marriage of a man with his granddaughter is forbidden, his marriage with his daughter is, *a fortiori*, still more forbidden, though nowhere in very words denounced ?—Away with a sophistry which would tolerate such a conclusion. The fact is, that the general principle having been established, by the public promulgation of the universal law in the sixth verse, its application to particular cases is sometimes specified, and sometimes left to a necessary analogy ; and thus while the marriage of a man with his own daughter is necessarily included in the prohibition of his marriage with his granddaughter, the marriage of a woman with her uncle is included in the prohibition of the marriage of a man with his aunt,—a relation forbidden in express words to the one sex being, by all fair rules of construction, forbidden to the other also.

But it is said, however reasonable and even conclusive this argument may be, as applied to other degrees which may be included by analogy, it does not apply to the particular relationship, in respect to which the proposed legislation is directed. 'It is true, indeed, that the particular chapter in Leviticus forbids the marriage of a man to his brother's widow, but you must not go on to extend the prohibition by analogy, and to forbid the marriage of one man to two sisters : since, even in the case actually forbidden, we find in the same Pentateuch not a mere dispensation in the case of individuals, but a specific injunction of such marriage as a general rule.' The answer is obvious. That the prohibition was a part of the universal law, by which the whole church of God is to

\* The Rev. J. S. Jenkinson, Vicar of Battersea—we are not sure that he follows or leads any one else—denies the assumption ; and asserts that because the actual word '*marriage*' is not so much as mentioned in this chapter, he is satisfied that 'nothing of the kind is intended.'—Letter to Rev. C. B. Dalton, 1849, p. 12.

be governed; the injunction, where it was an injunction, was a part of the municipal law of the Jews, arising out of their exclusive position, and which God accordingly issued in order that the name of no family among His people might be 'put out of Israel.' This is fully proved by the context, which, while it leaves a discretion to the brother to marry, or not to marry, his brother's widow—(a discretion which alone is sufficient to remove it from the class of injunctions)—transfers to the then next of kin the right and the duty of marrying such widow, as it was exercised in the case of Ruth and Boaz.

It is said, however, that the particular case was brought before our Lord Himself, and that He manifested no disapprobation of it;\* which, if it had been contrary to the Book of Leviticus, He would have done. The answer is, that the case being expressly in conformity to an injunction or quasi-injunction, which, for purposes exclusively national, had been promulgated in another Book of the Pentateuch, our Lord, replying to Jews, did not think fit to pronounce any sentence upon the conduct of those who had acted in such conformity: but He took advantage of the opportunity, and taught them and all His people, in every age, that in the other world,—the world, to which all the parties in the question had already gone, and to which we are hastening,—'They neither marry nor are given in marriage.'

If, after all, it be said, that an injunction to a man to marry his brother's widow renders it at least allowable for a woman to marry her late sister's husband, it may be replied, firstly, that the argument itself admits that a permission, and if a permission then a prohibition, may be transferred from one sex to the other—the very ground on which we contend that a prohibition to a woman to marry her husband's brother included a prohibition to a man to marry his wife's sister:—and, secondly, that, if this injunction be binding on us, and be not, as we contend, a local and national law applicable to the case of the Jews at that time, and to them only,—then it must be taken with all its adjuncts also; and it is good for him and for him alone, who marries his brother's widow, *there being no child of such first marriage.*

A leading controversialist on the liberal side of the question, headed his defence of the proposed measure by stating, (1) that the famous verse 18 is the only scriptural au-

thority on the question; (2) that the *terms* of this verse clearly imply no more than a prohibition of the marriage of sister B, in the lifetime of sister A, and therefore that on the death of A, her bereaved husband may without scruple take B; and (3) that the reason of this prohibition is confined to the risk of such marriage vexing sister A; and, therefore, that, even in the lifetime of sister A, the introduction of sister B as a second wife, if it did not *vex* A, would not come under the terms of the prohibition.

For ourselves, we cannot think it justifiable to lay great stress in argument upon the verse in question, for there is no one text in the Old Testament as to the exact meaning of which philologists have been and continue to be more divided. Whoever desires to understand the history and balance of criticism on the Hebrew words will find sufficient information in the volume prefaced by Dr. Pusey, and concluding with the luminous and masterly speech of Mr. Badeley in the Queen's Bench. We are content to take the scriptural authority against such a marriage, from the plain and irrefragable analogy drawn from the 16th verse; and let us add, with undissembled humility, from the judgment of the Universal Church, in respect to such interpretation of Scripture.

Waiving, however, for the moment, the authority of the Church—we may allow, that almost the only plausible argument which has been urged by the advocates of the repeal of the present marriage law, is founded on the admitted fact, that many of their chief antagonists are not only content to omit the strongest argument, namely, the scriptural argument, against such repeal; but when requested to sign petitions against the repeal, have deliberately refused to attach their names to any petition which rests even in part on such a ground. 'If,' say the liberals on this question, 'the prohibition be scriptural, why refuse to say so? if it be not scriptural, why retain the assertion in the heading to the Table of the Prohibited Degrees, which states that it is founded on Scripture? Either your Table and your Canons and your Church are consistent with Scripture, or they are not: if they are, why do you, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons,—Archdeacons, Canons, Heads of Houses, Fellows, Rectors, Vicars, Curates,—for some of every class may be quoted as acting on this scruple,—refuse to say so;—if they are not consistent with Scripture, why do you retain the prohibition in the formularies of your Church, and impose a burthen on the consciences of your neighbours,—a burthen which you refuse to touch with one of your fingers?'

\* Matt. xxii. 24. It must not be forgotten, however, even as to this point of the non-disapprobation of our Lord, that the very first words of His reply were, 'Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures'—

Giving its full weight to this reasoning, it is still, after all, merely an *argumentum ad homines*; against those who are afraid of their own principles, or ashamed of acting in conformity with the teaching of their own Church, of that very Church of which they are each and all the ministers as well as members. To their own Master they stand or fall; nor will we stop to say more than this to them, that the question here raised is not what is scriptural or unscriptural, but what is the doctrine of that particular portion of the Church Catholic, of which they are the sworn, and—vulgar and illiberal as they will call the allusion—the paid servants. Their course is clear,—persuade the Church in Convocation to alter its decree on this question, or leave their canonries and livings, when they cannot conscientiously uphold the doctrines of the Church.

But there are others in the number of recusants, who are actuated in their refusal by a much higher and worthier motive: they hold with their Church on the whole question; but they say—and we believe that it is the case with the great majority of those who have refused to rest their petitions on the authority of Scripture—that, in omitting the reference to the Bible, they are not contradicting the authority of the Bible. They do not deny the truth of any given fact, merely because they do not on some one occasion think it necessary to affirm it. In the particular instance in question, they seem to omit all reference to Scripture, because the body to whom they are compelled to address their petition, is not prepared to receive Scripture-authority as a sufficient basis for human legislation; and they will not cast their pearls before the House of Commons. The omission of all reference to the authority of God's word in the petitions which we are now considering, is right or wrong; but it is at all events consistent with a perfect submission of every hand, head, and heart to that authority. It is a question of civil prudence, and not of faith.

We proceed, then, to consider not what in the judgment of any individual may be the scriptural view of the particular case, but what is the interpretation of Scripture, which, for at least fifteen centuries, has been recognised and affirmed by the Church.

It is said, that even if, for the sake of argument, it be conceded that the Church has denounced the marriage in question as unscriptural, we are brought back to 'dark ages;' and that in the purer days of the Apostles the licence was uncontrolled. Surely if we prove that a given view of scriptural morals can be traced for fifteen

centuries, it is for those who deny that it can be traced further back, to prove that the licence existed previously unchecked by the authority of the Church. We contend that the practice, as soon as it appeared, was prohibited; just as we contend that forging seamen's wills was prohibited in the reign of George II. and not in the reign of Edward III., merely because the offence grew up in the 18th century and was unknown in the 14th.

From the time when the offence was known, the prohibition, then, may be found in every branch of the Church.

No man, indeed, can deny that the Church Catholic is on this point united. The Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Church of Rome, and the Greek Church, differing as they differ upon almost every other point—not indeed of dogmatic theology, since in God's gracious providence the great truths of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, and the Atonement, have been preserved and enshrined alike in all these churches—but differing as they differ upon questions of Scripture as affecting social life, celibacy, &c., all are nevertheless united in respect to the prohibition which the English Parliament is now urged to sweep away.

The doctrine of the Greek Church has been elaborately stated in a paper printed in the Report of the Commissioners (pp. 53-59). It is enough to quote the words of the canon (p. 34); 'A man cannot marry two sisters; for his deceased wife's sister is as his own sister.'

The doctrine of the Church of Rome, irrespective of Scripture, clearly prohibits the marriage in question. The acknowledged fact that such marriage requires a dispensation, proves it; since if it were not previously prohibited, no dispensation could be required. It is true that Bishop Wiseman regards the whole as 'matter of ecclesiastical legislation;' but it is as a question of the judgment of the Church of Rome upon the lawfulness of such marriages, and not as to the ground of such judgment, that we are now referring to that Church. 'It was the deliberate mind of the western Church, her councils, her popes, her schoolmen, her canonists, that these marriages were a part of the unchangeable Divine law; and popes, schoolmen, and canonists deliberately taught that the popes could not dispense within those degrees. Pope Zachary (A.D. 745) held it a thing incredible that a pope should dispense contrary to the canons of the Fathers. Pope Innocent III. (A.D. 1198) and Pope Eugenius (A.D. 1431-1477) held and answered that the popes *could not* dis-

pense in those degrees.\* And the general truth is stated in these words: 'Within the Levitical degrees there is no instance whatever of any dispensation until Alexander VI. at the close of the fifteenth century.' It is hardly necessary to add, that the concentrated evil of man's nature was embodied in the person of Alexander VI.; and that a dispensation first granted by him would even from that very circumstance become an object of the deepest suspicion. But we need not pursue this subject. There is no record, and there is no allegation, that any such dispensation was granted for the fifteen centuries before him; and as the fact of a dispensation implies a prohibition, the voice of the Church of Rome on the general question is united with the voice of the Greek Church 'against the marriage of any man with the sister of his deceased wife.'

The voice of the Church of Scotland is not less distinct. The Confession of Faith, in chapter xxiv., section 4, says expressly, 'Marriage ought not to be within the degrees of consanguinity or affinity forbidden in the Word; nor can such incestuous marriages ever be made lawful by any law of man, or consent of parties, so as those persons may live together as man and wife. The man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own; nor the woman of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than of her own.' And be it always remembered, that this passage is not an insulated text from a popular work of hortatory theology: it is a portion of the doctrine of the Established Church of Scotland, which has been recognised and ratified by the parliament of that ancient kingdom;† which became the law of the land of Scotland during its independence, and was confirmed in perpetuity by the Act of Union, which, while it surrendered that independence, secured the legal maintenance of the doctrines of its church. The law of that church and the law of that land are maintained by its courts. As our present object is rather to quote the authority of the Church of Scotland in respect to the interpretation of Scripture, and to show how entirely it accords in this instance with the authority of its opposite extreme, the Church of Rome, we do not follow the question into courts of Scotch law, further than to state that the Lord Advocate, Mr. Rutherford, being specifically asked the question as to the legality of the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister, refers the Commissioners to the great Institutionalist, Mr. Erskine, who in

his Title of Marriage (book i. title 6) says expressly in section 7, 'that marriage is null when it is contracted within the degrees of propinquity or affinity forbidden by law;' and afterwards in section 9, 'that as to the degrees in which marriage is prohibited, the law of Scotland has adopted the Jewish law, by act of 1567, c. 15.' He then adds, 'that the degrees prohibited by the law of Moses of consanguinity, are in every case virtually prohibited in affinity; and by the aforesaid act of 1567, the prohibition is equally broad in the degrees of affinity as in those of consanguinity. Thus, one cannot marry his wife's sister more than he can marry his own.\* The feelings of the people of Scotland sustain their church and sustain their law. The Lord Advocate confirms this when he adds, 'not only that no clergyman of the Church of Scotland could venture without incurring the pain, I think, of deprivation of office, to celebrate such a marriage with a knowledge of the relationship of the parties, but that such a marriage generally is held by the people of Scotland in very great abhorrence.† The Lord Advocate is accurate in this view of the penalty which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland might incur by celebrating a marriage within the prohibited degrees. There is an early and very remarkable case, in which the Rev. James Forsyth, who was guilty of this offence, but who could state, on the other hand, 'that it was the only miscarriage with which, in a ministry of thirty-five years, he could be charged,' was nevertheless deposed from his office and living for having thus violated the laws of God and the Church. The Lord Advocate says further, in respect to the parties themselves, that 'in the severer and more rigorous, as well as violent times of the middle of the 17th century, there are cases in which that connexion appears to have been punished, and punished even capitally.‡ In this state of the law and of the religious opinions of Scotland, we are not surprised to find that the Lord Advocate, in a later portion of his evidence, states, 'These marriages take place in Scotland, I should say, hardly at all. Certainly, I do not think that persons in the better classes of life would be received in society, having made such a marriage; and I should think that in the lower orders the impression against it was very strong indeed.§ The great constitutional organ of the Established Church of Scotland, the General Assembly, a body which contains not only the leading ministers of that Church, but—be it always

\* Preface to Pusey and Badeley, pp. lix. lx.

† 1 Will. & Mary, act. 5.

\* Report, p. 100, A. 1141.

† P. 101, f.

‡ P. 101.

§ P. 103, A. 1148.



remembered—its leading laymen also, has recently adopted unanimously a petition to both Houses against Mr. Wortley's bill; and it is most satisfactory to add, that the General Assembly of the Free Church has also, in like manner, unanimously addressed a similar prayer to parliament. The faculty of Theology, represented by its Dean, the Principal of the College of Edinburgh, has in like manner solemnly remonstrated against the measure.

The voice of the Church of England is heard not less loudly and distinctly than that of the other churches to which we have listened. She speaks in her Canons, in her Table of Prohibited Degrees, and in every institutional writer without exception, from the Reformation downwards. We challenge contradiction on this point. We do not include the Five Divines whose off-hand letters form one of the subjects of this article; since, in those letters, they do not profess to expound the doctrines of their Church. But those who seek the teaching of the Church of England will find it in the 99th canon:—

'No person shall marry within the degrees prohibited by the laws of God, and expressed in a Table set forth by authority in the year of our Lord God 1563. And all marriages so made and contracted shall be adjudged incestuous and unlawful; and consequently shall be dissolved as void from the beginning; and the parties so marrying shall by course of law be separated. And the aforesaid Table shall be in every Church publicly set up and fixed at the charge of the parish.'

'Now, here,' says an able controversialist on this subject, 'we have a declaration of the Church of England—the very same authority of the Church which gave its sanction to the Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Homilies, and which abolished the Papal Supremacy, and carried on the Reformation,—a declaration, that these marriages are prohibited by the laws of God, and incestuous.' We may add, that if the authority of Convocation were sufficient to establish the 39 Articles as embodying the mind of the Church of England on the points to which they relate, the authority of Convocation is equally sufficient to establish the 99th Canon as embodying the mind of the Church of England on the point of the law of God in respect to the Prohibited Degrees.

And this is not all. The injunction is still obeyed: and in the large old parish-churches of England the Table of Prohibited Degrees is put up accordingly, visibly enough, on their walls. It is said, however, that it is no part of the Book of Common Prayer, inasmuch as

it is not in the Sealed Book in the Chapel of the Rolls. It forms, nevertheless, a part of every such book in every cathedral; we believe, in the large Prayer-Book of every parish church; and in Mant's edition. But even if it were otherwise, the question would equally remain—(since even the Articles themselves are not in every copy of the Book of Common Prayer)—is it or is it not a part of the doctrine of the Church of England, that the marriages which are now sought to be legalised are contrary to its sense, and ought therefore, in its judgment at least, and among all who profess to be in communion with it, to be prohibited? And we look in vain for any single assertion, in the countless pamphlets on the subject, by which it is contended that the rule of the Church of England, either before or since the Reformation, has ever tolerated such marriages.

The advocates of the new licence say, 'You, who quote the authority of the Church, must, for consistency's sake, obey every other canon of that Church; you are not at liberty to pick and choose: you, clergymen, sometimes wear white stockings, though the canons forbid them; and, therefore, you have no right to object to the marriage in question, though the canons prohibit it.' The answer is easy: If the church enjoined black stockings on the authority of Scripture, and could produce any Scripture as requiring it, the cases might be parallel; but the distinction is in this: that the church not only prohibits the marriage, but specially alleges Scripture as the authority for such prohibition. Whatever be the obligation of the canons on laymen, whatever be the soundness of the scriptural authority therein quoted, as forbidding the marriage now in question, though we have not the shadow of a doubt as to its sufficiency, the main point is, we think, established, that the Church of England unites with all the other great divisions of the Universal Church, in so interpreting their common Scriptures as to denounce the marriages which are now sought to be permitted.

The expounders of the mind of the Church of England, from their seat of judgment, proclaim the same doctrine. In the celebrated case of *Ray v. Sherwood*, in which Mr. Sherwood had married the sister of his deceased wife, Sir Herbert Jenner stated:—

'In the first place, this is a contract which is prohibited by the laws both of God and man; for so, sitting in an ecclesiastical court, I should be bound to consider it, even if I were, as I am not, among the number of those who privately entertained any doubt upon the subject. . . . Looking to the words of the Act of Parliament

(5 & 6 Will. IV. c. 54), I am by no means prepared to say that, in prohibiting the ecclesiastical courts from annulling marriages of this kind subsisting at the time of the passing of the Act, the legislature has altered the law in any other respect. I am not prepared to say that the parties may not be punished by the ecclesiastical law for the incest, though the validity of the marriage cannot be called in question.

The enacting part of the Act does not declare these marriages to be good and valid to all intents and purposes, as might be supposed from the title of the Act. . . . I do not think, when the enacting part of the statute is to the effect that all marriages which shall have been celebrated before the passing of this Act between persons being within the prohibited degrees of affinity, shall not hereafter be annulled for that cause by any sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, that this amounts to a prohibition to the Ecclesiastical Court to punish the parties under another branch of the law for incestuous cohabitation. I apprehend the law is not altered in this respect; and that the Court is not prohibited by this Act from punishing parties for such cohabitation, although it cannot declare the marriage null and void.

Again, if we look to the preamble of the Act, it is not for the protection of the parties who have been guilty of the *offence* (for such it is by the ecclesiastical law and by the law of God), but for the protection of the children; for that is the purport and object of the Act, to settle the estate and condition of the innocent issue of such marriages, not to screen the delinquent parties. But whatever may have been the intention of the Legislature, and whatever may be the effect of this Act of Parliament, the marriage had between the two parties, Thomas Moulden Sherwood and Emma Sarah Ray, is an incestuous marriage, and must ever so remain. The law of God cannot be altered by man. The Legislature may exempt the parties from punishment; it may legalise, humanly speaking, every prohibited act, and give effect to any contract, however inconsistent with the Divine law: but it cannot change the character of the act itself, which remains as it was, and must always so remain, whatever be the effect of the Act of Parliament.\*

This is the solemn authority of the highest court of ecclesiastical law in England. The unanimous judgment of the Queen's Bench in the more recent case of Chadwick has decided—what could hardly have been previously ambiguous—that the marriage of any man with the sister of his deceased wife is no marriage; and, consequently, that the marriage of the husband with a third woman, while the unhappy being, the sister of his first wife, was still living, was not bigamy.

What Scripture has denounced, what the Church has forbidden, what the law has prohibited, is equally inconsistent, as might well

be expected, with the best interests of social life.

Those who fear not God, neither regard man—in other words, those who disregard the authority of Scripture, the voice of the Church, and the law of the land, can little be expected to stop in their course from any consideration of the social evils and domestic misery which will follow their success. But those law-makers who have not broken the law, and do not desire to alter it in order that they may do that which at present it forbids, ought to consider the effects of the proposed measure upon others, as well as on the law-breakers.

In the actual state of public feeling and of the law, a man looks upon the sisters of his wife as upon his own sisters; and the wife brings into her new abode her own sisters as having such an interest in her husband's affection and attentions as his own sisters by blood. In life they are united as one family; and in the approach of death the married sister may look to one of the unmarried as the natural protectress of the orphans. But if the wife be to feel that her sister may become her rival and her successor, she will pause before she hazards the interruption to her own peace which the introduction of such an inmate may occasion. In the existing constitution of the law and of the feelings which it sanctions, the husband has not merely the opportunity, but the duty, of paying to his wife's sister those blameless and tender attentions which he pays to his own sister. He can pay them to no other woman except his own sister; he sees his wife's sister as he sees his own, with a freedom which is pure to the pure; and which we are confident is indulged in by thousands and tens of thousands with no other emotion than that which is felt by the same men towards their own sisters;—the idea of any other affection never for an instant rising in the minds of either party; the husband gaining another sister, and the wife seeing in her husband's heart thus opened to all her connexions only a new proof of his expanding interest in herself. But change the sister of a wife into a young marriageable stranger, and the attentions which are now offered by the husband and received by the sister, and witnessed by the wife, with purity, with delicacy, and with confidence, become insults alike to both females. The union which is daily seen in families will, where it now exists, be broken, and will never hereafter be formed: the relation of brother-in-law and sister-in-law will cease to exist; the parties now described by those terms will henceforth be strangers to each other; and the reflected tenderness, which now binds them to each other, must

\* Stephen's Ecclesiastical and Eleemosynary Statutes, vol. ii. p. 1649.

be abandoned by both as a snare and a danger; while the wife will be deprived of that support and comfort which she now derives from the presence of the sister of her youth as a companion in her own house. This is well stated in the letter of the 'Englishwoman, a Sister and a Widow,' pp. 5, 6 :—

'Through the whole range of domestic connexions, there is not one more peculiar in itself, or which gives birth to sentiments more pleasing, than that which subsists between the husband and his wife's sister. With the frankness, the cheerfulness of affection that exists naturally between brother and sister, there is a freshness united with a certain degree of tacit respect entertained by the sister for her brother-in-law, which, while it marks the difference of the relationship between them, detracts nothing from the playful confidence or the ingenuous warmth that distinguishes it. In no situation, perhaps, is a female seen to greater advantage. Emulous to please for the sake of a beloved sister, grateful to the husband for the happiness he confers on one so dear to her, fearless of any misconstruction of her views, she is never so much at her ease, never so agreeable or attractive, never apparently less selfish or more amiable. Whilst the wife, whose desire it has been that her husband should be beloved and valued by her sister, who has encouraged this mutual regard, feels her own happiness augmented by the attachment she thus witnesses, and esteems herself flattered and honoured by that affectionate conduct of her husband towards her sister, which, if shown to another, would dash the cup of felicity to the ground, and poison its very dregs.'

'Remove, however, the present restriction, and all is changed. A different line of conduct must be pursued by all parties—restraint must take place of affectionate familiarity; the tie of relationship is severed; each is to the other what strangers are; the wary and modest female will resume the armour of womanly reserve, womanly prudence, and caution; and substitute mistrust for confidence; while the husband no longer daring openly and freely to evince his regard for the sister who differs in no other respect from other women of his acquaintance, except as she stands in a more dangerous position towards him, must confine himself within the bounds of polite friendliness.' . . . 'Former restriction, we consider, removed temptation; the imagination, that root and source of all that is to be dreaded—was curbed; and innocence was secured, as in the case of brothers in blood, by the very unconsciousness that guilt could be conceived. Well, indeed, will it be, we apprehend, if many will not have cause to say, though with a different meaning to his who first used it—I had not known sin but through the law.'

'It has always been thought' (says Dr. Pusey, Evidence,' Ans. 496, p. 53) 'one ground why marriages between those near of kin have been forbidden, that it extends the domestic relation. No other affection can be called out in pure minds where none

can have place lawfully.' And he proceeds to quote from St. Antoninus—'For since choice is only of things possible, the very fact that what might become an object of desire is impossible, diminishes or takes away all desire for it.' Mr. Tyler (Evidence, p. 111), a witness who, though not in all things, coincides in this with Dr. Pusey, well expresses the same sentiment—'Certainly one great object of Christian marriage has been to make the union, in its collateral effects, as entire and as intimate as are the relationships of blood. This is evidently for the good of society and the well-being of the offspring. But under the supposed alteration all the brotherhood and sisterhood of society would be weakened if not destroyed.' And he goes on to confirm, as a man, those apprehensions of suspicion and jealousy which the 'Englishwoman' already quoted has so forcibly expressed.

On this subject we have seen a remonstrance from a lady, now no longer young, against the proposed measure; stating, in substance, that, having been the first married of her family, she had received in her house her sisters as they grew up, who, in succession, had married; that this continuance of early affection could not have been indulged if she had felt that she was introducing under her own roof—particularly at the periods of her own confinements—those who were to be placed in nearer intercourse with her husband than any strangers could be, and yet who were not to be protected by the sanctity of that relationship which, at the time, actually surrounded them. As the law was and is, the harmony was never for an instant hazarded by a suspicion; but, as Mr. Wortley will make the law, the intercourse will become impossible; and a sister, once married, can never receive an unmarried sister into her house in the present fulness and freedom of confidence. The widower, likewise, will suffer equally. At present he receives—the Commissioners cannot be ignorant of the fact—the aid of his deceased wife's sister as her best successor in the charge of her children. That sister enters his home with a confidence and a purity which, if he had had a sister of his own blood, he could not find surpassed in her case. As the law now stands, and as the feelings of society are developed, the deceased wife's sister remains in the widower's house, or enters it in the midst of his sacred sorrows, and soothes them, and adopts his children, and supplies her lost sister's place to them, without one thought as to him which one of his own blood might not blamelessly indulge.

All this must be blotted out from English

society. And where is it to stop? If A. B. may marry one sister, C., he may, after her death, marry another sister, D.; and, if there be a third, he may look forward to the prospect of marrying E.\* We ask, can either D. or E. ever be to him or to C. what she now is?—she is lost to both as a sister. Mr. Keble has well put the case, in substance—the word *sister-in-law* will henceforth disappear from the English language; as the relationship itself will be expunged from English life: ‘the very name will become an absurdity, if once this change is made—the relation, I mean, of sister-in-law’ (Keble, p. 5).

For whom, and for how many, is the innovation asked? We do not deny that there may be some two or three, who, from the intimate intercourse which the present state of the law allows, as one of the witnesses† states before the Commission, have been led to form an attachment which yet that present state of the law forbids; and who, in deference to the law, have nevertheless severally refrained from contracting a marriage which it condemns. But, we ask, if no intimate intercourse can subsist without both parties, or either, thinking of marriage, and if, when such intimate intercourse has terminated in mutual affection, such mutual affection is to supersede the law, whatever it may be, on the subject, where are we to stop—and why, at all events, at the point marked out by the proposed legislation? The argument arising from an allowed intercourse, and from an attachment following such an intercourse, proves too much, since it may be applied to almost nameless cases where the intercourse is still more intimate and necessary; but where—except in the most depraved and monstrous natures—no idea of marriage could ever occur. *Principiis obsta*. Unless there be a restraint on the eyes, the tongue, the imagination, evils will arise even in the case of those now pure, which they cannot contemplate without self-abhorrence; but which those who remember the awful example in Scripture, will pray God to avert from them—‘Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?’

But, as Mr. Alexander Hope remarks, the case is rare where, as in the circumstances of the last of the anonymous wit-

nesses, the witness already referred to—a witness whom he justly describes as ‘of another and higher stamp of moral feeling’\*—the party asking for a repeal of the law has not already violated it. And we might contend, in the indignant language of Mr. Keble (p. 5), that if the complaints of those who violate the law are to justify the abrogation of it, there is no offence which will not speedily be blotted out of the calendar of English crime. But without quoting that language, this at least is clear, that every argument used for the abrogation of the law of marriage may be applied with equal force to the repeal of the law of the Sabbath. It is disregarded by many—it is an infringement of natural liberty. Even if it be clear that it was imposed on the Jews, it is more than doubtful whether it be binding on Christians. ‘I have spoken to an Archbishop and a Bishop; one, the Archbishop of —, is decidedly against the Scriptural obligation of the Sabbath; the other, the Bishop of —, said, that certainly in the Gospel there was no distinct enforcement of it.’ The readers of the evidence will see the kind of Episcopal authority which is quoted in favour of the repeal of the marriage law; and will admit that the authority in favour of our release from the restraints of the Sabbath is as valid as that in favour of our release from the restraints of the present law of marriage.

The evasion of a law, the defiance of a law, or the disregard of a law on the part of a few who are subjects of that law, has never yet been held an argument for the repeal of such law. ‘But,’ say the advocates of the new licence, ‘we are not few but many: we claim this repeal because the actual law torments thousands and thousands of us.’ The barristers of ‘seven years’ standing,’ of course, and ‘our own Commissioner,’ and ‘our own correspondent,’ have, by a rule-of-three sum, made out that between 30,000 and 40,000 marriages of men with the sisters of their deceased wives took place between the year 1835—the date when, by Lord Lyndhurst’s Act, they were forbidden—and the year 1847, when the enumeration was made. The ‘Times’ newspaper said acutely, some months ago, that the number of such marriages was more probably one cipher less—i. e. 3000 or 4000. Mr. Goulburn, in a most masterly and comprehensive speech, which we regret not to be able to place as one of the works at the head of this article, since it has not been published separately, blew

\* ‘There was another case at Norwich where a man married three sisters in succession.’ Evidence, Ans. 1040.—‘I saw one woman who was the third sister the man had married; and her expression to me was, that, if she died, she believed her husband would have the fourth—that was in Sheffield.’ Ans. 150.

† A. 912, p. 80. See also the letter of another anonymous gentleman to Mr. Wortley, in pp. 152, 153, of the Appendix.

\* Mr. A. B. Hope’s letter to Sir R. H. Inglis, p. 128, in reference to Evidence in the Report, 909–926.

into air all the statistics of the case, hoisted the engineer with his own petard, and demolished all the arguments which could be urged in reference to the numbers of those who are 'grieved and wronged' by the existing law of God and man. He took a medium number, say 36,000, as the aggregate of the marriages contracted in the period; and then, dissecting that number, he took 3000 as the average number in each of the twelve years; and he then took 12,000, which the Registrar-General showed to be the number of marriages between all widowers and all spinsters in the one year, 1847; and thus made it clear to every boy at any school,—National, British and Foreign, or Kay Shuttleworth schools—either that every fourth man who married in 1847 must have married his deceased wife's sister, or that there is no more value in the 'facts' of Messrs. Crowder and Maynard, their clients and their agents, than there is force in their 'arguments.'

It has been asked in Parliament—and we have already hinted at the question—where, if the proposed law shall break down the present lines, is the inroad to stop? We repeat the question formally; is there any consistency in stopping where Mr. Wortley stops? He alters the law of the land, and he violates the law of the Church, and he wounds the feelings of thousands of men and of ten thousands of women, and he hazards the happiness of domestic life in some of its dear and now sacred relations; but does he establish a principle? No, he only makes an exception. The principle, and some are bold enough to maintain it, is, 'Abolish all restraints on marriage, except where there is a blood-relationship; we mean, such a blood-relationship as nature abhors.' But 'Stop,' says a still bolder one; 'why should my liberty be restrained by your scruples about nature abhorring anything?' We cannot pursue this subject further; but we may say thus much, that to get rid of all prohibition in respect to *all* degrees of *affinity* is consistent with a principle—odious, repulsive, and fatal as would be the working of that principle: but to get rid of the prohibition in respect to the one prominent degree, for which heaven and earth are now moved, involves great evil in fact, and does not attain, even in theory, the miserable satisfaction of establishing a mischievous principle.

We have just said, and much of the preceding reasoning, and all of our preceding quotations, have had relation to the one prominent degree now sought to be expunged from the Table of Prohibited Degrees; we mean, the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife. But we must not con-

ceal from our readers that Mr. Wortley's Bill proposes to legalise another union, which, though technically further removed, is, to our apprehension, in some respects even more repulsive than that of a widower with his late wife's sister—it is his marriage with her niece. We feel all the delicacy of this, and indeed of every portion of the subject. It is enough to say, that in the vast majority of all marriages the age of the man exceeds, and sometimes greatly exceeds, that of the wife; and that in the vast majority of the cases which could be conceived under the present head, the widower would be far older than his second bride—probably a child during his first marriage, whom he ought never to have regarded except with parental eyes.

But such cases are brought forward in the evidence before the commissioners—what Mr. Thornburn calls familiarly 'niece cases.' We do not here confine ourselves to those alliances which Mr. Wortley desires to permit: we do not refer to a Birmingham clergyman marrying his wife's niece—now a 'beneficed clergyman' by the bye, living 'perfectly comfortable' in the witness's parish;\* nor to a Norfolk magistrate who was not ashamed to contract the same unholy alliance;† nor to those at Sheffield who 'occasionally marry the wife's niece';‡ but we do refer to cases 'where a man had married *his own niece*.'§ It is to this class of cases that Mr. Thornburn had so naively adverted: 'I dare say I may have, in the course of my notes, two or three other niece cases, but not more.' Another of the barristers, sent forth to make inquiries, says, 'I think there are about six instances of marriages of the party's own nieces, not deceased wives' nieces.' (Foster's evidence, p. 4.) This is not the worst: 'There were one or two, out of the six, where a man had married the mother and the daughter; but I think six is the outside of those cases.' (Foster's Evidence, Answer 17, p. 4.) 'One,' says another inquiring barrister in another district, 'married his wife's mother.' (Aspinall, Answer 47, p. 6.)||

\* Evidence of Rev. S. Garbett, A. 1073, 1074, compared with evidence of J. Brotherton, Esq. (Evidence, p. 9), unless, which we hope is not the case, the witnesses refer to two different unions.

† Evidence, p. 12. Perhaps the same case is stated in p. 14.

‡ Evidence, Answer 142, p. 15.

§ Evidence, Answer 117, p. 12.

|| This more than realises the case already put too happily by Dr. Pusey, in answer to Mr. Hatchard, who had contended in his evidence before the Commissioners that, though man and wife are called 'one flesh' by the word of God, yet that, as such relation did not exist before marriage,

And it is to the prospect of such cases, and to the increase of alliances which we believe to be repugnant to the law of God, that we look fearfully—when the barriers shall be broken down which now, by the double sanction of ‘Scripture and our laws,’ forbid a man to marry either his wife’s sister or his wife’s niece. Each of these would be evil, but each might be exceeded in evil: there would be no further limit, so far as principle is concerned, in regard to any other case of *affinity*; and as to *consanguinity*, there is little ground of hope that, thenceforth, men would regard it as a limit beyond which their eye ought not to wander: the law of God, which was the safest foundation for the restriction in cases of *affinity*, having been abandoned, the only safe foundation for the restriction in cases of *consanguinity* is undermined. And the example of others will seduce many. It is not the least painful part of the examination conducted by the Commissioners, that reference so frequent is made, both in the questions and in the answers, to the opinions of men, and reference so scanty to the will of God, as determining the fitness or unfitness of the marriages which formed the subject of inquiry. Thus, (Evidence, p. 13) we find the Commissioners asking, ‘Are persons who have contracted such marriages looked down upon by their friends and associates?’ and we find in the answers, ‘Quite the contrary—held in the highest regard—full knowledge and approval of all her relations—speak of them with the greatest regard.’ Almost all the parties, indeed, to whose marriages the witnesses refer, are what they call ‘respectable.’ One of them gravely adopts the celebrated reply of a witness in the famous Thurtell case of murder—who had described one of the parties as a respectable man: ‘Witness,’ said the Court, ‘what do you mean by respectable?’ ‘I mean, my lord, that he keeps a gig.’ So Mr. Thornburn describes the hero of one of his cases—a man *who keeps his carriage*. . . He is *much respected*; and though he is living in open concubinage, his neighbours sympathise with him.’

We dread the contagion of this morbid sympathy—we dread the *defendit numerus*. ‘The respectable man’ who keeps his carriage will infect the man who keeps his gig; the two will corrupt the shopkeeper and the

farmer; and the practice of these will descend to the lowest; so long as all, by upholding each other, can prevent the occurrence—which in Scotland and in Ireland still is happily found—of a public disapprobation, equal in force to law, even if law had been wanting, against the unsanctified alliance.

But ‘the plague is begun,’ and the evil is already gone forth. Legislation, indeed, will make it worse, since the nation as a nation will then be committed to the sin: but even the popular discussion of the subject, however inevitable, on the right side, when the agitation has been urged on by our opponents, is itself an almost incalculable mischief. Thoughts, which never would have occurred to the pure, have been forced on the purest; a relationship which had given a mother to orphans, while it still gave a sister to the widower—is hazarded, if not broken up; and hundreds, who have looked on each other with the feelings of a blood-relationship, are even now compelled to think that the protection, which saved them from even a doubt or a thought in each other’s minds, will no longer save them from suspicion; and the children, the objects of their joint care, must be abandoned, since some loud and interested clamourers have declared that sisters of a wife deceased are to the widower no more than any other marriageable woman; and their own delicacy will then prompt them to withdraw from a position which no other marriageable woman could fill.

We cannot conclude this article without some reference to the composition of the Commission, and to the course of its proceedings. The Queen was advised to intrust the inquiry to the gentleman who moved the address to Her Majesty praying for it, to a bishop, a common-law judge, an ecclesiastical judge, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the late Remembrancer for Ireland. Mr. A. R. Blake. We do not say that the Commission was radically defective; but we think that some, at least, of the gentlemen named were already known to have formed their own conclusions before they undertook the inquiry. We may be mistaken as to the person who, having as rector been consulted by one of the witnesses, ‘is now a bishop;’ or that witness may himself have utterly mistaken his then rector’s opinion. (See Ans. 267, Evidence, p. 25.) We also may be mistaken as to any previously expressed opinion of any other Commissioner. But we cannot be mistaken as to the view of the mover of the Commission. His object—however anxious he might be to be impartial in his individual dealings with the case

it ceases when the marriage is dissolved by death, and, consequently, that the widower is at liberty to marry his first wife’s sister as being altogether a stranger. ‘Mr. Hatchard,’ says Dr. Pusey (Preface, p. lxxxiii.), ‘probably did not observe that his argument applies equally to the wife’s mother or daughter.’

—must have been to sustain his own position; and our chief complaint is that the Commissioners generally put the whole inquiry into the hands of Messrs. Crowder and Maynard; whose firm, as Mr. Ker Seymer said in the House of Commons, ought to have been endorsed on the Report as ‘Solicitors for the Plaintiffs.’ There appears to have been little or no cross-examination of any of the witnesses whose names appear on the back of their brief; while one of the witnesses on the other side seems, by his own showing at least, to have been subjected to treatment which was less judicial than we could have desired or expected. This at least is clear, that whatever may have been the wish of her Majesty’s advisers, that by a balance in the Commission, all might have been fair and equal, the Commissioners by their non-attendance defeated that object; since on the day when he was examined three only attended;\* and his answers, which were strictly in accordance with the Protestant faith as established in this country, were objected to, altered, and expunged, because a member of the Church of Rome was one of the Commission then present. He adds that the three Commissioners before whom he appeared were ‘the three acting Commissioners.’ If this be incorrect, the Commissioners have themselves only to blame for the mis-statement, since, contrary we believe to the example of every other Royal Commission, they never record their own names as present on any one given day. It is not surprising, therefore, that they never prefix their names to any of their questions: whereas in the proceedings of the other Royal Commission issued at the same time—for inquiring into the British Museum—each meeting of the members begins with a record of their names, and every one of them makes himself responsible for every question which he addresses to any witness.

All this is matter of comparatively little importance. The real objection to the proceedings of the Commissioners is, that they did not seek for evidence or weigh its value. It is a remarkable fact, in reference to both these points, that they did not examine any one minister of the Established Church of Scotland; and that, having taken evidence (*Report*, pp. 63.64, Q. 557-583) intended to prove that one of the ministers of that Church had knowingly celebrated such a marriage, although they were afterwards solemnly assured by him that the evidence was utterly incorrect, they nevertheless pub-

lished the evidence as if it had not been contradicted. It is true that they conceal the names of both parties, and may say that therefore they do not injure the clergyman, or benefit the layman; but the publication of the alleged fact benefits his cause, by showing that a clergyman in the metropolis of Scotland recognised such an alliance as ‘a valid marriage.’ At all events, this instance entitles us to ask, when there was so little cross-examination of the parties, so little sifting of their evidence, how many of the other witnesses alike unnamed, alike interested in their own behalf, may have made other declarations alike void of foundation? Yet there are those who, because such evidence has been taken before ‘a Royal Commission,’ and because ‘a Royal Commission’ has thought fit to publish it, pay a spurious deference to it.

Having thus alluded to the kind of evidence taken and published by the Commissioners, we may add, as the single tribute of approbation to which they are entitled, that they themselves attach no practical value to that evidence, since they are, at any rate, unable to draw any other conclusion from it than *nil*, which word, after a little self-praise, they thus cautiously expand into the last sentence of their Report:—‘Whether any or what measure should be introduced for a change of the law, *either on the side of relaxation or of stricter prohibition*, we must leave to the wisdom of the Legislature.’ This conclusion will in truth surprise no one who considers that, after all, the Commissioners must, in reviewing their own proceedings, have felt that they had been content, in great measure, to take evidence as it might be tendered, chiefly by the acute firm who got up the case; or by parties, mostly anonymous, who were interested in the proposed alteration of the law. Yet the Commissioners at one time knew better. They thought fit to address to the Lord Primate of all Ireland a communication requesting his Grace to ascertain the opinions of the clergy of Ireland on the subject of Marriages within the Prohibited Degrees. Why did not they address a similar communication to the Lord Primate of all England? Perhaps the reply which they received from the Archbishop of Armagh and the other prelates of Ireland did not encourage them to prosecute their inquiries. The words of the first noble and venerable man are as follows:—‘My opinion is decidedly opposed to a removal of the prohibition which prevents a man from marrying his wife’s sister. There are, I believe, but very few cases of such marriages among persons of the higher ranks of society in this country; and among

\* Proposed Alteration of the Law of Marriage, by the Hon. and Rev. A. P. Perceval, p. 5.



the lower orders, I understand, marriages of this kind are regarded with great dislike.' The Bishop of Meath, speaking of public opinion in Ireland on this subject, says, p. 156—'Such marriages have been held in much greater abhorrence than in England. I know of only three or four in my long life; and the couples so united were cut off from all society, and even from the acquaintance of their nearest relations.' If the Commissioners had desired to have the opinions of the clergy of England, their course was clear—namely, to submit to the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York a request that their Graces would in their respective provinces obtain through the several dioceses the returns of the archdeaconries or rural deaneries, respectively, on the two questions of opinion and of fact. The *opinions* so collected would, we think, have shown a vast preponderance against altering the existing law: the *facts*, we also think, would have shown that the existing law is violated far less frequently than has been assumed. We have ourselves taken town parishes and country parishes: in four agricultural parishes there has been no remembered instance of a widower marrying his late wife's sister; in another, only one in seventeen years. The Rev. J. E. Tyler, having 'made careful inquiries in his parish of St. Giles,' says, 'I have not known one in my parish since I became rector in 1826.' (Ans. 1212, p. 108.) Another London clergyman, from whom we have seen a return, maintains that the feelings of the poor, and the habits of the poor, and the silence of the poor in respect to any grievance arising from the present law, all concur in proving that, speaking generally, they seek no change. That it is not a poor man's question is clear from the fact (App. p. 140), that of the 1648 marriages enumerated by Mr. Crowder, 40 only are in the class of labourers and mechanics. Of the twelve thousand widowers who marry spinsters, how many have infant children requiring female care, and is that care never to be found in the widower's own mother, or in the widower's own sisters?—is he never to obtain help from his own aunt, or from his wife's aunt?—and must he see his children orphanless, unless he can prevail on their mother's own sister to violate alike the law of the Bible and the law of the land, and become their stepmother, and the only wife whom he can find?

But without referring to marriages, the bare existence of any female relation on the husband's side as the protectress of his children seems never to have occurred as a possibility even to the wild imagination of the witnesses before the Commission; nor is it

ever stated by any one of them that his own sisters had ever been or could ever be as mothers to his children.

Relations more sacred than those of brother and sister are, however, now at stake. This is, indeed, as it has been already called in the House of Commons, emphatically a 'woman's question;' and, as such, even if there be a prejudice on the part of woman, it ought to be treated tenderly by the sex which enjoys the monopoly of legislation. But it is not a prejudice; and the women of England—of whom, if the numbers were told, an overwhelming majority would concur in deprecating the proposed licence—appeal not merely to the existing law of the land—not merely to their Bibles, strong and stronger still as are those authorities—but, as the 'Englishwoman' states, 'to the law of God written in our hearts, and re-echoed by the feelings of our nature.' Admitting that the alliance is not forbidden in very terms and syllables, she says, for herself and her sex—'Where the command is not in express words, we bind ourselves by its spirit; and on our humble and faithful obedience to its dictates we rest our hopes of future recompense, or ground our fears of future retribution and punishment' (p. 4): and she closes her appeal by earnestly imploring the House of Commons, as husbands, brothers, and fathers,

'to remove no safeguard to our virtue and our peace.—If female purity and innocence, domestic harmony and joy, be dear to you—we entreat your consideration and aid; and beseech you, in the eyes of your God and of your country, not, for the sake of the few whose motives cannot bear the scrutiny, to sacrifice the well-being—the happiness of the whole.'

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ART. VI.—*A Second Visit to the United States, in the Years 1845-6.* By Sir Charles Lyell. 2 vols. 1849.

THIS is very pleasant and at the same time very instructive reading. Sir Charles Lyell ranges with great ease, liveliness, and rapidity over an infinite variety of subjects, religious, scientific, political, social—from the most profound inquiries into the structure of the immense continent of North America, and the institutions, the resources, the destiny of the mighty nation which is spreading over it with such unexampled activity, down to the lightest touches of Transatlantic character and manners. Now we are discussing the grooves and indentations which the

icebergs have left, as they grated over the rocks, when great part of Canada and the United States formed the bottom of an unfathomed ocean; we are taking measure of the enormous coal-fields, as large as most European kingdoms, which promise to be the wealth and strength of this great federation; or we are calculating the thousands of years before man became an inhabitant of our planet, when the Mississippi began to accumulate its Delta. We are now amusing ourselves among the every-day topics of American steam-boats and railroads, with incidental anecdotes of the language, habits, modes of feeling in the various races and classes or conditions of American citizens; we may almost see the growth of cities springing into existence, we trust under happier auspices, and in a more genial clime, but hardly less rapidly, than that which Milton describes as 'rising like an exhalation.' We are discussing the exhausted Oregon question, the inexhaustible Slavery question; even to the Millerites, a set of fanatic impostors and dupes, who sat up in their winding-sheets, or in more becoming white robes, awaiting, on the night of Oct. 23, 1844, the dissolution of this world and all its geology.

Sir Charles Lyell's present volumes will command the interest of the ordinary reader in a much higher degree than his former valuable *Tour*, which we take some shame to ourselves for not having reviewed in this *Journal*.\* Not only do the author's peculiar pursuits occupy in proportion much less space, but the scientific part, without being condescendingly popular, from his perfect mastery of his topics and the lively perspicuity of his style, has the rare merit of making the most abstruse discussions intelligible, we cannot but think even attractive, if not to the absolutely uninitiate, to those who have but slight elementary acquaintance with this new philosophy. If on the other grave questions with which Sir Charles Lyell, in the strong curiosity of an active and ardent mind, delights to grapple, his judgments do not always obtain our assent, they command our respect for their honesty, calmness, and moderation. If from the natural bias of his mind, predisposed and kindled by the wonderful revelations of his own science to the utmost speculative freedom and boldness, from gratitude for the more than generous hospitality which he everywhere met with, from the honour paid to his philosophical pursuits, the universal accept-

ance which he encountered in all parts of the land, he is inclined to take a favourable view of American institutions and American life—to look forward with sanguine hope to the future of this great unprecedented experiment in political society; there is, nevertheless, no blind flattery, no courteous reticence of that which is socially dangerous or disagreeable, if not worse, in the result of those institutions or in the prevailing character of that life. The work may at once enlighten and render us more just and fair on our side of the Atlantic; on the other side, by the strong predominance of goodwill, by the total absence of acrimony, though now and then there is a touch of sly, perhaps involuntary satire (in some of the quiet anecdotes there is a singular force and poignancy), it may afford matter for serious reflection to the thoughtful and dispassionate, and force or win some to sober thought who are in danger of surrendering themselves to the unsafe guidance of passion, jealousy, or national vanity. We cannot but hail with satisfaction anything which may tend to promote the mutual harmony and goodwill of the great Anglo-Saxon race, on whom, at present at least, seems to depend the cause of order, civilization, and religion.

We write with fear and trembling when, amid this universal breaking up of the foundations of human affairs, we dwell on the stability of any political institutions. The Almighty might seem to have written on the crystal arch of the all-seen heavens, or rather on the crumbling walls of earthly palaces, for all mankind to read, the simple Apostolic axiom, 'Be not high-minded, but fear.' It is in no spirit of boasting, therefore, but in humble gratitude to the Supreme Disposer of all things, that we refuse to close our eyes upon this inevitable fact. So far as the world as yet has shown—partly, perhaps, from some innate national idiosyncrasy, but far more from its slow and gradual training, its widely ramified and universal scheme of self-government, the growth of its laws and polity out of its character, the strengthening of its character in congeniality and in attachment to its laws and polity—the Anglo-Saxon race alone seems gifted with the power of building up for duration free institutions in the two majestic forms of an ancient constitutional monarchy and of a new federal republic. To each its station has manifestly been appointed by irrevocable laws, and by the force of uncontrollable circumstances. England, in the nature of things, could no more have become—could no more become—a flourishing republic, than America could have started as a dignified monarchy. England could no more, with safety, without en-

\* The former tour was made in 1841-2, and the account of it (2 vols.) published in 1845. This ought to be at hand while one reads the new book.

dangerous all that is her pride, her glory, and her strength, even her existence—without hazarding her wealth, her culture, her place among the nations—break with the Past, sweep away her throne, her aristocracy, and her church; dismantle her Windsor, demolish her Alnwick, and Chatsworths, and Belvoirs, and Blenheim, and Hatfields; break up her cathedrals into congregational churches—than America, when the inevitable day of her independence was come, could have vested her presidency in an hereditary line of sovereigns, or attempted to create an aristocracy without descent, wealth, traditional names, or those great professional fortunes and distinctions, or fortunes and distinctions from public services, which are the popular element constantly renewing our aristocracy. This subject—‘this great much-injured name’—the Aristocracy of England, with its influence, we have long wished to see treated with the fullness, the freedom, the philosophic impartiality of M. de Tocqueville’s celebrated work on the Democracy of America; but we confess that among the most profound as among the more empiric or ignorant continental writers, including among the former M. de Tocqueville himself—even among the most enlightened Americans—there seems so complete an incapacity of comprehending its real nature and bearings, that we almost despair of the fulfilment of our earnest desire. Yet, so long as such a work is wanting—a work developing and illustrating worthily the profound and real meaning of a phrase which with most writers conveys but a vulgar and utterly erroneous reproach—we take the freedom to say that no political writer can judge, with the least justice, the absolute necessity of our present institutions to our political and social well being; nay, the *fact*, that while the slow, and gradual, and inevitable expansion of those institutions in their own spirit and in their own principles is their one safeguard, a revolution which should shatter them to the earth would, in Europe at least, throw back for ages the civilization, the order, the social happiness of mankind. We might then seek in far western realms old English institutions under totally different circumstances, growing out into the laws and usages of orderly and of happy republics; we might find our laws, our language, our letters renewing their youth under new social forms. As we may now, we might perhaps for centuries contrast North America with South America—the grave legislative assemblies of New York or Pennsylvania with the lawless armed bands in Monte Video or Paraguay, which rise one day to power and have disappeared

the next—the great system of education established in Massachusetts, where the whole community cheerfully submits to a very heavy taxation to secure the intellectual and religious advancement of every order, even the lowest of the citizens, with the anarchy of Peru and Mexico, where, to judge from some recent travellers (Mr. Ruxton in Mexico, or Dr. Von Tschudi in Peru), the land would hardly lose in peacefulness, or in intelligence and cultivation, if it were resumed by the Indian tribes. We might with deep and reverential sorrow acknowledge the truth of Bishop Berkeley’s famous prophecy as to the western course of empire and civilization—a prophecy which we will not believe so long as our throne and our three estates maintain their ancient authority.

Enough, perhaps too much of this: more especially since, while we attend our accomplished traveller in his wanderings over almost the whole continent of North America, we shall be perpetually reminded at once of those points of kindred and sympathy which arise out of our common descent—of the contrasts and differences which spring from the different forms taken by institutions primarily of the same origin, but developed under different auspices—when we shall behold the strange, striking, and amusing juxtaposition of the European life of Boston or New York, with the savage squattings in the far West; the inflexible law, which the sovereign people, even while we write, are vindicating against a furious mob by the right royal argument of files of soldiers and discharges of musket-balls—to the law of Judge Lynch, which the Borderers assured Sir Charles he would duly respect as his best, his necessary protection, if he were to settle among themselves. This consummation, indeed, they seemed to consider the necessary consequence, as it could be the sole object, of travelling so far westward.

Sir C. Lyell left England as far back as Sept. 4, 1845, in one of those magnificent steam-ships which have, as it were, bridged the Atlantic; and have brought Halifax, and even Boston, almost as much within the reach of London as Dublin was in the earlier part of this century. We have heard a retired Home Secretary of the old school say, that in his active days, between the transmission of a despatch and an answer received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, owing to adverse winds on both sides of the Channel, several weeks had been known to elapse. The average passage to Boston is now fourteen days. Here is something still more startling:—

'In September, 1848, one of my London friends sent a message, by telegraph, to Liverpool, which reached Boston by mail steamer via Halifax in twelve days, and was sent on immediately by electric telegraph to New-Orleans in one day, the answer returning to Boston the day after. Three days were then lost in waiting for the steam-packet, which conveyed the message back to England in twelve days, so that the reply reached London on the twenty-ninth day from the sending of the question; the whole distance being more than 10,000 miles, which had been traversed at an average rate exceeding 350 miles a day.'—vol. i. p. 244.

Another singular contrast suggests itself to Sir Charles: his noble vessel, the *Britannia*, was of 1200 tons burthen; the first discoverers of America committed themselves to the unknown ocean in barks, one not above 15; Frobisher in two vessels of 20 or 25 tons; Sir Humphrey Gilbert in one of 10 tons only. Sir Charles had the great good fortune—a good fortune which can only be duly appreciated by those who know how important a part the Glacier theory fills in modern geology—to behold, and at safe distance, one of those gigantic icebergs which warp slowly down the Atlantic: he could judge, to a certain extent by ocular demonstration, how far those mighty masses 'voyaging in the greatness of their strength,' might achieve all the wonders now assigned to them—the transport of enormous boulders, the furrowing of the hardest rocks, the transplantation of the seeds of arctic or antarctic vegetation. On his return home he had the advantage of a nearer view, and detected a huge iceberg, the base of which towards the steamer covered 600 feet, actually conveying two pieces of rock, not indeed of any very great dimensions, to be deposited somewhere at the bottom of the sea, a long way to the south. Yet, after all, modern philosophers are prudent and unenthusiastic compared to those of old. He who

'ardentem frigidus Ætnam

Insiluit,'

is said to have been urged to his awful leap, either by the desire of knowing more, or despair at his knowing nothing, of the causes of volcanic action. We do not read of Sir Charles Lyell, nor do we hear of any other more self-devoted geologist, desiring to be left, as some melancholy bears sometimes are, on one of these majestically-moving and tardily-melting islands, as on an exploring voyage to test the powers and follow out the slow workings of these great geological agents.

Sir Charles was no stranger at Boston—though Boston, from its great improvement

in handsome buildings during but three years, was in some degree new to him. Before his first journey to the United States an invitation to read a course of lectures in that city had happily fallen in with his own desire to explore the geology of North America. One of those munificent donations for the promotion of intellectual culture, to their honour now becoming of frequent occurrence—particularly in the Northern States—had excited the laudable ambition of the conductors of the 'Lowell Institute' to obtain aid from some of the most distinguished philosophers in Europe; and if we may judge from the eager curiosity, as well as from the intelligent behaviour of the audiences which assembled to hear the author of the 'Principles of Geology,' this munificence is not wasted on an ungrateful soil. 'The tickets were given gratuitously to the number of 4500. The class usually attending amounted to above 3000. It was necessary, therefore, to divide them into two classes, and to repeat in the evening the lecture of the morning. Among my hearers, were persons of both sexes, of every station in society—from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions, to the humblest mechanics—all well-dressed, and observing the utmost decorum.' (*First Tour*, vol. i. p. 108.) The scientific traveller, indeed, enjoys peculiar advantages. Throughout the civilized world he is welcomed at once by persons of kindred minds and congenial pursuits—these being in Europe sometimes of the highest rank and position—everywhere of superior education and intelligence. The man of science may be but a man of science—his entire mind narrowed to one study—his conversation on one subject; the whole talk of a zoologist may be of Mammalia and Mollusks—of Ornithorhynchi Paradoxi and the last of the Dodos; the botanist may be but a 'culler of simples;' even the geologist may have such a mole-like vision for that which is under the earth as to see nothing upon it—he may seem to despise everything not pre-Adamitic—his vocabulary may not go beyond greywacke, eocene and miocene, ichthyosauri and plesiosauri. But these are the rare exceptions—the hermits and devotees of an exclusive study. Far more usually men of science are not merely under the strong desire, almost the necessity, of extending their knowledge to kindred branches of natural philosophy; but they are likewise men of keen observation, quickened intelligence, extensive information on all general subjects. It must be of inestimable use to the traveller to be thrown at once under the guidance of such persons; instead of being entirely depend-

ent, at best, on chance letters of introduction, on the casual acquaintance of the steamboat, the railway-carriage, or the table d'hôte (though, of course, much that is amusing and characteristic may be gleaned by the clever and communicative tourist from these sources, and, well weighed and winnowed, may assist in judgments on graver subjects)—or, last and worst of all, on the professional guide or lacquey-de-place. Nor is it only in cities like Boston, in meetings held in that capital of American geologists, that Sir Charles Lyell finds a zealous interest in his own inquiries, as well as society calculated to give him sound views on the state and prospects of the country. It is remarkable that in the most remote and untravell'd quarters of the spacious land—on the edge of the wilderness—even within the primeval forest, where men have just hewn themselves out room for a few dwellings—he encounters persons familiar with his own works, who are delighted to accompany him on his expeditions, and to make an honourable exchange of their own local observations for the more profound and comprehensive theories, the larger and universal knowledge, of a great European master of the science. Of course now and then he will fall in with admirers of his science rather solicitous to turn it to practical than to philosophical advantage—men who would not be sorry to have the name of the famous geologist as at least encouraging the hope of finding coal or valuable minerals on certain lands, the value of which would rise thereby in the market with the rapidity once possessed by railway shares. A geological Dousterswivel would find plenty of victims—or Face would be content to agree with Subtle for a full share in the vast profits of such 'smart' transactions. We have heard of advances of this kind, only prevented from becoming more explicit, only crushed in the bud, by certain unmistakable signs of impracticability, of an unapproachable dignity of honour and honesty, which even awed such men. But—besides and beyond the facilities thus afforded to Sir C. Lyell for his more complete geological survey of the land—our knowledge of the intimate footing on which he stood with the intellectual aristocracy of the United States, his opportunities, of which he seems constantly to have availed himself, of gathering information from those most trustworthy authorities, gives far greater weight to his statements on these more general subjects. We are hearing through him educated and accomplished Americans speaking of themselves and of their own country; while at the same time the pursuits of the geologist, leading him almost over the whole

vast area of the United States, to its wildest and most untravell'd regions, are constantly setting him down in the strangest quarters, bringing him into contact with every gradation of wild as well as civilized life. He is among abolitionists and slave-holders—people of colour, and of every shade and hue of colour; he is lodging in a splendid hotel or in a log-hut; travelling smoothly in well-appointed railroad carriages, in splendid floating hotels on the great rivers, or jolting over corduroy roads in cars or in stage-coaches, which might seem to be making their own road as they proceed; on Sundays he is listening to Dr. Channing—to Dr. Hawkes or some other of our eloquent Episcopalian divines—or to a black Baptist preacher, himself the only white man in a large congregation.

We return to our traveller at Boston—admonishing the reader that we are about to dwell far more on these general topics than on the author's scientific inquiries. To geologists his work will not want our commendation: his name, and if more than his name were wanting, his former volumes, his masterly account of Niagara, his description of the organic remains discovered in various parts of the continent, as well as his other papers on the geology of the New World, will at once command their attention. Our first impression, not only at Boston, but throughout the extensive journeys on which we accompany Sir Charles Lyell, is that we are travelling in a Transatlantic England; yet we can never forget that it is Transatlantic: the points of resemblance and dissimilitude—of kindred, and of departure from the original stock—of national sympathies and national peculiarities—are equally striking; and give at once the interest of that which is native and familiar, and the freshness of a strange and untrodden land. 'It is an agreeable novelty to a naturalist to combine the speed of a railway and the luxury of good inns with the sight of the native forests; the advantages of civilization with the beauty of unreclaimed nature—no hedges, few ploughed fields, the wild plants, trees, birds and animals undisturbed.' This is a slight and casual illustration of our travelling in a Transatlantic England. But the affinity and the difference extend much further. England is circumscribed within two comparatively small islands—the United States stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Bay of Mexico. England, with colonies and dependencies almost as vast as America itself, but distant, scattered over remote regions, in every continent—America, swallowing up, as if already not spacious enough, bordering

territories, but those territories only divided by mountain ranges or uncultivated provinces; England, therefore, with an excessive population pent within her narrow pale, is finding a vent only at great cost and with great difficulty, and is ever threatened by explosion from its accumulation in crowded quarters—America is spreading freely, and year after year adding almost new states to her Union; making highways of rivers which but a short time before were rarely broken by the canoe of the Indian, but are now daily and nightly foaming up before the prow and the paddles of the huge steamboat; exemplifying Cooper's famous sentence, quoted by Sir Charles Lyell, that Heaven itself would have no charm for the backwoodsman if he heard of any place farther west. England proper has long completely amalgamated her earlier races—the Britons, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman for centuries have been merged undistinguishably into the Englishman; we may say nearly the same as to Scotland; yet England has her Celtic population in Ireland—either from her impolitic and haughty exclusiveness, or the stubborn aversion on the other part, or what may almost seem a natural and inextinguishable oppugnancy, a mutual repulsion—still lying on the outside of her higher civilization, a separate, unmingling nation. America has the not less dangerous black races, apparently repelled by a more indelible aversion, in a state of actual slavery—of which we wish that we could foresee some safe and speedy termination. England from her remote youth has slowly and gradually built up her history, her laws, her constitution, her cities, her wealth, her arts, her letters, her commerce, her conquests:—America, in some respects born old, is starting at the point where most nations terminate, with all the elements of European civilization, to be employed, quickened it may be and sharpened by her own busy acuteness and restless activity; with a complete literature, in which it might almost seem impossible to find place for any great genius, should such arise among our American sons, in its highest branches—at least of poetry and inventive fiction; with English books in every cottage; with the English Bible the book of her religion. She is receiving with every packet all the products of our mind—and we must not deny making some valuable returns in the writings of her Prescotts, Irvings, Bancrofts, Channings: America, in short, is an England almost without a Past—a Past at the furthest but of a few centuries; if calculated from her Declaration of Independence, a Past not of one century—though assuredly, if it had

but given birth to Washington, no inglorious Past. But she has, it must seem, a Future (and this is the conclusion from Sir Charles Lyell's book) which, if there be any calculation to be formed on all the elements of power, wealth, greatness, happiness—if we have not fondly esteemed more highly than we ought the precious inheritance of our old English institutions, and the peculiar social development which may counteract and correct, at least for a long period, the dangers inseparable from republican politics—a Future which might almost tempt us to the sanguine presumption of supposing, in favour of this Transatlantic England, an exception to the great mysterious law of Providence—

‘*Prudens futuri temporis exitum  
Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.*’

Boston itself forces upon us, in more than one point, the analogy and the divergence of England and America. America is an England without a capital, without a London. A London she could not have had without a king, without an aristocracy, without a strong central government, without a central legislature, central courts of law, without a court; without an hereditary peerage, we may well add, without a St. Paul's and a Westminster Abbey. It is singular, but it is both significant and intelligible, that Washington is the only city in America which has not grown with rapidity:—

‘In spite of some new public edifices built in a handsome style of Greek architecture, we are struck with the small progress made in three years since we were last here. The vacant spaces are not filling up with private houses, so that the would-be metropolis wears still the air of some projected scheme which has failed.’—vol. i. p. 265.

The cities of America answer to our great modern commercial towns, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham. Many of these English towns have boasted and may still boast of scientific and literary circles, to which have belonged men not equal perhaps to those of whom Boston is now proud, but still—notwithstanding the natural flow of the life-blood to the heart, the gravitation which draws all the more eminent talent to London—of deserved name and estimation. Yet Boston, New York, perhaps Philadelphia and Baltimore (New Orleans seems to stand by itself, with some faint kindred with Paris) are, though not the capitals of the Federation, the capitals of States. Boston in one respect, as likewise the province of Massachusetts, and indeed the New England States in gene-

ral, may glory in one distinction, of which we cannot boast, the cheerful, unreluctant submission to general and by no means light taxation for the purposes of public education. We have before us, besides Sir Charles Lyell's volumes, a report of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and an eloquent speech of the late most highly respected Minister of the United States in England, Mr. Everett, for a short time the President of Harvard College, near Boston. In the main facts they fully agree:—

‘The number of public or free schools in Massachusetts in 1845-6, for a population of 800,000 souls, was about 500, which would allow a teacher for each twenty-five or thirty children, as many as they can well attend to. The sum raised by *direct taxation* for the wages and board of the tutors and for fuel for the schools is upwards of 600,000 dollars, or 120,000 guineas [Mr. Everett states the amount for 1848 at 754,000 dollars], but this is exclusive of all expenditure for school-houses, libraries, and apparatus, for which other funds are appropriated, and every year a great number of newer and finer buildings are erected. Upon the whole about one million of dollars is spent in teaching a population of 800,000 souls, *independently of the sums expended on private instruction*, which in the city of Boston is supposed to be equal to the money levied by taxes for the free schools, or 260,000 dollars (55,000*l.*). If we were to impose a school-rate in Great Britain, bearing the same proportion to our population of twenty-eight millions, the tax would amount annually to more than seven millions sterling, and would then be far less effective, owing to the higher cost of living and the comparative average standard of income among professional and official men.’—vol. i. p. 190.

The State of New York, it appears, is not behind Massachusetts; the population in 1845 was 2,604,495. The schools 11,000. The children in the schools for the whole or part of the year 807,200, being almost one-third; and of these only 31,240 in private schools. The expenditure, chiefly raised by rates, 1,191,697 dollars, equal to about 250,000*l.*

Sir Charles Lyell discusses at some length the causes which have led to this universal acquiescence in the duty and even the necessity of providing, at so large a cost to the whole State, this system of popular education:—

‘During my first visit to the New England States, I was greatly at a loss to comprehend by what means so large a population had been brought to unite great earnestness of religious feeling with so much real toleration. In seeking for the cause, we must go farther back than the common schools, or at least the present improved state of popular education; for we are still

met with the question—How could such schools be maintained by the State, or by compulsory assessments, on so liberal a footing, in spite of the fanaticism and sectarian prejudices of the vulgar? When we call to mind the enthusiasm of the early Puritans—how these religionists, who did not hesitate to condemn several citizens to be publicly whipped for denying that the Jewish code was obligatory on Christians as a rule of life, and who were fully persuaded that they alone were the chosen people of God, should bequeath to their immediate posterity such a philosophical spirit as must precede the organization by the whole people of a system of secular education acceptable to all, and accompanied by the social and political equality of religious sects such as no other civilised community has yet achieved—this certainly is a problem well worthy of the study of every reflecting mind. To attribute this national characteristic to the voluntary system would be an anachronism, as that is of comparatively modern date in New England; besides that the dependence of the ministers on their flocks, by transferring ecclesiastical power to the multitude, only gives to their bigotry, if they be ignorant, a more dangerous sway. So also of universal suffrage; by investing the million with political power, it renders the average amount of their enlightenment the measure of the liberty enjoyed by those who entertain religious opinions disapproved of by the majority. Of the natural effects of such power, and the homage paid to it by the higher classes, even where the political institutions are only partially democratic, we have abundant exemplification in Europe, where the educated of the laity and clergy, in spite of their comparative independence of the popular will, defer outwardly to many theological notions of the vulgar with which they have often no real sympathy.’—vol. i. pp. 49, 50.

Our author illustrates largely the mutual toleration which prevails, not only as to the great purpose of the common education. Thus, we read concerning the cheerful, smokeless town of Portland, the principal city of Maine:—

‘There are churches here of every religious denomination: Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Free-Will Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, and Quakers, all living harmoniously together. The late Governor of the State was a Unitarian: and as if to prove the perfect toleration of churches the most opposed to each other, they have recently had a Roman Catholic Governor.’—vol. i. p. 48.

Sir Charles is disposed to attribute great influence in this change of the staunch exclusionists, the old Puritan settlers, into perfect religious cosmopolitans, ‘to the reaction against the extreme Calvinism of the church first established in this part of America, a movement which has had a powerful tendency to subdue and mitigate sectarian bitterness.’ He gives us some



curious extracts (vol. i. pp. 53-5) from an old religious poem, the 'Day of Doom,' written by one Michael Wigglesworth, teacher of the town of Maldon, New England. In this strange homily in verse the extreme Calvinistic opinions are followed out to their most appalling conclusions with unflinching fearlessness: and this poem was not more than 70 years ago a *school-book* in New England. 'We forget which was the teacher, within or without the church, of the last century, who noted in his diary:—' Enjoyed some hours' comfortable meditation on the infinite mercy of God in damning little babes!' Of this race was our poet: who, in his picture of the Last Day, has this group—

'Then to the bar all they drew near who died  
in infancy,  
And never had, or good or bad, effected personally'—

alleging that it was hard for them to suffer  
for the guilt of Adam:—

'Not we, but he, ate of the tree whose fruit was  
interdicted,  
Yet on us all, of his sad fall the punishment's  
inflicted.'

To which the Judge replies that none can  
suffer 'for what they never did.'

'But what you call old Adam's fall, and only  
his trespass,  
You call amiss to call it his; both his and  
yours it was.  
He was designed of all mankind to be a public  
head,  
A common root whence all should shoot; and  
stood in all their stead.'

With more to the like effect—when

'The glorious King thus answering, they cease  
and plead no longer,  
Their consciences must needs confess his reasons  
are the stronger.'

We are then instructed that the elect mothers admitted to heaven are not permitted to be disturbed by any compassion for their babes consigned to the place where

'— God's vengeance feeds the flame  
With piles of wood and brimstone flood, that  
none can quench the same.'

After which it cannot startle us to hear that

'The godly wife conceives no grief, nor can she  
shed a tear,

For the sad fate of her dear mate, when she  
his doom doth hear.' \*

\* Our Transatlantic friends need not suspect us of the slightest wish to discompose them by transcribing a few of Sir C. Lyell's extracts from the poet Wigglesworth, who died, and by the way had a funeral sermon highly eulogistic preached over him by the celebrated Cotton Mather, in 1710. We do not need to be reminded that the 'Day of Doom' might be paralleled, stanza for stanza, from hymn-books of more recent composition, and even now current in *old* England. For example, we have on our table the seventeenth edition of the *Hymns of Daniel Herbert* (2 vols. *Simkin & Marshall*). The preface is dated 1825, and the poet says,

'I live in Sudbury, that dirty place,  
Where are a few poor sinners saved by grace.'—ii.  
p. 3

These hymns are at this day, we believe, chaunted throughout the communion of our Whitfield Methodists. Imagine a Christian congregation singing 'to the praise and glory of God' in 1849 such strains as—

'God's own elect, how oft they fall, as often rise  
again;

Not one shall ever fall to hell; for Christ bore all  
their sin;

Although he falls ten times a day (which often is  
the case),

These falls will make him cry to God to hold him  
up by grace.

Then, oh! my soul, take courage then; thy God  
permits all this;

To prove that he hath chosen thee for everlasting  
bliss.'—i. pp. 66, 67.

'The things I would I cannot do, because the  
flesh oppose,

And what I would not that I do, thro' these my  
carnal foes;

But shall Satan ever have to boast of one that fell  
from grace?

I'd tell the man that dare say so he's one of Satan's  
race.

If one might fall, then all might fall—but ah! that  
cannot be!

Will Jesus lose the souls he loved from all eter-  
nity?'—*Ibid.*, p. 129.

'Twas Mercy made poor Peter mourn and weep,  
For Mercy knew he was a Chosen Sheep;

'Twas Mercy found its way to David's heart,  
Though he was found to act the murderer's part:

He was a Sheep before he killed Uriah,  
'Twas sovereign Mercy saved him from hell-fire.'

—*Ibid.*, p. 43.

'Too many trust, be saved they must, because of  
their behaviour;

Christ must be all, or none at all; he won't be  
half a Saviour.'—*Ibid.*, p. 52.

Again (p. 92)—

'If Jesus is holy, his people are holy, for Christ  
and his people are one:

As Jehovah's gift in the counsels of old ere crea-  
tion's work was begun.'

In another of these *hymns* we read (*ib.* p. 8)—

'That day when he brings all the nations from far,  
When Caiaphas and Pilate shall stand at his bar—  
The Arian will tremble, Socinians will quake,  
For he'll plunge such as those in the fiery lake.'

Once more (vol. ii. p. 125)—

'Read then Paul's Epistles, you rotten Arminian!  
You will not find a passage support your opinion.'

But why go so far as to the Whitfield Methodists

'Were such a composition,' proceeds our author, 'now submitted to any committee of

or 1825! Here is a neat little volume just published in London (Nisbet and Co., 1849) entitled 'Evangelical Melodies,' the author of which professes himself to be a member of the Church of England, animated by a fervent desire to redeem the piano-forte and the poetry of Moore and Burns from the service of the Evil One—and in this volume, which probably has already attained great circulation and success within the bills of mortality, we find old favourites of younger days metamorphosed in certainly a most astounding fashion. For example—

'The Pilgrim Boy on his way has gone,  
In the path of Life you'll find him,' &c.—p. 13.  
'Sing, sing—if music desire  
Themes that with ravishing rapture are glowing,  
Surely believers can proffer her lyre  
Themes with such rapture replete to o'erflowing,' &c.—p. 18.  
'Ah! think it not—the notion  
No warrant gleams from truth and fact—  
That to this creed devotion  
Brings lawlessness in outward act!'—p. 56.  
'It is not an act at a moment done,  
On the spur of some one occasion,  
Can attest that a soul has lost or won  
The treasures of true salvation.'—p. 73.  
Campbell too has his share in the pious transmutation—

'Ye spirits of our Fathers  
Who (instrumentally)  
From England's church did exorcise  
The demon Popery!' &c.—p. 103.  
But Moore is the staple—and we hope, if he has not seen the precious little tome, that this incidental notice of it may both gratify and edify the recluse of Sloperton Cottage:—  
'There is not in this fallen world season more sweet  
Than is that when the Lord in the closet we meet.'—p. 162.  
'Go where duty calls thee,' &c.—p. 148.  
'Yes! Praise to the Lord for the good City Mission.'—p. 94.  
'The voice that once within these walls the Gospel trumpet blew.'—p. 179.  
'When in death I at length recline  
This message bear to my kindred dear!  
Tell them I sought upon grace divine  
Day and night to live while I sojourned here.  
If a stone on my grave reposes,  
I pray you upon its surface write—  
That he the mouth of whose grave it closes  
Held free-grace principles main and might.'—p. 199.

Our own feelings of respect and veneration for the prelate lately most fitly and happily advanced to the first place in our national hierarchy must not prevent us from adding a single stave after Moore's well-known tribute to his illustrious countryman, the hero of Waterloo:—

'While History the record was mournfully keeping  
Of all that false doctrine had done in our age,  
O'er her shoulder Britannia in sadness lean'd weeping  
As though she would weep out the tale from her page.  
But oh! what a sunshine—how joyous! how bright!  
Dispelled on the instant the blush from her brow,

school managers or teachers in New England, they would not only reject it, but the most orthodox amongst them would shrewdly suspect it to be a weak invention of the enemy, designed to caricature, or give undue prominence to, precisely those tenets of the dominant Calvinism which the moderate party object to, as outraging human reason, and as derogatory to the moral attributes of the Supreme Being.' No doubt it is the inevitable tendency of these extreme Calvinistic opinions to produce a violent revulsion. Calvinism is everywhere the legitimate parent of Unitarianism. It has been so in Calvin's own city, in Geneva; it has been so in England, it has been so in America. The process is simple, and, if slow, direct. The human mind, directly it subsides from that high-wrought agony of belief which trembles before and submissively adores the Calvinistic Deity, can no longer endure the presumption which has thus harshly defined and, as it were, materialised the divine counsels; which has hardened into rigid, clear dogma, all which must be unfathomable mystery. It becomes impatient of all circumscription of the spiritual nature as of the moral attributes of the Godhead. All other dogmas now appear as purely of human invention as those intolerable dogmas relating to predestination, election, the five points, with their hideous consequences. Calvinism has already snapped asunder the long chain of traditionary theology, and contemptuously cast aside its links. No restraint remains; the whole doctrinal system of older Christianity is broken up. In truth the one leading thought throughout that school of powerful, eloquent, and, in justice we cannot but add, deeply devotional American writers, Channing, Dewey, Norton, is the abnegation of Calvinism; this is the key to all their doctrinal system, as far as they have any system; without this they cannot be fairly judged, or addressed with any hope of success. It is a curious and significant fact, that exactly the same process went on among the English descendants of the Puritans, though in far more unfavourable times, in times dangerous to all religion, and under auspices less likely to maintain any hold on the religious mind.

When she saw the pen write,  
In letters of light,  
John, Bishop of Chester, is Archbishop now!  
&c.—p. 114.

The modest author of this work is anonymous. It appears from a parody on *John Anderson my Joe*, at p. 90, that he is a mercantile gentleman, and is, or once was, connected in worldly fortunes with a devout citizen named *Jones*. Whether the firm was 'Jones, Bliffl, & Co.' we cannot say.

This change too was chiefly in our great commercial and manufacturing towns, which, as we have observed, are our nearest types of the American cities. In almost all these towns—if not the actual offspring, the growth of our rapid, almost sudden, manufacturing prosperity—the Church of England was at its weakest. A single parish-church, in general a miserably poor vicarage, saw itself almost in a few years the centre of a vast city. Many of the master-manufacturers were of the shrewd, sober, money-making race of the old Dissenters. For them, as they grew in intelligence and mingled more with mankind, the old stern Puritan creed became too narrow. Then arose Priestley and his school:—we could follow out this whole history with far greater closeness and particularity—but it is well known how great a number of the old Presbyterian congregations utterly threw aside the old Presbyterian creed. Calvinism found refuge chiefly among the Whitefieldian Methodists, where it still broods in all its harrowing darkness; where it still (it is but justice to say) is crushing many hard hearts into religious belief; with admirable inconsistency bringing forth from that iron soil a large harvest of Christian gentleness and love.

As to the United States, we confess that we have grave doubts whether the whole secret of this mutual toleration is not in the multiplicity of the sects; in the weakness of each single one against the hostile aggregate. But after all, is this more than outward reconciliation, a compulsory treaty in which all have been compelled to yield up to the common use the neutral ground of education, because no one has such a superiority of force as to occupy it as his exclusive possession? We have been very much struck by a passage from a sermon by a writer of a very high order, of the school of Channing, in some respects, we think, his superior, the Rev. Orville Dewey. Dr. Dewey wants perhaps some of that almost passionate earnestness, that copious flow, that melting tenderness, which carries away the reader of Dr. Channing; but he is a more keen observer of human nature, writes more directly to what we will call the rational conscience, has, with almost equal command of vigorous, at times nobly sustained language, a strong and practical good sense, not often surpassed in our common literature. If suspected as a religious writer—(and we may observe that whoever wishes to be acquainted with the real tenets of the American Unitarians will find in his writings the most *distinct* statement of them)—as an ethical writer, as an expositor of the modes of moral, social, religious thought

and feeling among our New England kindred, he might be studied with great advantage. In a very remarkable sermon *On Associations* (Dewey's Works, p. 259), we read:—

‘With regard to those great associations denominated religious sects, I fear that the case involves no less peril to the mental independence of our people. I allow that the multiplicity of sects in this country is some bond for their mutual forbearance and freedom: but the strength and repose of a great establishment are, in some respects, more favourable to private liberty. If less favour is shown to those without, there is usually more liberality to those within. It is in the protected soil of great establishments that the germs of every great reform in the Church have quietly taken root. For myself, if I were ever to permit my liberty to be compromised by such considerations, I would rather take my chance in the bosom of a great national religion than amidst the jealous eyes of small and contending sects, and I think it will be found that a more liberal and catholic theology has always pervaded establishments than the bodies of dissenters from them. Nay, I much doubt whether intolerance itself in such countries—in England and Germany for instance—has ever gone to the length of Jewish and Samaritan exclusion that has sometimes been practised among us. In saying this, I am not the enemy of dissent: nor do I deny that it is often the offspring of freedom. It certainly is the usual condition of progress. But this I say, that dissent sometimes binds stronger chains than it broke, and this is especially apt to be the case for a time when several rival and contending sects spring from the general freedom. Then the parent principle is often devoured by its own children.’

*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* These are wise words, of the wisdom drawn from experience. We need not observe that even under the broad shade of our establishment, opinions such as those of Dr. Dewey would of course find no repose; but we recommend this line of thought to those who have long been murmuring in secret, and are now openly clamouring for the dissolution of Church and State, which, if it means anything, must mean the abrogation of our Establishment. These zealots can hardly suppose that they are to unite the perfect independence of self-government with the privileges of a national church; that the Anglican Church is to retain the endowments, the glebes, tithes, estates, rights, honours, when it is no longer the Church of England. The Pope, it seems, is now to be put on the voluntary system; let us wait the result before we reduce our own clergy to that state, of something far worse than poverty, subserviency to their congregations. Break up the Establishment—which, we repeat, must be the inevitable consequence of the severance from the State—and what a Cadmean army of sects, not yet compelled

as in America, and wearied out into mutual toleration! What a wild din of controversy! Poor Charity, where wilt thou find refuge but in thy native heaven?

Sir Charles Lyell is no less at a loss to reconcile the excellent and universal New England system of education with the outbursts of fanaticism, of which the latest, the most ludicrous, and in some respects most deplorable, was what is called the Millerite movement. The leader of this sect, one Miller, taught that the millennium would come to pass on the 23rd of October, 1844—the year before our author revisited Boston. He has many whimsical stories of the proselytes. Some would not reap their harvest; it was mocking of Providence to store up useless grain; some gave their landlord warning that he was to expect no more rent. There were shops for the sale of white robes. A Tabernacle was built out of plunder cruelly extorted from simple girls and others, for the accommodation of between 2000 and 3000, who were to meet, pray, and 'go up' at Boston. As the building was only to last a short time, but for the interference of the magistrates, who compelled the erection of walls of more providence-despising solidity, their Last Day might have come to many of these poor people sooner than they expected. But oh the fate of human things! In the winter of 1845 Sir Charles and Lady Lyell saw in this same Tabernacle, now turned into a theatre, the profane stage-play of *Macbeth*, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, where Hecate's 'Now I mount and now I fly,' reminded some of the audience of the former use of the building. 'I observed,' proceeds the traveller,

'to one of my New England friends, that the number of Millerite proselytes, and also the fact that the prophet of the nineteenth century, Joseph Smith, could reckon at the lowest estimate 60,000 followers in the United States, and, according to some accounts, 120,000, did not argue much in favour of the working of their plan of national education. "As for the Mormons," he replied, "you must bear in mind that they were largely recruited from the manufacturing districts of England and Wales, and from European emigrants recently arrived. They were drawn chiefly from an illiterate class in the Western States, where society is in its rudest condition. The progress of the Millerites, however, although confined to a fraction of the population, reflects undoubtedly much discredit on the educational and religious training in New England; but since the year 1000, when all Christendom believed that the world was to come to an end, there have never been wanting interpreters of prophecy, who have confidently assigned some exact date, and one near at hand, for the millennium. Your Father on the Prophecies, and the writings of Croly, and even some articles in the [query? a] Quar-

terly Review, helped for a time to keep up this spirit here and make it fashionable. But the Millerite movement, like the recent exhibition of the Holy Coat at Treves, has done much to open men's minds; and the exertions made of late to check this fanatical movement, have advanced the cause of truth." . . . Other apologists observed to me, that so long as a part of the population was very ignorant, even the well-educated would occasionally participate in fanatical movements; "for religious enthusiasm being very contagious, resembles a famine fever, which first attacks those who are starving, but afterwards infects some of the healthiest and best-fed individuals in the whole community." This explanation, plausible and ingenious as it may appear, is, I believe, a fallacy. If they who have gone through school and college, and have been for years in the habit of listening to preachers, become the victims of popular fanaticism, it proves that, however accomplished and learned they may be, their reasoning powers have not been cultivated, their understandings have not been enlarged, they have not been trained in habits of judging and thinking for themselves; in fact, they are ill educated. Instead of being told that it is their duty carefully to investigate historical evidence for themselves, and to cherish an independent frame of mind, they have probably been brought up to think that a docile, submissive, and childlike deference to the authority of churchmen is the highest merit of a Christian. They have perhaps heard much about the pride of philosophy, and how all human learning is a snare. In matters connected with religion they have been accustomed blindly to resign themselves to the guidance of others, and hence are prepared to yield themselves up to the influence of any new pretender to superior sanctity who is a greater enthusiast than themselves.'—vol. i. pp. 90-92.

Sir Charles Lyell, we see, argues that this is a fallacy. To a certain extent it may be so; but we venture to say that no culture, however careful and general, of the reason, no education, the most intellectual and systematic, will ever absolutely school the world out of religious fanaticism. What was the rank—what had been the education of some of the believers in Mr. Edward Irving and the unknown tongues? Man cannot live on intellect alone; there are other parts of his moral being, his imagination, his feelings; his religious nature, which in certain constitutions, under certain circumstances, will be liable to excess. Where there is life, there will be at times too much blood; where there is not utter torpor, energy in accessions too highstrung and uncontrollable; without religious apathy there must at times be religious eccentricity. We go further, we cannot wish it otherwise; we think that here too we see the divine wisdom and goodness. We would wish all mankind to be cultivated to the height of their reason; we would desire that all might be capable of comprehending as familiar things the great truths of

philosophy. We have a supreme contempt for those who would limit philosophy in her inquiries by narrow views of religion; who (for example) would lose sight of this plain irrefragable fact, that where there is one passage in the Old Testament, according to its rigid literal interpretation, which comes into collision with the principles of geology, there are twenty which must be forced out of the meaning which they bore when they were written, before they can be made to agree with the Newtonian astronomy. We are content with the Archbishop of Canterbury and our geological deans among ourselves, with Dr. Wiseman among Roman Catholics, with Dr. Pye Smith among the Dissenters, to seek the history of man in the Bible intended for man: We would place geologists like Sir Charles Lyell on that serene eminence, where all who are conscious that they seek truth, and truth alone, have a right to take their seat far above the low murmurs of those who, setting the sacred Scriptures and modern science at issue with each other, show their want of profound and sober knowledge of both; we would leave the Dean of York to that befitting answer, which we trust he will receive—silence. But this before us is a question entirely different, and to be judged on different principles. We believe that the irregularity of those individuals, or even of those sects of minds, which diverge into folly, into extravagance, into fanaticism, is the price which we pay for those irregularly great minds which are the glories and the benefactors of mankind, the creators, the inventors, the original impellers, in all great works and movements in our race—the great poets, artists, patriots, philanthropists, even philosophers. Our *vision* of education, we confess, is rather that of Milton, which Sir Charles Lyell, we are inclined to think, has judged (p. 202) more from the report of Johnson than from actual study of that noble treatise addressed to Master Samuel Hartlib. Science indeed finds a place in that all-embracing system, but rather an early and subordinate one; youth are to rise at length, having left ‘all these things behind,’ to the height and summit of human wisdom.

‘When all these employments [not merely natural philosophy, which Milton treats as almost elementary, but even politics, jurisprudence, and theology] are well conquered, then will those choice histories, heroic poems, and Attic tragedies of stateliest and most royal argument, with all the famous political orations, offer themselves; which, if they were not only read, but some of them got by memory, and solemnly pronounced with a right action and grace, as

might be taught, would endure them even with the spirit of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles.’—*Of Education. Milton's Prose Works.*

We have dwelt long enough on these subjects; though there are others of the same class in which we should wish to join issue with Sir Charles; in truth, the whole twelfth chapter, on the higher education in New England, and all the great questions which arise out of that primal controversy, would require a Number of our Journal to itself. But it would be the greatest injustice to a work, the charm of which is its fertile and ever-changing variety, to give undue prominence to one class of topics. On one kindred point alone we are bound to touch briefly and emphatically, and this in justice to the writer, as regards his estimation among ourselves. Our readers are not to ascribe to Sir Charles Lyell, from his intercourse with the Unitarians of Boston, in private, or his attendance on their religious services, agreement or sympathy with their opinions. That intercourse was almost inevitable. To this community belong almost all the great names in science and in letters, at least those known in England: their chief preachers are men of great eloquence, and it is their ordinary and avowed system to exclude controversial subjects from their teaching; they dwell on the great truths on which all Christians are agreed; they do not scruple to use, without comment or explanation favourable to their own views, the common phraseology of the Scripture. The unsuspecting reader might indeed peruse almost volumes of Channing's writings without discovering his peculiar opinions. Sir Charles Lyell himself, however, has inserted this significant caution:

‘But I should mislead my readers if I gave them to understand that they could frequent churches of this denomination without risk of sometimes having their feelings offended by hearing doctrines they have been taught to reverence treated slightly, or even with contempt. On one occasion (and it was the only one in my experience), I was taken, when at Boston, to hear an eminent Unitarian preacher who was prevented by illness from officiating, and his place was supplied by a self-satisfied young man, who, having talked dogmatically on points contested by many a rationalist, made it clear that he commiserated the weak minds of those who adhered to articles of faith rejected by his church. If this too common method of treating theological subjects be ill-calculated to convince or conciliate dissentients, it is equally reprehensible from its tendency to engender, in the minds of those who assent, a Pharisaical feeling of self-gratulation that they are not as other sectarians are.’—vol. ii. p. 347.

Our difficulty in turning to other topics is to know where to pause for discussion. We cannot, however, refrain from submitting to our readers' consideration the strong good sense with which he exposes one of the great dangers, as well as one of the inevitable abuses, of republican institutions—of institutions which virtually rest the whole power of the state in a complete democracy—that which he aptly calls the 'ostracism of wealth.' It is a wise lesson on the jealous impatience of a democracy as to trusting the least power out of their own hands; on their suspicion of the only true and legitimate guarantees for public order, and for a wise judgment on the public welfare—we mean property and distinction, either political or intellectual—on their overweening confidence in their own wisdom and knowledge. It strikingly displays their fear of subservience to those above them, which almost always betrays them into far more degrading subservience to those below them, needy and noisy demagogues. We are sorry not to quote the whole of a very instructive conversation between Sir Charles and a leading lawyer of Massachusetts. This gentleman said, *inter alia*,—

'Every one of our representatives, whether in the State Legislatures or in Congress, receives a certain sum daily when on duty, besides more than enough travelling money for carrying him to his post and home again. In choosing a delegate, therefore, the people consider themselves as patrons who are giving away a place; and if an opulent man offers himself, they are disposed to say, "You have enough already, let us help some one as good as you who needs it."

Sir C. Lyell adds:—

'During my subsequent stay in New England I often conversed with men of the working classes on the same subject, and invariably found that they had made up their mind that it was not desirable to choose representatives from the wealthiest class. "The rich," they say, "have less sympathy with our opinions and feelings; love their amusements, and go shooting, fishing, and travelling; keep hospitable houses, and are inaccessible when we want to talk with them, at all hours, and tell them *how we wish them to vote*." I once asked a party of New England tradesmen whether, if Mr. B., already an eminent public man, came into a large fortune through his wife, as might soon be expected, he would stand a worse chance than before of being sent to Congress. The question gave rise to a discussion among themselves, and at last they assured me that they did not think his accession to a fortune would do him any harm. It clearly never struck them as possible that it could do him any good, or aid his chance of success.

'The chief motive, I apprehend, of preferring a poorer candidate, is the desire of reducing the members of their legislature to mere delegates. A rich man would be apt to have an opinion of his own, to be unwilling to make a sacrifice of his free agency; he would not always identify himself with the majority of his electors, condescend to become, like the wires of the electric telegraph, a mere piece of machinery for conveying to the capital of his state, or to Washington, the behests of the multitude. That there is, besides, a vulgar jealousy of superior wealth, especially in the less educated districts and newer states, I satisfied myself in the course of my tour; but in regard to envy, we must also bear in mind, on the other hand, that they who elevate to distinction one of their own class in society, have sometimes to achieve a greater victory over that passion than when they confer the same favour on one who occupies already, by virtue of great riches, a higher position.'—vol. i. pp. 97-99.

America, like some of the old Greek republics, will need a law to compel her best men to take a part in her affairs.

'The great evil of universal suffrage is the irresistible temptation it affords to a needy set of adventurers to make politics a trade, and to devote all their time to agitation, electioneering, and flattering the passions of the multitude. The natural aristocracy of a republic consists of the most eminent men in the liberal professions,—lawyers, divines, and physicians of note, merchants in extensive business, literary and scientific men of celebrity; and men of all these classes are apt to set too high a value on their time to be willing to engage in the strife of elections perpetually going on, and in which they expose themselves to much calumny and accusations, which, however unfounded, are professionally injurious to them. The richer citizens, who might be more independent of such attacks, love their ease or their books, and from indolence often abandon the field to the more ignorant; but I met with many optimists who declared that whenever the country is threatened with any great danger or disgrace, there is a right-minded majority whose energies can be roused effectively into action. Nevertheless, the sacrifices required on such occasions to work upon the popular mind are so great that the field is in danger of being left open on all ordinary occasions to the demagogue.'—vol. i. p. 101.

The second volume gives the comic side of this serious evil—its actual workings on the verge of civilised society:—

'I heard many anecdotes, when associating with small proprietors in Alabama, which convinced me that envy has a much ranker growth among the aristocratic democracy of a newly settled slave-state than in any part of New England which I visited. I can scarcely conceive the ostracism of wealth or superior attainments being carried farther. Let a gentleman who has made a fortune at the bar, in Mobile or else—

where, settle in some retired part of the newly cleared country, his fences are pulled down, and his cattle left to stray in the woods, and various depredations committed, not by thieves, for none of his property is carried away, but by neighbours who, knowing nothing of him personally, have a vulgar jealousy of his riches, and take for granted that his pride must be great in proportion. In a recent election for Clarke county, the popular candidate admitted the upright character and high qualifications of his opponent, an old friend of his own, and simply dwelt on his riches as a sufficient ground for distrust. "A rich man," he said, "cannot sympathise with the poor." Even the anecdotes I heard, which may have been mere inventions, convinced me how intense was this feeling. One, who had for some time held a seat in the legislature, finding himself in a new canvass deserted by many of his former supporters, observed that he had always voted strictly according to his instructions. "Do you think," answered a former partisan, "that they would vote for you after your daughter came to the ball in them fixings?" His daughter, in fact, having been at Mobile, had had a dress made there with *frounces* according to the newest Parisian fashion, and she had thus sided, as it were, with the aristocracy of the city, setting itself up above the democracy of the pine-woods. In the new settlements there the small proprietors, or farmers, are keenly jealous of thriving lawyers, merchants, and capitalists. One of the candidates for a county in Alabama confessed to me that he had thought it good policy to go everywhere on foot when soliciting votes, though he could have commanded a horse, and the distances were great. That the young lady whose "fixings" I have alluded to had been ambitiously in the fashion I make no doubt; for my wife found that the cost of making up a dress at Mobile was twenty dollars, or four times the ordinary London price! The material costs about the same as in London or Paris. At New Orleans the charge for making a gown is equally high.—vol. ii. pp. 69-71.

From Boston we are tempted, indeed compelled by our limited space, to make as it were a wide leap to the farthest south: we are curious to place in their striking opposition the two extremes of American scenery, society, and civilisation; the height of European culture with the most thoroughly American wildness, and, we must not say lawlessness, but that state where every small community of men is a law unto itself. We pass over at once the author's visits to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond in Virginia, Wilmington in North Carolina, Charleston, Savannah, Darien. We must decline of necessity much curious philosophical disquisition. We have a discussion of some length, and to us extremely satisfactory, arising out of the exhibition in Boston of that 'colossal and terrible reptile the sea-serpent, which *when alive* measured thirty feet in circumference—the leviathan of the

Book of Job!' There is nothing equal to the cool cruelty of men of science. Not only did Professor Owen ascertain that all which of right belonged to this monster was the remains of a vast zeuglodon, but it was likewise discovered that more than one reptile had contributed his vertebræ to this picnic giant, who was supposed to have lain floating many a rood in the swamps of Alabama; moreover, its whole serpentine form was due to the ingenuity and skilful arrangement of the proprietor. On the whole 'sea-serpent' question\* Sir Charles offers what appears to us an extremely probable and consistent theory, very rigidly reasoned out, from the various appearances dignified with that awful name. Sir Charles Lyell's conclusion, a conclusion which, even if we could follow it out at greater length, would be unintelligible without his engravings, is that, wherever there has been a true sea-monster, and some of the relations appear of undoubted veracity, it has been a variety of the 'basking shark.' We would call especial attention to an extract from Campbell's Life, as showing the value of unsifted contemporaneous testimony. We have besides many pages of lively description of scenery, which of course Sir Charles beholds rather with the keen and close observation of a naturalist than with the vague and brilliant sight of the painter. We have a great many very amusing facts in natural history. We have much about Irish quarters in the great towns; Irish votes, and, we regret to say, indelible Irish hatred of England. We have a debate in Congress, with one specimen of eloquence which we cannot pass over:—

'It would be impossible to burlesque or caricature the ambitious style of certain members of Congress, especially some who have risen from humble stations, and whose schooling has been in the back-woods. A grave report, drawn up in the present session by the member for Illinois, as chairman of a post-office committee, may serve as an example. After speaking of the American republic as "the infant Hercules," and the extension of their imperial dominion over the "northern continent and oriental seas," he ex-

\* A friend of the highest authority on scientific matters says, 'The Sea-serpent now in London is a fish, known to Ichthyology for about a century, described by Black and Yarrell under the name of *Gymnetrus Hawkenii*, and rarely captured by reason of its being a deep-sea fish, and therefore not taking a bait, or getting in the way of nets; the last species to figure as the surface-swimming python, for its gills are so constructed that it dies very soon after they are exposed to the air.' Some poor Germans, we hear, exhibit next door a most beautiful model of Cologne as the architect intended it to be—alas! will it now ever be? They bitterly complain that more people went in one day to see 'de nasty stinking fisch, than to their model in a month.'



claims: "The destiny of our nation has now become revealed, and great events, quickening in the womb of time, reflect their clearly defined shadows into our very eye-balls. Oh, why does a cold generation frigidly repel ambrosial gifts like these, or sacrilegiously hesitate to embrace their glowing and resplendent fate? Must this backward pull of the government never cease, and the nation tug for ever beneath a dead weight, which trips its heels at every stride?"—vol. i. p. 263.

We have Mr. Webster pleading before the Supreme Court before judges, only one of whom, such has been the ascendancy of the democratic party, had been nominated by the Whigs.—But we hasten southwards.

Be it remembered that the author is conveyed along all this wide and desultory route from city to city, with occasional divergences for geological purposes, by steam-vessel and railroad. He travels with perfect ease, at no great cost, from northern Boston to Savannah, and Darien in Georgia, to Macon and Milledgeville in Alabama. We cannot show the change better than by the following extracts:—

'When I got to Macon, my attention was forcibly called to the newness of things by my friend's pointing out to me the ground where there had been a bloody fight with the Chocktaws and Chickasaws, and I was told how many Indians had been slaughtered there, and how the present clerk of the Circuit Court was the last survivor of those who had won the battle. The memory of General Jackson is quite idolised here. It was enough for him to give public notice as he passed, that he should have great pleasure in meeting his friends at a given point on a given day, and there was sure to be a muster of several hundred settlers, armed with rifles, and prepared for a fight with 5000 or 7000 Indians.'—vol. ii. p. 65.

This cause of General Jackson's popularity is quite new to us. Macon is now a considerable town.

'I often rejoiced, in this excursion, that we had brought no servants with us from England, so strong is the prejudice here against what they term a white body-servant. Besides, it would be unreasonable to expect any one, who is not riding his own hobby, to rough it in the backwoods. In many houses I hesitated to ask for water or towels for fear of giving offence, although the yeoman with whom I lodged for the night allowed me to pay a moderate charge for my accommodation. Nor could I venture to beg any one to rub a thick coat of mud off my boots or trowsers, lest I should be thought to reflect on the members of the family, who had no idea of indulging in such refinements themselves. I could have dispensed cheerfully with milk, butter, and other such luxuries; but I felt much the want of a private bed-room. Very soon,

however, I came to regard it as no small privilege to be allowed to have even a bed to myself. On one occasion, when my host had humoured my whims so far in regard to privacy, I felt almost ashamed to see, in consequence, a similar sized bed in the same room, occupied by my companion and two others. When I related these inconveniences afterwards to an Episcopal clergyman, he told me that the bishop and some of his clergy, when they travel through these woods in summer, and the lawyers, when on the circuit or canvassing for votes at elections, have, in addition to these privations, to endure the bites of countless musquitos, fleas, and bugs, so that I had great reason to congratulate myself that it was now so cold. Moreover, there are parties of emigrants in some of these woods, where women delicately brought up, accustomed to be waited on, and with infants at the breast, may now be seen on their way to Texas, camping out, although the ground within their tent is often soaked with heavy rain. "If you were here in the hot season," said another, "the exuberant growth of the creepers and briars would render many paths in the woods, through which you now pass freely, impracticable, and venomous snakes would make the forest dangerous."—vol. ii. p. 72.

And yet even here science finds more than liberal hospitality; it has its ardent votaries—

'The different stages of civilisation to which families have attained, who live here on terms of the strictest equality, is often amusing to a stranger, but must be intolerable to some of those settlers who have been driven by their losses from the more advanced districts of Virginia and South Carolina, having to begin the world again. Sometimes, in the morning, my host would be of the humblest class of "crackers," or some low, illiterate German or Irish emigrants, the wife sitting with a pipe in her mouth, doing no work and reading no books. In the evening, I came to a neighbour whose library was well stored with works of French and English authors, and whose first question to me was, "Pray tell me, who do you really think is the author of the Vestiges of Creation?" If it is difficult in Europe, in the country far from towns, to select society on a principle of congeniality of taste and feeling, the reader may conceive what must be the control of geographical circumstances here, exaggerated by ultra-democratic notions of equality and the pride of race. Nevertheless, these regions will probably bear no unfavourable comparison with such parts of our colonies, in Canada, the Cape, or Australia, as have been settled for an equally short term of years, and I am bound to say that I passed my time agreeably and profitably in Alabama, for every one, as I have usually found in newly peopled districts, was hospitable and obliging to a stranger. Instead of the ignorant wonder, very commonly expressed in out-of-the-way districts of England, France, or Italy, at travellers who devote money and time to a search for fossil bones and shells, each planter seemed to vie with another in his

anxiety to give me information in regard to the precise spots where organic remains had been discovered. Many were curious to learn my opinion as to the kind of animal to which the huge vertebrae, against which their ploughs sometimes strike, may have belonged. The magnitude, indeed, and solidity of these relics of the colossal zeuglodon are such as might well excite the astonishment of the most indifferent. Dr. Buckley informed me that on the estate of Judge Creagh, which I visited, he had assisted in digging out one skeleton, where the vertebral column, almost unbroken, extended to the length of seventy feet, and Dr. Eumons afterwards showed me the greater part of this skeleton in the Museum of Albany, New York. On the same plantation, part of another back-bone, fifty feet long, was dug up, and a third was met with at no great distance. Before I left Alabama, I had obtained evidence of so many localities of similar fossils, chiefly between Macon and Clarkesville, a distance of ten miles, that I concluded they must have belonged to at least forty distinct individuals.'—vol. ii. p. 74.

Our philosopher is here in the south, in the midst of the slave States. Throughout the Union, and here more especially, his object is to inform himself upon this vital question,—the state of slavery, the condition and prospects of the slaves, the hope, the possibility of an early and a peaceful adjustment of this awful feud of races. There is throughout a quiet dispassionateness, which gives great weight to his opinions. He has manifestly in his heart the true English, Christian abhorrence of slavery; yet neither, on the one hand, does he close his eyes to the fact that the actual slavery of the present time—in many parts of the country at least—has its compensations in the ease, comfort, plenty of food, good lodging, secure provision for old age, as compared with the condition of the labouring classes in most parts of the Old World; nor is he blind to the difficulties and perils, perils appallingly serious to the coloured race, which would make rapid or inconsiderate emancipation a curse rather than a blessing. No more, on the other hand, does he disguise or mitigate the inherent evils of the system; the barbarous laws which in Georgia prohibit the education of the negroes; the barbarous jealousy which prevents their employment when free as workmen and mechanics; the more barbarous, it should seem indelible antipathy, which will not allow social intercourse, still less the connexion of marriage, with one in whom there can possibly be suspected one drop of black blood. Sir Charles Lyell is disposed to take a favourable view of the capacity of the black, still more of the coloured race, for moral and intellectual cultivation. We do not doubt this conclusion up to a certain point—(beyond this,

evidence is wanting); and below this point it is criminal and unchristian to attempt to keep down this race of God's creatures, of our brethren in Christ. In Virginia the question first presents itself in a practical form; at Richmond, in that province, the rector and the proprietors of a handsome new church have set apart a side gallery for people of colour. 'This resolution had been taken in order that they and their servants might unite in the worship of the same God, as they hoped to enter hereafter together into his everlasting kingdom if they obeyed his laws.' (p. 275.) In this church there were few negroes; but the galleries of the Methodist and Baptist churches are crowded with them. The mixed races, it is allowed, are more intelligent and more agreeable as domestic servants; whether from physical causes, or intercourse with the whites, is still matter of controversy:—

'Several Virginian planters have spoken to me of the negro race as naturally warm-hearted, patient, and cheerful, grateful for benefits, and forgiving of injuries. They are also of a religious temperament bordering on superstition. Even those who think they ought for ever to remain in servitude give them a character which leads one to the belief that steps ought long ago to have been taken towards their gradual emancipation. Had some legislative provision been made with this view before the annexation of Texas, a period being fixed after which all the children born in this State should be free, that new territory would have afforded a useful outlet for the black population of Virginia, and whites would have supplied the vacancies which are now filled up by the breeding of negroes. In the absence of such enactments, Texas prolongs the duration of negro slavery in Virginia, aggravating one of its worst consequences, the internal slave-trade, and keeping up the price of negroes at home. They are now selling for 500, 750, and 1000 dollars each, according to their qualifications. There are always dealers at Richmond, whose business it is to collect slaves for the southern market, and, until a gang is ready to start for the south, they are kept here well fed, and as cheerful as possible. In a court of the gaol, where they are lodged, I see them every day amusing themselves by playing at quoits. How much this traffic is abhorred, even by those who encourage it, is shown by the low social position held by the dealer, even when he has made a large fortune. When they conduct gangs of fifty slaves at a time across the mountains to the Ohio river, they usually manacle some of the men, but on reaching the Ohio they have no longer any fear of their attempting an escape, and they then unshackle them. That the condition of slaves in Virginia is steadily improving, all here seem agreed.'—vol. i. p. 277.

There is great repugnance to the separation of families; and some persons have been known to make great sacrifices in order to

do their duty by their dependants, whom they might profitably have thrown on the world, in other words, sent to market.

At Hopeton, farther south, in Georgia, Sir Charles Lyell had an opportunity of examining the actual working of the system—as he admits, on a well-regulated estate. There seems to be much mutual attachment between the master and the slave. Of 500 blacks on the property, some are old, superannuated, live at their ease in separate houses in the society of neighbours and kinsfolk. There is no restraint, rather every encouragement to marriage. The out-door labourers have separate houses, ‘as neat as the greater part of the cottages in Scotland,’—no flattering compliment, observes our author, himself a Scot; their hours of labour are from six in the morning, with an interval of an hour, till two or three. In summer they divide their work, and take a cool siesta in the middle of the day. In the evening they make merry, chat, pray, and sing psalms. There is a hospital. To counterbalance all this there is the overseer and his whip, not a heavy one, and rarely used—but still there is a whip: though the number of stripes is generally limited, its terrors seem to have great effect:—

‘The most severe punishment required in the last forty years for a body of 500 negroes at Hopeton was for the theft of one negro from another. In that period there has been no criminal act of the highest grade, for which a delinquent could be committed to the Penitentiary in Georgia, and there have been only six cases of assault and battery. As a race, the negroes are mild and forgiving, and by no means so prone to indulge in drinking as the white man or the Indian. There were more serious quarrels and more broken heads among the Irish in a few years, when they came to dig the Brunswick Canal, than had been known among the negroes in all the surrounding plantations for half a century. The murder of a husband by a black woman, whom he had beat violently, is the greatest crime remembered in this part of Georgia for a great length of time.’—vol. i. p. 258.

The Baptist and Methodist missionaries were for some time the most active in evangelising the negroes. Since Dr. Elliott has been Bishop of Georgia, the Episcopalians have laboured with much zeal and success. The negroes have no faith in the efficacy of baptism, except with a complete washing away of sin; the bishop has wisely adopted the rubric which allows immersion:—

‘It may be true that the poor negroes cherish a superstitious belief that the washing out of every taint of sin depends mainly on the particular manner of performing the rite, and the principal charm to the black women in the cere-

mony of total immersion consists in decking themselves out in white robes like brides and having their shoes trimmed with silver. They well know that the waters of the Altamaha are chilly, and that they and the officiating minister run no small risk of catching cold, but to this penance they most cheerfully submit.’—vol. i. p. 363.

Sir Charles Lyell attended at Savannah first a black Baptist church with a black preacher, and then a black Methodist church with a white preacher. The black preacher delivered an extempore sermon, for the most part in good English, with only a few phrases in “talkee, talkee,” to come more home to his audience:—

‘He got very successfully through one flight about the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, and, speaking of the probationary state of a pious man left for a while to his own guidance, and when in danger of failing saved by the grace of God, he compared it to an eagle teaching her newly-fledged offspring to fly by carrying it up high into the air, then dropping it, and if she sees it falling to the earth, darting with the speed of lightning to save it before it reaches the ground. Whether any eagles really teach their young to fly in this manner, I leave the ornithologist to decide; but when described in animated and picturesque language, yet by no means inflated, the imagery was well calculated to keep the attention of his hearers awake. He also inculcated some good practical maxims of morality, and told them they were to look to a future state of rewards and punishments in which God would deal impartially with “the poor and the rich, the black man and the white.”’—vol. ii. p. 3.

In neither of these churches did that odour, which is said to keep the two races apart, at all offend the sense. At another black Methodist church at Louisville, in Kentucky, built by subscription by the blacks themselves, and well lighted with gas, we heard another dark divine (we regret to say that Sir Charles compares him with a white Puseyite Episcopalian, not much to the advantage of the latter). This preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. He laid down, it is true, metaphysical points of doctrine with a confidence which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended human understanding; but in this we discern the sect rather than the colour. Our black Chrysostom received signs of assent—not the riotous clapping of hands which applauded him of Constantinople, nor the sighs and groans, so well known in other places, like those which are heard above the torrent’s brawl on the hill sides in Wales. It was said of a celebrated Metropolitan preacher of the last generation, that he had

taken lessons of Mr. Kemble; our sable brother (as he would be called at Exeter Hall) was a manifest imitator of an eminent American actor who had been playing in those parts. We must not omit one point more:—from his explanation of ‘Whose image and superscription is this?’ it was clear that he supposed that Cæsar had set his signature to a dollar note. Our author afterwards attended in Philadelphia a free black Episcopal church, in which the more solemn and quiet Anglican service was performed by a black clergyman with great propriety. While on this point we will add that, according to the account of Dr. Walsh, published many years ago, and confirmed, if we remember right, by later travellers, the black Roman Catholic priests in Brazil conduct the ceremonial of their faith with much greater impressiveness and dignity than those of European descent.

But there is much to be said against these hopeful signs of negro improvement, and the better state of feeling between the two races. By an unfortunate schism, called ‘the Northern and Southern split,’ the Black Methodist churches are severed from the great and powerful communities with whom it might have been to their pride as well as to their advantage to have been in close union. Still, likewise, in many parts there is a stern and jealous resistance to their education: a resistance which was dying away, but which has been provoked into life by the imprudent and fanatic crusade of the Abolitionists. Sir C. Lyell gave the barbarous law of Georgia, which we should read with more righteous indignation but for the compunctious remembrance of certain Irish penal statutes, abrogated only in later days. Yet even in Georgia Sunday-schools arise in Christian defiance of the law. There is still almost everywhere the indelible antipathy of the races; the inextinguishable taint of blood, on which M. de Beaumont founded his romance, and Miss Martineau her tale, which we wish that we could believe, like many of her tales, to be romance. Still the thumb-nail without its white crescent, still the heel betrays the lingering drops of black blood; those drops which annul marriage, even if fruitful in children; which drive back the most amiable, virtuous, intelligent, accomplished persons into the proscribed caste. Still slaves are carried openly about for sale; may be stolen like other objects of trade; may be shot by passionate overseers, without the overseer suffering in social estimation (p. 92); are advertised when runaways exactly like stray horses or dogs here: still they are either, when free, prohibited by law from acting as

mechanics, (they are very clever and ingenious in some arts,) or by the jealousy of the whites, who will not admit them of their guild. Still writers of the calm humanity of Sir Charles Lyell are obliged to waver and hesitate; at one time eagerly to look forward, at another, for the sake of the blacks themselves, to tremble at their immediate—even their speedy emancipation. The number of negroes in the Union is now three millions; and according to their present rate of increase may, by the close of the century, amount to twelve millions. But for ‘disturbing causes,’ he would cherish sanguine hopes of their ultimate fusion and amalgamation. But by his own account, are those disturbing causes likely to become less powerful as the two races show a broader front towards each other? The following passage seems to us to give a most impressive view of the difficulties of the question:—

‘One of the most reasonable advocates of immediate emancipation whom I met with in the North, said to me, “You are like many of our politicians, who can look on one side only of a great question. Grant the possibility of these three millions of coloured people, or even twelve millions of them fifty years hence, being capable of amalgamating with the whites, such a result might be to you perhaps, as a philanthropist or physiologist, a very interesting experiment; but would not the progress of the whites be retarded, and our race deteriorated, nearly in the same proportion as the negroes would gain? The whites constitute nearly six-sevenths of our whole population. As a philanthropist, you are bound to look to the greatest good of the two races collectively, or the advantage of the whole population of the Union.”’—vol. ii. p. 101.

From Alabama we arrive at New Orleans, a Provincial Paris in the midst of this land of Anglo-Saxondom, with its Roman Catholic religion, its Carnival, its theatres open on Sundays, its hotels with Louis XIV. furniture, its brilliant shops, its life and gaiety, but with its black slaves, its voluptuous quadroon beauties. This must contrast strangely with the sober, busy, thriving cities of the north, the pale and fever-worn ‘crackers’ in the new provinces, the restless pioneers of society pressing on towards Texas. From New Orleans Sir Charles makes his excursion to the delta of the Mississippi—perhaps the most important of his geological chapters. The delta he estimates at 14,000 square miles; the level alluvial plain to the north, which stretches above the junction of the Ohio, is 16,000 square miles—being reached by so gradual a slope that the junction of the Ohio is but 200 feet above the level of the Bay of Mex-

ico. He calculates by various processes, and from certain data furnished to him by skilful engineers and philosophic observers of the country, that the delta must have taken 67,000 years; the plain above, assuming a certain depth of alluvial matter, 37,000 years more, to accumulate. These vast periods of time, like those of space in astronomy, alternately depress us with the most humiliating sense of our insignificance; and next awaken something like proud gratitude to our Divine Maker for the gift of those faculties which enable us thus, as it were, to gauge this overwhelming—this almost boundless time and space. As regards the deity, while Astronomy vindicates the majesty of space, so does geology that of time. What a comment on the Scriptural phrase, that to him a thousand years are but as a day! and all this time and space, so measured, is but a brief fragment of His eternity and infinity!

Our traveller's return is up the vast Mississippi, after an excursion to Grenville, in Missouri, upon the Ohio, and so across the Alleghany Mountains, back to the land of the older cities, to Philadelphia and New York. We must leave our readers to complete this immense circuit, feeling confident that, having once set forth with Sir Charles Lyell, they will not abandon him from weariness, from want of interest, or of gratitude for his varied and valuable communications.

The conclusion at which we arrive, which has never been forced upon us so strongly by any former tour in America as by these manly, sensible, and fearless volumes, is still growing astonishment at the resources of this great country. Here is an immense continent, not like old Asia, at times overshadowed into a seeming unity by some one Assyrian, or Babylonian, or Persian, or Mahometan empire, and at the death of the great conqueror, or the expiration at least of his dynasty, breaking up again into conflicting kingdoms, or almost reduced to the primitive anarchy of hostile tribes: not like Europe, attaining something like unity, first by the consolidating and annealing power of the Roman Empire, and afterwards in a wider but less rigorous form by the Church; in later times by the balance of power among the great monarchies—a balance only maintained by perpetual wars and by immense military establishments in times of peace. The New World is born as it were *one*; a federation with much of the vigour of separate independent states, with no necessary, no hereditary, principles of hostility, but rather bound together by the strongest community of interests; one in descent, at least with one race so predominant

that the rest either melt away into it, or, if they remain without, are each, even the coloured population, so small comparatively in numbers, that they may continue insulated and outlying sections of society, with no great danger to the general harmony; one in language, and that our noble, manly Anglo-Saxon, the language of Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, and Locke, now spoken over portions of the globe infinitely more extensive than ever was any other tongue; one in religion, for from the multiplicity of sects, as we have observed, must result a certain unity—at least religious difference, spread equally over all the land, cannot endanger the political unity. The means of communication throughout this immense continent are absolutely unexampled, both from the natural distribution of the lakes, and seas, and rivers, and from the discoveries of modern science, which are seized, adapted, and appropriated with the restless eagerness of a people fettered by no ancient hereditary prejudices, active even to the overworking of their physical constitutions, speculative so as to hazard everything—even, in the case of repudiation, that good-faith which is the foundation of credit—for rapid advantage. There are no local attachments, at least in the masses, to check that adventurous passion for bettering their condition, which turns the faces of men westward with a resolute uniformity (Sir Charles Lyell met *one* man moving eastward, and that one only from a temporary motive of curiosity). Along the whole range of coast there is steam navigation, from New England to Georgia. West of the Alleghany ridge, besides the noble rivers, also crowded with steam-boats, which are so many splendid high roads for travel and for commerce, there is a line of railroads and electric telegraphs, branching off and bringing into intimate relation with the rest every considerable city. These railroads are not wild enterprises destined, like too many of our own, to swallow up irretrievable capital—framed with no sober calculation of the necessities of the land—magnificent, luxurious, and proportionately wasteful; but prudently conceived, and at first, at least, economically managed, only allowing greater speed, comfort, luxury, on such lines as those between New York and Boston. Behind the Alleghanies to the east, nature has achieved that which, on a small scale, magnificent monarchs have attempted in Europe—a system of internal navigation unrivalled in its extent, and of which even American enterprise has far from approached the limits. Instead of running up singly into the central land—as in the old continents the Ganges,

the Indus, the Volga, the Nile, the Niger, the Danube, the Rhine, each divided from other great rivers by ridges of impenetrable mountains—the Mississippi receives her countless and immense tributaries, ramifying and intersecting the whole region from the borders of Canada, from the Alleghanies to within a certain distance of the Pacific. She is carrying up the population almost of cities at once to every convenient fork, to every situation which may become an emporium; and then receiving back into her spacious bosom and conveying to the ocean the accumulating produce, the corn, the cotton, even the peltries of the West. Almost in the centre of this empire is a coal-field, or rather two coal-fields, of which we believe the boundaries are not yet ascertained—but in Sir Charles's geological map (in his former volumes) they blacken a space which, according to the scale, might furnish out several great kingdoms in the Old World. By a singular provision the clear-burning and smokeless anthracite on the east side of the Apalachian ridge furnishes its inexhaustible fuel for the hearths and manufactures of the more polished and stately cities, for the gayer steamboats on the Hudson and the Delaware; the heavier and more opaque, that of the Illinois, seems destined to adumbrate the manufacturing towns on the Ohio. Those treasure-fields, quarries as they are at present rather than mines, require hardly any expense to work them. If steam is still to be, as no doubt it must be, the great creator of wealth, of comfort, of commerce, this fact might alone almost justify our boldest visions as to the expansion and duration of American civilisation. In California the United States may appear to have acquired the more doubtful and dangerous command of the precious minerals to an unexampled extent. And over this progressive world, this world which, even at its present gigantic strides, will not for an immense period have reached its actual boundary, which—even if it swallow up no more Texas, no more of Mexico, if it merely absorb into itself its own prairies and forests, if it people only its half of Oregon—will still have 'ample space and verge enough'—some elements of civilisation seem to spread, if not with equable, with unlimited advance. There is no bound to the appetite, if not for intellectual improvement, for intellectual entertainment. With Sir Charles Lyell we have full confidence in the palled craving for one leading to the sober and wholesome demand for the other: once awaken the imagination and the feelings, the reason will rarely remain in torpid slumber. This almost passion for reading appears to be uni-

versal: newspapers perhaps first (and newspapers are compelled to become books,) and then books accompany man into the remotest squattings in the backwoods, are conveyed in every steam-boat, spring up with spontaneous growth in every settlement, are sold at prices which all can afford. From later intelligence than that of Sir Charles Lyell, we are assured that the sale of Mr. Macaulay's *History* has reached at least 100,000. We recommend our author's statements on these subjects, of which we have room but for a fragment, to the consideration especially of our men of letters:—

'Of the best English works of fiction, published at thirty-one shillings in England, and for about sixpence here, it is estimated that about ten times as many copies are sold in the United States as in Great Britain; nor need we wonder at this, when we consider that day labourers in an American village often purchase a novel by Scott, Bulwer, or Dickens, or a popular history, such as *Alison's Europe* (published at thirteen pounds in England and sixteen shillings in America), and read it at spare moments, while persons in a much higher station in England are debarred from a similar intellectual treat by considerations of economy.

'It might have been apprehended that, where a daily newspaper can be bought for a halfpenny, and a novel for sixpence, the public mind would be so taken up with politics and light reading, that no time would be left for the study of history, divinity, and the graver periodical literature. But, on the contrary, experience has proved that, when the habit and facility of reading has been acquired by the perusal even of trashy writings, there is a steady increase in the number of those who enter on deeper subjects. I was glad to hear that, in proportion as the reading public augments annually, the quality of the books read is decidedly improving. About four years ago, 40,000 copies were printed of the ordinary common-place novels published in England, of which sort they now only sell about 8000.

'It might also have been feared that the cheapness of foreign works unprotected by copyright, would have made it impossible for native authors to obtain a price capable of remunerating them highly, as well as their publishers. But such is not the case. Very large editions of Prescott's "*Ferdinand and Isabella*," and of his "*Mexico*," and "*Peru*," have been sold at a high price; and when Mr. Harper stated to me his estimate of the original value of the copyright of these popular works, it appeared to me that an English author could hardly have obtained as much in his own country. The comparative cheapness of American books, the best editions of which are by no means in small print, seems at first unintelligible, when we consider the dearth of labour, which enters so largely into the price of printing, paper, and binding. But, first, the number of readers, thanks to the free-schools, is prodigiously great, and always augmenting in a higher ratio even than the popula-

tion; and, secondly, there is a fixed determination on the part of the people at large to endure any taxation, rather than that which would place books and newspapers beyond their reach. Several politicians declared to me that not only an income tax, but a window tax, would be preferred; and "this last," said they, "would scarcely shut out the light from a greater number of individuals."\*—vol. ii. pp. 336-338.

The great cities, it is true, can never be as the ancient capitals of Europe. America, perhaps the world, will hardly see again a new Cologne, or a new Strasbourg, a new St. Peter's, or a new St. Paul's, any more than new pyramids, a new Parthenon, or a new Coliseum. Yet we cannot but think that peace and wealth may beyond the Atlantic achieve great things, though of a different character; and this assuredly should be the aim of her artists, especially of her architects. Whether Trinity Church, now the pride of the Broadway in New York, will bear the rigorous judgment of our Gothic Purists, or stand as high even as our best modern churches, may, notwithstanding Sir Charles Lyell's opinion, admit of doubt. But we have heard only one opinion of the great Croton aqueduct; a work which for magnificence, ingenuity, science, and utility (as pouring pure and wholesome water, even to the luxury of noble fountains and water-works throughout the whole city of New York), most nearly approaches the days of old Roman greatness. The expenditure of almost the whole of the great Girard bequest, (half a million sterling,) on building alone, leaving hardly anything for the endowment of the college, may in one sense have been very unwise, and indeed wrong; but as showing at least a noble ambition for architectural grandeur, even if not in this respect successful, may not be without its use. But so long as we hear of such legacies as those of Mr. Lowell, 70,000*l.* sterling; of Mr. Astor for a public library, of a much larger amount—and we believe that those public spirited acts of generosity do not stand alone—there can be no room for despair. Though the Capitol at Washington be but a cold and feeble attempt to domiciliate classic forms—though bold and creative

originality be more difficult of attainment to those born late into the world in art even than in letters; the great Transatlantic cities will gradually have their great, we trust, characteristic American monuments. If we had believed the story for an instant, we certainly should have shared in the alarm—we perhaps should not have been without some jealousy, if brother Jonathan had bought and carried off the Apollo Belvedere. On the other hand, we most cordially rejoice in the place which the young American sculptor, Powers, has taken even in Italy. That such statues as his exquisite Greek Slave should be set up in American halls by American hands would be to us a source of unfeigned satisfaction, not merely for the gratification of the present, but as an omen of the future. For, as the future of America, to be a glorious future, must be a future of peace, so we would hope that it may be fruitful in all which embellishes, and occupies, and hallows, and glorifies peace.

Sir Charles Lyell must excuse us, if with these wonderful prospects of centuries to come, 'expanding their cloudy wings before us,' we have been less willing to look back to those ages behind ages, which are the study and the revelation of his important science. Interesting as it may be, under his sure guidance to be told that a hundred thousand years must have passed in forming the land at the mouth of the Mississippi, we are more absorbed in the thought of the few years which have beheld on the banks of that wide river and its affluents, cities arising beyond cities, and those cities peopled with thousands on thousands of free, industrious, in many respects, as far as is given to man, happy human beings; province after province yielding to possession, to cultivation, to production—the production of harvests now poured without stint, and we suppose destined to be still more profusely poured, upon our shores. The Indian corn, we ought to have observed, appears by no means one of the least precious gifts of this region. The aboriginal tribes so wither away before the invader, that his occupation of the land can hardly be called usurpation. Instructive as it is to be initiated in the growth of those 63,000 square miles of coal (First Tour, p. 88), the gradual transformation of terrestrial plants into this store of fuel, garnered up it might seem for endless generations, with the vegetable texture still apparent throughout under the microscope; and flattened trunks of trees, now transmuted into pure coal, and erect fossil trees in the overlying strata; instructive to trace all the geological and all the chemical processes in this immense laboratory;—yet to us there

\* As some drawback to this we must subjoin the following sentence:—"Many are of opinion that the small print of cheap editions in the United States will seriously injure the eyesight of the rising generation, especially as they often read in railway cars, devouring whole novels, printed in newspapers, in very inferior type. Mr. Everett, speaking of this literature, in an address to the students of Harvard College, said, "If cheap it can be called, which begins by costing a man his eyes, and ends by perverting his taste and morals."—vol. ii. p. 339.



is something even more surprising in the application of those inexhaustible treasures by that race of beings for whom the Almighty Creator in his boundless Providence may seem to have entombed them in the earth. What can be more strange than their sudden revelation, as it were, in these enormous quantities, just when is most apparent the practical dependence of man, in his most crowded state of civilisation, on powers which his ancestors, content to warm their hearths and to cook their provisions with bright and useful fuel, dreamed not to be latent in this coarse and ordinary product of the earth? Who shall conjecture the incalculable results of the use, perhaps the improvement of steam-power in a country where railroads are of such comparatively easy construction, and the spreading network of rivers might seem providentially designed for steam-navigation? Intellectually delightful as it may be to follow out such a beautiful piece of philosophical reasoning as that in Sir C. Lyell's second volume (p. 304), where, from certain footmarks on slabs of sandstone, which could only have been made by air-breathing animals (all others being too light to make such deep impressions even when the stones were in the state of fluid mud), the date of the primal existence of this class of animals is ascertained:—nevertheless, we are more inclined to lose ourselves in wondering speculations as to the short time which must elapse before the first footprints of man, at least of civilised man, in the lands west of the Mississippi will be utterly untraceable through the broad strata of culture and population which even one century will spread perhaps to the Pacific. We seem irresistibly compelled to look onward; we are seized, as it were, and carried away by the advancing tide to the still receding haven, till we are lost in a boundless ocean.

That clouds, heavy, blackening, awful thunder-clouds loom over this wide horizon of the Future, who that knows the mutability of human things, the wild work which fortune or fate, or rather divine Providence, makes of the most sagacious conjectures—what wise and reflective American will attempt to disguise from himself? There is surely enough to check and subdue the overweening national pride, which prevails among the vulgar. We must, in justice to ourselves, touch on some of these dangers. One of them, though we do not know how far it extends over the Union, is the effect of the climate. In New England especially there seems a certain delicacy of health, a general 'care-worn' expression, a kind of premature old age, which, with other cir-

cumstances, shows that our Anglo-Saxon race is not perfectly acclimated. This may be aggravated, but is not entirely caused, by the busy, exhausting, restless life of the great body of Americans. The fevers and agues of the back settlements will probably disappear, with the swamps and marshes, before cultivation and drainage; the vigorous health of Kentucky and some other of the back settlements may eventually renew the youth, if renewal be necessary, of the earlier race, which seems to want the robust look, the clear and ruddy complexion of the Englishman.—(See Lyell, vol. i. pp. 154–5.) But this danger will probably bring its own cure; every succeeding century will adapt the race more completely to their climate. Their political dangers are more serious and inevitable. That which is their strength and pride, their independence, is their greatest peril. There is no great repressive, no controlling power, nothing to drag the wheel of popular rule, either in the constitution of the Federation or in the States. In each the Senates must obey the mighty will of the masses. But separate interests may grow up, in the nature of things cannot but grow up; the North and the South, the West and the East may be arrayed against each other. The ruder, the more tumultuous, the more uneducated West, may be able to dictate at Washington not the soundest policy, policy which may be fatal, but which must be adopted from fear of separation, and the consequence of separation. In each State there is the same danger: the predominance of the turbulent many—or those who, self-multiplied by their noise and activity, represent themselves, and are believed to be the many—over the quiet, the wise, the educated. We have great faith, we need hardly say, in the effects of true and real education; but here is the rub—can sound political education travel as fast as population? That which, to all appearance, is most feared by the calmer immediate speculators, is indeed too much in human nature not to justify serious apprehension—the quiescence of those who ought from their superior intelligence to govern, but are too easy and happy to strive and wrestle for their proper influence.

This applies equally to the States and to individuals: Kentucky and Illinois may lord it over New England and New York; and if Kentucky and Illinois become more civilized, States yet unnamed, unsettled, still farther West, may lord it in their turn over Kentucky and Illinois. So long as the subjects of collision are but the election of a President, or even a Tariff, this predomi-

nance may be comparatively innocuous; but when it comes to War or Peace—war, not with Texas or Mexico, but with European nations, or even with Canada, if Canada should grow up into a rival power—then may the United States be exposed, at least, to the chances of loss and defeat, or, escaping them, to the proverbial consequences of military glory and success. We have the most sovereign contempt for Mr. Cobden and his international arbitration—for the European Peace Societies, which have the most fatal effects, that of casting ridicule on what is in itself a righteous cause; but, if Americans, we should hardly refrain from joining with Mr. Sumner—though even in America peace societies have, we know not why, something of a bustling, officious, and somewhat ridiculous air. We should hail the more legitimate denunciations of war as unchristian by her Channings and Deweys; as American patriots and Christians we should never cease to cry Peace! Peace! That which is utterly, hopelessly, as seems at present, impossible in Europe, seems, by a wonderful combination of circumstances, of easy practicability in America. This vast continent may, if it will, exhibit to the wondering annals of mankind centuries barren of warlike glory, safe from the miseries of war. The United States may at length relieve republican governments from that heavy charge registered against them by all history—and too much countenanced by their own proceedings in Texas and in Mexico—that Democracies are as ambitious and aggressive as the most absolute Monarchies. What has America to gain—what may it not lose by war?

Sir C. Lyell was in the midst of the fierce discussions about Oregon: fiery news-writers were brandishing their pens—wild backwoodsmen poising their rifles; they would have had the country at once adopt the language of that not very imitable personage in Milton—‘My sentence is for open war.’ What can happen?—these were among the amiable anticipations—‘England may bombard and burn a few of the cities on the east coast; but then she will add hundreds of millions to her debt: she will break down and be for ever ruined under her intolerable burthen.’ There is one result from all this which Brother Jonathan, even in his wildest mood, we doubt not would be acute enough to apprehend—Brother John bankrupt, he has lost his best customer. Sir C. Lyell, with his calm good sense, at the very outset of his volume, doubts the wisdom of the commemoration of ‘Independence Day:’ all this recital (of the doings of the mother country before the war) ‘may have been

expedient when the great struggle for liberty and national independence was still pending; but what effect can it have now but to keep alive bad feelings?’ We are happy in believing that all ‘rumours of wars’ with England have passed away; but any other great war, we conceive, might arrest for centuries the progress of Transatlantic civilization—might split up the Union into the chronic condition of the Old World, that of separate and, before long, hostile States—might raise up in one a military despotism, formidable to all. Before we close these hastily-written but not less deliberately-considered opinions on the expediency, the necessity of peace, to the development of American wealth, happiness, virtue; on the majestic position which the United States may take in the history of man, by showing herself superior to the folly, the intoxication, the madness of war—of war which cannot be necessary as self-defence, and therefore must be wanton and wicked; we would look on one other peril, which appears to us, if more remotely, to threaten her internal peace. Her growth must be in wealth—and wealth, even under the most levelling institutions, will accumulate in masses. There will be individuals, there will be classes high above the rest in opulence, in luxury. This will be, of course, more manifest in the great cities, which as they grow in size will become more unmanageable; and notwithstanding the constant vent in the backwoods for turbulent and violent spirits, will leave a still larger class of those who feel that they have a right to be as rich as others, and are not. There must be an aristocracy, and that aristocracy an object of hatred and jealousy to some: by whatever title it may be held up to scorn or animosity; ‘a white-gloved aristocracy,’ &c., &c.;—such class there must be, where capital, commercial industry, enterprise, even fortune, are left to their free course. It is to be seen whether the Republic, or Republics, will have strength, courage, and determination to defend property, as the basis of human freedom and happiness.

Thus far that spirit has not been wanting—the sovereign people, on more occasions than we are aware of here, has not scrupled to use the Old World arms against ‘the mob.’ At Providence the soldiers were ordered, some short time ago, to fire on ‘the people,’ and did fire to put down a riot which rose out of the destruction of houses of ill-fame; they did the same at Philadelphia, during the attack on the Roman Catholics; and now at New York, in the disgraceful disturbances around the theatre.\* Thus far, too, the

\* It was impossible, as we hear from all quar-

public voice has been strongly and unequivocally in favour of public order. There has been no maudlin sympathy for lawless rioters; the press has been, almost with one voice, on the side of authority; the attempt to get up a popular demonstration was an utter failure. It has been seen that the only true mercy is to stop a riot at once—if not, as with us on a recent occasion, by the civil force—at all events to stop it. There are dangers which must be imminent under the broadest republican forms. Only free and popular institutions like our own and those of the United States, and the spirit they inspire into the citizens, can prevent them from becoming calamities. But these slight outbreaks from insignificant causes, we must acknowledge, cast somewhat dark shadows before them; if more deeply-rooted causes of discontent should spring up—if with the spreading cities there should be quarters inhabited perhaps by multitudes of a particular race or class, and so bonded together by common passions—quarters into which education does not equally penetrate—which there is no strong police to overawe—our only trust is that there will be an instantaneous tact and sympathy among those to whom order is life, which will combine them into a more commanding league. We trust that not neglecting measures of precaution in improving, as far as they may, the condition of their more abject fellow-citizens, they will never be wanting in resolution to confront and crush these insurrections of communism (for such even in free America may be their form), and not scruple to hazard their lives for what is dearer than life. There must be moreover no self-gratulation in the more remote towns, that it is but one city which has thus become a city of desolation. The rapid communication of revolutionary wild-fire, more swift and terrible than the conflagration over leagues of prairie land—this fearful rapidity is an essential part of its nature: one city a prey to its ravages, who will insure the rest? If the waters of the Hudson reflect its red light, how long will it be before it glares on the Mississippi or the Ohio? May heaven avert the omen—may one human community grow up as a great Peace Society, peace external and internal, peace with all its blessings!

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ters, and cannot refrain from repeating, to surpass the coolness, self-command, gentlemanly, we might add Christian, bearing of Mr. Macready.

ART. VII.—*Austria and Central Italy.* By Miles-Thomas, Lord Beaumont. 2nd Edition. London, 1849.

It is, probably, to his religious rather than to his political principles that Lord Beaumont is indebted for the notice which this publication seems to have attracted. The opinion of a Roman Catholic peer on a question involving the temporal sovereignty of the Pope could not but excite curiosity and interest. Moreover, the number of such peers is so small, that each individual of the class acquires a prominence, and his sentiments an importance, to which they might not be otherwise entitled. How far the theological views indicated in these pages may be agreeable to his co-religionists it is no business of ours to inquire. Lord Beaumont has duties, he supposes, towards humanity in general as well as to his Church, and in reconciling their conflicting interests his conscience must be his guide.

His Lordship commences by expressing his astonishment that a revolution should have occurred in Austria—an event however which had seemed to him less desirable than improbable. We have little doubt Lord B. was as ill-informed as to the internal state of Austria, as the Government whose policy he supports: yet we should have guessed that, besides the disturbances in Galicia\* to which he alludes, he could hardly have been ignorant of the implacable opposition in Hungary—the mutinous spirit in Lombardy. But there were other causes of alarm which, however unknown to him, were perfectly well known to the Cabinet of Vienna. The canker of socialism had spread within the last two years from France over Germany, Poland, and a great part of Italy; Nor was Vienna free from it any more than Berlin, Frankfort, or Prague, where it afterwards manifested itself with such appalling consequences. The ramifications of the Socialist plot and the machinations of its secret agents had not escaped the Austrian police, and that no steps were taken to arrest their manœuvres, though a fact strikingly illustrative of the general forbearance of that much-abused Government, is greatly to be deplored. But the instant triumph of a new outbreak in Paris, proving such an utter hollowness in a popularly-elected monarchy,

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\* We hope that the mystery which envelopes the causes of those disturbances will ere long be cleared up; it will then become apparent how falsely the Austrian Cabinet was suspected of a participation in the crimes that accompanied them, and with what forbearance it acted in concealing the iniquity of the Emperor's guilty and unfortunate subjects.

was a surprise to the victors no less than to the victims of that melancholy riot, and had neither been anticipated nor provided against in any part of Europe. For a moment, in short, the floodgates were left unguarded, and the mischief of that moment will be felt in the misery of ages. So far from sharing the pleasure with which Lord Beaumont contemplates the ruin of Austria, we believe such an event would be as unfortunate for England as for Germany at large, and for the general civilization of the continent.

Filling a huge space in the map between France and Russia—the only powers from which the independence of Europe could have anything to dread—Austria seemed with peculiar propriety to claim the guardianship of that independence. Removed from the possibility of hostile contact with England, she seemed as naturally formed to be our ally as her geographical position made her the bulwark against the ambition of the gigantic powers at the extremities of Europe. Does it not appear incredible, that at the very moment when British interests were confessedly exposed to new and enormous perils by the advantages unexpectedly opened to the great rivals of our commerce and our navy—at a moment too when from every motive of generosity as well as of policy our friendly countenance ought to have been extended to Austria—we should have united with our immemorial rival to despoil our well-trying ally, and to force her to seek safety from the arm of Russia? If we yet cherish hopes that the vast accession of power which must accrue to Russia from the possession of the whole valley of the Danube and the command of the navigation of that river will not be attended with all the evils apprehended by many others—it is from the magnanimity of the Czar alone that we derive those hopes, and not from the policy or the diplomacy of England.

In our last number we said that the appearance of the French in Italy must be the signal for an alliance between Russia and Austria, which would place at the disposal of the latter the resources of the former. We spoke advisedly, and the result has proved it, though under circumstances somewhat different from those we were then contemplating. The occupation of the Papal States by French troops disturbs the balance of power in Italy no less than the threatened intervention in behalf of Piedmont, and must ultimately be attended with the same consequences. It is obvious that it could not be looked on without jealousy and distrust by Austria, even should her consent—in an hour of manifold distresses—have been extorted from her; and that in the uncertainty

of the ultimate policy that France might adopt, or indeed the part which that very army might be instructed to take in the Italian wars, the Austrian forces in Lombardy could not be safely diminished, and the necessities of the empire in other quarters, how urgent soever, must be supplied from other sources.

While the actual origin of this invasion remains so mysterious that the principal English minister in the House of Lords intimates his opinion that it was undertaken with *no object at all*, it cannot be easy to foretell to what use it may be turned. Neither the Austrian ministry nor the Italian princes appear to entertain that boundless confidence in the good faith and sincerity of all French republican statesmen which Lord Palmerston professes; nor has the history of the new Republic hitherto afforded even a guarantee for the capacity of any of its ministers to carry out their own policy in any class of operations whatsoever.\*

The contest which began last year in the streets of Paris, and which still threatens the civilisation of Europe with an eclipse, having been defeated (for the moment at least) in France and Germany, found a battle-field in the plains of Hungary, where the haughty and arrogant Magyar has not hesitated to espouse the cause of anarchy, and to mingle his own interests with all its unworthy objects. It is foreign to our purpose to discuss the rights of the Hungarian quarrel, or to trace the course of the events that have marked its progress; we will only observe that the resources of Austria, had they been all disposable, were not more than sufficient to face her internal enemies, supported as they were by an army of forty thousand Poles, and the whole democratic and communist influence of Europe.

Russian intervention will probably decide the contest; and mortifying as it is to Austria to seek such a remedy, the desertion of other allies and the disastrous state of the empire have left no other resource. We are not unwilling to believe that the assistance

\* What an encouragement to foreign nations to ally their policy with that of France, and to suffer their armies to co-operate with those of the republic, the late Constituent Assembly has afforded! The Austrians, Spaniards, and Neapolitans form a treaty with the government of France—a government, be it remembered, elected by universal suffrage—by which an army of the latter power is admitted into a country occupied by the forces of the former: in its first attempt it is unsuccessful, either from the inefficiency of the general or of the troops; the Assembly expresses disapprobation of the original purpose of the expedition, and it receives an order to operate against the allies by whose consent it had gained a lodgment in the country!

of Nicholas was offered in perfect good faith, clogged with no humiliating conditions, nor with any stipulations for selfish advantages; but we cannot conceal from ourselves that, in the event of success, the overwhelming preponderance of Russia must be the result—in other words, the utter disturbance of that balance of power which so much has been done to preserve. That Germany should have showed such anxiety to neutralize the influence of the only State which afforded a barrier against the ambition of Russia, and which moreover possessed the command of the Adriatic sea-ports, so essential to her newly-formed schemes of commercial development, is an act of folly unparalleled even in the annals of the Frankfort Assembly; but other countries, we regret to say, have been no less blind. The ancient policy that recommended the alliance of England and Austria had derived additional cogency from the advances which Russia was constantly, though cautiously, making towards the consummation of her ancient designs on the Turkish empire. To these designs Austria was wakefully, steadily, and obstinately opposing a resistance the more effective, because, though everywhere felt, it was nowhere obtruded; and to this resistance both France and England were interested in lending their support. In abandoning it, France may deem the danger counterbalanced by the chance of some visionary alliance, such as Buonaparte projected between himself and Alexander—in substance, a scheme for dividing the sway of Europe between two bold gamblers; but by what sophistry can England defend her suicidal policy?

It was certain that the French revolution would produce sudden and momentous changes in the political condition of Europe; it could hardly have seemed probable that any of these should be advantageous to England, while it was morally impossible that either the system of Government introduced by that convulsion or the men who influenced it should be destined to a long political existence. The stability of England, however, amidst the general ruin offered her a vast accession of influence—placed her in a position of most enviable superiority. Neither did it require dexterity of management to preserve it—nay, indeed, the difficulty seems that by any exertion of dexterity it could be entirely lost. The treaties that bound Europe together in 1815 were yet in force; the relations between England and the countries so united cannot be changed by the revolutions that may be effected within the territory guaranteed to each power by that act of settlement. The minister

who presided over the foreign relations of England should have assumed a calm and vigilant, but not hostile attitude:—instead of throwing himself into the arms, or rather at the feet, of the victorious demagogues of Paris, he should have proclaimed:—We have no wish to interfere with the form of government you choose to adopt—we were the foremost to recognise your monarchy of the barricades, and we are equally ready now to acknowledge your new chief or president from whatever class of society you please to select him—but you have not our consent to extend your dominions one inch beyond the boundary of your present territory, nor will we sanction any attempts to spread anarchy and confusion in other countries under any pretext whatsoever. Very different was the conduct he pursued, and when questioned upon his motives, the noble Secretary of State, while avowing it to be *his duty as much as his desire* to cultivate the French alliance, does not attempt to conceal that his line of policy was influenced by the threats of his pacific allies. The English mediation was offered to Austria, to prevent the threatened invasion of Italy by the French; the Sicilian intervention was enforced at the dictation of the French admiral. And how have these acts of complaisance been rewarded? The separate mediation of France was subsequently offered to the Sicilians—and a French army has invaded Italy for no better reason than the gratification of the vanity or caprice of a French minister. The professed object of Lord Palmerston's policy was to avoid a war—a most laudable motive, and one in which we give the noble lord all credit for sincerity—though we think on former occasions he risked its perils on lighter grounds; and it is also to avoid a war that we on our parts recommend a steady adherence to existing obligations. Unasked interference and forced mediations are the surest provocatives of war. Had a small part of our fleet, for instance, which was occupied in promoting civil war in Sicily, been guarding the police of the Adriatic, will any one believe that the King of Sardinia would have ventured to continue, in defiance of treaty, the blockade of the Austrian ports, or to supply the rebels at Venice? Will the noble lord himself pretend that the Sicilians would not thankfully have accepted the concessions of their king, but for the hopes held out to them by England? Had the King of Sardinia believed in the sincerity of the English opposition to his treacherous policy, would he have ventured single-handed on a war with Austria? Had he menaced Downing-street with a French alli-

ance, would he not have been effectually deterred by a hint that, in that case, an English fleet would protect the trade of the Adriatic? The terrors of our cabinet were groundless; they started at the sound themselves had made; but there is now real ground for alarm—they created the danger they would avoid by displaying their fear of it. The policy that was adopted to prevent a war will, we apprehend, render a general war inevitable—but it will be a war in which we shall stand without allies and without support—a war forced on us by the mingled political hypocrisy of a Government which has neither the confidence of those who vote for its measures, nor the sympathy of any leading interest, save one, in the British Empire.

It is to the present state of Rome and the events which led to it that the observations of Lord Beaumont are principally directed. In his estimate of the character of Pius IX. we do not think he greatly errs. We recognise the same weaknesses and inconsistencies which he points out; we also give that unfortunate sovereign credit for good intentions, while we are certain of the folly of his measures, but, when the tendency of those measures was apparent, what are we to say for the sincerity of those of his own countrymen who cheered him on in his headlong progress, and promised him a long course of prosperity for himself, his state, and his order? 'The enlightened exiles of Paris,' of whom Lord Beaumont speaks with such admiration, were the persons who laid the ambush into which the unwary pontiff fell, and who have since risen to supreme power by treachery and assassination. The fall of the Pope and the steps which led to it are too well known to need recapitulation, but we must observe that Lord Beaumont's account of them is extremely inaccurate; the faults and inconsistencies of Pius were not, as he represents, the consequence of a priestly or despotic government; they were the necessary faults of a weak prince, coerced in his conduct, and tormented by his conscience; they were not the faults of an absolute sovereign, and, in fact, could not have been committed by one: they were the faults into which a very limited one was led by pursuing the policy of 'his liberal and enlightened advisers.' Nor is it true that the papal or priestly government had lost its popular favour in Rome until the measures of the present Pope himself cut the props from beneath his throne, destroyed his resources, and disgusted his supporters, while he failed to conciliate a single enemy. Few, except Lord Beaumont, can have forgotten the enthusiasm with which Gregory XVI.

was supported in Rome when the commotions broke out in the legations at the commencement of his reign, or the satisfaction with which the Austrians, who came to his assistance, were received by nearly all classes of the population, already weary of this short essay of revolution. The reason of Pope Gregory's popularity is obvious; he was true to the interests of his order and the party that supported him; the merit of sincerity he possessed, if he had no other; and though boasting neither talent nor courage himself, he gave his confidence to those who understood the only method in which his states could be ruled. We do not mean to praise either the financial or all the administrative operations of his government, but we do most strongly commend the wisdom of those princes who call to their councils men desirous, on the whole, to support existing institutions, and not their enemies.

This was the fault of Pope Pius, and dearly has he answered it. His conduct from the first was marked by deplorable weakness,—especially a mean thirst for popularity; but if we despise *him*, we abhor the villany and treachery by which he was undermined. During the last few months of his residence at Rome his state of humiliation was insupportable, and extrication from it became his first object. We do not admire the choice of his Holiness's disguise nor any other particular of his escape, but that escape was necessary; to withdraw from his enemies the sanction of his name was the only measure of offence or defence in his power; if he could not strike a blow, he could at least deprive his adversaries of a weapon: and this the democrats well knew;—his escape was ruin to them, and hence their wrath. But more—Lord Beaumont is in error when he asserts (p. 22) that the person of the Pope was in no danger. His minister, his *lay* Premier, had been murdered in the legislative chamber—his troops deserted him, his palace was besieged with artillery, and its gates consumed by fire. His secretary was killed by his side, and when at last reduced to capitulate and receive the chiefs of the barricades, who addressed him with the same assurances which Lord Beaumont reports, he listened to them with calmness, and then, picking up one of the bullets with which the floor was strewed, 'Behold,' said he, 'the affection of the Roman people towards our consecrated person.' With this protest he submitted to the conditions imposed on him.

Neither is Lord Beaumont more correct in his representation of the improved state of Rome during the early part of the Pope's reign. He tells us (p. 31) of the advan-

tages resulting from a more extended and more liberal system of education, and from the free admission of the works of Hume, Gibbon, Lady Morgan, &c., as if it were possible that in so short a time any effects from such causes could be visible at all. The real result of the Pope's innovations, as all who have visited the country will assure him, was the progress of disorder and licentiousness amongst an idle and excitable people, with all their usual concomitants, the increase of crime and the decrease of wealth. The removal of the restrictive laws on printing inundated the highways and thoroughfares with blasphemous and seditious publications of native manufacture, while the abolition of restrictions on books from abroad did not multiply the copies of Hume, Gibbon, and Lady Morgan—at least not to the extent which Lord Beaumont thinks so edifying: it is notorious that the literature imported was mostly the genuine produce of the Parisian brothel.

We agree with Lord Beaumont that the calamitous condition to which Italy is reduced is mainly to be attributed to the relaxation of the protecting care of Austria; but we do not think he will find many persons in this country (out of the Cabinet) who will rejoice in the change—or be comforted by his cool announcement that 'on Paris and her caprice the fate of Italy depends.' (p. 33.) It is to maintain this independence, he no doubt assumes, that the expedition to the papal states has been undertaken—but, if so, he will allow that it has been less happy in execution than in design. The dictatorship of Mazzini and his colleagues seemed trembling to its fall: time is precious with men who hold their power from day to day, and lean for their support on the goodwill of a mob. The republican cause seemed on the decline throughout the peninsula—the Austrian victories had revived all the terror which that name was wont to inspire—and the usurping governments had shown themselves everywhere rapacious, oppressive, and absurdly incompetent. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany had been recalled by the repentance of his subjects; a similar reaction was expected in Rome: the priests—who alone among the papal subjects had exhibited any courage or energy—were labouring to accomplish it by their influence,\*

\* No priest belonging to the chapter of St. Peter's could be found to mount the balcony and pronounce the benediction on Easter Sunday; neither would they sanction by their presence the blasphemous buffoonery afterwards substituted for the sublime and touching ceremony to which the Roman people were accustomed. A brawling Capuchin, one of the street orators, was decked in the sacred vestments, and appeared in the usual

and the 'Triumviri' were daily sinking in public estimation. Had these facts been known or believed in France, it is possible that an active intervention in the affairs of Rome would not so soon have been attempted;—but the cabinet of that country desired above all things the destruction of a republic formed on the principles on which their own was professedly based; and if, in suppressing this odious caricature, they could give an air of generosity to their proceedings or dazzle by the appearance of military achievement, their object was doubly gained. The diplomacy of France was skilfully conducted at Gaeta by the Duc d'Harcourt; and the weak pontiff having been induced to request that France would take 'an active interest in the position of his affairs,' a plan was formed and adopted for accomplishing his restoration by the joint intervention of the four principal Catholic powers. The secret intrigues of the council at Gaeta are not likely to be revealed to the world—but enough, we think, has transpired to shake even Lord Palmerston's faith in the fair-dealing and sincerity of French diplomatists. We believe it was arranged that an Austrian army should occupy the northern legations, and menace the Patrimony from the western coast of Tuscany; the Neapolitan army, with the Spanish auxiliaries, was to march on Rome, while the united fleet of the two nations was to remain in attendance on the Pope at Gaeta. As a guarantee that these terms were complied with, France was to occupy the seaport of Civita-Vecchia with a force which was to remain in observation only, unless invited to advance by the allies themselves. Each of the allied armies was to observe an equal forbearance as regarded the Papal capital. The provinces were to be occupied, and the city, left to its own resources, must speedily have been reduced to capitulate. The imposing force arrayed against the Roman rebels was intended to deter any attempt at resistance, and the alliance of the four powers was to serve as a guarantee to each that none of them entertained any scheme of selfish aggrandisement. On the merits of this treaty, or on its prudence, we purpose offering no remark—we content ourselves with stating what we believe to have been the fact. Our readers are all aware of the manner in which the French performed their part, and of the hostility which their appearance excited. Succeeding events are

place amidst the waving of tri-coloured banners, instead of the fans of peacocks' feathers, or flabellums, which accompanied the chair of the sovereign pontiff. The refractory priests were fined for their contumacy.



so strange and contradictory as to involve us in inextricable confusion. There is, however, a clue to every labyrinth, and we do not believe the French agents to have been so totally without a plan as Lord Lansdowne supposes.

Weak as Pius IX. had shown himself, even the statements of our English ministers support us in asserting that the march of the French upon Rome was neither sanctioned by the allies nor authorised by the Pope. He certainly—however anxious that France should lend him some of her countenance—could not desire to be replaced on a Jacobin throne by the bayonets of a single foreign republic, condemned to tolerate the presence, perhaps to rule by the assistance, of the demagogues who had dethroned him, and who connived at, if they did not devise, the assassination of his ablest minister. The French general (or his secret instigators) had other objects, and we know not whether to be most astonished at the audacity of his measures, or at the apathy with which they were regarded in England. Our astonishment is not diminished by the explanations afforded:—never, we believe, was an aggression so audacious defended by such frivolous arguments. When questioned as to the purpose of the expedition, M. Odillon Barrot replied, in the name of the cabinet over which he presided, and of the President whose minister he is, that his object was ‘to protect the dignity and to preserve the legitimate influence of France in Italy.’ We know not whether this measure was concerted with the English government (Lord Lansdowne has asserted that he saw nothing in it to condemn), or whether it was perpetrated in defiance of some feeble and half-muttered protest. The Secretary for Foreign Affairs has repeatedly been asked in the House of Commons if he counselled or approved this act of aggression. The question which we would propose, could we hope for an answer, is rather: Did you protest against it with all the energy that the united opinion of your cabinet could give it? Did you warn your allies of the inevitable consequence of their imprudence? Did you tell them plainly that such a course was in open violation of the pledges they had given to Europe as well as of that policy which you had undertaken to defend? But alas! the French cabinet is as indifferent as we ourselves whether our diplomatic errors proceed from the spontaneous obsequiousness of our ministers, or from the state of insulation in which their policy has placed us amidst the nations of Europe.

M. Odillon Barrot, we have seen, disdains to speak of the interests of religion, of piety

towards the outraged father of Catholic Christendom, or of compassion for the state of the degraded Romans; such language he deems unfitted to his audience—he only appeals to their ambition and their national vanity. While such is the explanation afforded by ministers at Paris (their real reason, the dread of a socialist republic, being sedulously concealed), their representative at Gaeta boasts the zeal of his employers for the service of the Pope, and their anxiety to see him restored to his throne by the united arms of his spiritual subjects. General Oudinot, in his manifesto from Civita-Vecchia, gives still a somewhat different version; he proclaims that he takes possession of the papal states for the purpose of preventing an invasion of them by foreign armies, and at the same time to assist the Romans to shake off their actual government—a government which we had hitherto been told was the free choice of the people, declared by universal suffrage.\* In all his receptions of deputations, authorities, and envoys, he constantly protested his attachment to the republican form of government, and his particular affection for the Roman people. His soldiers believed, or professed to believe, that they landed in Italy in the expectation that they were to oppose the Austrians and not to co-operate with them: it is quite certain that they embarked at Marseilles with shouts of ‘*Vivent les républiques Toscane et Romaine.*’ To those who have studied the principles of republican morality, this matter will not appear inexplicable. Nor indeed is the feat of diplomacy without a pretty close precedent. When General Berthier, in 1798, conducted an army to Rome, the Directory furnished him with minute instructions—viz:—

‘You must march secretly and rapidly to Rome with 16,000 men. You will assure the envoy whom the King of Naples will probably send to your head-quarters, that the French government is actuated by *no ambitious designs*—that its usual generosity forbids the supposition that it can intend any injury to the Roman government

\* General Oudinot’s despatches afford an instance of the flagrant want of candour in French officials, even when communicating with their employers, and in these days too of free discussion. In his first confused, contradictory, and unintelligible account of his repulse before the crumbling walls of Rome, he says he retired with his whole force — ‘*not a prisoner, not a haversack* remained with the enemy as a trophy of success.’ In his letter of a few days’ later date, he says: ‘*Between two and three hundred men*, commanded by Commandant Picart, with a *few officers*, misled by words of conciliation, and inspired by the *ardour of their courage*, advanced too far within the Porta S. Pancrazio, and were made prisoners by the inhabitants.’

now. While repeating these assurances you will advance as rapidly as possible to Rome; the great object is to keep your design secret till you are so near the city that the King of Naples cannot prevent it. When within two days' march of Rome, menace the Pope, and all the members of the government, in order to terrify them, and make them take to flight. Arrived at Rome, employ your whole influence to establish a Roman republic.\*

Such was the diplomacy of a republican directory at the close of the last century; but the task of the General commanding the present expedition was still more delicate. The Roman administration was already strictly revolutionary; its members had been elected by the populace, they had, moreover, resided long in France (Lord Beaumont's 'enlightened exiles'), where kindred virtues had endeared them to the true republicans of that country—they were in constant correspondence with clubs, circles, and secret societies of all the capitals of Europe—they could not be dismissed like the Pope of 1798 and his aged presbytery. The recent revolutions of Paris and Rome, it must likewise be remembered, had taken place under circumstances of marked resemblance. The sovereigns of both, once the objects of popular affection, assailed in their palaces, betrayed or deserted by their subjects and their troops, escape from their capitals in sordid disguises. A provisional government succeeds—dictators and presidents are named by the same farce of universal suffrage, and govern, we must presume, to the satisfaction of their countrymen. Why is the republic of Paris the godlike result of superhuman wisdom?—and why must the same institution be put down at Rome by republican bayonets? In what do Louis Buonaparte and Mazzini so essentially differ? they hold their power by the same tenure, and the destruction of one by the hand of the other is an act of fratricide. These reflections might have paralysed the exertions of less daring diplomatists. At present we are ignorant of the *private* instructions of the General; but we believe he was no sooner landed at Civita-Vecchia than he opened those secret negotiations with the Triumvirs which French agents had already prepared them to receive. It would appear that these demagogues, foreseeing the speedy termination of their career, were not unwilling to secure their plunder and withdraw themselves—at least for the moment—from their dangerous pre-eminence; while General Oudinot, with or without the connivance of his employers,

was anxious to secure by a bold stroke the prize for which all were contending—to be the arbiter of the destinies of the Pope, and thus most effectually to restore 'the legitimate influence of the French in Italy.'

The Triumvirs had reasons to doubt the fidelity of the national guard. When the news of the French invasion was first spread over Rome, the majority of the civic troops, though professing a loyal purpose of defending their hearths from violation and the city from pillage, distinctly disavowed the intention of opposing an armed resistance to the foreign force. Whether they were impelled by their disgust of Mazzini and the *Condottieri* or by the traditional terror of French arms may be doubtful; it is certain, however, that the colonels waited on the Triumvirate and explained the sentiments of their corps. This alarming intelligence increased the anxiety of the demagogues to treat; and they, in their selfish terrors and selfish schemes of aggrandisement, not only neglected the interests of their confederates, but miscalculated the strength of the auxiliary army and the spirit that animated it. It was arranged then between them and the General that the French army should march on Rome with doubtful and ambiguous professions (this part of the compact was fulfilled at least); that meetings, negotiations, protests should be multiplied; that the people should be addressed in a lofty tone of patriotic determination; that a show of opposition should be made—a show just sufficient to justify those measures which the French commander might choose to adopt on the capitulation of the town. Without such an understanding it would be hardly possible to suppose that any General would, with so little precaution, approach a great city, containing an armed population *professing* hostility, besides a regular force—troops, if not disciplined, accustomed at least to warfare, anxious to prolong the enjoyment of their free quarters, and animated by the most enthusiastic love of plunder. Mazzini himself, it is believed, intended no treachery towards the French, and was willing to make the surrender he had promised—but he was no longer the master of the destinies of Rome. Neither the war-minister, Avezana, famous for having commanded during the revolt of Genoa, nor Garibaldi, the commander-in-chief, had been consulted; but more—even if their connivance had been secured, it is not likely that they could have answered for the disposition of their followers. It was, in short, the legion commanded by Garibaldi that succeeded in repulsing the French in their first onslaught; on which occasion the greater part of the Romans remained inac-

\* See Alison's History of Europe, vol. iii. p. 539. (Edit. 1835.)

tive—being, in fact, hostile to both parties. Garibaldi is a subject of the King of Sardinia—a native, we believe, of his transalpine dominions. His first appearance in public life was as a sort of Guy Faux:—he had planned a scheme for blowing up the opera-house at Genoa while the king and his court were attending the performance. Escaping from justice, the culprit took refuge in South America, where, finding congenial spirits and ready employment, he served in various military expeditions. On hearing of the new disturbances of his native country, he returned to Italy, and received both pardon and employment from his benign and placable sovereign. He soon became distinguished for his zeal rather than his exact observance of the rules of legitimate warfare; and on the first armistice being signed between Austria and Piedmont, after attempting a war of brigandage on the banks of Como, he retired to Tuscany, and from thence to Rome, where his high reputation recommended him almost immediately to the command of the Roman army, composed of few native Italians, and still fewer Romans, but chiefly of Poles, Swiss, and Frenchmen, the sweepings of barricaded capitals and of the army of Algeria, men ready for any enterprise, driven to their last retreat and rendered desperate by despair of pardon. We know not what terms were stipulated for these truculent partisans, or whether (which is more probable) Mazzini had abandoned his garrison to the mercy of the invader.

To understand the situation of Rome and the conduct of its inhabitants, it is necessary to call to mind the peculiar relation which the governing powers and the people bear to each other, and the opposing interests that must have influenced their motives. The entire command of the unruly and licentious military was divided between Avezzana and Garibaldi, while the whole influence of the civil government, though nominally shared with two colleagues, was centred in Mazzini. This man, a native of Genoa, and a lawyer, engaged in early life in some of those plots and conspiracies in which restless Italians are for ever dabbling, and which consigned him with so many others of his countrymen to exile or imprisonment. Having eluded the police, he established his head-quarters in London, and from thence organised that party known by the name of the ‘Giovane Italia.’ With the assistance of two branch associations, the one at Marseilles and the other at Leghorn, he directed the revolutionary movement, and corresponded with its various partisans throughout Europe. Having been defeated in an intended outbreak in the year 1837 by the vigilance of

the Austrian police, the hopes of the party began to revive towards the close of the reign of Gregory, and they were crowned with the most unexpected success in finding a coadjutor and fellow-labourer in his successor. The ill-judged amnesty published by the new Pope brought the central committee to Rome itself, and the events that have since followed were the necessary and inevitable consequence. Unfettered by any religious principles or human scruples, uniting perseverance with the spirit of intrigue, boundless vanity, and insatiable ambition, with a restless activity and a considerable share of tact in the choice of his tools, Mazzini was eminently qualified to succeed in his undertaking. Lord Beaumont calls him a ‘fanatical republican:’ not so—he is a republican because it was the only road that was open to his restless ambition, but he is *fanatical* in nothing but the belief of his own high qualities. Mazzini is a fanatic of the description of Robespierre and Danton, possessing the ambition of the first and the rapacity of the last: probably he himself may have contemplated the possibility of sharing their fate.

It is true he did not confiscate the whole landed property of the state, or erect the guillotine in the Piazza del Popolo, but for six months a system of terrorism had prevailed—forced contributions—domiciliary visits. Public robberies and open assassinations were perpetrated with applause in the name of patriotism. Sacrilege was the favourite crime, and priests had been murdered at the foot of the altars they were endeavouring to defend. It was currently believed that the vaults under the Vatican and St. Peter’s were filled with gunpowder, which on the approach of an enemy would instantly be fired. Sterbini, one of the ministers, had menaced this revenge, and was thought capable of performing his threat. The peasants who had flocked to the city, and the lower classes of townspeople, were maintained in idleness by the state, nominally as workmen, and though their stipend was paid in base coin and in paper money, yet, as a forced currency was given to these, it sufficed to procure them the coveted pittance of food and wine, and to secure their stanch adherence to a system which afforded them subsistence and licence at the expense of the peaceable and industrious. Under such circumstances, when the timid and unwarlike character of the Italians is considered, the unanimity that appeared to prevail is no longer surprising.

The invasion and occupation of the Papal states by the French were events as unexpected by the Republicans as they were

unwelcome to every class. Those who had always regarded that nation with favour, and had hitherto been protected by it, were in the possession of authority, and were *apparently* the very persons against whom the attack was directed. The priests dreaded a final and perpetual exclusion from power; the nobles could not welcome the advocates of democracy; the orderly citizens feared that the government formed by these intruders would be in fact the organisation of anarchy; the populace, demoralised by the system of state pauperism, saw with regret the end of their licentious idleness; while Garibaldi and his banditti regarded the approach of a regular army and a fixed government as the destruction of their 'occupation.' Though the French army was thus totally without allies in the city, it is more than probable that, had the General instantly advanced, a capitulation would have been offered in the first moment of surprise and consternation; the third day's march from Civita Vecchia would have brought him before the walls of Rome, and the suddenness of his appearance might have paralysed resistance. Instead of pursuing this bold course, the only one that could have immediately availed him, he lost time in proclamations, decrees, and negotiations—he suffered the underhand falsehood of his plans to be discovered; he exhibited doubt and hesitation himself, and the growing conviction of his secret correspondence with the government completed the ruin of his undertaking—leaving him and his accomplices in the condition of clumsy gamblers, who, intending to cheat, but not having agreed on the signs of their confederation, find themselves deprived of the stakes by the very means they have taken to secure them.

The French General from the first exhibited a lamentable deficiency in skill and enterprise; he was farther embarrassed by the reluctance of his troops and his dread of the heavy responsibility that rested upon him; his army, moreover, was too small to overcome the resistance that the foreign legion could oppose, supported as it was by its own desperation and the now awakened enthusiasm of the populace, whose national vanity had been as much offended at the method of his attack as it was afterwards gratified by its repulse. The exhilaration which followed this event no doubt was real, and was farther excited by the distribution of money, by inflammatory harangues, and copious draughts of wine (to which the Romans are at all times addicted), which were served by order of the trembling and

internally jealous government at the corner of every street.

We have been assured that this proposed invasion, at variance as it was with the professed principles of a vast majority of the French people, was nevertheless generally popular in France; and we can readily believe it. Every act of aggressive violence has been popular there, from the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., the devastation of the Palatinate by Louis XIV., the kidnapping of the King of Spain by Buonaparte, to the *razzias* in the territory of Morocco. We cannot but think, however, that the constituent assembly gave the minister on whom they had bestowed their confidence, credit for some better motive for his policy than that which he assigned. Far as we think 'the assertion of their dignity' would carry them, we can hardly believe they would have taxed their exhausted exchequer to furnish forth a costly expedition for no better cause. It might be difficult, moreover, to discover how the glory and dignity of France could be exalted by an attack on the states of Rome in concert with the forces of three other powers. Nor, had the restoration of the Pope been the sole object, would so great a sacrifice of money and consistency have been necessary. The Pope had been dethroned for refusing to declare war on Austria. The Roman republic had invaded the Austrian States—the two countries were at open war—neither Spain, Naples, nor France had any quarrel with Rome—the task of advancing on it and accomplishing the restoration of the Pope belonged exclusively to Austria, and had an Austrian army presented itself before the gates of Rome, the result would probably have been very different. The jealousy and the ambition of France were opposed to this natural and simple course—the *joint invasion* was the scheme of French intrigue, and the method of accomplishing *that* will furnish a very curious chapter in the future history of the diplomatic art as practised by French republicans.

It was desired to establish a permanent footing in Italy—to counterbalance Austrian influence, as it was pretended, but in reality to substitute that of France. No human being believes that a republic in France can co-exist with peace—war somewhere was felt to be inevitable, and nowhere could the struggle be commenced with fairer prospects of success and of ulterior advantage than in Italy. Whatever may be the success of the cunning scheme otherwise, its main purpose of mischief has succeeded. It has added fresh rancour to party bitterness, it

has raised the spirits of the crestfallen republicans, and delayed the peace which was all but concluded between Piedmont and Austria. It has hurried the period of general war, decided the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, and afforded a precedent for every act of future aggression and violence. Yet this measure is one which her Majesty's ministers are able to regard with perfect indifference, seeing in it neither a matter to praise nor to condemn.

It will be remembered that two years ago, when Lord Palmerston professed to believe that the Austrian cabinet entertained the purpose of interfering in the internal affairs of Rome and Piedmont, he addressed a despatch to the English Ambassador at Vienna (dated 11th September, 1847), to be communicated to the Imperial minister, in which—a tone of menace and defiance being very thinly veiled under the language of diplomatic civility—he intimated that any aggression on the rights and independence of neighbouring states ‘would not be viewed by *Great Britain* with indifference.’ He further added distinctly, ‘The integrity of the Roman states may be considered as an essential element in the political independence of the Italian peninsula; and no invasion of the territory of that state could take place without leading to consequences of great gravity and importance.’ It has since been clearly proved that his lordship's fears of Austrian interference were chimerical; but if her Majesty's ministers were so averse to any aggression on the part of Austria, which, in fact, could have made no change in the political aspect of Europe—nay, by dividing her forces, must be to Austria herself a source of weakness rather than of strength—how can we explain their indifference to a French invasion, which establishes a great and encroaching power in a part of the world from which the policy of Europe had sedulously excluded it? This ostentatious indifference, too, is the more extraordinary, since our policy in the first instance with regard to Austria was professedly guided by the fears of a French march into Italy; to prevent so great an evil we imposed our mediation on Austria, and Lord Palmerston demanded the congratulations of Parliament on the lucky expedient. We knew that we had failed in our plan of mediation—failed in supporting the King of Sardinia—failed in conciliating the love or confidence of any party in the country—but we did hope we had not failed, at least for the moment, in preventing the invasion of Italy by a French army. Yet so ungrateful are our allies for our support, so indifferent

to the wishes of our ministers, so sure do they feel of their submission, or so contemptuously do they brave their displeasure, that not only do they adopt the dreaded measure, but assign for it a reason so insolently frivolous as might well have kindled a minister less punctilious than Lord Palmerston had sometimes been pleased to show himself. All this is true—but still, it seems, they have not over-calculated our patience.

There appeared grounds at one moment for believing that our ministers were themselves ashamed and weary of a line of policy in which the country at large had long before seen nothing but meanness, degradation, and pitiable folly. In the course of a desultory debate which some questions of Lord Beaumont produced in the House of Lords on the evening of the 14th of May, we hailed, as a certain proof of this wholesome reaction, the declaration of Lord Minto that the cabinet was determined to abide by existing treaties: to which, not a little to our surprise, the Earl annexed a distinct statement that during his memorable mission he had uniformly proclaimed the resolution of the English government ‘not to encourage, tolerate, or approve of any change with respect to the territorial arrangements of the treaty of Vienna.’ Nothing, he asserted, ever fell from him which could be construed by the most eager advocates of Italian unity or ‘*of any of that sort of nonsense*’ which prevailed in some quarters, into a sanction of any attempt to expel the Austrians from Italy.

Little as this remarkable speech was in accordance with our former belief, or that of persons more deeply interested in correctly interpreting the words of the noble ambassador, we accepted it, we say, with pleasure, as the earnest, at all events, of future adherence to that policy by which alone the honour and interest of our country can be maintained. The same debate exhibited, however, a ministerial misrepresentation concerning Austria not easily to be reconciled with the amicable professions of the Lord Privy Seal. Lord Lansdowne, when he stated, in reply to a question of Lord Beaumont, that the French Government had announced the intended invasion of Italy, denied that Austria had avowed any participation in the same purpose—although, in fact, that purpose had been formally announced to Lord Palmerston by the communication of a despatch from Vienna. We need not, we are sure, say that we acquit the Marquis of Lansdowne of any personal unfairness in statement. The fact, however, that his statement on this occasion as to Austria was wholly incorrect, he himself distinctly allowed on a subsequent evening.

How are we to expound these things? Is it true—is it really true—that her Majesty's other ministers, even their dignified and responsible mouth-piece in the House of Peers—the proper head, and by far the most respected member of the Whig party—submit to let Lord Palmerston conceal from them whatever he pleases and for so long as it suits his convenience? Meantime, though Lord Lansdowne subsequently explained, the impression had been created—the candour of the Austrian Government had been impeached. And as to France—our cabinet, by its own admission, had been deceived by its honest allies, since, after all, it was only an expedition to Civita Vecchia that they had avowed, making no mention whatever of the intended occupation of Rome.

For our own parts we confess we are tired of 'diplomacy' with all its mediations, conferences, and 'explanatory papers'—we should wish to see an intelligible policy loudly proclaimed and boldly pursued—such as should at once restore us the good opinions we have forfeited on the Continent, and remove from us a load of hatred which we should have thought almost incompatible with so much contempt. The principal agent in this disastrous drama will probably not long brave the general disapprobation, nor can we envy the reflections he will take with him into involuntary retirement: The Foreign Secretary, attached in his youth to that political party which raised our country to the highest pitch of glory it has ever attained, in his maturer age has lent his various and eminent talents to destroy the fabric he helped to raise. Placed in a conspicuous situation at a moment of unparalleled difficulty, he might have been the arbitrator of Europe, the regenerator of its convulsed society. What a noble field was opened to his ambition! the hopes of European civilisation seemed to depend on the firmness of England, and her ministers were its chosen guardians: how has she fulfilled her mission, and what account can they render of their stewardship? The progress of strife, jealousy, hate, war, and anarchy in every direction around her, returns a sad reply. On the continent England is believed the avowed patroness of revolt: when a rebellious province wishes to throw off the weight of its natural allegiance, it is constantly circulated that the assistance of England would be secured if a Prince of the house of Coburg were elected to the vacant throne. When the tide of battle turns against the cause of rebellion, agents are immediately sent to demand the intervention of England; and when a capitulation is at hand, the people are promised the

speedy arrival of an English agent and a French admiral (an ominous conjunction!), who will enforce an armistice on the victor. Our efforts at mediation have served but to deepen animosity, our protection to countenance treachery. The appearance of an English agent is the prelude to disappointment and disaster. Yet so perverse has been our national diplomacy under the direction of the noble lord, that the cause of havoc, in general prosperous, has been finally unsuccessful only where his active endeavours had been used to promote it. The Pope, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Sardinia, whose follies he encouraged and whose ambition he abetted, have fallen; while Austria, whose distress he mocked and whose cause he deserted, has signally triumphed.\* We have heard of an Oriental imprecation, 'May the blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, be upon you:'—surely the good offices of the noble lord have been equally fatal to his clients!

To counterbalance all his mistakes and all his misfortunes, the Foreign Secretary can only reiterate the boast of his French alliance. At the commencement of his career as foreign minister, he attempted and for a time affected a closer union than had for ages existed between the governments of France and England: but he is, we presume, the last man to look back with satisfaction on that chapter of our story. It was a line of policy that had ever been equally unpopular in the country and unfortunate in its results. Charles II., with an obsequiousness of which there was no previous example, and of which till within the last

\* Venice is an exception; and why? In Venice the rebellious resistance has been prolonged solely by the obstinate breach of international law in which the governments of England and France persist. Ample time was given to the natives of both countries to retire before the blockade, which had so long been threatened, was at length enforced. In spite of the remonstrances of the Austrian authorities, three French vessels of war, the *Pluton*, *Solon*, and *Brasier*, remain at anchor off the Piazzetta, while the war-steamer, the *Panama*, with a merchantman, lies off the Lido. The English vessel, the *Ardent*, is anchored off the gardens. Upon these vessels the property of the members of the government and their friends is already secured; and on board of them their persons also will find an asylum, should the city, which they have exposed to the dangers of a storm, be taken without having capitulated. The garrison, desperate, if not courageous, has nothing to expect from submission, and the members of government, having secured impunity, find their advantage in prolonging their precarious hold of office with its emoluments; meantime the city is exposed to the double danger of a capture by assault, and of being previously plundered by its own defenders, who openly declare that in any case the enemy shall not have the cream of the pillage.

year there has been no imitation, was prevailed on to join a French alliance, and the ruin of the Dutch was its object. Holland found her De Ruyter, as Austria has found her Radetsky, and triumphed over her baffled enemies amidst the applause of nations. We need not dwell on the scorn which Charles II. encountered—yet we much doubt whether England had so much reason to dread the ambition of Louis XIV. as the cause of monarchy has to fear from the successes of Republican France.

We have detailed the intrigues which led to the invasion of the papal states at some length, not to expose the duplicity of French Revolutionists, but simply to point out the imbecility of that policy which seeks a close and confidential connexion with them. The affairs of Naples afford a still more striking illustration. After the joint endeavours of the French and English fleets had failed in stirring up rebellion in the continental kingdom, they sailed to Sicily, where discontent had always existed, and where the French revolution had excited an insurrection such as no efforts could effect at Naples. An ample field was furnished for mediation, dictation, and interference, and all the resources of diplomacy were exhausted in every form of official insolence, from the grandiloquent and haughty assumption of the chief secretary in Downing street, down to the vulgar impertinence of a vice-consul's deputy in a small Sicilian seaport. Two volumes of unequal bulk, but of tedious monotony, contain this official correspondence, bearing ample testimony to the forbearance and courtesy of the Neapolitan authorities, and to the harshness with which they were answered. We are too well accustomed to the mingled meanness and insolence with which our diplomacy has recently been conducted, to feel astonishment at any exhibition of them, however flagrant. We see, however, with surprise as well as regret, that the same ungenerous course has been adopted by some of our naval commanders employed during this disastrous contest. To excuse and account for this general hostility towards the Neapolitan crown it was necessary that some cause of complaint should be alleged; but never, we think, was so frivolous a list of grievances presented to an ill-used and persecuted government. The Sicilian rebels who had invaded Calabria, and had been compelled by the hostility of the natives of that province to retreat, were captured by a Neapolitan vessel, which used the common *ruse de guerre* of hoisting English colours to effect her purpose. This '*profanation*'—as it is termed in the official communications—of

the British flag is made the subject of an angry, or rather, we should say, an insulting correspondence with the Neapolitan government. It is pretended also that the rights of British jurisdiction were invaded by the capture of the vessel within three miles of the island of Corfu. The commander of the Neapolitan war steam-vessel pleads in his defence the general custom in similar cases of hoisting foreign colours, and in his clear and ingenuous account of the transaction he asserts that the British ensign was lowered before he fired on his prize, and that the capture was made at a considerable distance from shore. Lord Napier, declining to admit the truth of this explanation, or to seek one from the governor of the Ionian Isles, desires to have access to the prisoners themselves for the purpose of ascertaining their opinion as to the legality of their own capture; he further demands for the rebels the privilege of being considered as prisoners of war; and he requires that certain individuals among them, *professing* to be natives of Malta and the Ionian Islands, shall at once be given up to the British authorities.\* It

\* Compare a despatch from Vice Admiral Sir William Parker to the Secretary of the Admiralty—dated, Hibernia, Castellamare, Aug. 14, 1848.

\*\*\* I have received answers from Lord Seaton, stating that the two vessels with the Sicilian troops on board returning from Calabria were captured on the 11th ultimo, from eight to ten miles distant from Corfu, which *completely refutes the assertion of many of the Sicilian prisoners*, that they were seized within swimming distance of that island, and the impression that the territory protected by Her Majesty's forces had thereby been violated.—The Ionian subject who was taken in one of the vessels *was voluntarily given up by the Neapolitan government on the 11th instant*, and received on board the Bull-dog; but as his evidence is now positively contradicted, I shall send him to Corfu or Malta by the first opportunity to be set at liberty.

We are sorry not to produce a more favourable specimen of the sense of justice and the diplomatic courtesy of Lord Napier than we must now do by giving some extracts from his despatch relating to this matter. After having recommended Prince Cariat to treat his prisoners with great humanity (a precaution that was perfectly useless, since a letter of Lord Napier's own, and another of Captain Robb's, bear testimony to the kindness with which the rebels had always been treated), he adds, that, should there be any ground for complaint, it would become a matter of painful notoriety and comment:—'*a strong expression of public feeling would be raised in Great Britain, and Her Majesty's government could scarcely fail to notice it.*'

In a letter to Lord Palmerston, dated Aug. 4, 1848, he gives an account of Dionisio Cavallaro, the worthy subject of Her Britannic Majesty in whose behalf the British fleet had assumed an hostile '*attitude*' in the Bay of Naples:—'*He is a native of Zante, and not of Malta as was first believed; is the son of a small farmer in that island*



will hardly be a matter of surprise to our readers that some of these demands provoked objections from his Sicilian Majesty's ministers, irritated, moreover, by an act of '*inadvertence*' in an English naval officer in styling their sovereign 'King of Naples' in an official communication to the minister of war. The spirited but measured remonstrance of Prince Cariati is afterwards made the excuse for the hostile 'attitude,' as Lord Napier terms it, of the British fleet before the town of Naples. On the 30th of July, 1848, Admiral Parker arrives with the British squadron in the Bay of Naples to demand satisfaction and redress of grievances from the government at their own proper peril. In the letter of this commander to the Secretary of the Admiralty, he details his causes of complaint, and explains his intentions. One of the principal grievances had already been redressed—the forced loan to which British residents were expected to contribute had been abandoned. An apology had been made for the use of the British flag, and a promise given that a similar stratagem should not be repeated. On this subject, however, the Lords of the Admiralty have given an opinion decidedly favourable to the Neapolitan government. In a letter from their secretary, dated Aug. 7, 1848, it is stated 'that the practice of using the flags of other nations being constantly adopted *by our own cruizers* in time of war, my lords do not think there can be any well-grounded cause of complaint in the present instance.' Under such circumstances we cannot but think that the hostile demonstration should have been spared; but the homely proverb says true—a stick is easily found to beat a dog—and other complaints were advanced even yet more frivolous and unsubstantial. A musket-shot, it seems, had reached the brig

and took service in the army of the King of Greece. *Having deserted* those colours, he fled to Malta, and finding no occupation he passed to Messina in the month of March last, where he was employed in drilling the Sicilian troops. He declares, in conformity with all the Sicilians whom I have been able to reach, that the trabacolo at least was *taken within swimming distance* of the shore; but he can only state on hearsay that the larger ship was in the Ionian waters at the time of its surrender, and that the first shot was fired by the Stromboli under British colours. Considering the at least doubtful manner of the capture of the trabacolo, the previous liberation of a *French subject* arrested at the same time, and the *violation of the Neapolitan penal laws* in his imprisonment for twenty-three days without examination or trial, I am inclined to avail myself of the offer of the Neapolitan government to *liberate him*, and I shall state my readiness to accept him, if I find Sir W. Parker of the same opinion, *although on his own confession he has been guilty of a serious offence.*'

'Edward Barnet,' in the Bay of Messina, and the offender was declared to be amongst the garrison of Fort Salvatore.\* In vain had the general commanding denied that the shot had proceeded from the fort, or had been sanctioned by him or any in authority under him; his assurances are disregarded, and satisfaction is formally demanded.

'These circumstances, my lord,' proceeds the admiral, in detailing his grievances unto the willing ears of Lord Napier, 'indicate a disposition on the part of the Neapolitan government to treat slightly the respect due to the British flag and the British subjects in the Neapolitan dominions which cannot possibly be submitted to. It places me, my lord, most unwillingly, in the unpleasant position of appearing before Naples with her Majesty's squadron, without feeling myself at liberty to offer a salute to the Neapolitan flag until the proceedings complained of are abandoned or satisfactorily explained.'

The admiral's list of grievances was not yet exhausted; he observes, in a letter addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty, dated two days after that already alluded to, that—

'He understands from Lord Napier that the Neapolitan government's communications to him have lately been made in an unpleasant, if not rude tone; and until we have satisfactory explanations on the points that are still open, he has declined offering a national salute to the Neapolitan flag.'

We think our readers will feel a curiosity to see the expressions of the Sicilian ministers which gave such deep offence as to render 'hostile demonstration' necessary. On one occasion they had cavilled at the word 'respectable' being applied to the Sicilian bands which invaded Calabria, composed for the most part of convicts and galley-slaves, though conducted by men from whose birth and situation better conduct might have been expected. On another, Prince Cariati writes to Lord Napier under the date of July 17, 1848, that

'He finds it his unpleasant duty to call the attention of the Chargé d'Affaires to the fact that in Captain Codrington's letter his majesty the King is named by a title different from that by which he is recognized by all the sovereigns in Europe, and sanctioned by all existing treaties. The King's government are willing to attribute this proceeding to mistake; but it will

\* It must be remembered that the town was at this time full of armed peasants and foreign bands, and that the idle and mischievous part of the population were exercising their newly acquired privilege of carrying arms with all the zeal and less than the discretion of a froward schoolboy on the 1st of September.

be their duty to adopt those measures which they may deem expedient in support of the rights and honour of the sovereign of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies should such a mistake be repeated.'

In another despatch, dated July 19, 1848, when objecting to the Sicilian prisoners being interrogated by the Chargé d'Affaires and an officer of the British navy, *before* they have been examined by their natural judges,—

'Such a demand,' he observes, 'to a free and independent government, is, in the opinion of the undersigned, unprecedented. The King's government could not consent thereto without derogating from its own rights, and without a grievous offence against the inviolability and impartiality of existing laws. And moreover, should the Chargé d'Affaires and Captain Codrington, contrary to all rule, call in question the veracity of the statement of a respectable officer of the King's navy as being an interested party in the affair, how could they repose implicit confidence in the words of the accused, who have naturally an evident interest in narrating facts in the sense most favourable to themselves, and different from the account of the commander of the *Stromboli*, and in stating that which is not true, so as to secure still more the protection of the British agents? On the principle of reciprocity, the undersigned would also have the right to demand from Lord Napier and Captain Codrington the sources from whence they derive their information respecting the course pursued by the commander of the *Stromboli* in capturing the Sicilians, as there is good reason to suppose that they proceed from persons who under divers pretexts, or to satisfy their private passions, are interested in exerting themselves in the Sicilian cause.'

To counterbalance these grievances, the Neapolitan Government has to complain that, besides the open and notorious hostility of the British legation, and of the officers of the British squadron, the Sicilians were encouraged, if not directed, by British subjects in their resistance to their legitimate sovereign; that the offer of the crown of Sicily had been made to the Duke of Genoa by means of a British man-of-war; and that the flag of the rebels had been formally recognized and saluted with royal honours;\* that the army of the King, our Sovereign's ally, had been arrested in its career of conquest by the joint intervention of France and

England, and an armistice enforced under the most offensive pretext of the cruelty of the Neapolitan troops. All this is strictly and undeniably true, and every iota is proved by the official documents, yet neither apology nor explanation is offered to the aggrieved government—nay, it is still further insulted by this publication of papers in which it is charged with tyranny and wanton cruelty. We never remember to have seen a case so ill 'got up' as these alleged 'atrocities' of the Neapolitans in Sicily. In one respect, however, it gives us sincere pleasure: we had no idea that war—civil war—could be carried on with so small an amount of loss. How little is proved, even if the exaggerated accounts of consuls, vice-consuls, and their deputies, were all admitted without abatement! But these gentlemen well knew the nature of the 'information' that was expected from them, and they exhibited a most confiding good faith in admitting the truth of whatever statement was made by the favoured party. Would they, we ask, have accepted the word of their informers in these important matters for the weight and value of a chest of green oranges? We are astonished, moreover, that our ministers should wish to exaggerate the extent of mischief which, be it much or little, is attributable only to themselves. Is it not clear to demonstration that the submission of Catania, Syracuse, and the whole eastern coast, would have followed the capture of Messina, but for the armistice imposed on the victors by the French and English squadrons?

Besides the official communications, which are sufficiently bulky, although elaborately *cooked* for the public digestion, these volumes are swelled to an unnatural size by the letters, notes, memorandums, and journals of various *amateurs*, travellers, and residents, who, finding themselves somewhat at a loss for occupation, tried their hands at diplomacy—all, to their best ability, contributing to the embarrassment of the Neapolitan government and to the propagation of falsehood. Is it astonishing that the Neapolitan cabinet should have misconceived their motives, and attributed what really proceeded from individual folly or love of mischief to something like a national plot for gaining possession of Sicily? Lord Palmerston is obliged to address a circular despatch (dated March 15, 1848) to repudiate any such intention. The Neapolitan government will now, we are certain, do him justice; they cannot suppose he has designs of acquisitive ambition as to *all* the countries in the internal affairs of which he has meddled, to fan the flames of discord, and promote the cause of rebellion. These documents have ap-

\* Captain Key, in a despatch, dated July 11, 1848, informs the vice-admiral 'that, as the King of Sardinia had expressed his readiness to accept the crown for his son, he deemed it his duty to publish this recognition without delay by saluting the Sicilian flag with 21 guns at 6 A.M., which was returned by the castle. The French 90-gun ship *Inflexible* saluted the Sicilian flag this morning at 10 30 A.M.'

peared, however, at a propitious moment ; and all who read them (particularly the statesmen and legislators for whose information they are published) will learn to place a juster value upon republican consistency and Italian patriotism. There appears throughout the whole of this correspondence a total want of that candour and good faith which we believe to be as essential to the management of international affairs as to those of a private nature. We regret to see that with the French alliance we have adopted their diplomacy also ; we detect, with a like concern, the imitation of our neighbours in their method of communicating with feebler states. We would willingly see that lofty and indignant style in which the Neapolitan cabinet is rebuked, reserved for some more important occasion, and some more powerful nation by whom our friendship has been scorned and our interests disregarded.

We have often heard the neglect and indolence of our diplomatic agents condemned and deplored ; we do not share in such regrets ; we would gladly see our public servants in the Mediterranean resume those habits of careless apathy so much less injurious to the public service than the pernicious activity infused by Lord Napier into his subordinates. Our gallant admirals and captains will, we trust, abandon diplomacy, and confine themselves in future to that profession where their exertions are sure to be creditable to themselves and their country.\*

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\* We do not need to be reminded that we have had naval diplomatists of illustrious ability—such was Collingwood for one. Nor need we say how strongly we partake in the general admiration excited *everywhere* by the humane skill of a distinguished naval officer during the late insurrection at Genoa. The preservation of thousands of lives, and even of the edifices of that beautiful city, is owing altogether to the personal gallantry, discretion, and humanity of the Earl of Hardwicke, whose ship, the *Vengeance* 74, happened to be in the bay. The public will probably never be made fully acquainted with the merit of Lord Hardwicke's conduct on this occasion, the risks he ran, and the difficulties of every kind that he had to contend with. We all know the fortunate result, but he himself would be the last to relate the individual traits of courage and ability by which it was brought about. We have seen more than one letter from Genoa, from which we gather that his Lordship, seeing that the destruction of the city was inevitable if some capitulation could not be effected, volunteered a visit to the Provisional Government, in which, with (as we believe) no other instructions than his own good sense and humanity, and no more credentials than his British epaulettes, he offered his personal mediation between the parties ; and, after several *trajets* made under a hot fire from both sides, and with a great deal of personal risk, and on at least one occasion a personal conflict, he succeeded in obtaining the consent of both parties to a convention

Lord Napier is clever—he possesses the pen of a ready writer: he is young, and will learn the error of his recent conduct by the signal failure that has attended it, and by the universal condemnation of his countrymen. It is possible to serve a cause too well, an employer too eagerly ; and in spite of the official approbation that all his smart blunders have received, we cannot but suspect that, had he been less of a partisan, he would have afforded his employer much sounder information, and, though he might have pleased less at the moment, secured a more permanent title to his gratitude. He will make wise reflection, we have no doubt, and will in future call to mind that sage advice of the late Prince Talleyrand to the young diplomatist, ‘*et surtout, monsieur, point de zèle.*’

It is obvious that Lord Palmerston from the first was deceived both as to the powers of resistance on the part of the Sicilian rebels and the powers of coercion on that of the King's Government. His agents, in conveying only the information they thought he desired to receive, are really the cause of his failure, and of the ridiculous and humiliating position in which he has placed himself and his too submissive colleagues. In every page of these ample volumes there is proof of the utter ignorance of the English officials as to the state of the country and the feelings of the people amongst whom they were living. It is assumed that the person of the King—(whose imputed crimes increased regularly as the newspapers brought tidings of fresh revolutions)—was universally odious in Sicily—that he did not possess the means of recovering his revolted provinces—that to secure even a nominal sovereignty it was necessary to make such concessions as must inevitably have hastened civil war, and

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drawn up by himself. His greatest difficulty was with the Provisional Government, amongst whom there were some very hot-headed men who were desirous of holding out, principally, it is supposed, with the hope of obtaining either an amnesty for themselves personally or time to escape ; and it is reported that some very violent scenes occurred through which Lord Hardwicke managed to steer with great moderation and good humour. But it is said that on one occasion, when the storm of debate was at the highest, his quieting influence was very much strengthened by the arrival of a sudden and very unexpected auxiliary, in the shape of a bomb-shell, which thundered in through the wall of the council-chamber and exploded in the opposite wall of the ante-room. It was wonderful, says one of the letters, how suddenly the arrival of this messenger stilled the stormy voices and subdued the violent gesticulations of the war party, and particularly when, in the silent consternation that followed the crash, Lord Hardwicke coolly said, ‘*Poo, poo ! 'tis only a shell ; but we had better make haste, for there will be more coming.*’

alienated all the loyal and spirited servants of the Crown. This pernicious counsel is intruded on the King and his Ministers by his foreign advisers, with varied expressions—but all equally contemptuous towards himself, his army, and his country. These officious insinuations deepen in insolence as misfortunes cloud over the throne, and degenerate into absolute threats when the King is menaced in his capital. The presence of the French fleet added to the embarrassments of the sovereign; and the reproaches, sinister prophecies, and unwarrantable exigencies of his turbulent allies might well have goaded a more patient nature to despair. Never was so signal a triumph afforded. After a series of persecutions and ill-treatment such as finds no parallel in the history of *English* diplomacy—in spite of the united efforts of the French and English fleets, the moral and actual support they both afforded the rebellion, the approbation which the insurgents received from the French Government, the assistance of the Red Republicans from all the disturbed districts of the Continent, the encouragement of the English cabinet, and of all the clubs and secret societies of revolutionized Europe—this traduced and injured Prince \* has reconquered his dominions, reduced his rebellious provinces, and re-entered his Sicilian capital amidst the undisguised joy of his population. In turning over the pages of the 'Blue-Book,' we cannot but think Lord Palmerston must ask himself the question—'Where is this immortal resistance so often promised—those mountains of slain that were to bar the entrance of Palermo on the Neapolitan army—the citizens seeking a voluntary death, and surrendering nothing but heaps of ashes to their baffled conquerors?' Such was the fustian repeated in Sicily at popular meetings, on

platforms, and in rebel proclamations—such were the communications conveyed in the formal jargon of official despatches—and such was the information of the noble Secretary retailed with all the rhetorical embellishment he could command to the House of Commons. The sober truth is behind.

The contest so long kept alive by foreign intervention was drawing to a close. The folly of the Sicilian rebels rejected the terms which their sovereign offered, and which their mediators and protectors could not affect to disapprove. The wiles of diplomacy were fairly exhausted—all negotiation was closed—and the British fleet, so long dragged in the wake of our French ally, was reluctantly obliged to depart. The success of the royal army was certain, and the relief of the oppressed population was at hand.

The resistance offered by the foreign bands at Catania and Syracuse was rapidly overcome—the good conduct and discipline of the royal forces, the repentance of the people, and the dread of their self-elected *deliverers*, secured a welcome, sincere and undisguised, to the Neapolitan army. At Palermo the populace felt the growing influence—*enthusiasm* had lost its vogue, and reason demanded a hearing. The governing giunta, too deeply compromised to propose a treaty or to hope for pardon, dissolved itself; and the individuals who had composed it secured their safety by a timely flight to the vessels of their departing allies, who had so fatally deceived them; while the people loudly demanded that a capitulation should save their city from the consequences of their contumacy. At Palermo as at Messina, Rome, Genoa, and Venice—in short, wherever resistance has been offered—the strength of the revolution lay in the foreign legions, the Poles, French, Swiss, &c. It was these men that now opposed the general wish, insisted on continued resistance, and menaced the government which had begun to treat. The French fleet was still in the Bay of Palermo—excuses had been found for lingering after the departure of their British allies—and, the coast once clear, the moment seemed favourable for the renewal of negotiation. The mediation then which had been jointly offered, and jointly withdrawn, is *singly* renewed—and the evil we were most anxious to avoid is incurred. The French, unfettered by the presence of allies, are enabled to afford that substantial support which the 'perfidious Albion' had hitherto prevented. The plot, indeed, did not succeed; but its failure is to be attributed neither to our own exertions nor the repentance of our allies, but simply to the good faith, good sense, and sincerity of the much-abused King of the Sicilies. The tumult

\* We are happy to have a contradiction under Lord Napier's own hand (no very favourable witness) of the participation of the King and his ministers in the massacre of his people on the 15th of May, 1848. In a despatch addressed to Lord Palmerston, dated Naples, July 19, 1848, he says, 'The Sicilians shared the error which was general throughout Italy, that in the convulsion at Naples the King was the first aggressor and the slaughterer of his people; and that all the provinces would rise and destroy his government. In vain they were warned to the contrary.'

However skillfully documents are selected, suppressed, and arranged, enough will appear to throw light on the truth, and to expose the weak, the mean, and the guilty. We never perused a piece of our national history with the shame and confusion these documents have inspired. They are very instructive, however; detection immediately follows deception; and we trust the punishment of tyranny and duplicity is not far off. We need ask, in fact, for no other evidence against the Italian policy of our foreign minister than his own despatches and those of his agents.

that the mercenary soldiers had raised meantime could not be appeased—the Government was again changed—the deputies who had sought the camp of Prince Satriano were recalled, and a defiance instead of a capitulation was offered him. The new government appeared to acquiesce in these measures, and invited the martial commanders to assemble their troops for a *sortie* on the advancing Neapolitans. It was impossible to refuse. No sooner, however, had the expedition departed than the National Guard was beat to arms, the gates were closed, the streets were filled with the applauding populace, while the white flag was raised, and a fresh deputation despatched to the royal commander with the offer of an unconditional surrender. The rebel force gave way on every side, or fell a prey to the Neapolitan soldiers, till Prince Satriano stopped the carnage and granted quarter to all who threw down their arms. His entry into Palermo was greeted by thousands; and the re-establishment of legitimate authority was celebrated with more sincere approbation than that proclamation of the Duke of Genoa as King, which melted the tenderness and excited the admiration of the official partisans of Downing-street. The rebellion we had fostered was quelled—the prince we had oppressed was triumphant—the allies we had trusted had betrayed us.

From such a humiliating position let us hope, if we can, to be extricated by the revived patriotism of our Foreign Secretary. If this be too much, let us at least cherish hopes that the minister who so deeply resented being outwitted in a Spanish intrigue by the minions and cubiculars of the queen-mother's bedchamber (the most creditable event, we think, in his recent career), will not endure the still more galling contempt with which his alliance is treated—and that a sense of disappointment and mortification, if we must look for no better motive, will induce a return to that policy by which our country prospered amidst the respect and confidence of all honest governments and loyal nations.

The cordial sympathy that was felt and expressed by the British public when it was first understood that the Italians were anxious for constitutional and administrative reforms, arose from the strong wish to share with others the blessings of our own freedom, and from a very natural ignorance of the grievances complained of, and of the motives and intentions of the reformers—an ignorance that was shared by a large portion of the legislators of both houses of parliament, and by all her Majesty's ministers. It is, however, singular that these last, having

been led to embrace a common error, should not change their opinion, and with it their policy, when the Italian reformers themselves have cast aside the mask, and avowed openly the most daring doctrines of Socialism. In Piedmont, Tuscany, and Rome, the constitutions granted were based on the broadest principles of democratic freedom; yet in the first of these the new chamber was bent on subverting the monarchy, and, after having provoked a hopeless war, was prevented from accomplishing its purpose only by a hasty dissolution; and in each of the others, without the excuse of foreign opposition or domestic treason, the constitutions have been trampled under foot, while the sovereign, against whom no accusation had been brought, was driven by violence from his capital, and in both instances dictators forthwith established a system founded on terrorism, and supported by pillage.

Those who were well acquainted with the country could not be misled by the flattering pictures presented by the advocates of innovation, and our desire to dispel an amiable but very dangerous prejudice induced us to risk the temporary unpopularity that is ever the fate of those who propound unwelcome truths. The real evil which the Italians might have to complain of in absolute and irresponsible governments was the pretence rather than the motive for discontent. The progress of socialist and communist doctrines in the peninsula was the true cause, and the demagogues who promulgated them were the real actors; the mortified vanity of a dissolute nobility, and the popular delusion of *nationality*, were the springs that were set in action, and the confiding facility of the Pope and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany were the weapons which the anarchists wielded with equal skill and success.

If our ministers *remained* in ignorance of the truth, however, their ignorance was perverse. In a despatch, dated as far back as August 2, 1847, Prince Metternich had given them a clear explanation:—

‘L’Italie centrale est livrée à un mouvement révolutionnaire, à la tête duquel se trouvent placés les chefs des sectes qui depuis des années ont miné les états de la Péninsule. Sous la bannière de réformes administratives, à l’introduction desquelles le nouveau Souverain de Rome s’est livré par suite d’un indubitable sentiment de bienveillance pour son peuple, les factieux paralysent l’action légale du pouvoir, et cherchent à consommer une œuvre qui, pour répondre à leurs vues subversives, ne pourrait point rester circonscrite, ni dans les limites de l’état de l’Eglise ni dans celles d’aucun des Etats qui dans leur ensemble composent la Péninsule Italienne. Ce à quoi visent les sectes, c’est à la fusion de ces Etats en un seul corps politique, ou pour le

moins en une Fédération d'Etats placée sous la conduite d'un pouvoir central suprême. La monarchie Italienne n'entre pas dans leurs plans; abstraction faite des utopies d'un Radicalisme avancé qui les anime, une raison pratique doit les détourner de l'idée d'une Italie monarchique; le roi possible de cette monarchie n'existe pas ni au delà, ni en deçà des Alpes. C'est vers la création d'une république vraisemblablement Fédérative, à l'instar de celle de l'Amérique du Nord et de la Suisse, que tendent leurs efforts.\*

To this prophetic warning, given before the French revolution had opened the eyes of less acute politicians, Lord Palmerston replied in a tone of contemptuous banter, unfitting his own station and that of the Austrian statesman, and most unfitting the importance of the occasion. The inextricable confusion of the present moment is a sufficient condemnation of his lordship's policy, and the completest justification of the Austrian minister.

At the moment when the Italian cause is abandoned by all but the English Government, and when some of its members even are compelled to retract or modify their opinions, Lord Beaumont comes forward as the advocate for Italian democracy—the apologist of the demagogues, the supporter of their schemes. We shall hold ourselves dispensed from a minute examination of his boy-like rhapsodies. As a Roman Catholic, we might have supposed him aware that Pius IX. has it not in his power to sanction the separation of his spiritual and temporal functions; that the union of both was settled at the Council of Trent, and that the Popes on their accession take an oath to preserve both inviolate. Neither shall we waste much time in proving the impracticability of his plan of replacing him 'in all the pomp of his spiritual sovereignty at the Vatican,' and there permitting him to hold consistories, proclaim edicts, and fulminate excommunications, 'while the civil and military powers are lodged in the hands of some prince, president, or senator, who governs independently of him in the Capitol' (p. 43). The scheme of double sovereignty and divided allegiance was tried some time ago, we believe, at Brentford; but we do not think the harmony of the two sovereigns was such as to recommend a repetition of the experiment.

To those more capable of serious argu-

\* Correspondence between the British and Austrian Governments, laid before Parliament by her Majesty's command, February, 1848.

Lord Palmerston was not aware, when he made this tardy, uncandid, and garbled publication, that he was only proving the political sagacity of the Austrian premier, and the excess of his own ignorant presumption.

ment who maintain the possibility of separating the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope, we would point out some of the more obvious inconveniences. It is not desirable that the guardianship of the person of the spiritual director of the whole Roman Catholic world should be intrusted to any lay sovereign. Buonaparte saw the advantage that would accrue from it to himself, and he entertained the project of establishing the seat of the œumenical bishop in Paris, where he would nominate him (as he affirmed Charlemagne did) to his office, and himself guide him in the administration of it. Without supposing in present times the possibility of an usurpation so flagrant, we do not see by what machinery the independence of the Pope can be secured, excepting by the union of some temporal power with the spiritual jurisdiction. A large pension subscribed by the great Catholic states, which has been suggested, could not secure it, as he would hold the means of subsistence upon the caprice of princes or ministers, who might at any time delay or withhold it at pleasure. Bossuet, who had given the subject a consideration perhaps as acute as Lord Beaumont, thus states his conclusion:—

'It is ordained,' says he in his *Treatise on the Doctrines of the Catholic Church*, 'that the Church should be independent in all its temporal affairs, and that the common centre to which all the faithful look for the unity of their religion should be placed in a situation above the partialities which the different interests and jealousies of states might occasion. The Church, independent in its head of all temporal powers, finds itself in a situation to exercise more freely for the common good and protection of Christendom its Heavenly power of ruling the mind, and it holds the balance amidst a diversity of empires often in a state of hostility; it maintains unity in all its parts, sometimes by inflexible decrees, sometimes by sage concessions.'

Our readers will not suppose we are the advocates of Romanism, because we can neither suppress it nor abolish its scheme of spiritual government, and because we desire that the vast power which its supreme pontiffs have hitherto exercised, and will again exercise, on the destinies of mankind, may be wielded for the preservation of peace and for the protection of morality, and not for the dissemination of violence and anarchy. We utterly disbelieve in the alienation of the affections of the subjects of the papal states—but if their affections *are* alienated, it is not from the *priest*, but from the prince; in other words, because the doctrines of the Socialists have prevailed. The real truth however is, that terror pre-

vents the free declaration of public opinion. The Roman hierarchy is singularly popular in its formation ; its highest honours are open to the ambition of the lowest who enter its ranks. The College of cardinals is not, as Lord Palmerston supposes, *self-elected* (see *Corresp. on Affairs of Rome*, p. 3): they are nominated by the Pope in Consistory ; nor is it true that the majority of the college is composed of men of wealth or high birth. At the same time there is in the system a good check against vulgar democracy. As many of the principal families in the states place a son in the church, who with conduct may attain a place in the sacred college, they have a direct influence in the nomination of a pope : and thus the origin of his power may be said to depend on a broader basis of public opinion throughout the territory than that of any other sovereign now reigning.

We do Lord Beaumont the justice of supposing him ignorant of the real nature of the cause which he thinks proper to advocate, of the effects it produces in the country, and of the state of misery now existing, and which he seems so desirous of perpetuating. In his speech on the 14th of May, before alluded to, he professes to deplore the murder of Count Rossi, and at the same time he exculpates all those persons who rose to power by its perpetration, of any participation in the crime. We know not what *private* information he possesses—but this we know, that the voice of all Italy declares the deed to have been decreed in the clubs of which these men were the founders and chief orators ; and Sterbini, one of the ministers under the Triumvirate, certainly constituted himself its apologist in the newspaper which he edited, and to whose most rancorous articles he affixed his signature. But for this state of ignorance we should be astonished that any English gentleman should proclaim himself the advocate of a set of men who rose to power on murder, and who support themselves there by plunder and sacrilege ; we should be still more surprised at the forbearance with which he was listened to, if we did not attribute both to the same cause. The accounts, in fact, which reach the English public, are necessarily meagre. The foreign newspapers, always mendacious, durst not reveal the truth, even if they had no direct interest in concealing it ; but when newspaper editors are ministers of state and dictators, what information can be expected from the press ? The foreign correspondents of our own newspapers also write under a considerable degree of restraint. Their ignorance of the country and of its language too often makes them rely upon those who

are interested in deceiving them.\* Their persons and occupation are known, and should unwelcome truths be published through their means, their position would certainly become unpleasant, and possibly dangerous. The prejudices and predilections which they take out with them long continue to blind them, while the political opinions of their employers often fetter them still further. In spite of what may be denied or concealed, we can assure our readers that the state of misery to which Rome had been sunk by the tyranny of the Triumvirs and the organised banditti who supported and in turn tyrannised over them, was such that a speedy reaction in favour of legitimate government was inevitable, when the invasion of the French alarmed the cautious, and enlisted all the strong passions of a loose and idle population in favour of anarchy. Till now the Romans themselves had taken small part in the quarrel of which their city was the last refuge—their military service was bounded by a disorderly parade, or the more agreeable pastime of displaying their picturesque uniforms in the streets and coffee-houses. The upper classes were tired of the daily renewed exactions, under the name of voluntary loans and patriotic contributions. Crime had increased to an enormous amount, and the populace was becoming daily more demoralised as the means of existence became scarcer, and the advance of famine more rapid.

In the fresh complication to which the French invasion has given rise, it is more difficult than ever to foresee the course of events : that the fate of Italy is ultimately to depend on the rabble of Paris,† as Lord

\* An exception must undoubtedly be made for the correspondent of the 'Times,' who wrote from Naples and Sicily during the late contest. His views from the first were clear and just. He always had early and correct information, and his able letters contributed largely to disabuse the public of many a gross misconception.

† It seems certain, however, that the conduct of the general commanding the force was wholly influenced by the news that reached him from Paris, and in no way by the instructions he had originally received, or the obligations he had contracted with his allies. The armistice between the French and the Romans was signed without any reference to the King of Naples, who had advanced towards Rome in accordance with the terms of the treaty. He was attacked by the Romans during the armistice ; and in the absence of all confidence in the honour and good faith of the French commander, he could feel no certainty that the arms of his ally would not be turned against himself. To repair the original error of his advance, a retreat was his only course. The arrival of Lord Napier on the field of action is believed both at Rome and in the Neapolitan camp to have exasperated the animosity of both parties, and to have furnished our young envoy himself with a fresh opportunity of exhibiting his hostility towards the King of the Two Sicilies. It is believed,



Beaumont has a pleasure in asserting, we will not believe; but the destinies of those who can neither obey nor resist will ever be in the hands of strangers. There never was a period where the future looked more gloomily on the peninsula:

'Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy.'

The spread of communist doctrines and the spirit of insubordination are new in that region, and must present a fatal barrier against any permanent or satisfactory settlement. We are not cheered in the contemplation of this prospect by the plan suggested by Lord Beaumont for the pacification of the peninsula and its final government. 'To avoid the dangers of a republic (p. 41) and the arrogance of a metropolitan mob, to promote brotherly affection and the unity of the provinces on a permanent basis, and yet to prevent the evils of centralisation, and at the same time to gratify the wishes of the people for self-government,' he proposes

'To create and restore at Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, Faenza, Ferrara, and Rome republican institutions, or rather, well-developed municipal governments; they have all once been capitals, and still possess the reminiscences of self-government. Each city should have its separate chamber, with its president and its ministers and executive committee; they would manage their own affairs, and, exhausting their energies on municipal disputes, they would never desire to interfere with the central government, which would be presided over by a stadtholder, with responsible ministers, and managed by a diet or *worort* sitting alternately at Bologna, Florence, and Rome.'

For the office of stadtholder, he adds, 'justice as well as interest points out the Duke of Tuscany as the fittest person.'

We believe there is a vast portion of our countrymen who earnestly wish that our members of Parliament would content them-

we hope erroneously, that, while he urged the Triumvirs not to treat with the French, and recommended the retreat of the Neapolitans, he advised the Romans to attack the retreating army. The result of that attack at Palestrina was unsuccessful, although a victory was proclaimed at Rome and trumpeted through Europe by the Radical press; and at Velletri, where the Romans were represented as completely victorious, the King continued his retreat without interruption, after a very slight skirmish in which the advantage, such as it was, remained with his own troops. While we profess to disbelieve the extent of the mischief produced by the uncalled-for visit of Lord Napier, we should be glad to hear what really was the nature of a mission which could only exercise an evil influence on the state of affairs, and give rise to hopes which neither he nor his employer could have the power of realising.

selves with our own struggling population at home, and the distracted condition to which recent measures have reduced our colonies, and would abandon the internal government of the continental nations to themselves. We have heard the same wish expressed by foreigners, coupled with an expression of wonder that persons should choose to pronounce judgment and volunteer advice in matters with which they are so totally unacquainted. The Italian legislative chambers have less complicated and less onerous business on their hands than our own legislature; but what would be our opinion of the wisdom of a Florentine senator who, while lamenting the party strife in England, should propose a plan for the pacification of it, and the conciliation of the antagonist interests involved in the question of free trade and protection, by suggesting that the country should adopt the territorial division of our Saxon ancestors during the Heptarchy, establishing a supreme parliament or wittenagemot to manage the confederation—the sittings thereof to be held alternately at Colchester, London, and Ipswich, and the Duke of Cambridge to be installed as its hereditary speaker or burgo-master!

#### ART. VIII.—1. *De la Démocratie en France.*

Par M. Guizot. Paris and London. 1849.

#### 2. *The People's Charter.* London. 1849.

#### 3. *République et Monarchie. Questions Brulantes.* Par Alexandre Weill. Paris. 1849.

THE political agitation of Continental Europe is not more alarming from its unexampled and unmanageable extent and complexity than from the unfathomable depths of the principle of uncontrolled democracy by which it has been raised and continues to be propagated. Awful as the eruption of the revolutionary volcano has been, and calamitous as the devastation wherever the lava has run, the internal fire, we fear, is far from being exhausted; we not only await with a painful confidence new explosions from the old crater,\* but are not without serious apprehensions that it is destined to extend itself to the few more fortunate countries which have hitherto escaped the practical

\* All this was written, and indeed in type, before M. Ledru-Rollin's insurrection of the 13th of June, which, though it came rather more rapidly than we expected, confirms, as our readers will see, our impressions of the uncertain state of France, and has required no modification of our statements.

infliction,—none—not we ourselves—having wholly escaped its influence.

Mr. Burke, in the first of those wonderful prophecies which revealed the futurity of the Revolution of 1789, warned us of the inevitable influence, whether for good or evil, of France on the destinies of Europe in general, and especially on England; and this great authority is a sufficient justification for our continued endeavours to awaken the English public to a livelier interest as to the revolutionary *principle* which has been again triumphant in France, and which we are convinced is in formidable progression amongst ourselves.

The warning voice of Mr. Burke, the personal character of George III., the vigour of Mr. Pitt, and, above all, the terrible lessons that France herself was at once undergoing and teaching, carried us and nearly the rest of Europe safe through the Jacobin paroxysm of democracy. Under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, the public danger took another turn. The spirit of foreign conquest and the progress of domestic despotism which immediately succeeded the revolutionary anarchy in France, extinguished the moral danger of Jacobinism, and combined all that was left of independent energy in Europe in resistance to the new and opposite peril. That again ceased with Buonaparte—but the spirit of national independence and popular exertion which had been evoked against him survived his fall. The minds of men, released from the pressure and excitement of so long and general a war, turned naturally and eagerly to those fundamental questions of civil and political government which were all that remained of the grand revolutionary convulsion.

Amongst these the first and most important was that of *Representative Government*. Sanctioned, we had almost said sanctified, by the happiness and glory which under its auspices England had so long enjoyed, and by the 'self-centred' strength and vigour which her representative monarchy had recently—amidst the overthrow of all other forms of government—exhibited to the world—

'Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw  
And saving those that eyed it'—

the principle found not only a ready acceptance but a strong desire to possess it throughout Western Europe, where indeed there were in most countries vestiges of its having been in former times indigenous. The French Charter of 1814, with its '*King, Peers, and Deputies*,' was a near approach to the English model; and by it, we believe, the power of the State was as wisely dis-

tributed as the social condition and political circumstances of France permitted. It would, indeed, have been happy for her and the world if the first Constituent Assembly of 1789, instead of running wild after theories, had endeavoured to maintain what was left, and restore what had been lost, of the forms, and to revive and improve the spirit, of their own old system of the *States General*. That system possessed all the essential elements of a good constitutional government—it would have had the immense superiority of being the native growth of the soil—and entitled by traditional authority as well as its intrinsic merits to the acceptance and reverence of a people, the volatility of whose national character requires every restraint and sedative that can be incidentally applied to it. As, however, those constitution-mongers were bent on discarding native antiquity, it is to be for ever regretted that, instead of the absurd and impracticable Constitution of 1791, they had not adopted something like the Charter of 1814, which under those circumstances might have been permanent, and saved a world of woe; but the impulse of *theoretic change* once given (an awful lesson for ourselves in our present condition), schemes of government succeeded one another with such rapidity and violence (the Empire was the *seventeenth*) that the first principles of constitutional order were destroyed, and the military despotism of Buonaparte became not merely acceptable—not merely justifiable—but inevitable. That severe but necessary discipline prepared the public mind for the Restoration, which afforded the first hope since the *nuit des sacrifices*—4th August, 1789—of a government at once liberal and stable.

The return of Buonaparte for the 100 days not only destroyed that hope for the time, but the ease with which this second usurpation was accomplished and again, as far as France herself was concerned, overthrown, revived, or, perhaps we should better say, revealed the indifference and levity with which the country at large was inclined to regard the form of its government.

M. Weill, whose lively yet thoughtful pamphlets have made some sensation, and who is one of the many whom the experience of the Republic has cured of republicanism, confesses this *insouciance* :

'For the last fifty years France has been making, unmaking, remaking, and re-unmaking her government.

'For the last fifty years France has been rolling the stone of Sisyphus.

'For the last fifty years France has been neither monarchical, nor republican, nor aristo-

cratical, nor constitutional—she has only been revolutionary.

‘Whatever other defects France may be reproached with, it must at least be admitted that she is not too inquisitive; for fifty years past she has never once seriously asked herself what she is or what she has been about.’—*République et Monarchie*, p. 36.

This apathy in the body of the nation encouraged the turbulence of factions, and they again produced indiscreet dissolutions of chambers and changes of ministry, and at length that combination and climax of rashness and imbecility which afforded the disaffected, who were watching their opportunity, a plausible excuse for the July Revolution. If that Revolution had been an honest one—really and merely directed against the misdemeanours of Charles X. and his ministers—its adherence to the monarchical form—its maintenance of a house of peers—the elevation to the throne of a prince, almost the heir presumptive—and the re-enactment of all the essential provisions of the Royal Charter, might perhaps have strengthened that monarchy, as the revolution of 1688 did ours. But it was not so. It was but too visible that the overthrow of Charles X. was not a vindication but an invasion of the constitution—that Louis-Philippe was nothing but at first a stalking-horse, and subsequently a stumbling-block, to the Republican faction—and that the revolutionary spirit which had unintentionally raised him was deliberately preparing his downfall. The original defect of his title—the frequent attempts at assassination—several audacious and hard-fought insurrections—and the incessant instigations of a seditious press—increased the pre-existing indifference, and even generated in the public mind, not merely disloyalty, but a kind of contempt for a government which—wise, vigorous, and honest in the main—was unsound in its pretensions to quasi-legitimacy and anomalous in the masquerade of a Republican Monarchy. Louis-Philippe fell, as he himself said with pathetic candour, *tout comme Charles Dix*; and the Monarchy *founded*, as stately and stout-looking ships have sometimes done in the sudden surprise of a typhoon—leaving hardly a sound or sign of its catastrophe on the stormy surface of the waters.

So weaned has the French nation gradually been from any attachment to or almost any concern about either the persons or forms by whom or which they are to be governed, that eleven individuals—proprietors, editors, and writers of two newspapers more remarkable for violence than talent, and of very limited circulation—met in a

printing-office, and said, with a kind of ridiculous sublimity, ‘Let us be the Government;’ and they were so!—all France not merely acquiescing, but seeming to applaud. That Government has already had three successors, making five changes of—what shall we call them—dynasties?—within ten months? and all with the same apparent acquiescence and applause from the nation at large. We wish their influence had been as ephemeral as their existence—but the very first week of the usurpation of the two newspapers signalized itself by an event which appears to us the most important and alarming that has occurred in the modern history of mankind—the reduction of the theory of the *Sovereignty of the People* to actual practice through the medium of *direct Universal Suffrage*.

On their strange accession to power, this astonishing and astonished Provisional Government found themselves as unprepared as they were unfit for the responsibilities of their situation: they had no plan—no principles—no party—not so much as a flag—no name—they had not even yet decided between *Monarchy* and *Republic*; they had no fixed purpose, nor any other power than a mob in the streets, by which they had pulled down the throne, but which was equally ready to pull themselves to pieces. They were for at least four-and-twenty hours in more personal danger than, we believe, Louis-Philippe would have been had he remained in the Tuileries. How were they to extricate themselves?—what could they do? There was no great and tangible grievance to be redressed—no breach in the charter to be repaired. The hesitating and conditional proclamation of the *Republic*, which was their first resource, created more alarm than confidence; and, after all, was but a *word*—an empty word, if there were to be no immediate and perceptible amelioration of the condition of the people. The sudden enrolment of *twenty-four thousand* of the younger *émeutiers*—the *gamins de Paris*—at a pay of one franc and a half a-day, and the creation of national workshops and some other pretences of public work, where the mob was fed and paid for doing nothing, relieved the Provisional Government from the most pressing danger of the hungry and excited population; but all these were only imperfect remedies for the material wants—thirst and hunger—caused by the Revolution itself, and men began to inquire after its political benefits.

The revolutionary movement had originally assumed parliamentary reform as a pretext. In a proclamation of the ‘*vœux du Peuple*’ published and posted up through

Paris on the 26th of February, the various political reforms desired by the democratic party—*Démocratie Pacifique* as it entitled itself—were authoritatively enumerated. Amongst them was—

‘*Electoral and Parliamentary Reform.*

‘*Every National Guard is an elector, and also eligible.*’

The views of the triumphant democracy went at first no further than to extend the right of suffrage to the National Guard—a proposition in itself sufficiently inconsistent with all admitted principle, and obviously dangerous to civil liberty, but still a classification and important limitation of mere numbers. This proclamation seems to have had the authority of M. Lamartine, for it professes to announce ‘the principles on which M. Lamartine was prepared to act.’ By what new and imperious pressure of the Socialist faction the Provisional Government were driven, within but a few days, to exceed even the demands of the ‘*Démocratie*,’ is one of the as yet unrevealed secrets of the Hôtel de Ville Pandemonium. All we know is that on the 5th of March they took upon themselves the stupendous power, far exceeding anything that a Provisional Government could pretend to, of proclaiming *Universal Suffrage* as the fundamental law of France—and this too before they ventured to declare her definitively a Republic. Amidst the deafening noise and dazzling glare of the strange events that were then bursting out on every side, this prospective and, as it were, theoretic proposition did not excite so much sensation in France, nor so much attention amongst us, as its incalculable importance deserved; nor has it yet, that we know of, been presented to the public in the character of a great organic change, which, whether as a danger to be repelled or a reform to be imitated, must assuredly have a vast influence on the future destinies of the European world. We therefore take this occasion of bringing the question before our readers—first, in its general principle; and then as to its operation in France, and finally its applicability to England.

We begin by stating that no such thing as an absolute democracy, nor any thing so like it as the new French Constitution, is to be found in the history of mankind. It is like the *unicorn*—a thing that everybody seems to understand, and that nobody ever saw—that looks possible, and yet has never existed: an idea, in short, at once familiar and fabulous. Lord Brougham, in his ‘*Political Philosophy*’—a work of great research, admirable arrangement, and (due allowance being made for the personal opinions and prejudices of one who was so

long the leader of the Reform party) of great candour and sagacity—Lord Brougham, we say, has shown from the evidence of all antiquity that in the most extravagantly popular of the ancient democracies the governing classes calling themselves the *People* and taking an immediate part in public business, were but a very small numerical proportion of the *population*. The examples of those ancient republics can have no great bearing on the political philosophy of our times; but we may note as a matter of curiosity some of the leading facts that authorize our general statement. In Attica, the most democratic society that, as we suppose, ever existed, the freemen, who alone had any share of political power, were about 40,000;\* the slaves, servants, serfs—in short, the working, and especially the agricultural classes, who had no such share—were not less than 400,000. (*Pol. Phil.*, ii. 190.) In Sparta the disproportion between the governing and subject classes seems to have been still greater, and the oppression of the latter was such as could not be paralleled in the most cruel despotisms of after ages; and this degradation of what was in truth the great body of the people in all those ancient republics is the more remarkable, because, though excluded from political rights, they were in full proportion of their numbers subjected to military duties. At the Battle of Platæa, for instance, the free Lacedæmonians and Spartans were 10,000 men, while the Helots were no less than 35,000.

The Roman Republic was a downright aristocracy both in theory and practice; and indeed we may state it as the result of Lord Brougham’s elaborate analysis of all recorded governments,† that pretty certainly in

\* These freemen voted individually in what were called the assemblies of the people; and from them were selected *by lot* magistrates, judges, and generals—but in what way the judicial, legislative, and administrative powers were distributed is enveloped in deep obscurity. All that is certain is that, notwithstanding the check which the election of the chief executive officers *by lot* must have exercised over the general assembly, the Athenian Government was a most cruel and oppressive domination, worse than any oligarchy that we have read of; and, with due deference to Mr. Grote, it seems clear enough that it was only when this irregular power became concentrated into one hand, as in the usurpation of the Pisistratidæ and under Pericles, that Athens was really worthy of the reputation which a few brilliant intervals of her history have given her. Some authorities carry the population higher than as above stated, but not so as to alter the fact of the great disproportion between the political and numerical populations.

† It is right to apprise such of our readers as may not have seen Lord Brougham’s work, that it condenses into a comparatively small space the

the proportion in which the popular element was introduced it was found necessary to balance it by antagonist forms and checks, evidently calculated to reduce as low as possible the influence of mere numbers in the actual administration of affairs. It may almost, indeed, be said that every form of government hitherto known in the world has practically been aristocratical. The most despotic monarchy is forced to take its councillors and ministers—the depositaries and instruments of its power—from classes designated or accepted by public opinion for such duties; and the most democratic republics have by various processes and forms invariably arrived at a practical aristocracy. Even the English constitution, with its large and well-regulated infusion of democracy, has been often, nay even recently, reproached with what we believe to be—or perhaps we should rather say, to have been—its greatest security and merit, the being an aristocracy. That it has been losing of late years much of its conservative and aristocratical character it seems impossible to deny; but is not our political system becoming in the same proportion more precarious? and we may also ask, are the people—the democratic portion of society—more at their ease, more happy, more content, better subjects, or even better citizens, for the changes effected in their name, and alleged to be for their benefit? Has the Reform Bill, for example, quieted agitation and removed political strife and discontent? Is there not, on the contrary, a constant and growing uneasiness and dissatisfaction? If we become but even a little more democratic we shall become ungovernable; and if we should attain universal suffrage, as France has done, we shall fall, as she indubitably will if she persists in that insane scheme, into a complete disorganization and anarchy.

It may seem that to our assertion of the impossibility of founding and preserving a stable government on universal suffrage, the United States of America offer at least an exception, if not a contradiction. We do not think so. There are many important, nay, vital circumstances, which defeat the analogy. First, the United States are a *federation*—in itself a most powerful check on individual ambition and popular impulses. If France consisted of a federation of independent provinces—Normandy, Brittany, Languedoc, &c.—there might possibly have

been such a mutual check and counterpoise as to render a democratic republic practicable; and though we have no faith in Lord Beaumont's Italian scheme, we will not absolutely say that some such system might not succeed, wherever a federation had the two essential though antagonist conditions of general affinity with individual repulsion. Again; the United States were, we may almost say providentially, prepared for their present federative condition. They are individually of a size manageable by local authorities, which most writers consider the *sine qua non* of a republic; and having been, from their first existence, independent provinces, they were by tradition and habit, as well as by reason and interest, qualified, not only for self-government, but to act as checks on each other. And again; the supreme power of the United States is not lodged in one uncontrollable body. They have a President and a Senate, chosen by different modes of election, that have hitherto been in practice a more efficient check on popular impetuosity than our own Monarch and House of Lords; but, finally and chiefly, the progressive state of that young country, and the boundless field which it opens to individual enterprise, relieve society from the pressure of poverty and turbulence which constitute the prime and awful danger of democracy in the overcrowded Old World. The passions that in France make *émoulières* and Socialists, and in England Radicals and Chartists, find in the United States an innocuous vent in the *Far West*. It is obvious, therefore, that no arguments drawn from American democracy can be fairly applied in favour of the new French system. Neither shall we look to it for any the other way; though we see abundant reason to suspect that its inconveniences and even its perils are already beginning to make themselves felt in the more populous and wealthy localities of the Union; and, we may add, though a similar impression is hardly concealed in the last, and best, and certainly very *liberal* book of travels which forms the subject of a preceding article.

Having cleared our way by these preliminary explanations, we proceed to consider the principle of democracy as it now menaces European societies.

The principle of representation was, as we have intimated, at the root of most, if not all, European governments; but there is no trace to be found of any right of suffrage in the population at large. The most ancient and in every way the most remarkable vestige of the elective rights of the people is what still survives in our own coronation ceremony, where we so lately saw the *linear*

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fullest and most accurate account of all the forms of government, ancient and modern, and is, in fact, a text-book—long wanted—of the elements of political philosophy. It is needless to add that the composition and style throughout are masculine and most attractive.

descendant of William the Conqueror and the *thirty-sixth inheritor* of his crown, offered by the Archbishop to the *universal suffrage* of the people, without any other visible security against a negative response than the toy-lance of champion Dymocke. But in the earliest instances of anything resembling election for parliamentary representation that our history affords, it is wholly irrespective of numbers. Indeed, it has only been in comparatively recent times that the theory of representation's having any direct relation to numbers has prevailed. It is true that the very abstract principle of representation includes—nay, arose out of a consideration of numbers; but it was rather in the sense of exclusion than admission. When the monarch summoned his lords, knights, and burgesses to advise with him *de arduis regni*, he no doubt sought the authority of public opinion represented by influential persons; but on the other hand these advisers were thus limited in numbers, and selected as to quality, for the precise purpose of avoiding the inconvenience and danger of numerical influence:—the two knights of Rutland were as weighty in council as the two knights for Yorkshire, and the two burgesses of Old Sarum not less influential than the two citizens of Bristol. It has been therefore a great misstatement of fact, and as we think, an unfortunate mistake in policy, to confound representation of *interests* with representation of *numbers*.

Up to a very recent period of these discussions the doctrine of numbers was not advanced even by the most zealous democratic reformers. 'Representation and Taxation should,' said they, 'be co-extensive: those who are to pay taxes should have a voice in their imposition and distribution.' This theory was derived from the fact that undoubtedly the commons were summoned to our early parliaments only for money grants, and there were parliaments to which they were not summoned apparently because no money was then to be raised (*Pol. Phil.*, iv. 44)—but there never was of old any direct relation between the elective franchise and taxation except in some non-corporate towns, where the elector was bound to have 'paid *scot* and borne *lot*'—that is to have satisfied the dues and duties chargeable upon him; and although in modern times it is required that the elector shall have paid all rates and taxes to which he is liable, this is only a condition, not a qualification. Indeed, it is certain that no such principle existed, or could exist, in our representative system—for it would in fact have amounted to universal suffrage; since it is evident that in a country where any du-

ties either of customs or inland revenue are levied, every creature who eats or drinks, or wears clothes, is in some degree subjected to indirect taxation. When therefore the framers of the first French Constitution, and indeed of all others down to the last, were to create a franchise, they adopted the general theory of taxation—but even they had no idea of permitting it to run into the abuse of universal suffrage;—they therefore limited the franchise by a certain amount of *direct* taxation—a very low one in the earlier democratic constitutions, but, in that overthrown in 1848, 8*l.* for a higher class, and 4*l.* for another (see *Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxxii.). In a word, down to very late times the universal experience and opinions of mankind seem to have adopted *property* in some shape or other as the basis of government, and as the least imperfect security for the intelligence, probity, and stability of a governing body.

The danger of the inordinate and uncontrollable power of mere numbers is so obvious, that (with the exception already noticed as inapplicable to the state of modern Europe) it has never that we know of been applied to the composition of a great political body. We have therefore no direct precedents of its failure to cite, for we have no precedent at all; but all the analogies afforded by minor experiments show that mere numbers are mere anarchy. If however we are asked to specify the danger that we apprehend from the attempt to apply universal suffrage to the government of a state, we have a short, clear, and precise answer—namely, one or other of two alternate dangers—danger to property or danger to liberty—to property when it has no intermediate protection against numbers—to liberty when some antagonist power is established strong enough to protect property. The Long Parliament and Oliver Cromwell—the Convention and Buonaparte, if not exact cases in point (for the disturbing power was much short of universal suffrage, and there were also some minor diversities), are pregnant exemplifications of the principle and safe prognostics of what must be the result. Lord Brougham, with all his natural, or perhaps we should say acquired, partiality for the extension of popular rights, cannot but admit this danger (*Pol. Phil.*, iv. 81), and finds no answer to it but two suggestions, which we think he himself would not much rely on in face of the new lesson in 'Political Philosophy' which France has just given us.\*

\* In justice to Lord Brougham, we must observe that his observations on the subject were made before any such thing as *one sovereign assembly*,

'First,' he says, 'it assumes a grosser degree of ignorance and thoughtlessness than can well be supposed in the people of any civilised community, who must know that the only security for society, and the best security for labourers themselves, arises from the security of proprietary rights.'—(*ib.*)

We condense our reply on this point by appealing, not merely to history and human nature, but to the condition of Paris during the months of March and April, 1848, and to the whole Socialist system, appeased at first by enormous pecuniary sops to the revolutionary Cerberus, and, when the purse could no longer hold out, repressed by the shedding in one day of more blood, as it was calculated, than had been spilled in all the massacres of the earlier revolution.

His second position is—

'It assumes also that there is to be a union of the working classes all over the country, in order to return a majority that would interfere with the rights of property, throw all the public burdens on its owners—perhaps decree its confiscation and division.'—(*ib.*)

Nothing can be more fairly or more forcibly stated. It is exactly our view of the danger. We wish we could be equally satisfied with his Lordship's answer—

'But if they are likely to combine for the purpose of indirectly effecting the confiscation of property, why do they not now combine for the purpose of seizing it directly? For assuredly they possess this power in every country.'—(*ib.*)

Now to this we have two replies—first, that since Lord Brougham's work was published powerful and, in some instances, successful combinations of numbers against authority, and specially against property, have been tried both in France and England, even before such projects had received the sanction of the proclamation of universal suffrage—and that for the last fourteen months a struggle has been going on in France and, we might add, throughout Europe, which still augurs very doubtfully for the safety of 'proprietary rights.'

But there is another wider and more conclusive reply. Is there no difference between a man's readiness to exert a legal right or to commit a capital crime?—none between people's conspiring with a halter round their necks to rob and murder, and

chosen by universal suffrage, *was ever imagined as a form of government.* Lord Brougham has fully explained the great evil of a single chamber in his 'Letter to Lord Lansdowne' last autumn on French affairs. His views there strongly confirm the opinion stated in our text.

their legally voting under the Queen's writ for a representative who shall pledge himself to secularize the domains of the Church, to vote for a graduated property-tax, or to advocate an agrarian distribution of property? Disarm the law, dismiss your magistrates, dissolve your police, disband your army, leave the masses of men to the free exercise of their own impulses and appetites, and then we admit that they would hardly go through the form of electing a representative to do what they might directly and safely do for themselves; but surely their not choosing, as things now stand, to face the cannon or the gallows for an agrarian theory can be no argument that they would not endeavour to obtain it by a safe and legal proceeding. We need not rest on theory and argumentation when we have already the evidence of facts flagrant over the whole face of France. The democratic party—the patrons and professors of the doctrine of universal suffrage—have had the candour to adopt almost universally the name and doctrines of Socialism, that is, equalization of property. A few rational democrats do probably not really entertain any such wild hope, but there is no doubt that it actuates a large proportion of the lower classes of the constituency. We select one short example—the department of the *Haute Loire* has elected six members pledged to their constituents that each of them shall be provided with an income of at least £12 per annum, and towards accomplishing this object one of those representatives has submitted to the National Assembly a proposition for resuming the *milliard* of francs granted early in the Restoration by way of indemnity for the confiscations of the first revolution; and it seems that, on the faith of this promise, the six members of this enlightened department received amongst them no less than 200,000 votes. But of more importance than any individual extravagance is the great fact that Universal Suffrage was proclaimed at Paris the other day at the dictation of, and to appease for the moment, the hungry hordes of the Communists and Socialists who with audacious and fearful sincerity inscribe on their banners two watchwords, destructive alike of domestic and political society, '*A bas la famille*'—Down with family! and '*La propriété est un vol*'—Property is robbery!

And let it never be lost sight of that these people made the Revolution. We have shown in former numbers that they were called into action by the personal jealousies and ambitious folly of MM. Barrot and Thiers—alternately used and abused, cried up and put down, by the morbid vanity and



volatile energy of Lamartine—accepted, applauded, but at last abandoned by the few moderate Republicans—but *they* were the physical force that, directed by the Socialist newspapers, overturned the monarchy ;—and we cannot expect that they will desist—and in that they have a kind of fatal justice on their side—from endeavouring to force the Revolution to bear the fruits for which they risked their lives, and which were solemnly promised and guaranteed to them as the fundamental *duty and debt* of the Republic. Hitherto they have had, after the first twenty-four hours of intoxication, nothing but want—disappointment—prison—exile—death ! but, if there be force in political logic, they will take their revenge—an early one perhaps, by the pike and sword—but if not, a slower and more certain one, by Universal Suffrage. Not that we for a moment suppose that their success can have any permanence ; not that their Social Republic, if they should even be able to reduce a momentary success to anything like form, could exist three months.

‘The Social Republic,’ says M. Guizot, ‘is at once odious and impossible. It is the most absurd, and at the same time the most mischievous, of all chimeras. But we must not presume on that. Nothing is more dangerous than that which has strength to reach what it is impossible to hold.’—p. 33.

Those who are not fully aware of the extent of this Socialist delusion in France have, we dare say, thought that M. Guizot has done it too much honour by the pains he has taken to expose it ; but *he* who has seen and felt the effects of it even in its embryo state—who knows that, wild and impracticable as it must eventually be found, it overturned the Monarchy and is still the greatest danger of the Republic—he, we say, appears to have felt he could not better dedicate some hours of his exile to the service of his country than in endeavouring to check the contagion ; and we hardly recollect a passage since the days of Burke more opportune, more powerful in its style and its truth, than the following explanation and vindication of property, especially hereditary property, and all similar rights and distinctions of man in society, against the insanity of the Socialist. For instance, the Socialists say that certain individual classes—namely, the rich or comparatively rich—have possessed themselves of the means of comfort and happiness beyond their fellow-men, and that natural justice requires the equalization of such advantages.—Here is M. Guizot’s answer—

‘They forget that mankind is not merely a series of individuals called men ; it is a race, which has a common life, and a general and progressive destiny. This is the distinctive character of man, which he alone of created beings possesses.

‘And why is this ? It is because human individuals are not isolated, nor confined to themselves, and to the small point they each occupy in space or time. They are connected with each other ; they act upon each other, by ties and by means which do not require their actual presence, and which outlive them. Hence the successive generations of men are linked together in unbroken succession.

‘The permanent union and progressive development which are the consequences of this unbroken succession of man to man, and generation to generation, characterize the human race. They constitute its peculiarity and its greatness, and mark man for sovereignty in this world, and for immortality beyond it.

‘From this are derived, and by this are founded, the family and the state, property and inheritance, country, history, glory, all the facts and all the sentiments which constitute the extended and perpetual life of mankind, amidst the bounded appearance and rapid disappearance of individual men.

‘In the Social Republic all this ceases to exist. Men are mere isolated and ephemeral beings, who appear in this life, and on this earth the scene of life, only to take their subsistence and their pleasure, each for himself alone, each by the same right, and without any end or purpose beyond.

‘This is precisely the condition of the lower animals. Among them there exists no tie, no influence, which survives the individual, and extends to the race. There is no permanent appropriation, no hereditary transmission, no unity nor progress in the life of the species ; nothing but individuals who appear and then vanish, seizing on their passage their portion of the good things of the earth and the pleasures of life, according to the combined measure of their wants and their strength, which, as to them, constitute their right.

‘Thus, in order to secure to every individual of the human species the equal and incessantly fluctuating share of the goods and pleasures of sense, the doctrines of the Social Republic bring men down to the level of the lower animals. They obliterate the human race.’—pp. 29, 30.

M. Guizot proceeds to show that ‘they do still worse—that their doctrine is in direct, though hopeless, conflict with that imperishable instinct of rational beings that God presides over their destinies—which are not wholly accomplished in the narrow limits of this lower life. Man, under such a doctrine, would become a grovelling material animal, without a futurity for his children in this world or for himself in another. Instead of Society and a State there would be a chaos of human beings, bound

by no ties, capable of no quiet, secure of nothing, not even of mere animal life. Nor could that chaos be reduced to anything like order but by the abrogation of those Socialist extravagances, and a return to the natural conditions of civilized and religious society' (p. 33).

Agreeing as we do with all M. Guizot's principles, and admiring the calm and dignified ability with which he expounds them, there is one most important matter of fact on which we must express and explain a total difference from him, not merely in defence of our own former statements and opinions—which would be of little moment—but for the sake of higher objects, as to which his anxiety is assuredly not inferior to our own. M. Guizot says—

'For my own part, I was a spectator, day by day, hour by hour, of the *purest*, the *wisest*, the *gentlest*, and the *shortest* of these formidable convulsions; in July, 1830, I saw, in the streets and the palaces, at the gate of the national councils and in the midst of popular assemblies, society abandoned to itself, an actor or spectator of the revolution. At the same time that I admired the generous sentiments, the proofs of strong intelligence and disinterested virtue and heroic moderation which I witnessed, I shuddered as I saw a mighty torrent of insensate ideas, brutal passions, perverse inclinations, and terrible chimeras, rise and swell, minute by minute, ready to overflow and submerge a land where all the dikes that had contained it were broken down. Society had gloriously repulsed the violation of its laws and its honour, and now it was on the point of falling into ruins in the midst of its glory. Here it was that I learned the vital conditions of social order, and the necessity of resistance to ensure the safety of the social fabric.'—pp. 9, 10.

It would be altogether out of human nature that M. Guizot should not look with some partiality to the origin of a government to and from which he had given and received such distinction and so much authority. We also appreciate the considerations of gratitude and duty which must attach him as well to the rises as to the fall of the Orleans dynasty, and the delicacy of his situation in alluding to such subjects. We strongly sympathise in those respectable and amiable feelings—but we cannot consent to draw a veil over the *main and governing fact* of the whole case, nor accept the distinction made by the panegyrical epithets of the foregoing passage between a cause and its immediate and necessary consequences. The July Revolution was produced by just the same principles and passions by which it was subsequently disturbed, and there is no one point of M. Guizot's eulogy upon it

that will bear the test of examination and evidence.

It was not the '*purest*;' it was the most corrupt—prepared by fraud and worked for hire—for particulars inquire of *Lafite & Co.*

It was not the '*wisest*,' but the most silly and shortsighted—for every man of common sagacity must have foreseen\* that it could only restore order and maintain authority by a departure from its principles and a renunciation of its origin. See the '*Laws of September*,' the *state of siege*, &c. &c.

It was not the '*gentlest*,' for it cost in the first instance more blood ten times over than its February imitation, and was marked during its whole existence by a succession of conspiracies, assassinations, insurrections, murders, massacres, and punishments, more crowded, more various, and more terrible than any other portion, we believe, of the history of the world can exhibit—compare the respective lists of killed and wounded in July and February—witness the insurrections and sieges of Lyons—witness *Fieschi* and *Alibaud*, the *Rues des Trouvaires* and *Transmain*, and the *Clôître St. Méry*.

It was not the '*shortest*,' but the very longest series of *convulsion* fits that ever afflicted a people; for it lasted, with hardly an interval in its paroxysms, from July, 1830, to February, 1848, when it was arrested exactly as it began, by the same barricades, and, as far as they survived, by the self-same voices and hands—and, to quote again the highest authority, *tout comme Charles Dir*. In short, we cannot, either as witnesses or reasoners, separate the *principle* of the July Revolution from the subsequent events which M. Guizot so eloquently and justly deplores: they are all linked together—rings of the same fated chain of error and punishment—injustice and retribution.

We insist on this our only point of difference with M. Guizot, because we think it essential to the reconstruction of European society, and to the maintenance of what is yet unimpaired of our own constitution, to bear in mind that any species of insurrectionary reform—however plausible its origi-

\* Our readers may see the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy, and the difficulties of whatever government should succeed it, *predicted* in our number for May, 1830, three months before the Revolution, and from the first we saw and repeatedly said that Louis-Philippe's throne could not stand on the democratic and revolutionary quicksand on which it was by, we admit, an unfortunate necessity placed. We also beg leave to refer to those articles for many important facts which have a direct bearing on the subject we are now especially treating of, but which we have not space or time to repeat.

nal pretexts, or whatever ability and integrity may endeavour to regulate its excesses—contains within itself a germ of mischief always indefinite, and—in the cases of which we have had such recent experience—ininitely worse than those that it professed to remedy. It is a train *with the engine behind*, that, at any accidental check, crushes guides, guards, passengers, and all.

It must at first sight have struck M. Guizot's readers as very remarkable, that amongst the practical dangers of democracy he does not mention that which is the most conspicuous, and which we have designated as the greatest—'Universal Suffrage'—he does not even allude to that all-important point. We think we understand this reserve. Universal Suffrage is now the law of France, and the only legal foundation of whatever of authority and order still survives there. It would not have become a person in M. Guizot's position, the advocate of order and authority, to attack them in their only present basis, and to disparage a power whose favour his friends and his party were about to solicit at the approaching elections. He may also have not unnaturally anticipated that, under existing circumstances, universal suffrage might be likely to produce a strong, even though tacit, protest against the revolution—and that, by a kind of political homœopathy, it might serve as a corrective, for a time at least, of the disorder to which it was most nearly allied. We shall endeavour to explain this phenomenon by and by; but the considerations just stated suffice, we think, to account for M. Guizot's silence, though we must add that his silence seems also to imply a most serious doubt of the ultimate result.

The conclusion at which M. Guizot's eloquent essay finally arrives—if not precise and practical—who could expect a precise and practical conclusion in such a state of things?—may afford his country and us much ground for meditation, though not much perhaps for hope.

'Let not France deceive herself. Not all the experiments she may try, not all the revolutions she may make, or suffer to be made, will ever emancipate her from the necessary and inevitable conditions of social tranquillity and good government. We have tried everything:—Republic—Empire—Constitutional Monarchy. We are beginning our experiments anew. To what must we ascribe their ill success? Are we alone to find Government an impossibility?

'Yes! So long as we remain in the chaos in which we are plunged, in the name, and by the slavish idolatry, of Democracy; so long as we can see nothing in society but Democracy, as if that were its sole ingredient; so long as we

seek in government nothing but the domination of Democracy, as if that alone had the right and the power to govern:—On these terms the Republic is equally impossible as the Constitutional Monarchy, and the Empire as the Republic; for all regular and stable government is impossible. And liberty—legal and energetic liberty—is no less impossible than stable and regular government.

'But such will not be the closing scene of France's long and glorious career of civilisation,—of all her exertions, conquests, hopes, and sufferings. France is full of life and vigour. She has not mounted so high, to descend in the name of equality to so low a level. She possesses the elements of a good political organization. She has numerous classes of citizens, enlightened and respected, already accustomed to manage the business of their country, or prepared to undertake it. Her soil is covered with an industrious and intelligent population, who detest anarchy, and ask only to live and to labour in peace. There is an abundance of virtue in the bosoms of her families, and of good feelings in the hearts of her sons. We have wherewithal to struggle against the evil that devours us. But the evil is immense. There are no words wherein to describe, no measure wherewith to measure it. The suffering and the shame it inflicts upon us are slight, compared to those it prepares for us if it endures. And who will say that it cannot endure, when all the passions of the wicked, all the extravagances of the mad, all the weaknesses of the good, concur to foment it? Let all the sane forces of France then unite to combat it. They will not be too many, and they must not wait till it is too late. Their united strength will more than once bend under the weight of their work, and France, ere she can be saved, will still need to pray that God would protect her.'—pp. 84-6.

This, however, is only stating, with the moderation and caution becoming M. Guizot's position, that France is in a transition state, and that, to use a phrase very appropriate to a crisis so pregnant with events, she must be worse before she can be better. It is true that, since M. Guizot wrote, an anticipation for which we have given his sagacity credit appears to have been confirmed by the late general elections: it is true that these, transacted in most districts with less violence than might have been expected, and producing a majority of what are called '*Moderates*' and friends of order, may be supposed to afford a better prospect of stability to the new constitution. There is now, it is true, hardly a public man in France, and hardly a private one, who has not voluntarily and officially accepted the Republic. Between eight and nine millions of electors—the almost universal mass of the nation—have adhered to it by their electoral votes, and what is of still more importance, all the most eminent and respectable statesmen have as if were wedded it for better for worse by

soliciting and obtaining seats in the republican Assembly. '*Je le jure*,' in the mouth of the President of the Republic, and '*Vive la République*' in those of the President and members of the Legislative body, sound like pledges of sincerity in the men and stability in the system. We, however, still confess our incredulity. We do not believe that the new Laputa will succeed in manufacturing cables out of cobwebs. We remember too well M. de Talleyrand's unabashed pleasantry on his own *thirteen* perjuries, and the facility with which the nation at large has transferred its allegiance to so many successive usurpations. It must be admitted, in extenuation of this political immorality, that it has had the apology of being a submission to physical force, for who could venture to question the dispensing power of the guillotine, the dungeon, and the bayonet—of Robespierre, Barras, and Buonaparte? In all those cases stern necessity gave a tacit absolution to the political conscience. It was reserved for the Provisional Government openly to assume a more than papal authority of dispensation. The formula is worth recording:—

'RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

'Le Gouvernement Provisoire décrète:—*Les Fonctionnaires de l'ordre civil, militaire, judiciaire, et administratif, sont déliés de leur serment.*

'Hôtel de Ville de Paris, le 25 Fêv. 1848.'

The eleven self-installed journalists take upon themselves to absolve the consciences of a whole nation from all the sanctities of religion and all the obligations of honour. Can it be for a moment supposed that these cries of '*Vive la République*,' so evidently imposed by the minority on the reluctant majority as an insult and humiliation, are stronger pledges of stability than the oaths taken, with such religious and civil solemnities, to the Constitution of 1791—to the Republic—to the Consulate—to the Empire—to the Hundred Days—to the two Restorations—to the Citizen-Royalty? On the contrary, they only, we are convinced, tend to provoke an earlier reaction. It is, we believe, notorious that there is not in France a man of any party who takes the present state of things *au sérieux*; and the only doubt and diversity of their secret speculations are as to the occasion or the quarter from which is to come the *coup de vent*—or the *coup de main*—or, as they will call it, the *coup d'état*—that is to overthrow it.

It might have been naturally and *à priori* expected that, whatever dangers may belong to 'universal suffrage, the introduction of so

broad and solid a basis would have at least protected the stability of the constitution against all disturbing powers—except its own. Experience, as far as it has gone, has negated that theory; the government created by universal suffrage is deplorably far from obtaining universal confidence or even decent respect. The last Assembly, the firstborn of Universal Suffrage, was, from its birth to its death, under the terrors of the Parisian mob—once it was stormed and actually expelled and only reinstated, and during the remainder of its precarious existence protected, not by the force of opinion, not by any deference to universal suffrage, but by the bayonets and bullets of the army. The new Assembly meets in the same peril and with no other protection. The President of the Republic was elected on the 10th of December, 1848, by six millions of suffrages—a concurrence of popular favour and confidence of which the world had no example. But has it given him any root in the country? Is not the prestige that so extraordinary a triumph at first excited fast wearing out—and this though his personal deportment and public measures have been in every respect better than had been commonly anticipated—nay, it is admitted, well becoming his present high position? Within five months from his elevation he was treated in the Constituent Assembly—and especially by ex-members of the Provisional Government—with gross disrespect and loud censure, and if that Assembly could have spun out (as it had a strong disposition to do) a few hours more of life, he would probably have been impeached—or worse. Certain it is that at the very crisis of the elections the Socialists thought it serviceable to the *candidates* of their party to circulate through every part of France a report, with all the character of authenticity they could give it, not only that the President was impeached, but that he and his ministers were all arrested and imprisoned in Vincennes; and, absurd as such a device may seem, we are assured that there were constituencies credulous and ignorant enough to be influenced by it.

And yet there is perhaps no country in Europe in which universal suffrage could have had so favourable a trial as in France. The ordinary administration, conducted by *Préfectures*, *Sous-préfectures*, *Arrondissements*, *Cantons*, and *Communes*, and by electoral councils corresponding to most of those divisions, had familiarised all classes with electoral proceedings, and prepared them in some degree for the *political franchise*. The innumerable public functionaries that dictate the will of the Government for the time being to the remote populations, and the influ-

ence of the clergy, coincided on this occasion in producing better choices than were expected. But what is much more important, and the real advantage which France possesses for trying this great experiment, is the almost infinite division of property throughout society. There are no less than 11,000,000 of distinct landed properties in France; and, though several of these properties are of course accumulated in the same hands, there can be little doubt that there are some eight or nine millions of landed proprietors, and that in the country towns and districts almost every man whom universal suffrage can bring to the poll has *something to lose*. It is but too probable that this consideration will not in the long run prevent the comparatively poor from exerting their electoral power to bring the comparatively rich to their own level. It may indeed have that effect during the novelty of the experiment, and it must at all times have a considerable influence in preventing agrarian spoliation—but may it not on the other hand lead to a scarcely less fatal result—fiscal oppression? This latter risk received a striking exemplification in the very last acts of the Constituent Assembly. Immediately previous to the elections two ultra-democratic members (candidates for the coming legislature) proposed, and the Assembly adopted suddenly and almost without discussion, the abolition, from the 1st of January next, of the whole excise on liquors—one of the largest heads of revenue, producing about 4,000,000*l.* sterling a year, and this for the pretended relief of the poorer classes—the deficit being to be made up by new taxes *proportionable* to the means of those who would have to pay them. We need not point out the folly and knavery of this proceeding of the expiring Assembly, nor the obvious meaning of thus substituting direct proportional taxation for indirect duties. The Message of the President invites the new Assembly to a reconsideration of this important question; and as the history of our own Reform Revolution affords a singularly accurate example of the same folly, so it may perhaps of a remedy. In April, 1833, in the first burst of its democratic triumph, the Reformed House of Commons sacrificed, in the same sudden way, on the same popular grounds, about the same extent and class of revenue—by a vote for the repeal of the malt-duties. The Whig Ministry were alarmed at this development of their own principles, and by the help of the rational men of all parties, this mad vote, carried on Friday, the 26th of April, was rescinded on the very next sitting day, Mon-

day, the 29th.\* Will the new French Assembly be equally tractable? Sudden impulses of this kind are not very dangerous in assemblies over which there is any kind of control; and, when only an impulse, will be generally within reach of reconsideration. So it was in the Malt-Tax case—and so it may be in the French Excise; but for the wider dangers arising from the ignorance, the inconstancy, the liability to be deceived, disturbed, and disorganized, of the numerical majority of a people, we see no effectual security.

It would be on our part too precipitate to adopt implicitly the result of the late French elections as a safe criterion of the future working of so novel a system, but there are some results so striking that we cannot refuse them a place in our survey. With a great parade of arithmetical exactness the statistics of these elections are very confused and imperfect. From one very detailed and voluminous account we find that 735 successful candidates (15 for Corsica, Algiers, and the Colonies not included) obtained 37,000,000 of suffrages—of whom 505 'moderate candidates' had 26½ millions of votes, and 229 'ultra democrats' about 10½ millions: but we do not find how many electors produced this number of suffrages, nor the numbers voting for the unsuccessful candidates. We have, however, such a return for Paris, which may serve as a guide to the rest. Paris has 378,000 registered electors, of whom 281,000 came to the poll; so that close upon 100,000 abstained altogether; and, a couple of thousand more being lost by irregularities, the actual votes were 275,000. The first candidate returned was the President's cousin, *Lucien Murat*—a person little known, and individually of no other significance; but having, by way of conciliation, been placed on rival lists, he has come in by 6,000 votes a-head of all. Next—to the great surprise and alarm of all moderate men—came M. Ledru-Rollin, who, however, had but 129,000—so that if what is called the *Moderate* party could have concentrated their votes, they might have produced 146,000 against M. Ledru-Rollin's 129,000. But it is one of the evils of all popular elections, and especially in ballots,

\* It is worthy of notice that the first motion in that Parliament had been one by *Cobbett*, for *equal*—he called it,—that is, *proportional* taxation,—and this was specially and avowedly directed against the *rich*!—and this the Whig Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Althorp, met with,—not the views and firmness of a statesman, but a pitiful apology and a kind of promise (which fortunately he never kept) of adopting Cobbett's principle.

that moderate and intelligent men *will* exercise their own judgments and scatter their sometimes wayward votes, while the unscrupulous and violent are sure to act in concert and to carry away the ignorant or wavering.

We could not be surprised that M. Ledru-Rollin, who divides with M. Lamartine the honour of having made the Revolution, created the Republic, and established universal suffrage, should stand high on such a poll; but where then is M. Lamartine himself? M. Lamartine—elected in May, 1848, for Paris by 260,000 votes, and *nine* others of the principal Departments of France by an aggregate of 1,300,000—where, in May, 1849, is he?—NOWHERE. Not only nowhere elected, but even in his own native department, where he had been so often almost unanimously chosen, he was 40,000 below the lowest successful candidate—and the last we have heard of him was a newspaper report that he meditated, by another and probably longer '*Voyage en Orient*,' a retreat from the ingratitude of mankind. So entire a change of public opinion does, we confess, altogether surprise us, though we seem to have prophesied it. We knew very well that such enormous popularity could not be durable, and that

'An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart;

and, even before he had attained his zenith, we ventured (Quart. Rev., April, 1848) to say of M. Lamartine—

'He can be, we think, but a *passing gleam* on that troubled sky—like the hero of one of his own odes—

*Pareil à l'éclair, il sortit d'un orage;—*

and the best we can wish for him is, that he may, when the daylight of common sense shall again shine in France, be allowed to return, safe in honour and in person, to the humbler

—sphere  
*Où ce jour va le rappeler.'—*

But we did not expect that he was to be so contemptuously dismissed, even before 'the daylight of common sense had begun to shine;' for he was ousted by a gang of *Rol- linistes*. Our prophecy, too, was written previously to his enormous electoral triumph, and before he had exhibited in the Assembly a degree of practical ability and a high share of parliamentary eloquence which we at least had not reckoned upon. There were, therefore, a few months during which we thought that our vaticination might prove

delusive; and even now we cannot account for its so early and complete accomplishment. The inconstancy of popular favour seems not a sufficient solution, and all we can say is, that it is a terrible lesson to the chief author of the decree establishing Universal Suffrage.

But not to him alone. Of the *eleven* who signed that decree, *three* only—Ledru-Rollin, Arago, and Crémieux—have been re-elected—but Ledru-Rollin alone seems to have retained anything like his former popularity. Arago and Crémieux had at the former elections double returns. In Paris they had each above 200,000, and in their respective departments each about 76,000 almost unanimous votes. Now they have not been heard of in Paris, and in the same departments they have had—Arago 25,500, and Crémieux 25,000—hardly one-third of their former triumph. But what has become of the rest of the Provisional Government and their satellite ministers—the Aristocracy of the Democracy—the Garnier-Pagès, Marrast, Bastides, Carnots, Flocons, and about twenty others of the same stamp, who had figured so pompously in the highest offices of the Republic?—all 'down amongst the dead men,' and reburied, for a season at least, in that obscurity from which we admit they had no original claim to be called: but having been so called by such a multitudinous demonstration of national confidence as no body of men ever before received—what can be said for the stability and political justice of a system that has so soon and so entirely forgotten both their claims and its obligations?

We do not pretend to understand all the mysteries of the French ballot; but we shall be very much surprised if in the 35 vacant seats—28 by resignations and double returns (chiefly of democrats) and 7 by deaths—there shall not be found means of reproducing some of the missing patriots. With all our experience of popular inconstancy, we can hardly believe that Lamartine and Marrast, for instance, the prime of their respective parties, who had filled certainly with distinction the two highest offices of the State—and were paraded in the great national fêtes of Fraternity on the 20th of April, and of the Constitution on the 10th of November, as the representatives of the triumphant democracy—we can hardly, we say, believe that they are to be permanently ostracised and *mis au néant*.

But the exclusion, or even the annihilation, of such men is scarcely more instructive than the choice of their successors. There happened to be towards the end of April last some irregularities in a regiment quartered

in Paris—in these a serjeant of the name of Boichot had participated, and was in consequence placed under arrest. This was on the eve of the elections; it occurred to the Democrats that it might help to debauch the army, and at all events to impair discipline and insult authority, if the military prisoner should be elected. Serjeant Boichot accordingly appears *fourth* on the list of the representatives of the metropolis, by the votes of 128,000 persons—no ten of whom had ever heard or seen his name till they found it in the electoral list distributed by the Socialist Clubs. He and Lagrange, the fellow who fired the shot that caused what was called the Massacre of the *Boulevard des Capucines*, stand next to Ledru-Rollin in the return. Another of the new comers is a second serjeant, one Rattier, elected with the same intention of debauching the army. He is vulgar and illiterate, as might be expected—impudent and violent beyond what might be expected. His claim to this selection was, that he had, in defiance of orders, attended some seditious meeting. Similar circumstances have produced the election, by 70,000 votes, of a third serjeant, with the ominous name of *Commissaire*, who has been similarly returned for the *two* great departments of which Lyons and Strasbourg are the capitals. These three serjeants have been thus chosen by the largest populations of France, and—which seems almost incredible—there is no mention in the returns of the election of any actual commissioned officer of the army lower than a general. It is further remarkable, that it was by the side of these serjeants that M. Ledru-Rollin chose to take his habitual seat in the New Assembly.

To these instances might be added several of workmen, mechanics, and innkeepers introduced into the Socialist lists to attract the lower classes. One of these is a working mason of the name of Nadaud, whose wife kept an eating-house of the humblest order in Paris, which was much frequented by stonemasons, a trade almost wholly manned from the mountains of *La Creuze*. He, it seems, had been at least ten years a resident in Paris, and of course knew as little of his distant department as the department did of him: but he was president of a club chiefly composed of men of his own calling, and the Socialist Committee thought his name and trade would be popular in the quarries of *La Creuze*, and Citizen Nadaud has been accordingly elected representative of the people for that department. Nadaud may be an honest and intelligent man, and superior perhaps to many of his more lettered colleagues; but *ex quovis ligno non fit Mer-*

*curius*—there must be for any trade, and *a fortiori* for the higher duties of society, some kind of preparation and experience. Who would employ Nadaud as a cook, a coachman, or even a clerk? Would he himself not laugh if M. Dupin or M. Thiers were to offer to take the chisel and mallet out of his hands!\*

We should have attached little importance to the accidental choice of an inferior person popular in his own locality; there are many such in this Assembly, as there were in the last, no better than *Madame Paturio's* miller; but it becomes significant of a deeper evil when, as in the cases we have mentioned, it proves the power of clubs and cliques to impose, under the colour of universal suffrage, their choice upon the nation. We have no great admiration for the political conduct of M. Thiers; but we have still less approbation for a mode of election which has rejected him to install Boichot and Rattier—Boichot being the *fourth*, and M. Thiers the *forty-fifth*, on the poll of the metropolis of France! It may be said that, on the whole, the majority of the Assembly is respectable, and comprises men who would have been returned even by the most select suffrage; and that the predominance of the Moderates over the *Red* Republicans by above two to one is satisfactory. Yes, for the present—but not so, perhaps, for the future. In the first place, there are many of the majority who, though not absolutely *Red*, are little likely to preserve the character of Moderates when pressed by popular impulse. We have abundant evidence of the tendencies of such assemblies to degenerate into violence. In the first Legislative Assembly, 1791, the Moderates were in about the same proportion as in the present. In the great trial of strength on the accusation of *La Fayette*, 8th August, 1792, they were 446 to 224. This Conservative vote produced the Tenth of August; and on the 11th of August the same Assembly proclaimed unanimously the suspension of the Constitution and the deposition of the King. Even in the Convention itself there was a Moderate party, and pretty much in the same proportions; on the 24th of April the Moderates, then called Girondins, carried a decree of accusation against Marat, 220 to 92; and on the 16th of May, 1793, the Girondins carried their President against the Montagnard candidate, 202 to 132; these Moderate,

\* We read in the journals that the *projet* of a new Provisional Government was found in the papers of the insurgents of the 13th of June, in which Boichot, Rattier, and Nadaud figure as members of M. Ledru-Rollin's cabinet. This seems incredible.



very moderate, successes, exasperated the Mountain—the tumults of the 31st of May terrified even the Convention; and on the 2nd of June the thirty-two leaders of the Girondins were, without a division, committed to prison—the first step to the scaffold! Even in the late Assembly we saw the same gradual progress to the triumph of disorder. The vote of accusation against Louis Blanc for his share in the revolt of June was carried by 504 to 252; yet that same Assembly before its close passed several votes obviously calculated to unnerve and disarm the Government.

To these short notes of the *internal* and inevitable deterioration of these democratic assemblies, let us add a memorandum of some of their *external* trials. The Constitution of 1791 and its Legislative Assembly vanished in the revolt and massacre of the Tenth of August, 1792. The terrible Convention itself was stormed and expelled by the revolt and massacre of the 2 *Prairial*, 1797; and it closed with the revolt and massacre of the 14 *Vendémiaire*. The two Legislative Councils that succeeded it were invaded, expelled, and decimated by the 18 *Fructidor*, 1797, and at last dissolved with the democratic Constitution by the bayonets of the 18 *Brunaire*. A long interval of order, produced and preserved by military force, ensued; but in July, 1830, the Democracy, resuming its power, dissolved the Representative Assembly; and the Revolution of February, in which the Democracy has had its own full and free action, has been a repetition within a few months of the most violent of the '*Journées*' we have just enumerated. We before showed (Q. R., vol. lxxxii.) the miraculous resemblance of the Twenty-fourth of February to the Tenth of August. The 2 *Prairial* was re-enacted on the 18th of May, 1848. The days of *Vendémiaire*, which accidentally raised Buonaparte into notice and command, were very similar in their object and their result to the days of June, 1848, in which Cavaignac was called by a like accident to play, and did play, the exact counterpart of Napoleon on the former occasion; and as Buonaparte eventually effaced and deposed Barras, who had brought him forward, so Cavaignac at once effaced and deposed his patron Lamartine. Here, *en attendant*, our parallel pauses; but we think that historical experience justifies us in putting no faith in the stability of the present democratic Republic, even if it were not additionally weakened by the moral infection of Socialism.

Let us now consider the influence of these examples, and above all of these principles of Democracy amongst ourselves.

The example, as far as it has gone, has been salutary. If the mob triumph of February gave a new stimulus and bolder hopes to our Chartist, all the subsequent events must have tended to discourage any amongst them who are endowed with common sense or foresight, while they have certainly awakened the country at large to the danger of such tumultuary demonstrations as were—almost simultaneously in April, 1848—exhibited in the Champ de Mars and attempted on Kennington Common. But we do not think that this country is sufficiently aware of, or alive to, the real cause or depth of the evil that menaces our constitution, nor of the means by which it is to be effectually resisted. It is not from aggressive tumult that we apprehend any direct peril to our institutions. Such attempts might renew the scenes of London in 1780, or of Bristol, Nottingham, Manchester, and a few other places, which in our own times have suffered deplorable, though partial and momentary, inflictions of fire and sword—but these are mere superficial symptoms of, and sometimes in fact preservatives from, the real danger—namely, the theories of democracy introduced into our practical system by the pressure of what is miscalled by faithless, or mistaken by timid, ministers, for public opinion. We have shown in the former part of this paper that our old constitution carefully guarded against anything like the predominance of numerical, that is physical, force; but for sixty or seventy years past, and particularly within the last five-and-twenty, the new theory that numbers was the original and is the only legitimate basis of representation has been gaining ground, sometimes slowly and silently, sometimes loudly and rapidly, and has exercised, as all must allow, a very *alterative* influence on our institutions. 'Abstract principles,' says Mr. Burke, in arguing against a repeal of the Test Act, 2nd March, 1790, 'I never liked—I detested them when a boy, and like them no better in my silver hairs. Abstract principles of natural right, which the Dissenters rest on as their stronghold, are idle, useless, and dangerous—they supersede society and break asunder all those bonds which for ages had formed the happiness of mankind.' That is the true philosophy of the case—an appeal to what are called abstract principles is an attempt to force mankind back again to a state of disorder and barbarism from which experience and the restraints and obligations of political and domestic society had gradually redeemed us.

This abstract principle of numerical representation was first, we believe, seriously

advanced towards the close of the American war, by the very able but very factious Opposition of that day, in the shape of more frequent parliaments and a broader representation of the people. Then began the organization of certain popular associations, who, assuming that the old parliament did not, as some said *sufficiently*, and as others insisted *at all*, represent the people—because it did not represent them numerically—arrogated to themselves the mission of redressing the injured balance of the constitution and of bringing the power of numbers to weigh on the decision of public questions. But strange to say, and *unfortunately*, as we do not hesitate to add, this scheme of Parliamentary Reform never met much attention nor any favour with the public at large. It slumbered till the French Revolution, when it was again revived, factiously but feebly, and almost exclusively amongst the Dissenters. But it was extinguished almost as soon as revived, and the sound good sense of the country, resting on the experience of our whole historical and political existence, showed a strong disinclination to change its ancient and well-working (even if anomalous) system of representation.

We have called this indifference *unfortunate*, which may seem a strange epithet from our pen ; our explanation is this. The distaste of the sound portion of the country to any parliamentary reform—their just appreciation of the advantages of the existing system, and their aversion to make experiments in so vital a matter, encouraged the Opposition of the day to take it up and press it as a topic plausible and popular for electioneering purposes with the middle and lower classes, but which never could grow into a real embarrassment. ‘These popular bills,’ says Horace Walpole to Conway, speaking of a place bill when they were both in factious opposition—‘these popular bills *are never really proposed but as an engine of party*, and not as a pledge for the realization of any such extravagant ideas.’ So thought and acted all subsequent Oppositions. They took up Parliamentary Reform as a safe stalking-horse on which they might vapour away without the risk of being, if they should get into power, called upon to fulfil their pledges. Sheridan, who supported it in public, laughed, we know, in private at what he, and we suppose the other heads of his party, considered an impracticable vision—a tub to the whale—and accordingly, when Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey, who had been the early leaders of the question, came into office in 1806, parliamentary reform was utterly unthought of by them, or even—which is perhaps more noticeable

—by their opponents ; they neither in the slightest degree remembered their reform pledges, nor were they so much as taunted with forgetting them ; and for five-and-twenty years, till the return of the Whigs to office, in 1830, there was no serious feeling in the country about parliamentary reform. It was shown in the debates on the Reform Bill, that the public mind, as indicated by petitions, never had been more indifferent on the subject than at that very time.

But the system of extra-legal—if not, as we think, illegal—combinations had been exercising itself in other directions. The Irish associations had alarmed the Government in 1793 into the democratic extension of the electoral franchise to the lowest class of Roman Catholics, while the same Government persisted in denying to the higher orders the privilege of being elected ; and, after a long series of sedition and rebellion, those same associations, acting under a variety of shapes and names—we cannot call them disguises—succeeded in inflicting upon us another great democratic influence by the Roman Catholic emancipation of 1829. This, though so nominally restricted as not to look like a direct introduction of the mere numerical principle, was so in fact. The Roman Catholic members may be almost considered as being the representatives of mere numbers—with very little regard to station or property. And this grand step of concession, which we were told was to quiet, only provoked and spread a hotter and wider agitation—until at length the direct and undisguised power of numbers, as at Lismore, Tara, Mullaghmast, &c., was displayed to bully the Legislature into still more decisive submission to the democracy.

While this was going on in Ireland, the English Democrats were not altogether idle. We had the great Manchester disturbances, and a strong seditious and insurrectionary movement throughout the manufacturing districts. But there was still enough of the ancient constitutional spirit alive in the country and in Parliament to resist these demonstrations, till the triumph of French democracy in the July Revolution—following so close on the inroad on our constitution by the emancipation of 1829—once more brought Lord Grey and the Whigs into power. But although those who had hitherto supported reform were predominant in that administration, we believed, and we do still believe, there would have been no serious wish to awaken the dormant question of reform, at least not to any *very* mischievous extent, if the failure of their budget, and the general suspicion and unpopularity with which they were received, had not

driven them to strike a bold stroke that should at once rally and inspirit their friends, defeat, and as they hoped annihilate, their adversaries, and give them a tenure of place more permanent than they could ever have had under the existing distribution of political power. They then threw themselves at once into the arms of the democracy, and introduced a reform, in which, for the first time in the annals of Europe, numbers were introduced as the ruling principle of representation. Not, we admit, as the sole principle—for there were still some measures, both public and private, to be kept. The country, mad as the ministers had endeavoured to make it, was still not prepared for a total revolution. It was also indispensable that my Lord Fitzwilliam's influence at Malton, and Lord Carlisle's at Morpeth, and the Duke of Bedford's at Tavistock, and a dozen other Whig boroughs—as rotten—so it was the fashion to call them—as any of their kind, should be preserved; and this could not be accomplished without sparing some Tory boroughs of undeniably superior consequence. The most extraordinary frauds and juggles were, moreover, perpetrated to maintain, and in many cases to create, Whig interests in carving out the new or amended franchises, and the new divisions and boundaries of counties and boroughs; and by these fortunate frauds and lucky knaveries the country was saved from the full, or at least the immediate development of the democratic principle. Enough, however, was done to alter, not indeed the outward forms, but the real springs and internal movements of the political machine. We had in truth, the moment that Bill passed, made a very near approach to being, what the Royalty of the Barricades professed to be, 'a Republic under monarchical forms.'

Let us here pause a moment to confess that the Whigs are not to be exclusively blamed for this result. The Tories had, in their fear of change, neglected to open a great safety-valve twice over ready to their hands—when they refused to transfer the franchise of the delinquent boroughs of Grampound in 1820, and of East Retford and Penryn in 1828, to Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. It is well, though not generally known, that this transfer was—in all those successive cases—pressed on the Tory Ministers by friends of their own, who afterwards took the most decided part against the Reform Bill of 1832, and that its rejection was chiefly determined by influences that afterwards lent themselves to accomplish the wholesale reform which they had refused to avert by so small and safe a

concession. This was as irrational as it was unfortunate. It must be admitted, without reference to the claims of mere population, that it was an anomaly that those great towns, swelling with large interests peculiarly their own, should not be directly represented;—and when the opportunities occurred—not of introducing any new principle—not of arbitrarily extending the number of the House of Commons—not of disfranchising an innocent borough to make way for them—but of transferring the franchise from a borough extinguished for its own delinquencies—and whose place in the representation *must* be filled up—to a borough which had grown into commanding consequence—when, we say, such an opportunity occurred, it was the height of obstinacy and folly to persist in what was really a disturbance of the representative balance, namely, the transferring a *borough* representation—not to another borough where it was required, but to a *county* where it was not wanted.

The same injustice, absurdity, and unconstitutionality was repeated in the case of East Retford in 1830, which again divided the Conservative party, and gave the Whigs the opportunity and an excuse for that extravagant measure, by the principles of which they perverted Reform into Revolution, and by the details of which they most elaborately contrived to increase the influence of their own individual followers, and to secure (as they hoped) the permanent predominance of their party. Never before, we believe, was there attempted so unblushing a system of favouritism, not to say fraud, as the schedules of the Reform Bill presented; and yet it is, as we have said, to its jobs and inconsistencies that a ministry of any party is chiefly indebted for the power, inadequate and cramped as it is, of carrying on the Queen's Government.

The power of the Crown in the choice of its ministers, always subjected to the approbation of Parliament, becomes of course more precarious as the House of Commons becomes more democratic;—but now to the difficulty of obtaining the confidence of the House collectively is added the embarrassment of being subjected to the caprice of individual constituencies. The Reform Bill has limited to a most inconvenient extent the kind of appeal which, under the old system, successively protected Fox and Burke, Wyndham and Sheridan, Castlereagh and Canning, Tierney and Grey, Petty and Peel, from the *ostracism* of a temporary or local unpopularity—against a popular squall, they found the safe harbour of some close borough under their lee. That resource has

been so restricted that we have lately seen men of acknowledged fitness and capacity, nay, of distinguished talents, forced out of office by the caprice of electors whom they themselves had contributed to invest with powers so ill exercised; nay, we have seen the still greater anomaly of Ministers of high rank and character unable to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, and reduced to the humiliating, and we will say unconstitutional position of being excluded from the great council of the nation by the very fact of being called to the official council of the sovereign. It follows that a Minister, thus depending not on the Crown for place or favour, but for his political existence on a popular constituency, is not his own master, and is forced, under penalty of banishment from public life, to make or keep 'friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness,' whatever varying shape the tempter may assume. Can any one doubt that Lord John Russell's return for the City of London produced the Jew Bill?—not in itself a popular measure, though tending to the general progress of innovation and general growth of democracy, but adopted because, in a close balance of party, it secured a third interest just sufficient to turn the scale: for that petty object the Prime Minister of the Crown endeavoured to unchristianise the Constitution!

But it is not on Ministers alone that this absolute and irremediable dependence on the favour of the democracy operates so mischievously. Ministers are the most prominent personages of a party—and there are still many seats which the heads of a party can influence; gentlemen therefore of sufficient importance to become ministers have several chances and many ways of finding seats, which ordinary members cannot hope for, who of course become more and more the mere *clients* of their constituents. In a debate on Parliamentary Reform (some years before the Reform Bill), Sir Francis Burdett in one part of his argument confessed that, although he had been returned for great popular constituencies—Westminster and Middlesex—he had never felt himself so independent as when, in his early days, he sat for Boroughbridge. We doubt whether any one of the populous boroughs created by the Reform Bill would tolerate in its members a real independence of thought and action. The recent retreat of Mr. Ward from the borough of Sheffield, and the candid and curious address in which he accounted for that step, is a remarkable exemplification and corroboration of our statement. Every one who observes closely the proceedings of individual members is well aware of the unconstitutional thralldom in

which many of them are held by their constituencies. We are not here renewing the general argument as to the use and abuse of close boroughs—we only note how much the reduction of their number has added to the subserviency of public men to democratic influence.

One of the advantages promised by the advocates of the Reform Bill was, that it would put an end to the illegal associations and other popular demonstrations which, as was alleged, only arose out of, and were irregular compensations for, the injustice of the old system of representation; and that, when Manchester and Birmingham had legitimate organs in the legislature, the voice of seditious agitation would be no longer heard. Has such been the result? Have not, on the contrary, the excitement on public questions, the demonstrations in populous districts, the riots, the disturbance, the whole system of agitation—that is *intimidation*—become much more constant and audacious, and especially in the very districts to which the pretended panacea of representation had been applied—Birmingham, Manchester, Stockport, &c.? Has not agitation become a kind of chronic fever among us of the same kind as that which assumes an acute character in France under the form of *émeutes*? They are both the heavings of the democratic deep. Our better found ship and more experienced crew still manage to keep the sea in comparative safety, while our neighbours, less practised in the exercise of popular rights, are on the breakers. Let us endeavour to profit by their experience, and let us hope that we in return may hold out to them the signal of a safer course.

After the great stride, or rather leap, of the Reform Bill, every year's legislation has added something to the democratical influence—witness the Municipal Corporations Acts, the various measures relating to the Church, and a general current of legislation relaxing and sometimes abolishing several of the minor restrictions by which the action of the Democracy had been checked. But the most remarkable was the success of the Anti-Corn-Law League:—a triumph—not of reason, nor of real popular opinion, nor even of numbers (for the vast majority of the country were against it), and, least of all, of 'the unadorned eloquence of Richard Cobden,' to which it was ostensibly attributed—but of the agitation of a few demagogues acting on that oversensitive and morbidly prudent temper which renders the great experience, the unrivalled capacity, and the spotless personal integrity of Sir Robert Peel worse than useless

to his country in seasons of difficulty and trial. He thought, no doubt, that he was justified in yielding to a strong public feeling; but he mistook essentially both the strength and direction of that feeling. Sir Robert Peel was reproached with having *cheered* Mr. Cobden's celebrated declaration that the *towns would govern the country*. Sir Robert, we believe (or some of his friends), denied the cheer; but it cannot be denied that his measures were in accordance with Mr. Cobden's doctrine—that the landed interest was sacrificed, not even to the manufacturing interest, but to the clamour of a few revolutionary agitators whose immediate object may have been the lowering of their workmen's wages, but whose ultimate design was—as for all practical purposes it has turned out to be—another triumph of the democracy. It added, indeed, for the moment no direct political weight to democracy; it did not extend the franchise; it created no immediate accession of popular power; but it was a great victory over the aristocracy, and became a presage and a pledge of still greater triumphs.

We have already stated, but we cannot too often nor too earnestly inculcate, that the great question which agitates society in this country—disguise itself how it may—is the struggle—not between Democracy and Monarchy, nor between Democracy and Aristocracy, but between Democracy and PROPERTY. There is nothing else really and *bonâ fide* in debate or contest. This is avowed with a kind of involuntary candour in the introduction to the *People's Charter*, as it is called. The proposed objects of this association are: 1. Universal suffrage; 2. No property qualification; 3. Annual parliaments; 4. Equal representation of electoral districts; 5. Payment of members; 6. Vote by ballot;—but the one real object of all these provisos is thus summed up in the Preface to the Charter:—

'In conclusion, we think that no unprejudiced man can reflect on the present unjust and exclusive state of the franchise,—where *property, however unjustly acquired*, is possessed of rights, that knowledge the most extensive, and conduct the most exemplary, fail to attain—can witness the *demoralizing influence of wealth* in the legislature—the bribery, perjury, tumults, and disorders attendant on the present mode of elections—but must admit that the object contemplated is worthy of the task we have imposed upon ourselves, however we may have fallen short in providing an efficient remedy.'

The 'worthy object,' therefore—and the only object of this association—and of the whole mass of Chartists, Socialists, Radical Reformers, or whatever else they may call

themselves—is to abrogate 'the demoralizing influence of wealth,' and 'the rights of property;' in other and hardly plainer words, to establish a general principle of communism, spoliation, plunder, and anarchy.

Now, without wasting our time in common-places, we may assume the assent of our readers to the broad fact that Property is the foundation of all government, and Landed Property the foundation of all property; and therefore it is that with a natural instinct, as the wolf attacks the fold, all revolutionists attack landed property. It was the landed interest that the League attacked; it was the landed interest that was sacrificed to the League. The advocates of that sacrifice would persuade us that it was a safety-valve—a concession that enabled us to resist the example of the February revolution—such a safety-valve, they perhaps may tell us, as we ourselves would have opened in the cases of Grampound and East Retford. But the cases are different in all their essentials. The necessity for a decision one way or the other in the case of the boroughs was imperative; and the transfer to Leeds and Manchester would have been the most limited, as well as the most constitutional solution of the unavoidable difficulty that the circumstances allowed, and would have stopped, instead of opening, an indefinite principle of change. While, on the other hand, we believe that the humiliating surrender to seditious dictation and menace of the most matured opinions and the most solemn pledges by which any statesmen had ever bound themselves must, as far as it was felt abroad, have been a strong encouragement to the spirit of democracy—to say nothing of its consequential effect on France and in Europe, by having recalled the firebrand policy of Lord Palmerston into action over the whole Continent, from Jutland to Sicily.

Within our own country it assuredly produced mischief greater than any that could have been feared from the example of the French Revolutions by so deeply wounding the character of public men—by lowering in public opinion the House of Lords, which complaisantly adopted what it notoriously abhorred—by dissatisfying and disgusting all the old hereditary friends of the monarchy—and by thus giving new life, authority, and triumph to the principles of democratic agitation and Socialism. It will not be pretended that the English Chartists and Socialists have been conciliated and converted by the repeal of the Corn-Laws; it is avowed that they look upon it as a mere instalment—a step—towards their own revolutionary objects, and a long series of

public prosecutions too clearly prove that the fever heat of sedition, conspiracy, and treason has not *gone down with the price of wheat*. On the contrary, it is with great regret that we find ourselves obliged to confess that Sir Robert Peel's unfortunate measures have spread a serious extent of disaffection, not to say disloyalty, through the agricultural classes, who—hitherto so firm to their duty—now believe that they have been betrayed, and who feel that they are ruined—a ruin which they rapidly communicate to the small tradesmen, and through them to the greater bodies of manufacturers, already themselves distressed by foreign competition. So that of the numerous fallacies by which 'Free Trade' has been bolstered up, that of its tendency to remove popular discontent is, as we prophesied it would be, one of the first detected.

We were exceedingly surprised to find that, at the great agricultural county meeting held at Gloucester on the 9th of June, the Earl of Ducie is reported to have said :

'You are aware of the state of the Continent—there is anarchy, rebellion, republicanism, and everything that unhinges society. I was talking the other day to one of the greatest men of the times; but he has fallen through these revolutions—to M. Guizot, the Prime Minister of Louis-Philippe—I was talking to him of the tranquillity we enjoy, compared with other countries. M. Guizot replied, "You may say as you like that you have a good constitution, and that you are governed by equal laws—but let me tell you, if you had not removed that monster grievance, the corn-laws, you would have been in as great a state of anarchy as any other state of Europe." You have here the opinion of as wise a man as any one behind here.'

Now we think we can venture to say, that this is either a total misreport, or else Lord Ducie must have entirely misunderstood M. Guizot. M. Guizot may have said, as a great many of our own Conservative friends have done, that it was fortunate that at the moment of the general explosion throughout Europe there happened to be no irritating question afloat—no pretext for insurrectionary movement then existing amongst us; and so we ourselves may have thought; but not with any reference to the Corn Laws. There would, we believe, have been just the same or perhaps a more real tranquillity if the Corn Laws had not been repealed. The accidental good fortune of our position was quite of another character. The true cause of the absence of any irritating question was simply that the *Whigs were in office* and the *Conservatives in opposition*. Agitation is a Whig trade, for which they have long possessed an organized machinery that they

can work or stop at pleasure; and, of course, when they reach their *terminus* in Downing-street, they let off the steam. And this is the secret of the difference which has been observed between the apparent satisfaction of the country under Whig and Tory administrations. In the great demonstration of 200,000 special constables on the 10th of April, 1849, one phrase, uttered as a pleasantry but of a serious import, ran like wildfire through the crowd from Hyde Park to Whitechapel :—'*How fortunate that Lord John Russell is in Downing Street; he would else have been on Kennington Common!*' In this sense only of bringing the Whigs into office did the repeal of the Corn Laws conduce even to the appearance of public tranquillity.

But it is quite impossible that M. Guizot could have spoken abstractedly of the Corn Laws even as impolitic, much less as a grievance—a '*monster grievance*'—for we have his own full and unmistakable declarations in the very opposite direction; and it would require very clear evidence indeed to make us class him among those Statesmen whose firmness of opinion is in the inverse ratio to the strength of their language, and even to the deliberate tenor of their acts. He had not only approved, maintained, and left behind him in France a system of agricultural protection borrowed from and exactly similar to ours—a sliding scale of corn-duties nearly equivalent in amount and identical in operation—but he had, at the very time when our contest with the League was at the highest, defended the protective system both in France and *England*, in the most unequivocal manner :—

'It is my conviction that the Conservative principle should be applied to internal industry and commerce as to all other great social interests. Those branches of industry and commerce which have hitherto enjoyed protection should not be exposed to the precarious and injurious effects of foreign competition. On the contrary, I repeat that the Conservative principle should particularly protect internal industry. I entirely adopt that principle—every wise Government practises it. You have before your eyes at this moment a grand example of the application of this principle. *You see a great neighbouring State applying this Conservative principle to the maintenance of its Corn-Laws by a protectionist tariff much higher than our own.*' —*Speech in the Chamber of Deputies, 25 March, 1845.*

And a few days after he repeated the same doctrine on the subject of live stock—

'I maintain the existing system of protecting duties in favour of home-bred cattle. I have

always supported it both in principle and practice, and I maintain it not merely for the interest of the breeder, but for that also of the consumer, and for the still more important interests of agriculture in general.'—*Speech, 31 March.*

Having been induced on this occasion to look into a collection of M. Guizot's speeches while Minister, it would be unjust not to express our high and indeed unmixed approbation of the sound principles on all subjects foreign and domestic which pervade them, and our admiration of the lucidity, dignity, and spirit and eloquence of his style. His defence of his policy on various occasions on which he was attacked is, in our judgment, always victorious, and his speeches in general have this peculiarity,—that though he strenuously maintains, of course, what he considers the special interests of France, he never seems to forget what is due to the interests and feelings of the great European family. But what we have quoted is not all that we can produce in opposition to Lord Ducie's misunderstanding of M. Guizot's opinions. In the very work before us M. Guizot has specifically and emphatically designated and defended the *landed interest* as the first element of order and good government in a state, and as being *therefore* the chief object of the attacks, direct and indirect, of the Democracy:—

'It may be confidently predicted that if, as I hope social order triumphs over its insane or depraved enemies, the attacks of which landed property is now the object, and the dangers with which it is threatened, will, in the end, enhance its preponderance in society.'—pp. 41, 42.

This sufficiently points out who are the friends and who are the enemies of the Landed Interest in France, and they are just the corresponding parties in England. M. Guizot adds an eloquent and sagacious development of the political and moral causes of this predominance of the landed interest in society, which are as well worth consideration here as in France:—

'Whence arises this preponderance? Is it merely because, of all sorts of property land is the most secure, the least variable;—that which best resists the perturbations, and survives the calamities of society?

'This motive, though real, powerful, and obvious, is far from being the only one. There are other motives, or rather we may call them deep-seated instincts, whose empire over man is great, even when he is unconscious of it. There secure the social preponderance of landed property, or restore it when transiently shaken or enfeebled. Among these instincts two appear to me the most powerful; it will be sufficient to indicate

them, for an attempt to fathom their depths would carry me too far.

'Moveable property, or capital, may procure a man all the advantages of wealth; but property in land gives him much more than this. It gives him a place in the domain of the world—it unites his life to the life which animates all creation. Money is an instrument by which man can procure the satisfaction of his wants and his wishes. Landed property is the establishment of man as sovereign in the midst of nature. It satisfies not only his wants and his desires, but tastes deeply implanted in his nature. For his family, it creates that domestic country called *home*, with all the living sympathies and all the future hopes and projects which people it. And whilst property in land is more consonant than any other to the nature of man, it also affords a field of activity the most favourable to his moral development, the most suited to inspire a just sentiment of his nature and his powers. In almost all the other trades or professions, whether commercial or scientific, success appears to depend solely on himself—on his talents, address, prudence, and vigilance. In agricultural life, man is constantly in the presence of God, and of his power. Activity, talents, prudence and vigilance are as necessary here as elsewhere to the success of his labours, but they are evidently no less insufficient than they are necessary. It is God who rules the seasons and the temperature, the sun and the rain, and all those phenomena of nature which determine the success or the failure of the labours of man on the soil which he cultivates. There is no pride which can resist this dependence, no address which can escape it. Nor is it only a sentiment of humility as to his power over his own destiny which is thus inculcated upon man; he learns also tranquillity and patience. He cannot flatter himself that the most ingenious inventions or the most restless activity will insure his success; when he has done all that depends upon him for the cultivation and the fertilization of the soil, he must wait with resignation. The more profoundly we examine the situation in which man is placed by the possession and cultivation of the soil, the more do we discover how rich it is in salutary lessons to his reason, and benign influences on his character. Men do not analyze these facts, but they have an instinctive sentiment of them, which powerfully contributes to that peculiar respect in which they hold property in land, and to the preponderance which that kind of property enjoys over every other. This preponderance is a natural, legitimate, and salutary fact, which, especially in a great country, society at large has a strong interest in recognising and respecting.'—pp. 42–44.

Yes, no doubt; to make or to keep a country happy and great—to give its government strength and stability—to insure its people comfort and independence—the first requisite is the security and prosperity of the landed interests. We admit, therefore, the consistency and logic of the Chartists and Socialists in their special hostility



to that kind of property, and, above all, to its hereditary character; but we confess we should have been utterly at a loss to account for the zeal with which the higher class of Whigs—formerly peculiar champions of the landed interest—and such men as Sir Robert Peel and his friends, men of large estates as well as superior understanding, have joined in this crusade against property, and especially the species of property in which they have the most stake, if we did not recollect, as to the former, Mr. Burke's sagacious anatomy of the motives of a Jacobin Duke, and as to the latter, Tacitus's deep probing of the human heart—'*Proprium humani ingenii est odisse quem læseris*;' and if the political history of our country did not afford but too many instances of the almost incredible degree in which party zeal or personal pique will blind men not merely to their duties, but their interests. It would be irksome and idle to attempt to recapitulate all the obloquy and injury, direct and indirect, which those two parties have united in heaping on the landed interest ever since the day on which they began the ignoble rivalry of jockeying each other, by trying who should first and fastest abjure their principles and forfeit their pledges. The facts are before the world—they are read in every day's debate—they are seen in every country market—they are felt in every agricultural family in the kingdom—they are extending themselves into the manufactories—and will rapidly and inevitably spread their baneful influence over all the interests of the empire. Nothing can be in health if the land is sick.

Do we believe that the gentlemen who pursue these courses can desire an agrarian or Socialist revolution? Certainly not—none of them at least that are sane and solvent; but having unhappily made the double error of sacrificing their better judgments to the democratic agitation of the League, and of trying to excuse that weakness by a pretence manifestly false, they fancy their error will look more respectable in the guise of a principle—and so have taken up the dogma of *free trade*, of which we do not recollect to have heard a syllable in the first stages of the corn-law discussions. Such, at least, is the only intelligible (though not very excusable) motive that we can assign for their conduct, taken as a whole. How else can we account for their proceedings on the sugar and all other colonial questions, and, above all, on the repeal of the navigation laws?—a measure which seems to us at once the most wanton and the most fatal of all the extravagancies of our modern philosophy. Five years ago there was not a statesman—no, not any man in England—

who doubted that there were two main pillars on which the internal prosperity and external safety of our country rested—the Landed and the Shipping Interests. They are both sacrificed to the Moloch of Free Trade. Few men had a more sagacious genius, and no man ever examined with a more practical and searching eye our national strength or weakness, than Buonaparte, and he, in a candid burst of vexation, confessed that the '*Ships, Colonies, and Commerce*' of England were too strong for him—even when he was *Europe*! They had been from the dawn of our modern policy nursed and protected by a fostering, nay, a jealous legislation—in which every considerable statesman that England has produced, from Cromwell even to Huskisson, was anxious, as a good patriot, to claim a successive share. It has been swept away; and even the British seas, like the British soil, have been abandoned to foreign competition, as it is called, but in truth to foreign monopoly. How can any man in his senses suppose that England—with her dense population and proportionate establishments—her *enormous debt*—her taxes and rates—the *habits of living and scale of wages of her working classes*—can successfully contend with countries where such burdens hardly exist—the markets of Guildford or Uxbridge with Elbing and Odessa, or the building-slips of Hull and Sunderland with Drontheim and Gottenburg? We have seen within these few days a letter from an intelligent and respectable Norwegian gentleman, which says, '*As a good patriot, I am rejoiced at the repeal of your navigation laws, so much to our advantage; but I own I do not understand what has induced you to be so liberal.*' And we know of more than one letter of advice from the United States to British correspondents, expressing the same pleasure and surprise—but adding, '*You must not think that we shall be so mad as to follow your example.*'

All these measures are linked together, and are all corollaries of that most revolutionary proposition which escaped from Sir Robert Peel's lips in, we willingly believe, a moment of personal irritation, but which he since seems to have adopted as the principle of his policy—that the food of the labourer should be exempted from taxation. Louis Blanc never advanced a more mischievous, or, let us add, a more absurd proposition. See how it is to work. Let us begin with the case of corn. The import duty is first removed. It was in vain pleaded that by the sliding scale the duty vanished just as corn grew dear; no matter—the principle is that the labourer's food is not, in any case or under any condition, to

be taxed—and the whole duty was repealed. But the duty was but one item of charge—the difference of freight between a British and a foreign ship was another—that must be repealed also—so down with the Navigation Laws! But the inexorable principle is still unsatisfied—there are other taxes which affect homegrown corn much more heavily than freight does the imported article—tithes—rates of all kinds—turnpikes—tolls—land tax—(the Socialist would add *rent*)—are not these just as must taxation on the quarter of wheat brought to market as freight is?—what is to be done with them? But we must go still further. Malt is food—sugar is food—tea is food; are all these duties to be repealed? Yes, say the Democrats—all! and under the principle stated, such a result cannot be resisted. The labourer will have thus attained the Utopia of *cheap food*. But as food must be bought by labour, and as *à converso* labour is, and ever must be, estimated by the price of food—*cheap food* is but another phrase for *cheap labour*—and therefore the labourer, after the first fluctuation had subsided, would be, at best, just where he was; if his day's labour had bought him, let us say, four loaves of bread at the old rates—at the new rates it would still bring him four loaves, and could do no more. But it would be soon found to do much less. Unless we are to adopt the sponge of Cobbett, the public revenue derived from those repealed sources must be all (or—even with the greatest imaginable economy—in a great part) still raised, and that could only be by throwing the whole burthen on the other classes of society—the Elbing Letter explains the process—and then, if the farmer, ruined by the competition of that same Elbing, is unable, on the one hand, to pay the gentry their rent—and, on the other hand, to buy the goods of the tradesman, and if all these suffering classes are to be still further crushed with the whole weight of taxation, how are they to employ the labourer? The English labourer, like the Irish peasant at this moment, will be starving in the neighbourhood of plenty—the *untaxed food* may be cheap enough as long as the foreigner shall be indulgent, but whence, under such circumstances, are to come the wages to buy it? Who can contemplate without dismay the practical consequences of such a promise and of such a disappointment? In short, this, like all the other theories of Socialist democracy, is obviously an 'odious and mischievous chime-ra'; and yet it seems impossible to deny that it has been at the bottom of all our recent legislation; and that the only, or almost the only man in the House of Commons of real

weight or capacity, is pledged as deeply as Louis Blanc to those impracticable, but not on that account less dangerous doctrines.

Nor do we know where to look for any *drag* upon this downward course. The old constitutional checks of the Crown and the House of Lords have, we say with deep regret, lost or abandoned much of their legitimate authority. It is impossible to speak too highly of the personal qualities of the Queen. Her virtues, her amiability, her good sense, her conscientious and, we believe, able and intelligent discharge of such of her duties as are personally exercised, can be known to their full extent only by those who have the honour to approach her, but they are generally acknowledged and appreciated by the affection and respect of her people. Of the Prince Consort, too, nothing can be justly said that is not in the highest degree favourable; his accomplishments and talents, his sound judgment, his patronage of the arts, his good taste and good temper, the excellent discretion of his deportment in a position so difficult and delicate, and the happy tact with which he avoids the appearance of having less influence than would be believed or more than would be approved, are altogether admirable. But notwithstanding all these fortunate and gratifying circumstances, of which the country is justly proud, it is undeniable that, from the very nature of things, the Crown does not and cannot exercise that guiding and controlling power which the constitution supposes, and which has become even more necessary than in former reigns, since parliamentary reform has deprived the Crown of that unavowed but well understood influence which it had the means of exercising in the House of Commons. Her Majesty has infinitely less share in the choice of her ministers than the Presidents of either the American or the French republic:—in fact—and it is an important truth which cannot be concealed—she has next to none at all. She takes a ministry from the House of Commons more implicitly than she takes a lord in waiting from her ministers. We may be told that this has been, in *some degree*, the case ever since the Revolution of 1688; and we admit it: but, in a question of balance, the *degree* is everything. In former times we used to hear, under circumstances which proved the very reverse, that the influence of the Crown was too great. When the House of Commons voted Mr. Dunning's celebrated resolution that 'the power of the Crown had increased and ought to be diminished,' it practically negated its own assertion. So, as Mr. Bright reminded Lord John Russell the other day, it might be ar-

gued that the very fact of the old House of Commons having passed the Reform Bill proved that it was unnecessary. But, though Mr. Dunning's resolution that the power of the Crown had increased, was as untrue in fact, as his conclusion that it ought to be diminished was unsound in policy; it is certain that the Crown had still a degree of influence in the House of Commons which mitigated very essentially, and we think most usefully, the growing preponderance of the democracy, and helped to preserve the balance of the Constitution. That, we say, is nearly if not altogether gone, and the so-called servants of the Crown are become, in a more direct and undisguised way than they ever were before, the servants of the House of Commons.

Nor is the House of Lords more really independent than the Crown. We do not presume to arraign their proceedings; we only record them. On several most important, most vital, occasions, it is notorious—avowed—that the vast majority of their Lordships had decided and unequivocal opinions at variance with those of the ministry—the Reform Bill—the Corporation Act—the Corn Laws—the Navigation Laws—the recent Canadian Rebellion-Reward Bill—on these and in every other case, with, we believe, the single exception of the Jew Bill, in which the Ministry has taken any strong interest, the Lords have submitted to what looks very like dictation. It is always prudent to avoid an extreme breach with the House of Commons when backed by some temporary enthusiasm of the people, but in several measures they seem to have abandoned their opinions and, as we humbly think, their duties, when the inconvenience of resistance could have been but very slight. We are well aware that their Lordships have been influenced in some late votes by a reluctance to overturn the present ministry when they have no clear view of finding a safer. This would be, we admit, a sufficient motive—but it is not, we think, a full and correct view of the case. If the Opposition were to *originate* any aggressive proposition—a vote of want of confidence, for instance—there would be a constitutional obligation on them, if successful, to form an administration; and against such a result at the present moment we ourselves, if we had the honour of a voice, would be inclined to exert it: but when the Government were the aggressors, as in the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and that the Opposition only took up a defensive position behind our ancient system, we do not think that there would have been any more obligation on the latter to undertake the Government after defeating the

anti-navigation scheme than there has been after the defeat of the Jew Bill; they might equally have left to the ministers who stirred such questions the whole responsibility of the results. This is an important distinction which seems to us not to have been sufficiently considered. But however that may be, it does not affect our general position that the House of Lords, in its present temper and practice, is no effectual barrier to the encroachments of democracy.

The result of all this is that the only monarchical and aristocratical power practically remaining in the constitution is in that which, without reference to the present *ins* or *outs*, we may comprehensively call the *Conservative party* in the House of Commons—that is, members, Whig as well as Tory, representing or connected with the *Landed Interest*—and which, if it could be united under a vigorous and honest ministry, would form so considerable a majority as to be capable perhaps of arresting, and certainly of retarding, the progress of democracy. Of such a union, or of any such effectual resistance, we confess our internal prospects are not promising. Mr. Hume proposed on the 5th of June a motion (similar to one made by him last year) for a *further* reform in parliament—a kind of sham fight, we think, on the part of Mr. Hume and most of the other principal performers, who get up the annual farce with no real intention of embarrassing their Whig friends in office—who, they know will easily, with the aid of the Tories, negative the motion—but to keep themselves alive in the minds of the democracy, and to keep the question alive—to be made a more serious use of if the Tories should come into power, or if any other accident should afford an opportunity for a real reform agitation. Lord John Russell on the former and on the late occasion opposed the motion—but in a tone and by arguments which, generally speaking, gave us but little satisfaction. His most prominent objection seemed to be that Mr. Hume's motion was in some degree a slur on his own Reform Bill, which he had the courage to praise as merely 'a restoration of our ancient free and glorious constitution.' Mr. Bright very frankly, and, we must add, very logically, laughed at the *constitutionality* of Lord John's reform: he told him that his boasted bill had been passed by violence and was itself a cheat:—

'The noble lord passed the Reform Bill in a hurricane of popular feeling, and without that could not have carried it; the Constitution was helped on by brickbats (a laugh), and the carriages of noble lords and hon. gentlemen who opposed the bill were smashed as they passed through the towns and villages; it was not a

*Constitution to boast of which required such things to give it a fillip. But, perhaps, the noble lord would say, the system worked well out of doors. From 1836, when the people began to feel that they had been cheated of the influence they expected to acquire by the Reform Bill, there had been an incessant movement in favour of an extension of the suffrage.*—6th June.

Mr. Bright added, that the present House of Commons was aristocratic, and represented classes, and the higher classes, only; and he concluded by urging that the principle of the Reform Bill itself, as well as policy and justice, required the further extension of the franchise to every adult male of the United Kingdom. To this Lord John Russell replied by a series of arguments, identically the same as had been used against his own Reform Bill—that the existing system, though somewhat anomalous, worked well, and the better for the anomalies;—he showed by some details of the gradual reduction of taxation that the present House was sufficiently economical—he enumerated the various useful measures of legislation that had been successively passed—and, in short, made—with very slight variations of form, but none at all of substance—the same defence for the House of Commons of 1849 that had been made for the House of Commons of 1829. This was not very consistent—nor obviously any answer either to Mr. Hume or Mr. Bright—quite the reverse: for the same arguments of the Anti-Reformers of 1830, rational as they were, had been overborne by Lord John and his party; and if he now pronounced that the experiment had been so satisfactory, it was only an additional reason for following so good an example; particularly as Lord John himself, in the midst of his defence of the present system, made an admission—nay, a proposition—that, considering the person who makes it, alarms us more than the proposal of either Mr. Hume or Mr. Bright:—

‘There is another very difficult question with which we are not called upon to deal to-night, but to which I may in passing allude. I mean the question whether, in conformity with the general principle of the Reform Act, which I believe to be a just principle, *there might not be a greater number of persons possessing the suffrage than at present; whether, in fact, the working-classes should not be admitted more generally to hold the suffrage; and whether, in the great towns, in the counties, and in the boroughs, there should not be another kind of franchise introduced, to enable them to vote for the representatives of such places.* (Hear.) I stated last year my opinion in favour of such an extension. I stated various modes in which it might be done; but the honourable gentleman who makes the present proposition

and his friends have always protested against any extension of that kind.’—6th June.

Now here—we say at once and without reference to what the details might be—is a concession of the whole principle in debate—and Lord John has overset his own argument as he before did the ministerial coach; for when, in spite of all the praise he bestows on the existing system, he himself proposes an extension of the suffrage, he gives Messrs. Hume and Bright their *πρὸς ὅσον*, and the question becomes one merely of degree—or rather, we may say, of time; for it is evident that all such concessions must at last end in universal suffrage; and Lord John’s expedient would only delay for a time, and at best but for a short time, its ultimate success. But when we look to the details by which Lord John proposes to satisfy the cravings of democracy, and for which he would re-open the whole reform question, we are utterly astonished—his propositions, as stated on the 20th June, 1848, were—

‘I think we might create some new varieties of suffrage, perhaps, by giving the right of voting to persons *who had placed money in the savings-banks*, and thus shown themselves to be of provident and frugal habits, and to *men elected by guilds*, that being a proof of their possessing the confidence of their fellow-citizens.’—*Hansard*, 20th June, 1848.

‘These propositions showed,’ he added, ‘how unjustly he had been reproached by his Radical friends with standing on the finality of the Reform Bill.’ Now we confess that two more absurd propositions, or less worth the risk of remodelling the constitution, we cannot conceive. We do not see how the latter of the two would differ from the old class of freemen so ostentatiously abolished by the Reform Bill; but the former—the deriving votes from *deposits in the savings-banks*—is too ludicrous to be seriously debated. What sum would suffice, and would it be the same sum for all classes—for the workman whose weekly wages are thirty shillings and him who receives but thirteen? Is the sum to be impounded there to secure the vote, or, if taken out, what is to become of the franchise? and how are you to prevent loans and bribes to create fictitious votes? In short, it is simple nonsense. And was it for such a scheme as this that Lord John Russell would abjure the finality of his Reform Bill, and open the whole agitating and dangerous question of the franchise, which, whenever opened, will, we predict, run on rapidly to universal suffrage? and this, too, just after Mr. Bright had avow-

ed the existence and boasted the success of an extensive conspiracy for the creation of fraudulent votes by small contributions from the working classes :—\*

‘But at present a different method [of making fictitious votes] was being pursued. The hon. member (Mr. Newdegate) had referred to it, and this allusion would be an *excellent advertisement*; he (Mr. Bright) had in his hand a report respecting it, stating that in Wolverhampton there were 700 members, Coventry 500, Derby 700, Newcastle-on-Tyne 450, Cheltenham 200, Stafford 100, and it went on with Dudley, Worcester, Sheffield, Bradford, and so forth. The hon. member spoke of this movement as a conspiracy; but Chief Justice Tindal laid it down that to increase the number of persons possessed of the franchise was not against law or morality, or sound policy. (Hear, hear.) The man that saved his money and got a vote was socially and morally improving himself. (Hear.) But there were circumstances connected with this which one could wish avoided. These men did not come forward to purchase votes until they had a strong conviction that they were unjustly shut out; when they came within the pale of the constitution in sufficient numbers to speak in that house, they might come in as victors.’—*Times*, 6th June.

It is utterly impossible to reconcile these ridiculous projects of concession on the part of Lord John with the reasoning of his speeches; but it may, perhaps, be accounted for by his personal position—as a minister he could not adopt the projects of Mr. Hume or Mr. Bright, but for many obvious motives he is reluctant to break altogether with the Movement party, and he therefore makes a personal *hedge*, as the phrase is, against the public part which as a minister he is forced to take. From all the earlier parts of his speech we might have expected a bold and uncompromising declaration against further change, and a resolution to defend strenuously the system which he had himself so lately raised, and now so largely applauded: but no! while he seemed to stand boldly over the great gate of his fortress—his own castle—resolute to repel all assailants, we see that he has prepared a little postern for his own escape whenever the serious assault should be tried. The Constitution, then, has little to hope from the Father of the Reform Bill; like another Brutus, he will, we fear, be

found ready to immolate his offspring, and we only trust that it may not be with the same result—the establishment of the *Republic*.

Mr. Hume, indeed, accused the Ministers, and Lord John in particular, of a very contrary feeling—of having promised several minor measures of representative reform, which they had scandalously evaded :—

‘Their desire for reform, then, was a make-believe and a mockery. He called it so because if they were honest and intent on reform, they would make any small reforms as an advance; but he believed all their promises of reform were delusive, and he had made up his mind that the noble lord and his colleagues—those ardent and useful reformers—had come to the conclusion to stand fast and do nothing.’

We heartily wish it were so: but, little reliance as we place on Mr. Hume’s opinion on any subject whatever, we have particular reasons for distrusting him on this, when we recollect that he who now proposed the resolution which would have overturned every provision, we believe without exception, of the Reform Bill, had thus hailed its first proposal :—

‘Mr. Hume frankly declared that, Radical Reformer as he was, the plan proposed much exceeded what he had expected—that with all his disposition to put confidence in Ministers, he was not prepared to find then come forward with so many a measure—they had fully redeemed their pledge. Even many whom he knew to be the strongest Reformers in England were perfectly satisfied, and allowed that they had the utmost reason to be *delighted*.’—*Annual Register*, 1831, p. 21.

Very true—every Radical Reformer in England was delighted with so large a stride towards revolution; and we do not cite this in disparagement of Mr. Hume’s consistency: on the contrary, we from the first foresaw and foretold that it must come to this; and when we read, eighteen years ago, Mr. Hume’s eulogy on the Reform Bill, we knew just as well as we now know that the time must come when it would be as distasteful to him and the Radical Reformers whose ‘delight’ he echoed, as the old system had been; but what surprises and alarms us is, that, with this warning before him, Lord John Russell should have the weakness and blindness to throw out his vague suggestions of an extension of the suffrage, which does not even ‘delight’ Mr. Hume for the moment, and is a direct encouragement to Mr. Bright’s sham-vote conspiracy, and an important step towards his Universal Suffrage. Such a proceeding is more like

\* We regret to see that some silly people, pretending to be Conservatives, have proposed what they call ‘A Conservative Enfranchisement and Philanthropic Association,’ for the purpose of counteracting, by imitating, the democratic conspiracy. It does not become Conservatives to enter into such a lawless contest; and we hope the law may be found or *made* strong enough to defeat such frauds.

a demagogue canvassing a popular constituency than a minister intrusted with the interests of the Monarchy.

We are decidedly, and now more than ever, of the opinion expressed many years since by Sir Robert Peel—that, bad as the Reform Bill was and in principle is, it is the duty, and indeed the only hope, of the Conservative interest to endeavour to support and maintain it—even against its authors—though we cannot venture to promise a successful resistance to a principle of progressive force that *vires acquirit eundo*, and, instead of affording a basis on which society may rest, is, in fact, an antagonist power which keeps it in a permanent state of siege, and a constant *qui vive* of defensive anxiety.

Always very apprehensive that we might have to pass through some revolutionary crisis, we had yet so much confidence in the ancient traditions of our constitution, and in the influence and power of property, that we sometimes indulged a hope that the union of all the conservative elements of the country might prevent any further, or at least any rapid mischief:—but the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws has well nigh destroyed that hope. Here were the two greatest interests of the country subdued, almost we may say without a struggle; and here is Property of all kinds not obscurely menaced, by the Chartists and Socialists with direct spoliation, and by the partisans of the Elbing Letter with the slower and less resistible process of direct and graduated taxation. It is a circumstance not unworthy of remark that the chief movers in the destruction of the Navigation Laws should be persons who happen to be by name and race but *hybrid* Englishmen at best.

From these dangers, arising apparently from opposite quarters, but converging into one focus, what is ultimately to save Property, and with Property, Monarchy, we confess we do not clearly see. As long as the present generation of Whigs remain in power, their influence over their Radical friends may, with the aid of the Conservatives, preserve us from any rude shock and sudden change; but that will prove, we fear, but a respite. The *State*, that is the frame of Government—the Monarchy—has shown in the two great instances just mentioned that it has not within itself any power of resistance to the Democratic inroad: it is true that where there can be no resistance there is a better chance of escaping violence; there will probably be no insurrection, for there will be no need of one; and as the Duke of Wellington once said, with his pro-

phetic sagacity, '*the Revolution will be accomplished by due course of law.*'

There is, however, still a chance—the result of the French experiment will have a great influence here. Hitherto certainly their Republic has exhibited little to tempt imitation—but hitherto, on the other hand, within that inexplicable struggle of men and motives, the effect of universal suffrage has been, on the whole, favourable to order and protective of property. We have before endeavoured to account for that—as we believe—very temporary result, and we have shown that even a more decided and permanent success would be no safe guide for us—but if, as we confidently expect,\* the experiment of the democratic republic should ultimately fail in France, that failure will have a great effect in England; and if it happens before democracy has been permitted to make any further encroachments amongst us, the restoration of sound principles of government, and above all, of protection and security to all species of property, may give quiet to those two great countries—France may recover from the convulsions, and we may escape from the infliction, of an unbridled Democracy.

We must, before we conclude, advert to a circumstance of the greatest importance, as we think, in these discussions, which has been not at all noticed by M. Guizot, and but slightly and erroneously in the House of Commons—we mean the power of the Press, and especially the Newspaper Press. When the authors of the Reform Bill and the new generation of Reformers attempt to justify their innovations as being no more than a *restoration* of the 'ancient' balance, they equally misrepresent the former and the present state of the Constitution—for no honest reasoner will deny that the power of the Press which brings the House of Parliament to a daily account before the tribunal of the public, and arraigns them both collectively and individually with a freedom and severity which would not be endured between man and man in private life, is a modern addition of enormous moment to the influence of the democracy on the action of the legislature—so much so, that, even before the suppression of the close boroughs or any extension of the franchise, the balance

\* The recent defeat of the Socialist Republicans has given a reprieve to the existing government, but it confirms rather than diminishes our confidence that the system is altogether delusive, and cannot last. We shall soon see the President's Government forced to adopt a system of arbitrary measures, which in producing temporary quiet will prepare a future and more violent explosion.

of the 'ancient' constitution had been already seriously disturbed, by the introduction of this great and hourly increasing power.

'In these modern times,' says Lord Brougham, 'when the Press has become so prominent a portion of the people that Mr. Windham called it a *power in Europe*, and others have decorated it with the name of a *fourth estate* of the realm, it is impossible to pass over the fact of periodical writing possessing a far greater influence on democracy than under any other form of government'—*Pol. Phil.*, iv. 122—

and of course tending to change every other form of Government into a democracy; and Lord Brougham proceeds to show that its licence would be too democratic even for a democracy. In truth, instead of being called the *fourth estate* of the realm, it might be rather called the *first*. It may be said in behalf of this new authority, that it is open to both sides, and may defend as well as attack the governing power. This answer involves a double fallacy—first it confounds the influence with the use that may happen to be made of it. The direction that the force takes does not alter its character—it is still a popular influence, acting on public affairs through a channel and with a power unknown to the period of the constitution which the Reformers affect to restore. But secondly—we know from universal experience that defence can never in the long run countervail attack: even when the forces are equal the assailant has innumerable advantages; and we need hardly add, that in popular questions, such as we are now discussing, the forces never can be equal; the press is, as Lord Brougham has shown, popular in its very essence, and never can be otherwise than a great preponderating influence on the popular side.

'It is common,' says M. Weill, 'to liken the Press to the lance of Achilles, which can heal the wound it makes. This is nonsense; at best it might be compared to Penelope and her web, doing one day what is to be undone the next.'—p. 43.

And he concludes that in truth the Press is a great engine of progress, which he knows not how to regulate, nor how to resist.

The two last revolutions in France were made by the Press, we might almost say by the Press alone—that of February, as already stated, by two newspapers, who themselves usurped the government. Nor was it by any superiority of ability or argument in the Revolutionary Press that this result was obtained: quite the contrary—the Conservative Press of France was much more respectable in talent and character than its

Radical rivals—it had an infinitely larger circulation, and it had of course a very great influence;—but its influence was in the closet and *salon*—the other was influence in the pot-house and the street; and we have seen the result.

English readers of the upper classes, who see only the more respectable daily and weekly newspapers, can have no conception of the number of inferior publications which inundate our great towns, and of which, for the most part, the tendency is grossly immoral and seditious. We have reason to fear that at this hour they are increasing rapidly both in numbers and malignity. We have no doubt that they constitute to the whole frame of society a far more considerable danger than is generally supposed; but putting these formidable irregulars out of the question, and confining our view to that more respectable part of the public press which may be said to act directly on the administration of affairs, it cannot, we think, be denied that it exercises a power in the state which those who undertake to adjust the constitution to its ancient balance seem never to have taken into consideration, or, when noticed at all, to have placed to the wrong side of the account. Mr. Hume, for instance, tells us that the diffusion of literary knowledge amongst the working classes entitles them to a larger share of the elective franchise; but he does not inquire whether the knowledge so diffused is always wholesome—such as would make an honest politician or even a good man; nor does he choose to recollect that the Press which thus acts downwards amongst the masses acts still more powerfully upwards on the Government, and that, in fact, its influence on public affairs is incalculably more extensive and, therefore, more democratic than it has been in any former period of our history—so extensive, indeed, and so weighty, that even a democratic ministry staggers under the burden.

Lord John Russell, we see, agrees with Mr. Hume and Mr. Bright, that the *working man* has some peculiar claim to be admitted to the elective franchise. We cannot see it. The working man has a right—and it is a right which we are glad to see so extensively exercised all around us—of raising himself by his industry, integrity, and intelligence into a position to which the elective franchise may be safely attached—but what right, on any principle of human society, can a *workman* as such, have to a distinct share in the legislation of the empire? We have already asked what Nadaud would think if M. Thiers was to attempt to teach him stone-cutting. The strongest case that can be



made for calling a workman to council would be on matters with which he happens to be personally conversant. Why then should the workmen of Mr. Bright's factory not elect their own foreman and superintendent, and have a voice in the direction of the business of which they are the *sine quâ non*? Mr. Bright's answer would be, that it would be an invasion of Mr. Bright's earlier rights, his property, his capital, his profits; and that the result could be no other than the ruin of all parties—of the workmen as well as the master. But what difference is there in principle between the cases of the State and the Factory? And in truth we should soon find the democratic element predominant in both. We find from the official returns that the working classes are near four-fifths of the whole population—say two thirds—does Mr. Bright suppose that these 'energetic and intelligent workmen' whom he talks of, with a majority of two to one, would not take good care to elect men who would regulate the whole code of the laws in any way affecting labour after their own feelings? And does he suppose that either Ministers of State or the masters of farms or manufactories could conduct their public or private business under the legislation of such delegates?

No; there can be, as far as human ingenuity and experience have as yet gone, no better combination of a representative system with the stability of government and the security of property, than the 'ancient, free and glorious' Constitution of England. It has been seriously impaired by the extinction of so many of the close boroughs and by the introduction of a dangerous proportion of numerical influence, and whether in its lowered condition, it will have strength to resist the pressure which is accumulating about it, is a problem of no satisfactory aspect. Lord John Russell seems, by his palliative propositions for a further extension of the suffrage, to think not. We have been all along inclined to that opinion; but there is still so much vitality in the old interests of the country—property is such a 'sure and firm-set' power—that if the Whig ministry would boldly and honestly decide upon resisting all encroachment on their own Reform Act, we should not doubt their success in delaying at least any further organic change. In such a course they would have the support of the Conservatives, enough, we think, to compensate three times over for the loss of the Radicals who would break with them; and thus, with the forms and traditions, and much of the effective strength, of the old Constitution still existing, and aided by the general respect for the Queen's person and office, we

might wait in comparative security the result of the great experiment inflicted upon France by a dozen madmen or ruffians, all now suffering, from the hands of the republic they created, the penalty of their folly and their crimes.

This hope, however—not at best a very confident one—applies only to our *political* condition; but if internal distress, already very general, should increase or even continue at its present amount, our prospects would become more immediately alarming. That rash repeal of the Corn Laws, of which Irish distress was the pretext, is aggravating to a fearful extent all the other calamities of Ireland. Our recent legislation, as Mr. James Grattan truly says in a letter lately published, has imposed terrible responsibilities and burthens on the soil of Ireland, while it has taken away the markets for its produce. In England it is, as we have before said, ruining the farmer and the small shopkeeper with the low prices of wheat, and we must now add, without the compensation to the people at large of cheaper bread. Changes of this nature affect at once the original seller of the article concerned, but if they ever reach the actual private consumer in the shape of reduced prices, it is only after a long lapse of time. Accordingly, though, as we all know, the breeder of bullocks and sheep is already half ruined, the private family are paying at least as much as they did three years ago for every pound of beef and mutton. Foreign competition is, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the continent, pressing very severely on many large classes of our artisans; and we have seen a letter from an eminent Whig who supported all the so-called Free Trade measures, confessing that Free Trade is quite as unpopular in the manufacturing as it is in the agricultural districts. We receive as this sheet is passing through the press, a strong protest against this precipitate sacrifice of our home industry from a public meeting at Glasgow, which, both in the persons who took the lead in it and the principles advanced, shows that there is a great reaction of opinion even amongst those who were at first enveigled by the fallacious terms 'Free Trade.' We cannot as yet have had any information as to the practical effect on trade of the repeal of the Navigation Laws; but if it were to be (which we are confident it will not) advantageous to some particular class of business, that would not reconcile us to the vast national danger to which it assuredly exposes us, and as little to the unconstitutional pretences and practices by which it was carried through the two Houses

of Parliament, both, we are satisfied, really hostile to it—one undoubtedly and notoriously so. On the whole we regret to say that we have never concluded a review of the state of our own country or of Europe with less of comfort for the present, less of confidence in the future, or with a greater perplexity as to the probable solution of the complicated difficulties that are gathering round the British Monarchy.



THE

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- ART. I.—1. *Wales*. By Sir Thomas Phillips. London. 1849.
2. *Drych yr Amseroedd (The Mirror of the Times)*. Gan Robert Jones. Llanrwst. Without date in the title-page, but written about 1820.
3. *Hanes Bywyd Daniel Rowlands*. Gan y Parchedig John Owen (*Life of D. R.* By the Rev. J. O.). Caerlleon. 1839.
4. *Y Traethodydd (The Tractarian)*. Rhodlau I.—II. Dinbych. 1845—1846.

God and his works abide, but man and his customs change. It requires no ordinary degree of sagacity to foretell at any given period the changes which a new generation may be destined to witness, and scarcely less to appreciate some silent revolution of manners which may have been wrought almost in the memory of man. If we were asked to point out a part of the United Kingdom where the influence of innovation might least be expected, our first instinct would direct us to the Principality. For some years we used to observe, on opening our 'Bradshaw,' the involuntary respect with which even the stern genius of railways seemed to regard the territory of the ancient Britons. His fire-breathing, iron-footed messengers (for so steam-engines would probably have been described by an ancient bard) might approach the Marches where Talbot wooed the fair Guendolen;\* but the 'wild Wales' of Taliessin's song seemed to be safe from in-

trusion. Whatever may have happened elsewhere, here at least we might imagine the mountain fastnesses would retain their primitive character, and the children of the Cymry, cradled in the home of the torrent and the storm, would bear something of the unyielding impress which Nature has stamped upon their land.

Yet even in Wales, as elsewhere, Time, the great innovator, has wrought his appointed work. Though Snowdon stands as of old, its base is caverned by the miner, and Penmaenmawr is at length not only stricken as it were through the heart, and traversed by daily trains, but is in course of being carried away bodily to pave the streets of Liverpool. All along the coast, as well as in the quarries of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire, a hard-handed race of men has sprung up, whose large-boned frames attest (when compared to the upland shepherd) the severe labour they undergo, and the higher wages which they receive. A Welshman, who had spent many years in London, was asked on his return if he thought the Principality changed; 'I find signs of improvement everywhere,' was his answer, 'except at Dinasmawddwy;—yet even here,' he continued, 'the houses have grown within my recollection from one story to two, and the whole costume and manners of the people have assumed a comparatively modern aspect.' The truth is, that within a hundred and ten years two enormous changes, of which it would be difficult to over-estimate the importance as regards the manners and character of the people, have come over the face of the Principality. It is to these changes, hitherto we believe but little noticed, or at least imperfectly appreciated by the mass of Englishmen, that we propose to

\* Such marriages, though recorded only of the Baron, must have been frequent among his followers. Hence it has been supposed—we believe the alumni of the London University are now taught—that terms of *sewing* in English are derived from the British language:—a theory at least so ingenious, that we hope it may be true.

direct the attention of our readers. We shall draw largely for our details, and in some measure for our language, from the books of which the titles are prefixed to this article, without neglecting some other sources of information which circumstances have placed at our disposal.

If we imagine some real Rip Van Winkle just roused from his fairy slumber, his surprise would not be greater than that of the traveller who, fresh from the metropolis, penetrated the Principality a century ago. Even on the borders and in the county towns he heard a strange language, and saw a strange people, whose habits savoured strangely of a bygone age. Still more did the impression of strangeness increase at every step, as he advanced into some upland valley of the more mountainous districts. Round the humble church of some indigenous saint, such as Wales and Brittany boast in numbers,\* and generally on the banks of some stream just widening in a confluence of valleys, were grouped a cluster of cottages. For the fabric of the church in some cases an antiquity was claimed as early as the fifth century. To the inhabitants, consisting chiefly of shepherds and fishermen, with occasionally a small freeholder or shopkeeper, a combination of their church and the village inn represented the march of intellect, and their valley the world. On each shoulder and sloping side of the hills, the blue smoke of peat mingling with the mist gave token of a primitive homestead, and, as you ascended the streamlet's course, every nook, which offered shelter for sheep or promise of a scanty harvest, was dotted with a pastoral farm. The houses of one story, with enormous chimneys in which scythes were placed to exclude intruders, were more roomy and substantial than a highland bothie, yet simple enough of their kind. The farmers who inhabited them, though not without their pride of family and their own code of gentility, which reacted upon the dependents with whom they associated, shared the oatmeal and bacon which were the fare of the labourer. Shoes and stock-

ings, in the modern sense of the latter word, were only partially in fashion; and the wool, which was the principal produce of the farm, was manufactured at home. Flannel has from the earliest historical period been a staple of the country; and though the goods of the West of England might penetrate to the county town, the commercial bagman, or his smarter successor, found little temptation to face the driving shower which awaited him on a mountain road. The rural economy was concentrated in one great maxim—to disburse as little money as possible. Any stranger was welcome to his meal, but the money must be reserved for the rent. If you asked the shepherd-boy the meaning of a sinuous labyrinth he had amused himself by cutting on the turf, he told you it was *Caer Droiau*, or *Castra Trojæ*, a term which seems to indicate some tradition from the Romans. A man's name was generally inherited, not by his son, but by his grandson, so that the generations alternated, as seems to have been the case at Athens.\* The wife, however, retained throughout life the name of her own family, a circumstance which leads to some confusion in pedigrees.

Doubtless such a people might be called backward. On the other hand, that little freehold had been inherited, it was said, for six hundred years—certainly from a period beyond written record—in lineal descent from father to son. The adjoining farm had also descended by tenure under the same family, of whose heiress it had been the portion in the reign of King John; and the simple tenant, in most benighted defiance of Maculloch and Mill, would have eaten his barley-bread somewhat blacker, and have worked daily an hour longer, sooner than change his landlord for a stranger. The existence of such a state of things involved no contemptible amount of homely virtue and thrift; and whoever observes how often rapid progress is followed by rapid downfall, may trace a law of compensation, as he compares the circumstances which political economists admire or condemn.

Perhaps a tendency to drink, though on comparatively rare occasions, was the principal vice of the people. The village wakes were full of revelry, which was not yet considered heathenish; nor had the vain tinkling of the harp given way to the deeper excitement of the preacher. Sunday often,

\* An account of them, full of interest to the ecclesiastical historian, may be found in Mr. Rees' 'Welsh Saints,' as well as in Mr. John Williams's 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,' a book of research, which deserves perhaps more attention than it has met with. We have also to thank the learned Archdeacon of Cardigan for introducing us, in his 'Claudia and Pudens,' to a lady saint of uncommon interest. His work not only sheds an entirely new light upon the introduction of Christianity into Great Britain, but is full of ingenious historical reasoning in the steps by which he identifies his princess very probably with the Claudia of St. Paul. Many traditions, with less proof, are universally received.

\* In some cases, but more rarely, the name was renewed only in the third generation; and thus the posterity of Evan Robert Edward (for in the absence of surnames three names were convenient for distinction) became known as Edward Evan Robert, Robert Edward Evan, and so in succession.

and the greater festivals always, brought their trials of speed or strength. Parish rivalries found vent in matches at football; and the saturnalia of fairs were occasionally diversified by an organised fight. The mode of raising supplies might have been suggested by some genius who should have been Chancellor of the Exchequer. If a young farmer wanted to marry, or had lost a cow, or was behindhand with his rent, he gave notice, after church, that a barrel of *cwro* (*cervisia*) would be ready at his house on a certain afternoon. The numerous kin and well-wishers of the family made a point of obeying the summons. Among the amusements expected was the singing of *Penillion*, a species of song or epigram not unlike the *Skolia* of the Greeks, but with an improvisatorial character, which must have tried the readiness of the rural wit. The exciseman in those days was not so inquisitive as he has since become; but if he appeared as an unbidden shadow of royalty, the jester of the party would detain him about the door, until some feminine Falstaff had converted the obnoxious barrel into a chair, which her ample person might protect. Of course, if any guest at such a party came empty-handed, he would be greeted with classical indignation in some such terms as 'Tene asymbolum venire'—or, in other words, the entertainment involved a contribution. A still more singular diversion, which yielded only after a struggle to the religious activity of a later date, consisted in a rude drama, resembling in its genius the Mysteries of the middle ages. On some green sward, which presented a natural theatre, some biblical story was displayed in action by a bard, who unconsciously parodied the proceedings of Thespis. Nor did the sacredness of his subject preclude him from licentiousness, and still less from a liberal use of satire. The innkeeper, whose malt was stinted, or the exciseman who raised its price, or any offender against received laws, especially of hospitality, was gibbeted by some stray allusion, or by premature consignment to eternal doom. We do not know how far this uncouth drama may have been of indigenous origin; but the term *interlude*, however disfigured by a Welsh pronunciation, seems to suggest the contrary.\*

The traveller Pennant must be considered a highly favourable specimen of the Welsh

gentry at a date somewhat later than the one of which we are speaking. The same remark would hold good of Sir John Phillips. Those of that rank seem in general only to have differed from the corresponding class in England in being somewhat more homely, and perhaps more profuse in their hospitality. We must give, however, one example, without coming down as low as Mrs. Thrale, of the fairer sex. A fellow of a college at Cambridge (Moderator in 1750), who held decidedly Protestant ideas as to the celibacy of the clergy, persuaded the heiress of a tolerable property in Flintshire to put on man's attire, and to accompany him, after a private marriage, on a visit to his friends, as a young acquaintance from college. Unfortunately their wedding tour took them within reach of that then terrible scourge, the small-pox, and before the honeymoon was over the husband died. The lady survived to marry a second husband, and, having already tried a fellow, she selected on the second occasion an undergraduate.

It is seldom found that the inhabitants of a mountainous country are indifferent to religion. Nature herself imprints in them a certain sense of awe. At the period of which we are speaking, though such laxity prevailed in the observance of Sunday, that all sorts of amusement, even occasionally cockfighting, were allowed in the afternoon, yet in the morning no mountain family ever failed to send its male representative to church. Any absence of a householder was a signal for inquiry, and for preparation to condole on some anticipated disaster. All adult members of the congregation were also generally partakers of the Eucharist. The habitual tone of reverence, which such a custom may seem to imply, was not unmingled with fragments of an older superstition, deepened by legend or poetical influences: Many were the forewarnings of death; and in the diocese of St. David in particular, a power of 'second sight' was claimed down to a very recent period. As St. Keynan, in Cornwall, gave matrimonial supremacy to wife or husband, as either drank first at his spring, so in Wales you might procure health for yourself from the healing wave of St. Winifred, and pining sickness for your enemy from the ill-omened fount of St. Elian. Nor was the Virgin Mary without her consecrated wells and other honours, which were only a century too soon to find favour with the professors of orthodoxy. Mr. Allies might have collected a fresh volume of cures wrought at St. Mary's many founts, and would have been delighted to find that the efficacy of baptism

\* On the Welsh *Anterluwt* the reader will find something in Mr. Stephens's *Literature of the Kymry* (pp. 90-91). To this work the prize given by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was assigned at the late Abergavenny Eisteddfod. We hope to direct attention specially to it in a future article.

was enhanced by carefully carrying water from such sources to the font of the parish church. Not that we would ourselves sneer at the feeling which speaks in the following version (borrowed from Mr. Goronva Camlan) of what is termed an old Welsh prayer :—

‘Mother, oh mother! tell me, art thou weeping?’

The Infant Saviour asked, on Mary’s breast :

‘Child of th’ Eternal, nay ; I am but sleeping,  
Though vexed by many a thought of dark unrest.’

‘Say, at what vision is thy courage failing?’—

‘I see a crown of thorns, and bitter pain ;  
And thee, dread Child, upon the Cross of wailing,

All Heaven aghast, and rude mankind’s disdain.’

The original is, we are assured, a genuine tradition, and formed with the Creed and Ten Commandments part of the peasant’s daily devotion. One of our authors, who mentions the fact, seems to consider all the three formularies equally misapplied.\*

The ‘passing-bell’ was then no unmeaning sound. No person of ordinary piety neglected, as he heard it, to offer a brief petition for the soul of his neighbour passing to its account. Good need there seemed for such assistance ; when the spirit was believed not only to be helped on its way by angels, but watched and liable to be intercepted by the hounds of darkness (*cwn Annwn*), to whom the space between earth and heaven was allotted as a hunting-ground. Happy were the parents whose children had died in infancy, for the angelic spirits of their lost innocents might be expected to light them with torches on their way, beset by perils, to the kingdom of Heaven.† On the first Sunday after a funeral we find it stated that the whole family of the deceased used to kneel down on the grave to say the Lord’s Prayer.‡ We scarcely venture to affirm whether so late as the period of which we are speaking the institution or caste of ‘sin-eaters’ remained. If our readers do not happen to be acquainted with Brande’s *Popular Antiquities*, they will probably ask the meaning of the term. It may surprise them to learn that in the west of England in the sixteenth century, and in Wales probably at a later date, a class of persons existed, who, in consideration of a certain dole of food or money, made themselves responsible for the sins of the dead, and undertook to console the survivors, by guaranteeing them at least

security against being haunted by the spirits of the departed. We cannot assent to those who find the original of so strange a custom in the Mosaic law, but should rather look for a parallel amid the wilder superstitions of India ; nor, with deference to Aubrey, who affirms the fact, do we believe the system at any time since the Reformation to have prevailed generally in Wales. The theory, which lay at the bottom of the practice, had doubtless vanished from men’s minds long before the customary dole (*Diodlas*) ceased to be given at funerals. But it is not easy to ascribe a precise date to those changes of sentiment, which are not only gradual but uneven in their operation. If this is anywhere true, it emphatically holds good of a country where mountain and river tend to isolate particular districts. Our account of Wales a century ago would not bear to be uniformly applied in any single year. Yet each portion of the country in its turn had probably a period at which the impression we wish to convey would be true. We necessarily strike a rough average.

It may be said generally that among the stories of the fireside were unfailing legends, not turning so much as might be expected upon Arthur or Glendower, but oftener upon the agencies of the invisible world, and, most of all, upon some instance of Divine retribution. Vengeance, such as overtook Ahab for diverting the inheritance of Naboth, was not only devoutly believed by the mountain farmer, but illustrated by modern instances, of which his hearers never doubted the truth. Here hereditary insanity, and here a property swept away, attested the immediate waiting of judgment upon wrong. The curious book, called *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, or ‘Mirror of Old Ages,’ which mixes true history with prodigies from Geoffrey and Giraldus, was published in 1740, and seems to have become rapidly popular.\* Here, as elsewhere, the march of intellect seems first to have meddled with fairies. The ‘fair family,’ for so the Welsh styled them, are said occasionally to have revealed themselves to the solitary shepherd or the drunken minstrel ; and a highly intelligent peasant once assured us that *his father* had undoubtedly seen them. We suspect, however, that for some centuries they have by no means kept

\* This book, and the *Bard’s Dream*, an imitation of Quevedo’s *Visions*, and the *Pilgrim’s Progress*, seem to have been the three greatest favourites after the Bible. A *History of Christianity*, by Charles Edwards, which was first published in 1671, also went early through several editions, and is still a Welsh classic, though its legendary portions have been expurgated ; for which we ought to be more thankful than we are.

\* *Drych yr Amseroedd*, p. 48-9.

† *Ibid.*, p. 56. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 50.



the same hold upon the popular imagination as ghosts or other spiritual beings, who, if not actually countenanced by Scripture, might at least be imagined to exercise a certain moral agency. In all things of this latter kind the Cambrian peasant believed firmly and universally; and to a certain extent, though faintly, he may be said to believe in them still. Supposing, however, ghosts or fairies to stalk in twilight, avenging crime or tempting innocence, it would naturally be the business of the clergyman to grapple with such foes. Accordingly, any clerical student who preferred black letter in his parsonage to good company at the inn, rarely escaped the imputation of conjuring—an art which was supposed to constitute one of the principal studies of the University of Oxford. What less accomplishment could have tempted the future pastor to undertake a journey of so many miles, which he performed often on foot? Might not he have read his Bible at home? Only then he would not have been able to send the mountain Ariel upon errands, or to bind the evil spirit with the name of the Trinity, as if with a triple ring.\*

The smile, with which our enlightenment listens to such fancies, should not be one of contempt. As Poetry teaches wider truth than History, so devout error may approach the meaning of the true doctrine. When we consider the moral significance of many of the older legends, and are told of the eager thirst for knowledge which took the students to read in the village church at five in the morning, we cannot help imagining that any good might have been effected with such a people. The feelings of reverence and docility presented something capable of being moulded. But all history is full of the melancholy list of opportunities thrown away: it is but too clear the vigilance was wanting which might have cherished this hereditary reverence into an intelligent religion. Not that we place implicit confidence in allegations respecting 'scandalous ministers' by men inheriting the spirit of Hugh Peters and his fellows, whom Sergeant Maynard well called 'scandalous judges'; undoubtedly many accounts of the older Welsh clergy come filtered through hostile channels. Of the best we probably hear little; the record of meek piety is written not on earth; yet many families have traditions of clerical ancestors, which do not accord with insinuations sometimes thrown out of general irreligion. Probably sermons were too much in the cold style of the British essayists; but one sin imputed to the clergy would appear from

the following attack upon their memory to have been their *general* adherence to the doctrines of the Prayer Book.

'Dark and unfruitful were their doctrines, and there was not a sign that the breath of power and the holy flame wrought through them. The sum and substance of their teaching was this:—that man received his new birth at baptism; that every one must repent and amend his life, and come frequently to Church and Sacrament; that every one must do his best, and that Christ's merits would make up that in which he was defective: and that it was in man's own power to choose (qu. accept?) or reject grace and glory. Bodily chastening was accounted a sufficient mean, if not worthiness, to fit men for the kingdom of heaven. . . . Now, this is darkness which may be felt, like that formerly in Egypt. It is as perilous to lay weight on such things as to build upon the sand.'—*Drych yr A.*, pp. 54, 55.

The same author accuses the congregations of valuing religious carols as highly as sermons, and of readiness to believe in visions or portents: both charges which sound curiously from the quarter in which they are alleged. He also thinks the custom of *offerings* instead of fees at funerals had a clear reference to purgatory. Perhaps it might only confirm him in this opinion to observe that the same custom held (and holds) good at weddings. Without, however, subscribing such a bill of indictment, it may be admitted that Wales did not escape that Laodicean tone which pervaded the rest of the kingdom in the last century. It seems to have been as usual for the clergy to appear as regulators of amusements, as for them to be guides in religion. One crying evil of the times was the not unfrequent appointment to purely Welsh parishes of persons ill acquainted with the language. In the case of Dr. Bowles, which was not legally argued until 1770, and, we happen to know, is only an instance out of many, the advocate for the incumbent used the following plea:—

'Though the doctor does not understand the language, he is in possession, and cannot be turned out. Wales is a conquered country; it is proper to introduce the English language, and it is the duty of bishops to endeavour to promote Englishmen, in order to introduce the language. The service was in Latin before the Reformation. How did they fare in Wales from the time of Henry VIII. to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the act passed for translating the Scriptures into the Welsh language? It has always been the policy of the legislature to introduce the English language into Wales. We never heard of an Act of Parliament in Welsh. The English language is to be used in all the courts of judicature in Wales, and an English Bible is to be kept in all the churches, that by comparison of that with

\* We find a legend of this kind versified in the late 'Lays from the Cimbric Lyre.'

the Welsh they may sooner come to the knowledge of the English. Dr. Bowles has complied with the Act which requires that service shall be performed, by appointing Mr. Griffiths, the curate, who has regularly performed the duty.'—*Case of Dr. Bowles*; published by the *Cymro-dorian Society*, p. 59.

This argument appears to have weighed more with the Court of Arches than with the people of the Principality; and a certain portion of the dissent now existing may be considered as a permanent protest against the practice thus defended. There is probably no living member of the Church of England who would not regret what was at once a source of just irritation to the people, and of natural discouragement to the native clergy. Men, whose most probable prospect was serving as curates, under the easy relative of some non-resident prelate, would easily sink below the proper tone and qualifications of their office.\* Such was, in some measure, the result; and, after a large allowance for a considerable sprinkling of educated talent and liberal piety, we may affirm that the clergy, as a body, were little prepared to meet the moral earthquake which was about to burst under their feet.

It was not, however, in a hostile form that the awakening angel at first appeared. Several Churchmen, of different shades of opinion, such as Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and Gouge, who may be termed the Charles Simeon of his day, had exerted themselves even in the preceding century to repair the desolation caused by the Puritans in the civil war.† For whatever may be said of such men as Cradock or Vavasor Powell (who, by the way, excelled as a dreamer of dreams), their teaching did not counterbalance the mischief done by their allies; the congregations which sprang from them were few and feeble: but the elements of healing came from the Church, as the ruin had come from the opposite quarter. The first Welshman who stands out prominently in this good work, is Griffith Jones, of Llandowror. It appears evident—indeed it is fully acknowledged—that an impulse had been given to his exertions by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, then growing from lusty infancy to its prime.

\* In an early volume of the *Quarterly Review*, a peculiarly gross case of non-residence is commented on, as almost boasted of in the 'Autobiography' of Bishop Watson.

† The great name of Baxter is the only Nonconformist's which we recognise among them. *Gouge* was far the most actively liberal; and it speaks well for the gratification of the people, that in their current literature he is still celebrated as a 'benefactor to the nation of the Cymry.' See Sir Thomas Phillips, pp. 110–118.

He became a member of the Society in 1713, and in 1730, with the assistance of a Mrs. Bevan, whose name is still justly honoured on that account, he established a kind of itinerant schools. These singular institutions were most ingeniously contrived to spread the elements of education, and taught many thousands of persons to read. In his own parish, on the beautiful banks of the Towy, not far from the ancient towers of Llaugharne, Griffith Jones spent most of a long and useful life. His strength lay in catechising; and he thought it 'amazing to consider how incredibly ignorant the generality of people had continued, even under very plain and powerful preaching, where catechising was omitted.' His arguments in favour of the practice are sought from Hegesippus and Ussher, as well as from Jewish and Mahometan custom; but the example of his own earnestness must have been more effective than them all. His Exposition of the Church Catechism in the Welsh language is a standard work, and has been adopted by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He was also induced by his zeal—unhappily, as we think, though great allowance must be made for the times—to set the first example in the Church of preaching in other parishes and in the open air. We have not seen any specimens of his sermons; though, from the practice of his followers, they may be suspected of having laid considerable stress upon physical emotion—

'Hoc fonte derivata clades  
In patriam populumque fluxit;—

yet, on the whole, his great and persevering exertions fairly entitle him to that reverence in which his memory is still held by his countrymen, and in which, we hope, few members of the English Church will refuse to join. It is not as the precursor of Methodism, but as the patient workman in that great field of education which was then so little appreciated, that he achieved his purest triumphs. To him it is principally owing, not only that 150,000 persons learned to read in his lifetime, but that the Bible has since been so generally found and read in the Welsh cottage. So his work abides.

Howel Harris of Trevecca, the elder of the twin founders of Welsh Methodism, was a man of pure and ardent zeal. He was born in 1714, and, having some property as well as a prospect of preferment, he went to Oxford in 1735, when the influence of Wesley and his friends must have been fresh in the University. The successive stages of terror and consolation, which he thought

necessary to true religion, came upon him at intervals while receiving the Eucharist: his devotion became more passionate, and his life stricter than ever. To a mind thus excited, the discipline and the want of discipline of the University would be both distasteful; and, under the influence of feelings not unlike those which in later times have hurried men in a different direction, he sought what he considered the purer atmosphere of his home. Here he at once began to teach: not so much by set sermons, as by exhortation and converse on religion with whoever would listen.

'I was occupied,' he says, 'in going from house to house, until I had visited the greater part of my native parish, together with neighbouring ones: the people now began to assemble in great numbers, so that the houses wherein we met could not contain them. The Word was attended with such power, that many on the spot cried out for pardon to God, and such as lived in malice confessed their sins, making peace with each other, and appeared in concern about their eternal state. Family worship was set up in many houses; and the churches as far as I had gone were crowded, and likewise the Lord's table.'

He soon became laudably desirous of taking holy orders; but we cannot join those who censure Bishop Clagett for not ordaining him before the canonical age. The following passage, which is said to occur in Whitfield's Journal, appears to us an extraordinary one to have been reproduced in Welsh by a person calling himself a clergyman, and therefore not a stranger to the practice of the Church:—

'He (Harris) endeavoured twice to obtain orders; he was fit in every sense; but he was refused, on the *untrue* pretext that he was not of age, though he was at the time *twenty-two* years and six months.'—*Life of Rowlands*, App. D.

Surely, a delay of six months, in order to attain the proper age, was not a very unreasonable requirement. The impatience, however, of Harris at first, and his subsequent perseverance in a course of zeal, which sat in judgment upon regular authority, seem to have prevented his becoming a clergyman. Yet, if his attachment to the Church was not consistent, it was genuine in its kind. His societies were formed on the model of those of Dr. Woodward; his school at Trevecca (which has been succeeded by a different institution) was held for a time in the parish church, and the whole tone of his life and mind is enthusiastic rather than sectarian.

'I was carried,' he says, 'on the wings of an eagle triumphantly above all persecution. I took

no particular texts, but discoursed freely, as the Lord gave me utterance. The gift I had received was, as yet, to convince the conscience of sin. There appeared now a general reformation in several counties.'

We find him subsequently encouraged by a letter from Whitfield, and by the concurrence of many fellow-labourers, who sprang up suddenly under the impulse of a common spirit. For seventeen years his life was one of journeying and preaching throughout a land of storms, and a people, as he believed, of heathens. There are touches of fancy, which denote perhaps unconscious exaggeration in the annals of his labours. When interrupted in his sermon by a turbulent mob, his custom was to kneel down and pray; while in this attitude, if a stone missed him, or the deadlier blow of a reaping-hook were diverted, it became a manifest, miraculous answer to his prayer. Yet neither the smile to which we are tempted by the enthusiast, nor the polemics into which we might easily be provoked by the preacher, ever destroy our sympathy for the man. His temper seems to have been naturally amiable, and the great anxiety of his later years was to retain in communion with the Church the more eager disciples, who were already hurrying on from schism to schism.

'Several,' he tells us, 'were going to the Dissenters and other parties, and I thought it my duty to declare against them by laying Scripture proofs before them—as the example of the prophets of old and good men who abode in the Jewish church, notwithstanding its degeneracy in every respect; and our Saviour and his apostles attended service at the hour of prayer in the same church, though they knew it was to be abolished. . . . And as the late revival began in the Established Church, we think it not necessary or prudent to separate ourselves from it, but our duty to abide in it, and to go to our parish church every Sunday, and we find that our Saviour meets us there.'

Harris did not escape that estrangement from his associates, which seems the destiny of those who beget a spirit of change. We find him in the latter part of his life at variance with Rowlands, and founding a sort of monastic establishment, by which the Church service was attended as well on holidays as Sundays, at Trevecca. Even his integrity did not escape unmerited suspicion;\* and he was happy in dying (July, 1773, ætat. 60), before errors, of which his teaching contained the germ, broke out into heresies which he would have been the first to condemn. His funeral was celebrated in characteristic

\* Drych yr A., pp. 136-139.

language by Lady Huntingdon and her daughter. Six clergymen in succession blew the Gospel trumpet on that occasion with remarkable power and freedom; and, amid the vast multitude of mourners who assembled, 'there were some special seasons of Divine influence both upon the converted and the unconverted.'

Soon after, if not simultaneously with Howel Harris, a far more striking personage, whose labours were to produce more permanent effects, had entered upon the scene. Daniel Rowlands, of Llangeitho (born in 1718), did for Wales whatever Whitfield did for England, and perhaps something more. He sprang from a family of strong character and keen impulses. With sinewy frame and glowing imagination, he could play alike the athlete or the orator. No one surpassed him as a youth in activity and strength; nor did he hesitate, when first ordained, to join, after his Sunday duty, in the games which were then universally popular. But a day came when Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, preached in the neighbourhood; and Rowlands determined to be one of the audience. Some accounts speak of a previous mental struggle; but his biographer describes him as standing with a look of pride and defiance in front of the pulpit; while the aged preacher, at whom he scoffed, saw already in spirit an Elisha who, he prayed, might be destined to succeed him. As the sermon proceeded, the face of scorn changed first to an expression of doubt, then of shame; when it ended, the scoffer went out from church an altered man. His work hitherto had been a patchwork of forms; it was now to be a ministry of the Spirit. The fervid eloquence, which gave vent to his new-born convictions, became more attractive than that of his teacher; and we soon hear of an ungodly squire, who came with hounds and huntsman to church, undergoing the same conversion as he had himself experienced, during a single sermon. Still for a time he was pronounced by the enlightened to stand too exclusively upon Mount Sinai, and his warning to a reckless world was uttered in a voice of thunder. By degrees we are told that his views became clearer; but his power from the first of startling men, by awakening a sense of sin, and convincing them that the Grave and Hell already yawned beneath their feet, is said to have been absolutely unrivalled. A woman, who came twenty miles from Ystradfin to Llangeitho to hear him every Sunday, persuaded him to extend his operations; at first by preaching in churches where permission was given, and subsequently by less legitimate means. The profane among his parishioners

set up a rival congregation of wrestlers and foot-ball players. Rowlands, nothing daunted, went out to expostulate; and his success in the attempt first made him venture on that system of field-preaching, which became so fruitful in strangely mingled, but certainly wonderful, effects. Still, for about a quarter of a century, he served his two churches, with a stipend of ten pounds a-year, preaching occasionally in a third, famous both for the eloquence of St. David and the pious war of Gorono ab Cadogan, which is thus described:—

'*Llandewi-brevi* is very large, capable of containing three thousand people or more; but it was not too large at that time. There were no seats for the greatest part; most of them stood, and the church was filled from one end to the other. The appearance of the multitudes that assembled was very remarkable. Many followed Rowlands from one church to the other, and did not return home till late in the evening, and some not until the following morning, without eating anything from Sunday morning until Monday. The spiritual food they had was sufficient for a time to support them without any bodily sustenance.'—*Life*, p. 24.

Attractive as the preacher might be, his reading was equally impressive. It is a singular testimony to the inherent power of our glorious Liturgy, that Rowlands found its language the most effective instrument in touching the hearts, and, we must add, in stirring the fanaticism of his hearers. It was not his overbearing eloquence, nor the passionate appeals to conscience, which no man ever made more forcibly, but the solemn sound of the Church of England's prayers, 'By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy Cross and passion, Good Lord, deliver us,' which first awoke the slumbering poetry of that ancient people whom he addressed, and fired their imagination with the same fervour in religion which their forefathers had shown in battle. It was while these words were read at Llangeitho, that tears and convulsive sobs, followed by cries of *Gogoniant* (Glory!) and *Bendigedig* (Blessed!), first broke out, and ran through the multitude like a contagious fever. One of the most difficult problems in the philosophy of religion would be to determine the precise proportion in which genuine force of conscience co-operates on such occasions with hysterical or nervous emotion. Certainly no solution would be satisfactory which entirely omitted either of these two elements in the phenomenon. A similar excitement attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield; but the latter, accustomed as he was to kindred scenes, was surprised by the emphatic form which the epidemic assumed in the Principality. Mr.

Milman has happily remarked that the climate of Africa worked into the language and creed of its inhabitants; so in South Wales it seemed as if the old *afflatus* of the bards had passed from minstrelsy into religion. The *extreme agony* of the Saviour, as the Welsh litany has it, became present to men's minds, as a spectacle to shudder at, while they exulted frantically in the deliverance which it wrought. A succession of such scenes constitute, we are told, a *revival* (though by an unfortunate ambiguity the same Welsh word means also *reformation*), and seven of such revivals are alleged to have taken place, at intervals of seven years, in the ministry of Rowlands. Some circumstances which attended them gave offence to the weaker brethren; but, as Mr. Charles of Bala instructs us, 'we are not permitted the slightest degree of doubt that it was the work of God.' The subsequent change of life, in many persons concerned, is adduced to prove that their emotion was more than transient; though, if such were the rule, it must be allowed to have admitted of very numerous exceptions.

From about 1740 to 1762 the movement thus generated had continued its course, and in the latter year reached the height of its fervour. It had commenced in the Church, and was chiefly propagated by clergymen; but such stray and insignificant congregations of Dissent as then existed were eager to welcome unexpected allies. As generally happens in a time of excitement, the distinctions which previously marked men were merged in the Shibboleth of friend or foe to the new apostles; while to the sturdy squire, no less than to the scholar armed, they were still 'brainsick Methodists,' of whom his detestation was to be recorded even on his tombstone—to the multitude, and especially to the softer sex, they were messengers not of man, but of God. True Christianity was said to have been buried, except for a brief interval at the Reformation, from the days of St. Paul. The very men who had most assailed the superstition of elder days for its proneness to believe in visions and portents, now found no lack of miracles attesting the revival of the true faith. Near Nevin, on the wild arm of Carnarvonshire, in the stormy valley where legend had found fit resting-place for the dis-crowned old age of Vortigern, a man named John Roberts was in distress about his soul. During his trouble, he saw in vision a head coming up from South Wales and lighting the whole country. He readily inferred that it foreboded a revival of religion; and accordingly this result soon followed in England and America, 'and we poor Cymry,'

says our author, 'received an abundant share in the blessing.\*' A woman, who refused shelter to some preachers at Barmouth, had her house wrapt in bright flame before morning by the hand of Providence. A wild bull, let loose upon the congregation of saints at Rhos-y-Tryvan, turned and gored his owner. A dignitary (if we understand aright the phrase *gwr urddasol*, which seems intended to be contemptuous) had threatened to inform a gentlewoman that her tenant harboured preachers, but before he could execute his purpose he became speechless and died, leaving the entertainer of angels unmolested. We must acknowledge that the author of the *Mirror of the Times*, notwithstanding his studious imitation of Scripture, reminds us against our will at one time of the Apocrypha, and at another time of the biography of some Romish saint. His scenes of persecution lose nothing for want of colouring, and have generally the advantage of illustration by Scriptural parallels. Any attempt to tame down the supernatural of his narrative would only leave an incorrect impression. But we shall best give our readers an idea of his matter by some extracts taken at random from his table of contents. We there read how the Chancellor of Bangor preached against the Gospel, and the parish clerk of Llanor satirised its professors in an 'Interlude;' how, when Mr. Rowlands had permission to preach in the church at Nevin, the choir went on singing, to their own glory and the great trial of his patience, the whole of the 119th Psalm; how the persecution increased terribly; how stones were thrown through the *Capel* windows at Pwllheli; how Mr. Price, a friend of Daniel Rowlands, was both hit with a stone and prevented from preaching by a noisy drum; how the Vicar of Rhyddlan and his wife hated religion; how a thunderstorm frightened the persecutors at St. Asaph; how an orthodox Guy Fawkes attempted a gunpowder plot at Llansannan, and was frustrated; how two drovers were assailed by mistake for preachers at Corwen, but, being used to broils, turned upon their persecutors like the evil spirit on the sons of Sceva; how the Divine judgment came upon 'a dignitary' for persecuting a preacher; how the same judgment came upon Edward Hughes and Thomas Jones; how a profane minstrel was hired at Dolydd Byrion to drown the preacher's voice, but, after being fortified with drink, was seized with a shaking in his limbs, which made it impossi-

\* It provokes a smile to find that *Bishop Hoadley* has a place among this writer's army of martyrs.

ble for him to approach; how at Machynlleth, a place of heathenish orthodoxy, a lawyer stood up threatening, but was healed of his disease, like Naaman, by the teaching of a servant-maid; how the preachers found, on entering each town, a vast and gloomy multitude with savage looks boding persecution; how they were beaten, stoned, and driven into duck-ponds; how strange providences often preserved them by land and water; how women sometimes mocked, but generally assisted them; how they arraigned all mankind with faithfulness as naked and miserable sinners, and declared the necessity of a new birth by taking hold of the only appointed refuge. Lower down we find the table become more melancholy, but not less instructive. It is there set forth how the Enemy threw a spark of strange fire into the bosom of Howel Harris, which he mistook for a coal from the altar; how he quarrelled with Rowlands, and how sad were the results; how 'revivals' became scarce; how Antinomianism afflicted 'the churches;' how Mr. Popkin fell off to Sandimanianism, and Mr. Peter Williams to Sabellianism; how some men in Pembrokeshire devised doctrines to which the Romish purgatory is not to be compared—some thinking with Origen the Devil might be saved, others, with Mr. Froude, that sin was impossible; how spiritual interpretations refined Scripture away, and Antinomianism affected even household worship; how many people were persuaded to believe in an invisible family resembling fairies; and how 'Mary of the white mantle,' who perhaps was a coarser edition of St. Catharine of Sienna, came as a missionary from Satan into Merionethshire. Throughout his work the author seems to have been familiarly admitted not only to the counsels of heaven, but to those of the prince of darkness.

It may be asked, what the bishops did, while this strangely-chequered movement was convulsing the land. Perhaps, however, they might retort with the question, What could we do? Among the many excellencies of the Church of England, that of elasticity cannot be reckoned; and unless she were prepared to sacrifice the characteristics of her system, there would always be some limit where concession must cease, and enthusiasm would fret. She seemed now to have brought forth Titans, whose giant struggles rent her womb, and, in presence of her aspiring children, she became like one in whose mouth are no effectual reproofs. We can just conceive it possible that the rarest combination of delicacy with firmness might have cherished that sense of the abiding power of the Holy Spirit, which was the real

merit of the men we have mentioned, and have checked the extravagances to which this true idea was perverted. But such an union of qualifications is not given to every one; and it is scarcely a disparagement of the bishops of the time to say they did not possess it. After a long career of indulgence, it would seem that Daniel Rowlands received certain monitions which he disregarded, and the revocation of his license was the result. It is impossible not to regret the separation which ensued; but we hardly venture to affirm, with the same confidence as some of our authorities, that it could have been prevented. The vehement old man, whose age had only rendered his convictions stronger and his oratory more commanding, immediately extended the range of his influence. From every part of Wales—from the mouth of the Wye up to the Dovey and the Conway—people flocked, like the Israelites to Jerusalem, in order to hear the eloquence, and receive the sacrament from the hands, of one who had acquired the dignity of a martyr. The appearance of mountain valleys, threaded by vast numbers of simple people from afar, is described as most picturesque and affecting. These multitudes, hungry and thirsty, their souls fainting on the way, were refreshed by the glad tidings which they heard. The usual organization of Methodism followed; and the revival of the Church degenerated into a schism, which has become hereditary—a less hopeful faith than our own would add—irretrievable.

Rowlands died in October, 1790—aged seventy-seven. It is highly creditable to him that he never spoke with bitterness of the great Christian mother, in whose arms he had been originally nurtured. No relish of malice was added to what he believed to be the bread of life. He seems always to have felt, what the honest frankness of the Welsh people allows to appear even in their most sectarian publications, that the Church of England, including its elder British sister, has directly or indirectly been the medium, by which alone the influences of Christianity have been kept alive in their country. The following colloquy between Rowlands, shortly before his death, and his son is too remarkable to be omitted:—

"I have been persecuted (said Mr. R.) until I got tired, and you will be persecuted still more, yet stand by the Church by all means. You will not, perhaps, be repaid for doing so, yet still stand by it—yea, even unto death. There will be a great revival in the Church of England; this is an encouragement to you to stand by it." The son said, "Are you a prophet, father?" To this he answered, "No; I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but God

has made this known to me on my knees. I shall not live to see it." Then the son asked, "Shall I live to see it?" He then put his hand for a time over his eyes, and afterwards said, "Yes, you may live to see it."—*Life, Appendix M.*

One fatal circumstance which has come to our knowledge, though not written in the chronicles of Methodism, would alone prevent us from styling Rowlands an apostle. His wife proved unworthy of his affection; and he drank deep consolation at a source which undoubtedly contributed to give his preaching its peculiar energy. Yet we would not mention otherwise than with regret a fact which touches the consistency of his conduct rather than the sincerity of his principles.

We have more unmixed pleasure in dwelling on the character of Williams of Pant-y-celyn. He was a man in whom singular purity of sentiment added grace to a truly original genius. He produced by his hymns and their music an effect more abiding than Rowlands by his sermons. Neither St. Ephrem of Syria, nor our own Milton, conceived more strongly than the Welsh poet of the genuine Muse of religious poetry as the influence of the Holy Spirit. His direction to other composers was, 'never to attempt to compose a hymn till they feel their souls near Heaven.' His precept and practice in this respect have been compared to those of Fra Angelico. He was in deacon's orders; and, though his poetical temperament, encouraged by the advice of Whitfield and the example of Harris, betrayed him into the usual course of itinerancy, which he long continued, he seems to have regretted in his later years that he had diminished his usefulness by a zeal inconsistent with discipline. This regret should have been better considered by writers who represent him as the victim of persecution. It is curious to find that, after fifty years of singing and preaching, he thus describes in one of his last letters\* the result of his own and his companions' labours.

'Believe me, dear Charles, the Antitrinitarian, the Socinian, and Arian doctrines gain ground daily. Our unwary new-born Methodist preachers know nothing of these things; therefore pray much, that no drop of the pernicious liquor may be thrown into the divine fountain of which the honest Methodist drinks. Exhort the young preachers to study, next to the Scriptures, the doctrines of our old celebrated Reformers, as set forth in the Articles of the

Church of England and the three Creeds, the Apostles', the Nicene, and the Athanasian. They will see there the great truths of the Gospel set forth in a most excellent and suitable manner; they are a most sound form of words on the high and spiritual things of God.'

The closing experience of men of this stamp deserves as much consideration as their conduct at three-and-twenty.

Peter Williams, of Carmarthen, is a man sufficiently remarkable, and has happily been his own biographer.\* As St. Augustine heard a voice saying, *tolle, lege*, so our Peter 'not once, but several times when he was alone, heard a voice superior to any human voice; as different and distinguishable as the voice of thunder from the sound of a trumpet; yet it was not terrible, but comfortable; and it put him in mind of the Scripture, that the angels of God encamp round about them that fear Him.' A person so favoured became easily convinced that the ordinary modes of religion were dead forms, and that the Church, like the world, lay in wickedness. Yet his first inclination was to awaken rather than forsake. He obtained the charge of a parish, which enjoyed an annual visit from its Vicar; and after some warfare against wakes, and other tricks of Popish ignorance, had an unsatisfactory interview with his Bishop, and 'went out from the Palace without the offer of meat or drink.' He next pressed the matter home with the Aldermen of Swansea, who declared their opinion that he would not continue long there; and, thinking him too zealous, 'did not invite him to dinner; so everything seemed to confirm what he often thought, that he was called to be an itinerant preacher.' (*Life*, p. clxxii.) In another curacy we find him wrestling bodily for his pulpit with 'a supplanter' (for which, however, he expresses contrition); and although he 'preached powerfully,' the keeper of the purse told him, 'It is reported that you are a Methodist, and I have resolved not to pay you any salary at all.' After this series of misfortunes, an eminent exhorter introduces him to the avowed Methodists, and the same distinctive energy re-appears in his wanderings and persecutions. We find him called a *Cradock*† and a round head, and often bespattered with eggs and dirt; then immured in a public-house, amidst scores of scoffers, like Samson among the Philistines; suffering

\* See this autobiography in the Appendix to Eliezer Williams's English works. London, Cradock, 1840.

† Cradock was one of the earliest Puritan preachers in Wales, and the name was afterwards applied opprobriously to the first Methodists.

\* The letter is given at large by Sir T. Phillips, pp. 136-7.



indeed here rather an excess of hospitality, from which, when its urgency abated, he 'counted his deliverance as wonderful as Daniel's from the lions' den.' The narrative, which we have faithfully abridged, reminds us of a doubt, which once suggested itself in reading the life of Mr. Simeon, how far personal foibles may have provoked a feeling which is often termed hostility to religion. Yet these did not prevent Peter Williams from distinguishing himself by literary labours of a more arduous kind than might have been expected from his position; and his various editions of the Bible, with a concordance and annotations, deserve to be mentioned with respect.

We must refer to the copious and interesting pages of Sir T. Philips for details of various worthies who succeeded. Mr. Charles, of Bala, seems to have been a man of liberal and cultivated mind. His suggestions led more or less directly to the establishment of that equivocal institution, the Bible Society: and, as late as the year 1811, he was prevailed upon, apparently against his better judgment, to provide for a Donatistic succession, by laying unauthorized hands upon new teachers. Up to this time, the proper Methodists, who must be distinguished from Independents or Dissenters (these two latter words being used in Wales as synonyms), had felt great scruples as to the propriety of receiving the sacraments except from clergymen who had been regularly ordained. Some personal neglect or disappointment seems to have been originally considered by Charles as a providential call to preach the Gospel in his own fashion; and those who judge human nature wisely will not withhold a certain amount of sympathy from such mingled motives. In a coarser character, as we see in the sad histories of Goronwy Owen, and Evan Evans (commonly known as Evan *Brydydd bir*, *Anglicè* The Tall Poet\*), both clergymen, and both ill-fated bards, the same disappointment might have led to sottishness and degradation. 'Being turned out of three churches in this country,' said Charles, 'without the prospect of another, what shall I do?' Yet later in life he could say, 'I might have been preferred in the Church; it has been re-

peatedly offered me; but I really would rather have spent the last twenty-three years of my life, as I have done, wandering up and down our cold and barren country, than if I had been made an Archbishop. It was no choice of mine; it was Providence that led me to it.'

In the celebrated John Elias, at a somewhat later date, we find extraordinary powers of intellect, chastened by profound and child-like humility. We know not if any character in the volumes before us leaves altogether a more pleasing impression on the mind. His teaching was as practical as it was vivid; his advice to his own children is of the most touching simplicity; his errors seem to have been chiefly things of circumstance; and he can only be called a schismatic in the same sense as Chalmers or Robert Hall. Yet this man, who calculated eclipses, who swayed multitudes by his eloquence, and who enjoyed in his country almost the influence of Chalmers in Scotland, was the child of a Welsh peasant, stunted by a churlish congregation (*Life*, pp. 50-97), and goaded by fiercer followers into bigotry at which his heart revolted (*ibid.*, pp. 198-201). Though his biography, which professes to be written by an English clergyman, abounds in editorial twaddle, it betrays the working of his mind towards a purer system. Had he been nurtured in some high hall of ancient wisdom, and saved by position as well as early influence from the temptations of a sect, how different might have been his history! He died in June, 1841—*Utinam noster fuisset!*

We have no ambition to usurp the province of the future Weale. He will assign a prominent place in his gallery to Jones of Llangân, and still more so to the Baptist Christmas Evans,\* who mingled, not unlike a Capuchin friar, broad humour with pathos. He will also tell how the harvest of Methodism was free from Arminian tares until the close of the century; how Wesleyanism was then introduced, and attracted many proselytes, though its congregations have never been so numerous as those of the Calvinists—still called by way of emphasis, and not in any offensive sense, Methodists—whose doctrines were either more home-spun, or at least more congenial to the Welsh mind.

\* It is customary with Welsh Bards to assume a by-name, either from the place of their nativity or from some personal peculiarity. This Evans was of very remarkable stature. He may be known to our English readers as a literary correspondent of Bishop Percy's, and as the editor of some fair specimens of Bardic remains. He also published sermons, with a preface of advice to the bishops of the Welsh sees, telling them that they were 'the abominations, witchcrafts, and sorceries of a whore.'

\* We are not sure whether it was Christmas Evans, or John Elias, who, at a Bible meeting to which Lord Anglesey had been seduced as president, painted in choice Welsh, with a proper portion of the 'serus in cœlum redeas,' a scene in which admission was asked for his Lordship into Heaven. To the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo, the answer was, 'Not known here;' and so on, in diverse dignities; but when introduced as President of the Bible Society, the reply became, 'That is written here; let him come in.'

It may be asserted, generally, of the class of men of whom we have presented our readers with some fair samples, that they conceived themselves to be fighting the battle of divine truth. Neither were they so contemptible in intellect or knowledge as they have sometimes been supposed. Perhaps, also, in some questionable matters, they were as much sinned against as sinning. Those who share our own conviction, that any shred of Christianity is precious, will pardon for its sake some accompaniment of evil. How far the human corrupted the divine, and earthly passion assumed the language of Heaven; whether even the pure ideal of Methodism is not founded on such an exaggeration of some true portions of religion as practically to distort them; and whether its distinctive characteristics are not morbid, while its life, so far as it lives, depends only upon what it enjoys in common with the Church, are questions on which we had rather furnish our readers with the materials for judging than ourselves presume to decide. But whatever may be the nature of its influence upon the Welsh, there can be no doubt of its extent. The two societies, which are termed in Wales Methodists and Wesleyans, and which correspond nearly to the followers of Whitfield and Wesley in England, number about twelve hundred congregations between them. Their declared members, with those of other sects which may now unhappily be grouped with them as Dissenters, constitute an eighth, and their ordinary attendants amount to at least a fourth, of the entire population. When the prosperous farmer or his thrifty servant would secure his savings, he invests his fortune, not in railway shares, but in part ownership of a meeting-house; so that interest as well as conscience directs him to support this new establishment, which has already its traditions. Nor do these figures adequately represent their influence, since the temper of the conventicle often creeps into higher places, and is sedulously represented as the only true Protestantism. Opinions generally of this stamp seem to be stereotyped in the country. Among the machinery by which the popular mind is taken hold of, a prominent place must be assigned to the Sunday-schools, which are worked with a laudable diligence, by which, however, Sunday becomes a day of toil. Hence, at least, the indigenous mind is formed upon a certain interpretation of the Bible. If this peculiar wisdom is not always justified of her children, she still teaches them some wholesome lessons. An extraordinary impulse has been given to a purely native school of thought and literature. Not only numerous editions of the Bible, concordances, hymn-books, and

tracts of a missionary nature, but songs, newspapers, magazines, and treatises on popular topics, such as geography and agriculture, stream yearly from the Welsh press. How far sedition contributes a certain garnish we are not now inquiring. Those who imagine the Welsh intellect asleep, or the language inoperative as a medium of instruction, have still to read a chapter in contemporary history. The very book, '*Drych yr Amseroedd*,' from which we have quoted, and others of the same kind, such as '*Hanes y Bedyddwyr*' (History of the Baptists), though not free from a certain mythical\* air, are highly calculated to take hold of the popular imagination. Josephus seems to be a favourite author. On opening the '*Traethodydd*' (Tractarian), a magazine of some merit, we were surprised to find essays on the '*Horæ Paulinæ*,' on the philosophy of Coleridge and of Plato, not to mention interminable discussions of Oxford divinity and other lighter subjects. It would have given us sincere pleasure to have added that the knowledge of the writers had taught them any degree of charity. This influx of fresh thought is even expanding the language; which is evidently growing and enriched daily by the formation of self-evolved words, especially such as denote abstraction and generalisation. This is a circumstance which we would recommend, in passing, to the attention of the parochial clergy.

Nor, again, have such influences been without effect in modifying the character of the people. A certain democratic and litigious tone has been given to the middle and lower classes. Strength of purpose is the usual inheritance of Puritanism. The modern Welshman neither excels in reverence, nor sins by listlessness; but displays rather a marked energy and hardihood of perseverance, with some tendency to be disputatious and pragmatical. The harsher features, however, of the latter element are softened by a warmth of affection which seems natural to the people; and, notwithstanding some allegations now before us, that the habit of dwelling upon privilege rather than duty is unfavourable to a high moral tone, we are inclined to believe that, in transactions between man and man, the conduct of the Welsh is still stamped in general by firmness and fidelity. It requires a long time to break down a national instinct of honesty, and although the principal fault of the lower classes may be a proneness to overvalue devotional excitement and formal scripturalism, yet a certain corrective influence

\* We use the word *mythical*, in its proper historical sense, to denote unconscious shaping of the imagination.

from the Church may prevent these temptations from doing their extreme work.

But the effects of Methodism in Wales were destined to be modified by other agencies, which we need not apologize for saying little of in this place as they have already been discussed at some length in our Journal. (Q. R. vol. lxx.) The task of those religious teachers who moulded a primitive race of shepherds and farmers, with many predisposing influences in their favour, had been comparatively easy. But, between 1740 and 1788, the iron-trade of Great Britain quadrupled itself, and within almost the first century of the Methodistic hegira, or by the year 1847, the same trade had increased its Welsh exports alone from nineteen hundred tons to upwards of five hundred thousand; the entire mineral exports of South Wales alone in that year amounting in value to considerably more than seven millions sterling.\* It is obvious that the immediate effect of such growth was to open new markets for agricultural produce, and by creating new wants, as well as the means of supplying them, it gave an enormous stimulus to the general progress of those parts of the country which it might seem less immediately to affect. But if these advantages were not purchased at too high a price, they were at least attended by serious drawbacks in a moral point of view. What sort of population grew up in consequence of that trade may be seen vividly described in various Reports of Commissions upon Mines and Collieries, as well as that upon the State of Education in Wales. Sir Thomas Phillips protests against the description given in the last as over-coloured; and Mr. Tremenhare points out several distinctions in favour of the Welsh mining districts, as compared with some others in the kingdom. The state of their houses and their personal habits, he tells us, show greater cleanliness, and their observance of Sunday is more orderly, while their dissipation lies in the use of beer rather than of ardent spirits. Yet, speaking generally, those fields of iron and soot, which have become workshops of Mammon, differ only in detail or degree. Ill trained by parent, seldom warned by priest, and little cared for by employer, yet enjoying wages which place sensual gratification within reach of an unspiritualized nature, these men are found precisely in that state most calculated to break down the moral being and to throw back humanity into barbarism. If such elements of corruption had been insufficient, the constant migration into the

coal and iron districts of shoals of the least settled characters from all parts of the country would supply any lack of evil. Out of 130,000 persons in the mining portions of Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, nearly 60,000 are not natives of either county. The native Cymry protest with reason against any estimate of the national character which may be formed upon inference from such an heterogeneous population. Yet there the mass of evil and danger exists. The atmosphere is one of smoke and the district of grime—"the people are savage in manner, and mimic the repulsive rudeness of those in authority over them.\*" The public opinion which pervades such masses is formed neither by the press nor the pulpit: but by the laugh of the dissolute, mingled with the pining of occasional want, and the ravenousness of criminals scarce escaped from the law. This is the way we cherish the image of God. Yet one book of a higher kind is the subject of lectures amid the colliers in the neighbourhood of Newport, as well as among the students of the University of Cambridge. Sir Thomas Phillips heard, in 1839, the theory of property laid down in Paley's 'Moral Philosophy,' inculcated by men of rude eloquence upon their hearers, with applications and inferences little contemplated by the Archdeacon of Carlisle. The keen logic of uneasy toil is somewhat different from that of literary leisure. Thus, as the Roman empire saw hordes of barbarians lowering over its luxurious decay, Great Britain cherishes in her own territory intestine vultures already flocking to the carcass of order and civilization. Unfortunately it has happened that the districts, where these elements of trouble have most largely developed themselves, are precisely those where the Church is in a great measure crippled, not so much by natural poverty, as by the sacrilege of her nominal friends. A melancholy list of rich impropriations and poor vicarages, with churches ruined and schools neglected, in parishes of formidable extent, belongs to the statistics alike of the sees of Llandaff and St. David. The Archdeacon of the former see asserts in his charge, that at Merthyr Tydvil there is church-room for about a tenth, and at Aberdare for not quite a thirtieth of the resident population. Nor is the mere building of a stray church in the moral wilderness an adequate remedy. It is *men*, said the wise Greek, *who make the city*. Where the great mass of the popular zeal has been directed into a different channel, and churches have no tolerable endowment

\* For the whole of these figures, and part of the subsequent picture, we rely upon Sir Thomas Phillips, p. 44 *et seq.*

\* Part II. of 'Education Report.'

either to repay a learned education or to counterbalance the stirring temptations of life in more favoured scenes, how shall we find the Griffith Jones, or the Joseph Milner, to stand between ignorance and crime and to stay the plague? Even in North Wales, where the Church has been less despoiled of her revenues, the modern cradles of mineral and manufacturing wealth present similar phenomena. Yet the quarrymen of Merioneth and Carnarvonshire are comparatively a respectable set of men; not, indeed, Churchmen, and not highly enlightened, but generally Christian and intelligent, with many of the comforts which depend upon high wages, and not only reading, but in some cases contributing to a literature of their own. The quarries, in which they work, certainly rank among the wonders of the kingdom, and may fairly divide with the Britannia tube the attention of the tourist. The accounts which we have heard given of the men's habits by the teachers, in whom they place most confidence, show room for improvement; but are far from inspiring us with the same uneasiness as the state of corresponding districts in South Wales.

It is here, then, that our Welsh friends experience the difficulties of Dissent. Here was a fair field for the spiritual descendants of Daniel Rowlands to justify their principles by their results. A single street in Bryn Mawr, or Merthyr Tydvil, with a row of happy and orderly homes, would have been a more important trophy than records of the most glowing emotion kindled by transient eloquence, or the most confident explanation either of the mysterious being or the unsearchable counsels of the Most High. We should even have considered it a better test of religion than chapels freed from debt or the parade of teetotal processions. It cannot, indeed, be alleged that the persons alluded to have not made some such attempt as we suggest: their square meeting-houses with conventicular-headed windows, and some text of Scripture presumptuously applied, rise by the side of the tall chimney and at the mouth of the mountain coal-pit. Considerable merit should be allowed to their Sunday-schools, which, though imperfect in their teaching and deficient in mental and spiritual exercise, have doubtless in many localities proved to a certain extent useful in communicating religious instruction. They are thronged by large numbers, both of children and adults, who are formed into classes, and entrusted to teachers, the most distinguished for zeal and ability. Nor do these form the most attractive part of their exhibition. The preacher, generally wrapt in an ample cloak, and

riding on a small pony, may be seen, as he approaches, attended by swart admirers, who nevertheless require the occasional stimulus of 'a gifted man' from a distance. We will not disparage his eloquence; it commences low and affects argument, then rises in a sort of climax or peculiar *gamut* to the highest notes of his voice. We have thus an ingenious blending of the synagogue with the theatre. All are on tiptoe\* to catch a glimpse of some favourite orator. The same multitude, who either would not enter church or were utterly uninterested by the service as they generally find it performed, here sing and groan in vehement chorus. Roused to emotion rather than patient of discipline, and stimulated by assurance of election rather than urged to work out their salvation, as well as enjoying occasional insinuations against whatever is established in Church or State, they hum a sort of grim applause, and go forth, in too many cases, to work some pleasant sin. Thus they tread 'paths to heaven,' which, there is some reason to fear, may possibly lead to a different terminus. We are, indeed, very far from saying that such a worship interposes *no* check to evil, or that check an adequate one? John Elias may have left among his successors many as good subjects as he was himself; but would the favourite Boanerges of any chapel in South Wales have dared to denounce Chartism? Would not his stipend be in danger, if, by an inopportune question from St. James, he were to run counter to the tradition of his sect? May not the character of the most popular preaching be inferred from a complaint, which we find in page 56 of *Drych yr Amseroedd*, that the old heathens of the church, before the time of Daniel Rowlands, used to say as they plodded homeward, 'That was a good sermon to-day, if we could but practise half of it?' Does the saying imply such utterly legal blindness as the author quoting it imagines—or might it not be profitably repeated by our modern revivers of the *Evangile*?

However deplorable immorality may be elsewhere, it assumes a more offensive aspect when found in combination with high spiritual pretensions. It can scarcely, therefore, be matter for surprise, that persons who contrast all that they hear professed with all that they find practised in the Principality, should sometimes indulge in denunciations of too sweeping a cast. Descriptions, which would be strongly worded of the worst districts, have been made to comprehend the whole country. Charges have been brought forward of a harsher character than we

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\* 'Life of Elias,' p. 148.

care to repeat. We do not subscribe to them. It seems to be forgotten that some amount of inconsistency is too universal among mankind to be the one sufficient reason for inferring hypocrisy. The truth is, probably, not that the professors of Methodism in the Principality are much worse than other men: but that they profess to be much better and are not. Some allowance must be made for the inherent defects of their system, and possibly also some for a natural enthusiasm in the Cimbric temperament. To lay much stress upon the last consideration would require a stronger belief than we profess in the very doubtful generalizations of ethnology; yet it was wisely said by Mahomet, 'If it had pleased God to make all men alike, he could have done so; but as it is, he has made them different.'

When the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of Education went down into the Principality, they appear to have given too easy credence to the representations made in a spirit of mutual antagonism. The Dissenter thought the Church heathenish or popish, and the Churchman thought the Dissenter vicious: the ill-employed barrister imagined that a people who contribute so little to the maintenance of criminal lawyers must have some latent vice to account for such a peculiarity;\* while the lover of English undefiled was unable to conceive of a people speaking a different language, as having any expression of intellect or medium of instruction. The verdict of the Commissioners would certainly have had more weight—perhaps it might have been a different finding—if they had *themselves* been able to converse in their own tongue with the men and children whom they examined. John Styles, at least, would cut a bad figure, if examined in French, even after a year's schooling at Stratford-le-Bow.

We are not about to lend any countenance to the ridiculous supposition that gentlemen of the rank and character of these Commissioners would have condescended to anything like intentional misrepresentation. Yet, unfortunately, there does appear a certain colouring in the Report, which has not suited the peculiar vision of any among the parties who are delineated. We are inclined to attribute some features, which savour of exaggeration, to causes above suggested, and some to a preconception that they were to find a certain state of things, which accordingly they found.† The latter influence

perhaps operates generally on compilers of blue-books; and, if it were otherwise, the Whig system of multiplying commissions would come to an untimely end. The result, at least in the present case, is not absolutely satisfactory. The Commissioners seem to have relied too much upon hearsay, a species of evidence which they could themselves only glean from that section of the population which is familiar with English.\* In our own opinion, which is formed upon some comparison of various sources of information, their Report is about as correct a picture of the Principality as one of England would be, compiled by a French writer on statistics, from speeches of Mr. Cobden on the aristocracy, and descriptions of our manufacturers by Mr. Ferrand. Both would be founded on facts: but on facts so dressed that their most intimate friends no longer recognise them. One thing is certain: if the Arabian Nights had been bound in blue paper, and transmitted into Wales as a faithful description of the people, they would hardly have excited more general astonishment. A host of scribes and orators rushed forward to the rescue. Of the publications which appeared on the occasion the most amusing was by the Dean of Bangor, the cleverest by a writer calling himself Artegall, and far the most important by Sir Thomas Phillips. This gentleman, who is not more known by his gallant and successful resistance to a dangerous outbreak in 1839 than by his active exertions in the cause of education, has taken the opportunity of publishing a volume, which is a perfect encyclopædia of trustworthy information on all subjects connected with the religious and educational state of his country. His book is more valuable, though his case is less striking, because he evidently conceals nothing, and often rises from the zeal of an advocate to the impartiality of a judge. It would, indeed, be easy for the gentlemen, whom in one or two chapters of his work he assails, to justify, by quotations from his pages, a considerable portion of the details, though certainly not the breadth of statement or general spirit which mark their Report.

There are two points on which Sir Thomas appears to us eminently successful, and his success depends upon a simple appeal to authentic figures. He goes largely into the sad statistics of perjury and violent crime, taking care to distinguish the two mining counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth. In these two we find more criminal convictions

\* Sir T. Phillips, p. 77.

† The instruction given them, to look out in Wales for *pagan influences*, seems an instance of foregone conclusions of a curious kind.

\* In Cardiganshire, the stronghold probably of the Welsh language, we find that only 3000 persons out of 68,766 speak English. We have no such precise data before us as to the rest of Wales.

than in the eleven remaining counties of Wales; while in the whole of Wales we still find the ratio of crime to population not quite half that of England, and in the eleven more primitive counties it is less than one-third. On the other hand, the number of persons convicted in Wales is about eight per cent. less in proportion to those committed for trial than is the case in England; and various considerations, of which the most important is the probability of error arising from two languages, are adduced to show that this result is not caused by perjury, or unwillingness to convict:—

“Jurors may not understand the speeches of the counsel, or the charge of the judge; and therefore it is peculiarly unfair to impute to them corruption and a forgetfulness of their oath, whenever they may give an erroneous verdict. It might, indeed, be expected that, under such circumstances, increasing the proverbial uncertainty of jury-trials, verdicts would often be given against the weight of evidence; but this is not found to occur more frequently in Wales than at assizes in English counties. Again, witnesses who have an imperfect knowledge of English, and who therefore desire to give evidence in their native tongue, are suspected, without reason, of feigning inability to speak English in order to gain time to pervert the truth. Judges have been known to compel such men to give evidence in broken English, without feeling the hardship and possible injustice; of which they would be acutely sensible if, in a foreign land, they were themselves compelled to give evidence on oath in a foreign tongue, which they might understand well, yet speak imperfectly.”—*Sir T. Phillips*, pp. 78-79.

Upon the delicate subject of chastity we must refer to the abundant illustration furnished by the book before us.\* We are not compiling a blue-book. It does, however, appear, if any reliance can be placed on figures in such matters, that the Cambrian fair have been unduly aspersed, and deserve a verdict of at least comparative acquittal from the charges which in more places than one have been alleged against their pure fame. The Education Commissioners certainly owe them an apology; and to have erred as they apparently did err, in a matter of such importance, may justify stronger censure than we have thought it necessary to repeat. On the other hand, we hesitate to allow, what seems implied by Sir Thomas (p. 68), that the use of the English language in Radnorshire has produced in that county a peculiar aptness to tender frailty: nor perhaps is the ratio of crime to mere population a complete test of morality unless we also know its ratio as regards property. In

wealthy and commercial countries there is more temptation to fraud and theft than in those stages of society which are less removed from the pastoral. Still it is by tests of this kind, which are reducible to figures, rather than by hearsay gossip, that the character of a people must after all be practically determined.

Those portions of the work, so creditable on the whole to Sir Thomas Phillips, which suggest various remedies for existing evils, deserve serious consideration from all persons to whom duty or affection make the welfare of the Principality a matter of interest—for, after all deductions from exaggerated statement, and all reasonable concession to sensitive patriotism, it must be allowed that many circumstances in the state of the people call for treatment of a remedial kind. We admire the vigour and character which have enabled a nation of peasantry (for the higher classes may here be set aside) to develop a hierarchy and literature of their own. Yet may not such a display have been purchased by the sacrifice of a sounder system, and of blessings more likely to be permanent? The sword, by which the Prince of Peace would sever his Church from the world, was never meant to set asunder high and low: even if the organization of voluntaryism were more effective among its adherents than appears to be the case, it would be no slight evil for the sympathies which should unite rich and poor in the house of their Heavenly Father, to be abruptly dissociated, and for the natural framework of a country to be, as it were, bisected into classes of diverse religion. However genuine may be the purely religious element of thought in the humbler frequenter of the meeting-house, he is withdrawn from many humanizing influences, and is tempted easily to acquiesce in misrepresentation of those superiors, whose kind intentions he has so little opportunity of learning by intercourse. Add the hardening effect of self-indulgent luxury upon one class, and the constant danger of passion couching itself in Scriptural language among the other, and we divine how religion may be no longer the cord to bind, or the salt to purify, but the principle of discord to shiver society. There must be some—we do not doubt there are many—among the living teachers of Methodism and Dissent, who are quite capable of feeling the force of such considerations. With such men invective would be misplaced. We would rather remind them of the spirit professed by the masters and predecessors, whose principles they believe themselves to inherit. If their object was to awaken, the Church has been thoroughly awakened; if to reform, she is in

\* Sir T. Phillips, pp. 67, 69.

great measure at least reformed; if they desired to strengthen, the inadequate though gigantic strength with which she girds herself daily to her superhuman task of regenerating our huge masses of domestic barbarism invites them to come in and help her. Have they any prayers better calculated to cherish their devotion than the Liturgy which first called it into life? They believe that their sect had its origin in a protest against the profaneness of a latitudinarian age. We admit there are some reasons for that belief; but we contend that no impartial person will study the history which we have been sketching, and not conclude that those reasons have been much exaggerated. Were not, after all, the two principal faults of those old heathens of the Church, drinking and sabbath-breaking? Serious faults, it must be confessed; but one the universal fault of the age, and the other an error which admits of an opposite extreme. Has not Wales purchased her deliverance from these evils at a costly and unnecessary price? Has the improvement on these two points been accompanied by such a general tone of moral excellence, as might have been expected from a movement supposed to be especially blest by heaven? We have no disposition to magnify what evil may exist, nor to accept as evidence the loose sayings of recrimination interchanged in a sectarian spirit. But the men to whom we allude shall be themselves our judges. We appeal—not only to the shade of John Elias, whose old age complained of the decay of sound preachers, and the increase of sin, and of God hiding his face—but to the estimate which the most Christian-minded among themselves at this day would form of their own congregations.

Do they find truth and honesty of mind, with all other Christian graces, flourish and abound? or does the strong religious meat which they supply rather fail to nourish their hearers in those qualities which the heathen called virtues, and with which the Christian cannot dispense? Is not even the aggressive temper which an increasing section of their body has of late years shown against the Church, a sufficient indication that something is wrong in themselves? Wherever the house of prayer is turned into a nursery of sedition, or a theatre of declamation against all government and all old truth, there needs no audible voice, '*Let us go hence*;' we recognise the unmistakable sign of the good spirit departing. We are here only saying what their own teachers in their best days would have said. Perhaps, indeed, the connection between their beginning and their present state is more intimate than we should have gathered other-

wise than from experience. Even the characteristic strength of their best men seems partly to have depended upon blazoning abroad those deep secrets of the religious heart, which many others have experienced without asking for their expression any other ear than that of their Heavenly Father. Such a habit, aided by the eloquence of such preachers as Bacon calls 'vehement and zealous persuaders, and not scholastical,' not only protested vigorously against the faults of the age, but fired vast multitudes with a religious impulse, which is supposed to have been necessarily of heaven. So far as the moral results justify such an inference, we have no objection to it; but if it depends in any degree upon assemblies moved to tears, or strong men shaken by agitation of conscience, we must remark, that in many ages and countries similar exhibitions have taken place without the aid of any form of Christianity. In India and Phrygia, at the old village festivals of Egypt, and amid the Mahometan pilgrimages to Mecca, not to mention the more singular tribes which have recently been described by Mr. Layard, the same passionate out-pouring of human devotion may be traced. Especially it strikes us among the Donatists of Africa. It results in part from too keen a desire to commune with the Deity otherwise than in his acknowledged attributes. The physical and the spiritual act upon each other, until they are almost inextricably blended. Yet the very sincerity and fervour of such feelings, especially when working upon the facts and doctrines of a true revelation, are capable for a time of producing enormous effects. They work, as it were, with the strength of fever. It is when the first love cools, and only the habit of extravagances which spring from it survives, that we learn how incompetent are such human outbreaks to work the righteousness of heaven. There may be such a thing as congealed fanaticism. Its better spirit fled, its residue may be only injurious in standing aloof from that communion and instrumentality which Divine Providence had given it as aids to work with. Can, after all, a 'gifted' cobbler work a parish? How many hours can he spend daily in his school, or in visiting from house to house? Can a constant succession of men be expected, even among the regular teachers, with such fervour of devotion and constancy of faith as to supersede the use of sound prayers or the necessity of fixed articles? If their strength could rise above the Litany, would not their weakness fall immeasurably below it? Where are already those old Presbyterian congregations of which we read as formerly existing in Wales? Does even a relic of



them remain? Into how many errors have their descendants degenerated? It must therefore be a subject for grave inquiry whether the masses of our Welsh population, under their present instructors, are practically good Christians, and will they long remain good subjects? May not the present religious aspect of the Principality be received as a proof that the doctrine and organization given by our Lord and his Apostles to his Church are best calculated to imbue men's minds with such well-grounded principles as are emphatically the salt of the earth? To adopt the language of our friends, may not *Tekel* here be written after *Uphar-sin*? Have not religious division and its fruits been tried in the balance, and been found wanting? It availed to throw a certain fervour into an hereditary reverence which it found existing; but it has not strength to perpetuate that reverence as a principle of moral action from generation to generation. Yet, if all these were absorbed to-morrow in the Church, are her resources in Wales in any degree adequate to the work before her? Can she now either mitigate the evil they have done, or supply the good which they have left undone? We pause for any satisfactory answer to these inquiries.

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- ART. II.—1. *Recherches Medico-légales sur l'incertitude des signes de la mort, les dangers des inhumations précipitées, les moyens de constater le décès et de rappeler à la vie ceux qui sont en état de mort apparente.* Par M. Julia de Fontenelle. 8vo. Paris. 1834.
2. *The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* Part VIII. Art. 'Death.' By J. A. Symonds, M. D. London. 1836.
3. *Recherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Par Zav. Bichat. Cinquième édition, revue et augmentée de notes pour la deuxième fois par F. Magendie. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

It was the opinion of Addison that nothing in history was so imposing, nothing so pleasing and affecting, as the accounts of the behaviour of eminent persons in their dying hour. Montaigne before him had given expression to the same sentiment. Of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those, he said, which attracted and delighted him most, were the words and gestures of departing men. 'If,' he adds, 'I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments, of various Deaths, for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live.' The

register would not be difficult to supply. The commentary is a loss—rich as it would have been in the reflections of a shrewd and thoughtful mind, fearless in its confessions, holding up its feelings, in their weakness and their strength, as a mirror in which the readers might behold themselves. But Montaigne, who merely gives a formal adhesion to Christianity, and too generally draws both precept and practice from the code of Epicurus, was not the person to teach others to live or die. He had realised beyond most men the terror of death, studied it incessantly in all its aspects, and done his best to steel himself against the stroke; but the resources of religion are scarcely dreamt of in his philosophy of mortality. He treats the question almost like a heathen, raises more misgivings than he removes, and does less to reform the careless and encourage the timid than to offend the pious and disturb the peaceful. He seldom, indeed, touches upon a sacred subject without leaving us in doubt whether he is in earnest or in jest. He seems, in his bantering way, to be striking with one hand while he affects to support with the other; and his attack, though far from formidable, is more powerful than his defence. He would have been an eminent teacher in Greece or Rome, but was no ways fitted to be a master in Christendom. Two or three of Montaigne's countrymen have since attempted to carry out his conception: but not inheriting his genius with his project, their works are said to be meagre and vapid. More worthless they could not be than the similar compilations which have been published in English; a page from a parish-register would be nearly as edifying.

Addison and Montaigne, in their speculations upon Death, had chiefly in view the mental feelings. The physical part of the question had only been treated in detached fragments, until Bichat endeavoured to give a connected view of those changes in the system which are immediately concerned in the extinction of life. Even this was only a single branch of an extensive subject; and, far from exhausting it, the state of knowledge obliged him to rest content with a general outline—but it was an outline drawn with a master's hand. A more beautiful piece of scientific writing could nowhere be found—none more lucid in arrangement, more clear, simple, and concise in style. He had to deal with a mass of tangled threads, and wove them into a vivid and harmonious pattern. A disposition to fanciful system is the principal defect of the celebrated 'Researches on Life and Death,' which will continue a classic, when, by the progress of discovery, it has ceased to be an authority.

Since Bichat led the way, numerous writers have followed in his track—extended his experiments, corrected his errors, and modified his theories. The knowledge is confined at present to professional works which few besides professional men are likely to read, and is too much bound up with general physiology to permit us to enter at large upon the question. What Bichat imperfectly discussed in a volume, we must dismiss in a page. A summary of the newest and best information will be found in the able and philosophical *Principles of Medicine* by Dr. Williams, or in the *Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine* by Dr. Watson—a work upon which his own craft have set the seal of their highest approbation, and which it may interest others to be told is not a dry detail of symptoms and remedies, but a luminous account of disease, which he has had the art to make as entertaining as instructive. It was not consistent with the plan of Dr. Williams or Dr. Watson to write a formal treatise upon death. This was done by Dr. Symonds—whose admirable article in the *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*, though a condensed, is the most comprehensive description with which we are acquainted. The entire physical phenomena of natural death are passed in review; the results of original observation are combined with the researches of others; and some portions of the subject, such as the signs of dying, are more elaborately treated than anywhere else. Addressed to medical men, it presumes a degree of acquaintance with their science; yet two-thirds of the essay could hardly be more attractive to general readers if it had been penned for their use. General readers, however, are less inquisitive on the matter than their deep concern in it might lead us to expect, or it would not be confined to the domain of the physician. Addison assumed that the interest was as universal as the lot; but though

‘Death only is the fate which none can miss,’

another poet has said with almost equal truth that

‘All men think all men mortal but themselves.’

Most feel about it much the same as did Justice Shallow:—‘The mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead! *Silence*. We shall all follow, cousin! *Shallow*. Certain, ’tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stam-

ford fair?’ He moralises mechanically upon death, pays it parenthetically the tribute due to an indisputable truth—but the price of oxen has not the less of his thoughts. We persist in thinking death distant because the date is doubtful, and remain unconcerned spectators until we are summoned to be actors in the scene.

Yet, however little the majority of men may be tempted to originate inquiry, there can hardly be many to whom an account of the mental and corporal sensations which attend upon death can be a matter of indifference when brought before their eyes. Father Bridaine, a French itinerant of the last century, who in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home,—and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighbouring churchyard. We deeply feel that we are in many respects little qualified for the subject which we venture to take up: there is in it, however, a mysterious awfulness which may probably carry on our readers in spite of our imperfections. But the profit will be to those who remember, as they read, that we describe or attempt to describe the road which they themselves must travel, and, like Bridaine, are conducting them to their home.

John Hunter called the blood the moving material of life. Elaborated from the food we eat, it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body; and while in its progress it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, it receives and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. The moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, the functions languish; the moment it is restored, the functions revive. The brain, in general bleeding, is the first to feel the loss; and a mere change of position, by affecting the amount of blood in the head, will make the difference between unconsciousness and sense. Where the object is to bring down the circulation to the lowest point, the safeguard against carrying the depletion too far is to make the patient sit up; and when faintness ensues, sensibility returns by laying him backwards, which immediately sends a current of blood to the brain. The effect of the circulation on a limb is seen in the operation for an aneurism of the leg—a disease in which the artery, unable to resist the force of the blood, continues to distend, until, if left to itself, it usually bursts, and

the patient bleeds to death. To prevent this result the main artery itself is often tied above the tumour, and thus the blood is stopped short of the place where it was gradually working a fatal outlet. The lower part of the leg, cut off from its supply, at once turns cold, and, unless nature were ready with a new provision, would quickly perish ; but if, by the disease, man is shown to be fearfully, the remedial contrivance proves him wonderfully made. The trunk artery sends out numerous tributaries, which again rejoin it further on its course, and those above the aneurism gradually dilate to receive the obstructed circulation, and, carrying it past the break in the channel, restore warmth and vigour to the drooping limb. What is true of the leg and brain is true of every portion of the body. Not an organ can subsist deprived of a due and healthy circulation ; and when the blood is brought to a stand in its career, or is in a particular degree deficient in quantity or corrupted in quality, then is death inevitable. 'We are born,' says Seneca, 'by a single method—we die by many.' But though mortal diseases are legion in their seat and nature, they may all be resolved into the destruction of the circulation, like the radii of a circle which come from an infinity of directions and meet in a point.

The heart is the agent for propelling the blood. It acts the part of a pump to the system, plays without our aid at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, and sometimes continues in operation a century ; but no organ, however marvellous in its construction and performances, can be beyond reach of injury and disease in a body created mortal by design. The heart is the seat of numerous disorders which destroy its power of contraction and expansion, and when its action ceases the blood must stop ; but extreme cases are the clearest illustration of principles, and the effects of arresting its pulsations are seen best when the event is sudden. This is no uncommon occurrence. The passions of rage, joy, grief, and fear make themselves felt in the centre of circulation ; and these all have the power, when intense, to paralyse the heart in a moment, or even to burst it by the agitation they create. A lady, overjoyed to hear that her son had returned from India, died with the news in her ears ; another, prostrate with grief at parting with a son who was bound for Turkey, expired in the attempt to bid him farewell. Physical causes, in like manner, put an immediate and lasting stop to the heart. It may be done by a blow on the stomach, by the fall from a height, by too violent an exertion.

The lungs are no less essential to the circulation. The entire blood of the system passes along their innumerable vessels on its return to the heart, and ejecting through the pores the foul matter collected in its circuit, receives in exchange a fresh supply of air. The process is stopped in drowning, when there is no oxygen from without to inhale ; in hanging, when the communication is cut off with the lungs ; in the morbid effusions which prevent the air from reaching the blood ; in the pressure which holds down the chest and abdomen and will not permit them to play ; and in injuries of the portion of the spinal cord whence the nerves are derived by which the muscular movements of respiration are sustained. A vast variety of accidents and diseases operate in one or other of these ways, and with the uniform consequence that the unpurified blood becomes stagnant in the lungs and stops the road. Breathing is indispensable to life, because the blood will barely move an inch without it ; and though it did, would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health.

The brain is the centre of nervous power, and without its agency we are unable to think, move, or feel ; but the immediate effect of mortal injuries is to paralyse the action of the heart or the lungs. The apoplexies in which the blood escapes with force into the brain, and breaks up its substance, kill through the first ; the congestion which is less violent acts by impeding, and ultimately arresting, the movements of the last. In either case the circulation stops, and with it life. Whatever is the locality of a disease, the heart and lungs are either implicated themselves, or through the nerves and brain ; and in the majority of disorders the whole are enfeebled together, till it is difficult to determine which is failing most. In some diseases the blood itself is utterly corrupted, and every organ it touches feels its deadly influence. In others, the stomach is incapable of discharging its office, and the fountain is dried up which replenished the stream. The original stock, depositing its vitality as it goes, gets smaller and smaller every round. Soon the waste in the system exceeds the supply ; the decaying parts drop away, and no new matter takes their place ; the whole frame dwindles and languishes, and the organs, every instant feeblener in their action, become finally motionless.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree ; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, with-

out a malady or a pain, sinks by a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition, and show the nature of the process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigour; the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions their freedom, and, without local disorder or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like his battered trunk, which held together if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days. Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude, was unable to support the rapid motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in allusion to the foot's pace at which he crept along, 'I am now going to the rehearsal of my funeral.' The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but even with men less remarkable it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold—passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten. The brain, like a mould that has set, keeps the old impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present, the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow more narrative than is always entertaining to younger ears; yet without the smallest sense of weariness, they can sit for hours silent and unemployed, for feebleness renders repose delightful, and they need no other allurements in existence than to feel that they exist. Past recollections themselves are sometimes erased. Fontenelle—not the author on our present list—outlived the knowledge of his writings, but the winter which destroyed his memory allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of spring. He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities, and make them the subject of lively sayings. 'I am about,' he remarked, 'to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before.' When Brydone's family read him his admirable *Travels* in Sicily, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true!

Next the body relapses into helplessness, the mind into vacancy—and this is the second childhood of man—an expression upon which some physiologists have built fanciful analogies, as if infancy and age, like the rising and setting sun, were the same unaltered object in opposite parts of the horizon. But there is little more resemblance than in the vegetable world between immaturity and rottenness. Sir Walter Scott, when growing infirmities made him speak of himself playfully as coming round to the starting-point of the circle, said he wished he could cut a new set of teeth. The remark touched the distinction between the morning and evening of life. Age and infancy are both toothless, but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone—the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor—here curiosity, there listlessness—here the prattle of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage. Decrepitude which has sunk into imbecility must be endeared by past recollections to be loved. But to despise it is an insult to human nature, and to pity it on its own account, wasted sympathy. Paley rightly asserted that happiness was with dozing old age in its easy chair, as well as with youth in the pride and exuberance of life, and if its feelings are less buoyant they are more placid. To die piecemeal carries with it a frightful sound, until we learn by observation that of all destroyers time is the gentlest. The organs degenerate without pain, and, dwindling together, a perfect harmony is kept up in the system. Digestion languishes, the blood diminishes, the heart beats slower, and by imperceptible gradations they reach at last their lowest term. Drowsiness increases with the decline of the powers—life passes into sleep, sleep into death. De Moivre, the master of calculation, spent at eighty twenty hours of the twenty-four in slumber, until he fell asleep and awoke no more. His was a natural death unaccompanied by disease, and, though this is uncommon, yet disease itself lays a softer hand upon the aged than the young, as a tottering ruin is easier overthrown than a tower in its strength.

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils from the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labours, and he expired soon after of an apoplectic stroke. Flechier, the divine, had a dream which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and,

believing it to be the merciful warning of heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered his tomb. 'Begin your work forthwith,' he said at parting; 'there is no time to lose:' and unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two. Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his own remains. When life was flitting fast, he called for the score, and, musing over it, said, 'Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?' Another great artist, in a different department, convinced that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends enquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied, 'The end of all things.' 'In that case,' rejoined one of the number, 'there will be an end of the painter.' What was uttered in jest he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh: 'There will,' he said—'and therefore the sooner my work is done the better.' He commenced next day, laboured upon it with unintermitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said, 'I have finished.' The print was published in March under the title of 'Finis,' and in October 'the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face' were closed in dust. Our ancestors, who were prone to look into the air for causes which were to be found upon earth, ascribed these intimations to supernatural agency. It was conjectured that the guardian genius, who was supposed to attend upon man, infused into his mind a friendly though gloomy foreboding, or more distinctly prefigured to him his end by a vision of the night. John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence: 'We sometimes,' he says, 'feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain.' His own case has often been quoted among the marvels of which he afforded the rational explanation. He intimated on leaving home that if a discussion, which awaited him at the Hospital, took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder, except that any individual could show such disrespect to the great genius, a single year of whose existence was worth the united

lives of his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the prediction, had only to take counsel of his own experience without the intervention of invisible spirits. He had long laboured under a disease of the heart, and he felt the disorder had reached the point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis. A memorable instance of the weakness which accompanies the greatness of man when an abusive appellation could extinguish one of the brightest lights that ever illumined science. No discoverer has left more varied titles to fame, and none has given more abundant evidence that he would have added to the number the longer he lived, for his mind teemed with original ideas, and fast as one crop was cleared away another sprang up.

Circumstances which at another time would excite no attention are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the Requiem with Mozart, the dream with Flechier, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave. The death of a contemporary, which raises no fears in the young and vigorous, is often regarded by the old and feeble as a summons to themselves. Foote, prior to his departure for the continent, stood contemplating the portrait of a brother-actor, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, 'Poor Weston!' In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause, 'Soon others shall say, Poor Foote!'—and, to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice of the prognostication. The expectation of the event has a share in producing it, for a slight shock completes the destruction of prostrate energies. Many an idle belief in superstitious times lent a stimulus to disease, and pushed into the grave those who happened to be trembling on its brink. Kings and princes took the shows of the skies for their particular share. Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., when sick of a fever, saw, or fancied she saw a comet. 'Ha!' she exclaimed, 'there is an omen which appears not for people of low degree: God sends it for us great. Shut the window; it announces my death; I must prepare.' Her physicians assured her she was not in a dying state. 'Unless,' she replied, 'I had seen the sign of my death I should have said the same, for I do not myself feel that I am sinking.' She sank, however, from that time, and died in three days. Confidence in the physician is proverbially said to be half the cure, because it keeps up hope, and lends to the body the support of the mind; but when despair co-operates with the distemper, they re-act upon one other, and a curable complaint is easily converted into a mortal disease. The case

of Wolsey was more singular. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. 'Eight of the clock,' replied Wolsey, 'that cannot be,—eight of the clock, eight of the clock,—nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master.' The day he miscalculated,—the hour came true. On the following morning as the clock struck eight his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death, and, from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he relied upon some astrological prediction which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem.

Persons in health have died from the expectation of dying. It was once common for those who perished by violence to summon their destroyers to appear within a stated time before the tribunal of God; and we have many perfectly attested instances in which, through the united influence of fear and remorse, the perpetrators withered under the curse and died. Pestilence does not kill with the rapidity of terror. The profligate abbess of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves, and Guise, the profligate Archbishop of Rheims, took it into their heads for a jest to visit one of the nuns by night, and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While in the performance of their heartless scheme they whispered to each other 'She is just departing,' she departed in earnest. Her vigour, instead of detecting the trick, sank beneath the alarm, and the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport that they were making merry with a corpse. A condemned gentleman was handed over to some French physicians, who, to try the effects of imagination, told him that it was intended to despatch him by bleeding—the easiest method known to their art. Covering his face with a cloth, they pinched him to counterfeit the prick of the lancet, placed his feet in a bath, as if to encourage the stream, and conversed together on the tragic symptoms supposed to arise. Without the loss of a drop of blood his spirit died within him from the mental impression, and when the veil was raised he had ceased to live. Montaigne tells of a man who was pardoned upon the scaffold, and was found to have expired while awaiting the stroke. Cardinal Richelieu, in the hope to extract a confession from the Chevalier de Jars, had him brought to the block, and though he comported himself with extraordinary courage and cheerfulness, yet when, an instant or two after he had laid down his head, his pardon was announced to him, he was in a state of stupefaction which

lasted several minutes. In spite of his apparent indifference to death, there was an anxiety in the pause when he was momentarily expecting the axe to descend, which had all but proved fatal.

When disease passes into dying, the symptoms usually tell the tale to every eye. The half-closed eyes, turned upwards and inwards, sink in their sockets; the balls have a faded, filmy look; the temples and cheeks are hollow, the nose is sharp; the lips hang, and, together with the face, are sometimes pale from the failure of the circulation, and sometimes livid from the dark blood which creeps sluggishly through the veins. Startling likenesses to relations, and the self of former days, are sometimes revealed when the wasting of the flesh has given prominence to the framework of the face. The cold of death seizes upon the extremities and continues to spread,—a sign of common notoriety from time immemorial, which Chaucer has described in verse, Shakspeare in still more picturesque prose. The very breath strikes chill; the skin is clammy; the voice falters and loses its own familiar tones—grows sharp and thin, or faint and murmuring—or comes with an unearthly muffled sound. The pulse, sometimes previously deceitful, breaks down; is first feeble and then slower; the beats are fitful and broken by pauses; the intervals increase in frequency and duration, and at length it falls to rise no more. The respiration, whether languid or laboured, becomes slow at the close; the death-rattle is heard at every expulsion of air; the lungs, like the pulse, become intermittent in their action; a minute or two may elapse between the efforts to breathe, and then one expiration, which has made 'to expire' synonymous with 'to die,' and the conflict with the body is over.

As an abstract description of man would fit everybody, although forming a portrait of no one, deaths have their individual peculiarities, in which the differences of detail do not affect the likeness of the outline. Many traits are frequent which are far from usual. Some when they are sinking toss the clothes from their chests, and though the attendants, indefatigable in enforcing their own notions of comfort, replace them unceasingly, they are as often thrust back. There must be oppression in the covering or it would not be thrown off, but the patient himself is frequently unconscious, and the act is instinctive, like the casting aside the bed-clothes on a sultry night in the obliviousness of sleep. Others pick at the sheets, or work them between their fingers, which may be done in obedience to an impulse of the nerves, or to excite by friction the sense of touch, which is

growing benumbed. We have seen persons among the lower orders burst into tears at witnessing an action which conveyed to their minds a sentence of death. The senses are constantly subject to illusions. The eyes of the dying will conjure up particles which they mistake for realities, and attempt to catch them with their hand, or if they are looking at the bed they suppose them specks upon the clothes, and assiduously endeavour to brush them away. The awful shadow cast by death throws a solemnity over every object within its range, and gives importance to actions that would otherwise be thought too trivial for notice. Ears, soon to be insensible to sound, are often assailed by imaginary noises, which sometimes assume the form of words. Cowper, who was afterwards the thrall of fancied voices, which spoke as his morbid spirit inspired, heard three times, when he hung himself in earlier days, the exclamation 'T is over!' The old idea that the monitor of man summoned him when his final minute had arrived, may easily have been founded upon actual occurrences, and the agent was invented to explain away an undoubted and mysterious effect. Shakespeare, who possessed the power to press everything into his service, has recorded the superstition in *Troilus and Cressida* :—

'Hark! you are called: some say the Genius do  
Cries COME! to him that instantly must die!'

The workings of the mind, when taken in connection with the physical weakness, are often prominent among the symptoms of dissolution. Many of the ancients held the *novissima verba* in high esteem. They imagined that the departing imbibed a divine power from that world to which they were bound, and spoke like gods in proportion as they were ceasing to be men. Though the belief is extinct that the prophet's mantle descends upon the shoulders of the dying, there are some who maintain that as the body wanes the mind often shines with increasing lustre. Baxter called a church-yard the market-place where all things are rated at their true value, and those who are approaching it talk of the world, and its vanities, with a wisdom unknown before. But the idea that the capacity of the understanding itself is enlarged—that it acquires new powers and fresh vigour, is due, we conceive, to the emotion of the listeners. The scene impresses the imagination, and the overwrought feelings of the audience colour every word. Disease has more frequently an injurious effect, and the mind is heavy, weakened, or deranged. Of the species of idiocy which ushers in death Mrs. Quickly gives a perfect

description in her narrative of Falstaff's end—an unrivalled piece of painting, and deeply pathetic in the midst of its humour: 'After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.' Falstaff, to whom a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity, and whose heart was never open to a rural impression, amusing himself with flowers like a child—Falstaff, the impersonation of intellectual wit, and who kept a sad brow at the jests which moved the mirth of every one besides, regarding his fingers' ends with simpering imbecility—there is an epitome of the melancholy contrasts which are constantly witnessed, and which would be mournful indeed if we did not know that the bare grain is not quickened except it die, and that the stage of decay must precede its springing into newness of life. The intellect of Falstaff has degenerated into silliness, but he knows what he says, and comprehends what he sees. When the sensibility to outward impressions is lost or disordered, and the mind is delirious, the dying dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts; Napoleon-fought some battle o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armée*. Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the Jury, you will now consider of your verdict*; Dr. Adam, the author of the 'Roman Antiquities,' imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: *But it grows dark*, he said; *the boys may dismiss*; and instantly died. The physician, soldier, judge, schoolmaster, each had their thoughts on their several professions, and believed themselves engaged in the business of life when life itself was issuing out through their lips. Whether such words are always an evidence of internal consciousness may admit of a doubt. The mind is capable of pursuing a beaten track without attending to its own operations, and the least impulse will set it going when every other power has fled. De Lagny was asked the square of twelve when he was unable to recognise the friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, *one hundred and forty-four*. Repetitions of poetry are frequent in this condition, and there is usually a want of coherence and intonation which appears to indicate a want of intelligence, and leaves the conviction, expressed by Dr. Symonds, that the understanding is passive. But upon many occasions it is perfectly obvious that the language of the



lips is suggested by the mental dream. The idea of Dr. Adam, that it was growing dark, evidently arose from the fading away of the vision, as the thick darkness of death covered his mind and clouded his perceptions. The man himself is his own world, and he lives among the phantoms he has created, as he lived among the actual beings of flesh and blood, with the difference, perhaps, that the feelings, like the picture, are faint and shadowy.

There is a description of dying delirium which resembles drunkenness. Consciousness remains, but not self-control. The individual nature appears in its nakedness, unrelieved by the modifications which interest imposes. A woman, who had combined an insatiable appetite for scandal with the extremest caution in retailing it, fell into this state a few hours before she died. The sluice was opened, and the venom and malice were poured out in a flood. Her tones, which in health were low and mysterious, grew noisy and emphatic—the hints were displaced by the strongest terms the language could afford—and the half-completed sentences, which were formerly left for imagination to fill up, all carried now a tail and a sting. ‘I verily believe,’ said her husband afterwards, ‘that she repeated in that single day every word she had heard against anybody from the time she was a child.’ The concentration of the mind upon a single topic, the variety and distinctness of the portraits, the virulence and energy of the abuse, the indifference to the tears of her children—heart-broken that their mother should pass from the world uttering anathemas against all her acquaintances, living and dead—made a strange and fearful exhibition, one more impressive than a thousand sermons to show the danger of indulging an evil passion.

A fatal malady sometimes appears to make a stop—the patient lives and breathes; and his friends, who had considered him as belonging to another world, are overjoyed that he is once more one of themselves. But it is death come under a mask. The lifting up from the grave is followed by a relapse which brings down to it again without return. A son of Dr. Beattie lay sick of a fever which suddenly left him; the delirium was succeeded by a complete tranquillity, and the father was congratulating himself on the danger being over, when the physicians informed him truly that the end was at hand. Death from hydrophobia is not seldom preceded by similar appearance of recovery. A victim of this disorder, in which every drop of liquid aggravates the convulsions, and the very sound of its trickling is often insupportable, was found by Dr. Latham in

the utmost composure, having drunk a large jug of porter at a draught. The nurse greeted the physician with the exclamation, ‘What a wonderful cure!’ but in half an hour the man was dead. Sir Henry Hallford had seen four or five cases of inflammation of the brain where the raving was succeeded by a lucid interval—the lucid interval by death. One of these was a gentleman who passed three days in lunatic violence, without an instant’s cessation or sleep. He then became rational, settled his affairs, sent messages to his relations, and talked of a sister lately dead, whom he said he should follow immediately, as he did in the course of the night. Many such instances are upon record; and Cervantes must have witnessed something of the kind, or he would not have ventured to restore Don Quixote to reason in his final illness, make him abjure knight-errantry, and die a sensible as he had lived a worthy man; for throughout his adventures he displays a loftiness of principle and a rectitude of purpose which give an elevation to his character, and render him estimable when most ridiculous. Sir Henry Hallford cautioned the younger members of his profession against these appearances, which have often deluded physicians themselves. The medical attendant of Charleval, a French versifier, called out exultingly to a brother of the faculty who entered the room, ‘Come and see, the fever is going!’ After a moment’s observation, the other, more experienced, replied, ‘No—it is the patient.’ The amendment is not real unless the pulse has improved: the energies of life are otherwise worn out; and either the inertness of the disease proceeds from a want of power to sustain it, or, if it has fairly retired, the system has been too much depressed to rebound. The temporary revival is rarely complete; but a partial intermission, from its comparative ease, creates a considerable change of sensation. Hence the pause in the disorder has received the name of a ‘lightening before death’—a removal of the load of pain and stupor by which the patient was previously oppressed. Shakspeare confines the term to the merriment of mind which usually accompanies the relief. Paley has said, and he wrote after many visitations of gout, that the subsidence of pain is a positive pleasure which few enjoyments can exceed. The observation is sometimes strikingly illustrated in surgical operations, when neither the smarting of the wound nor the attendant horrors have the power to disturb the sense of satisfaction which directly ensues. Sir Charles Bell opened the windpipe of a man attacked with spasms of the throat, and who was dying through want of

air. The incision closed with the convulsive throbs, and it was necessary to slit out a piece of the cartilage ; but when the man, whose face was lately a picture of distress, who streamed with the sweat of suffering, and who toiled and gasped for life, breathed freely through the opening, he fell fast asleep while half a dozen candles threw their glare upon his eyes, and the surgeons, with their hands bathed in his blood, were still at work upon the wound, inserting materials to keep it open. A soldier, struck in the temple at Waterloo, with a musket-ball, had his skull sawn through with a trephine by Mr. Cooper, the author of the 'Surgical Dictionary,' and a bone pulled out which had been driven half an inch into the substance of the brain. Nearly lifeless before, he instantly sat up, talked with reason and complacency, and rose and dressed the same day. The transition is little less sudden in the 'lightening before death ;' and though the debility is usually too great for exuberance of spirits, there is sometimes a gentle gaiety which would have a contagious charm if it were not the signal of a coming gloom, made a hundred fold more dark by the contrast with the short-lived mirth, never in this world—unless by the tearful eye of memory—to be beheld again.

The moment which converts a sensitive body to inanimate matter is often indistinguishable ; but one would hardly think that any who had deliberately contemplated a corpse—icy, stiff, and motionless, with nothing of humanity except the form—could suppose that life might put on the 'borrowed likeness of shrunk death,' and men, who were still of the present world, be consigned by mistake to a living tomb. Yet many persons, especially women, are so haunted with the idea, that they will almost fear to sleep lest they should wake with six feet of earth for their covering and a coffin for their bed. Solemn physicians abroad—for in England these terrorists boast no educated disciples—have written books to accredit the belief and add a deeper horror to the grave. Each successive production of the kind, however, is little more than a resuscitation of its forgotten predecessor, from which it differs about as much as the Almanac of this year from the Almanac of last. In 1834, Julia de Fontenelle, a man of science—if several lines of philosophical titles written after his name are a voucher for the character—published his 'Medico-legal Researches on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death,' which volume is at present, we believe, the standard one on the subject. The horror of being buried alive was his least motive for rousing up the public to a sense

of their danger. Convinced, he said, that unwholesome diet and evil passions, the abuse of drugs and the ignorance of physicians, are but too successful in swelling the number of the undoubted dead, he conceives it his duty in compensation to preserve to society the many who were only dead in appearance. He seems to have persuaded himself that burial-grounds are a species of human slaughterhouse, and, if he had read the English Martyrology, would have seen something more than a lying legend in the story of St. Frithstane, who, saying one evening masses for the dead in the open air, as he pronounced the words *requiescant in pace*, heard a chorus of voices from the surrounding graves respond loudly *Amen*. M. Fontenelle's hopes of recruiting the population from churchyards are grounded on a hundred cases of apparent deaths gleaned from the entire history of the world—a rather slender counterpoise to the victims of passion, gluttony, drugs, and physicians, even if the instances were all well founded and all to the purpose. 'He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound.' But of his examples those which are true are inapplicable, and those which are applicable are unsubstantiated.

The marvellous is most credible when left to the imagination ; the attempt to verify it dissipates the illusion. Supernatural appearances seemed to be probable when the argument rested on the general belief ; nothing more unlikely when the specific facts were collected and weighed. A volume of ghost stories is the best refutation of ghosts. That persons, by every outward sign long dead, have revived, is also among the opinions that have found adherents in all countries, and many are the superstitions to which it has given rise. Roger North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper*, mentions that the Turks, if a noise is heard in a tomb, dig up the corpse, and, as one method of making matters sure, chop it into pieces. He adds, that some English merchants, riding at Constantinople in company with a Janizary, passed an aged and shrivelled Jew, who was sitting on a sepulchre. The Janizary never doubted that of this sepulchre the Jew himself was the rightful tenant, and ordered him back to his grave, after rating him soundly for stinking the world a second time. Nations sunk lower in barbarism give credence to fables still more absurd, though they do not exceed in extravagance what we might expect from the exaggerations of ignorance and terror, if the cries and struggles of buried men had been heard disturbing the stillness of the tomb ; but the moment an effort is made to substantiate the belief by

authentic examples, the edifice is overthrown by the very endeavour to prop it up. Timidity itself would take courage on reading the terrific register of the credulous Fontenelle. An examination of his proof, while it indicates the precautions that are prudent to be taken, will reassure those who are accustomed to shrink from the semblance of death, with its frightful accompaniments, far more than they dread the reality ; for it will show that, unless by culpable recklessness and haste, there is no possibility that a single individual should be entombed before his time.

The first page shows how much his criticism has been outstripped by his zeal, for he counts among the victims of *error* the Emperor Zenon, who is said to have been interred when he was drunk by the order of his wife, ambitious of his crown. M. Fontenelle himself relates, that for two nights he continually cried from his capacious sepulchre, 'Have mercy on me! Take me out!' and surely his petition would not have been in vain if they had buried him in good faith through an unhappy mistake. Horrors never come singly: it is added, that in his hunger he ate up his shoes and the flesh of his arms. A case among the accidents, that of an Archbishop Géron—when or where he lived is not told—has a close resemblance to the end of poor Zenon :

'He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said  
That he would be rowed back, for he was not  
yet dead.'

But the persons who heard him shouting from the sepulchre refused to believe him, and he was left to his fate. There was an Abbé who had better luck. He revived on the way to the grave ; and his attendants having thought fit to bury his cat with him, which sat like a night-mare upon his chest, the Abbé employed his returning strength to drive off the incubus. The animal mewed with the pain, and more regard being paid to the remonstrances of a cat than to those of an Archbishop, the procession was stopped and the coffin unscrewed. Out jumped the cat, and immediately after the dead man followed, and took to his heels. The bearers are said to have been 'frozen with fear;' and the cat and the Abbé must have partaken of the chill. Some who came off with life, have yet had reason to rue the misconception. A gentleman of Rouen, returning from a tour just as his wife was being borne to the tomb, he ordered back the coffin, and had a surgeon to make five-and-twenty incisions on the corpse—a strange method of cherishing the remnant of existence, if he suspected any. Nevertheless, at the twenty-

sixth incision, which went deeper than the rest, she mildly inquired 'What mischief they were doing her?' and she survived to bear her husband six-and-twenty children—a pledge for every gash. An English soldier showed more vigour and less endurance than this meekest of women. He was carried to the dissecting-room of a French hospital, where a student, to practise anatomy, cut his jugular vein. Furious with rage and pain, he leapt upon the student and flung him to the ground, where he fainted with alarm. The soldier must have been a disciple of the laughter-loving Roderick Random, who counterfeited death on his recovery from a fever, and snapped at the fingers of the surgeon as he was closing his eyes. But the more valorous son of Mars had nearly carried the jest too far, when he suffered his jugular vein to be opened before 'he played out the play.'—Zadig, in Voltaire's story, pretends to be dead, to test the affection of his wife ; and his friend, who is in the plot, applies immediately for the vacant post, and feigns a pain in his side, which nothing can cure except the application of a dead man's nose. But when the widow, deeming that a living lover is worth more than a departed husband, advances to the coffin with an open razor to take possession of the specific, Zadig is wise enough to cover his nose with one hand while he thrusts the instrument aside with the other. A man of war, who had the good fortune to recover in a dissecting-room without the aid of the knife, seeing himself surrounded, on opening his eyes, by mutilated bodies, exclaimed, 'I perceive that the action has been hot!' And if M. Fontenelle had opened *his* eyes he might easily have perceived that the anecdote was a jest. Indeed such is his credulity, that the story of a surgeon addicted to cards, whose death had been tested by bawling in his ears, rising up when a friend whispered in the language of piquet, 'a quint, fourteen and the point,' has been mistaken by him for an extraordinary case of resuscitation, instead of a commonplace joke on the passion for play. The jest-book has always contributed abundant materials to the compilers of horrors. Several anecdotes turn on that inexhaustible theme for merriment—the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse reanimated by the shock. Some years afterwards, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers, 'Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners.' Thus there is not even a step from the mirthful to the terrible. The stories, unaltered, do double duty.

Two Parisian merchants, bound together in close friendship, had one a son and the other a daughter, who were friends and something more. The daughter, compelled by her parents to sacrifice her lover for a wealthy suitor, fell into what M. Fontenelle calls an 'hysterical syncope,' and was buried. Fortune frowns upon lovers that she may enhance the value of her smiles. A strange instinct induced her adorer to disinter the body, and he had the double pleasure of delivering the fair one from a horrible death and a hateful husband. Holding that the interment had broken the marriage-tie, they fled to England, but at the end of ten years ventured back to Paris, where the lady was met by the original husband, who, noways surprised that she should have revisited the earth, nor staggered by her denials, laid a formal claim to her in a court of justice. The lover boldly sustained that he who rescued her from death had more right to her than the claimant who interred her alive; but the doctrine being new to a court of law, the prudent pair anticipated the decision by returning to England, where they finally terminated their adventures. The plot and morality of the story are thoroughly characteristic of M. Fontenelle's nation, and the simplicity which believes it is not less so of himself. The countrymen of Shakspeare will recognise a French version of Romeo and Juliet. All ladies are not blest with resurrectionist lovers, but covetousness will sometimes do the work of chivalry. A domestic visited his mistress in her tomb, enticed by a diamond ring, which resisting his efforts to draw it off, he proceeded to amputate the finger. Thereupon the mistress revives, and the domestic drops down dead with alarm: 'Thus,' says M. Fontenelle, 'death had his prey; it was only the victim which was changed.' He gives further on a simple story in which the lady with the ring was supposed to have died in childbirth, and some gravediggers were the thieves. In the hurry of their flight they left a lantern which served to light the lady to her door. 'Who's there?' inquired the girl who answered her knock. 'Your mistress,' was the reply. The servant needed to hear no more; she rushed into the room where her master was sitting, and informed him that the spirit of his wife was at the door. He rebuked the girl for her folly, and assured her that her mistress was in Abraham's bosom, but on looking out of the window the well-known voice exclaimed, 'For pity's sake, open the door. Do you forget that I have just been confined, and that cold in my condition will be fatal?' This was not the doubt which troubled his mind, nor was it

the first observation we should have expected a wife to address to her husband, when, newly released from her grave by an almost miraculous deliverance, she suddenly appeared before him in the dead of night wearing the habiliments of the tomb. But as the husband was satisfied, it is not for us to be critical. Numerous places are declared to have been the scene of the incident of the ring, which M. Fontenelle considers to be cumulative testimony to its truth. We should have thought, on the contrary, that his faith would have been diminished as the stories increased. Marvels rarely go in flocks. In the present instance few need to be told that M. Fontenelle has been drawing upon the standard literature of the nursery—that the ring-story is one of those with which children from time immemorial have been terrified and amused. 'The nurse's legends are for truth received,' and to the inventions which entertained their infancy many are indebted for their after apprehensions lest the fate at which they shuddered in another should prove prophetic of their own. M. Fontenelle has himself thought that it would help out his subject to insert the poem of a M. Lesguillon, in which he relates from imagination the burial and resurrection of a lady who was set free, at the crisis of her despair, by the accident of a sexton cleaving her coffin with his spade. What calls forth M. Fontenelle's special admiration is that the author has 'wedded reason to rhyme,' and it is impossible to deny that there is as much reason in M. Lesguillon's verse as in M. Fontenelle's prose.

As a set-off to the miserable mortals who lost their lives through a seeming death, this very appearance is affirmed to have been the means of averting the reality. Tallemant has a story of a Baroness de Panat, who was choked by a fish-bone, and duly buried for dead. Her servants to get her jewels disinterred her by night, and the lady's maid, who bore her a grudge, struck her in revenge several blows upon the neck. The malignity of the maid was the preservation of the mistress. Out flew the bone set free by the blows, and up rose the Baroness to the discomfiture of her domestics. The retributive justice was complete, and the only objection to the narrative is that, like the fish-bone, it sticks in the throat. In this particular the stories mostly agree; a single anecdote comes recommended by intrinsic probability, and is no less distinguished from hearsay romances by the external authority; for it is told by the famous Sydenham, a man who was not more an honour to his profession by his skill than to his kind by his virtues. The faculty of his day demon-

strated, on principles derived from abstract reasoning, that the small-pox ought to yield to a hot regimen, and, though patients died, physicians thought death under a philosophical treatment better than a capricious and perverse recovery in defiance of rules. Sydenham, who reformed the whole system of medicine by substituting experience for speculation, and who, besides indicating the right road, was himself perhaps the nicest observer of the habits of disease that ever lived, had early discovered that the antidote was to be found at the other end of the thermometer. The science which saved the lives of the public was the torment of his own. He was assailed by the profession to the close of his days for being wiser than his generation, and among the facts by which he mildly and modestly defended his practice, he relates with evident satisfaction how a young man at Bristol was stewed by his physician into a seeming death, and afterwards recovered by mere exposure to cold. The moment he appeared to expire, his attendants laid him out, leaving nothing upon his body except a sheet thrown lightly over it. No sooner had he escaped from the domain of art to the dominion of nature than he began to revive, and lived to vindicate Sydenham, to shame his opponents, and to prove that there are occasions in which the remedy against death is to seem to be dead. The ancient who originated the celebrated saying, 'The physician that heals is death,' never anticipated such a verification of his maxim.

The three examples, however, which the resurrectionists consider their stronghold, yet remain to be told, and it must be confessed that many have lent them the weight of their authority who reject the mass of old wives' fables, though with the imposing addition of being sanctioned by a philosopher and printed in a book. There was a French captain in the reign of Charles IX. who used to sign himself 'François de Civile—thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God thrice restored.' The testimony seems striking; as he himself related his history to Misson the traveller, either Civile was a liar, say our authors, or the story is true. But without taking much from the romance of his adventures, the details are fatal to the value of the precedent. His first burial, to begin with, occurred before he was born. His mother died when she was advanced in pregnancy during her husband's absence, and nobody, before committing her body to the ground, thought of saving the child. His father's return prevented his going altogether out of the world before he had come into it—and

here was concluded the first act of the death, burial, and restoration of François de Civile. His next death was at the siege of Rouen in 1562, where he fell senseless, struck by a ball, and some workmen who were digging a trench immediately threw a little mould upon his body, which was burial the second. The servant of Civile tried to find out his remains, with the intention to bestow on them a formal interment. Returning from a fruitless search he caught sight of a stretched-out arm, which he knew to be his master's by a diamond ring that glittered on the hand, and the body, as he drew it forth, was visibly breathing. For some days life and death waged an equal contest, and when life was winning, a party of the enemy, the town having been taken, discovered him in bed, and threw him from the window. He fell on a dung-heap, where they left him to perish, which he considered was death and burial the third. Civile's case would never have been quoted on its own merits; the prominence given it is entirely due to the imposing description which a passion for notoriety made him write after his name, and which still continues to arrest the imagination. He survived to have a fourth funeral, and we hope when he was finally laid in the earth that he did not verify a proverb, much in vogue in his day, that a sailor often wrecked gets drowned at last.

More of our readers may recollect the story of the Spanish grandee who was opened by the great anatomist Vesalius, and his heart found beating notwithstanding the havoc that had been made by the knife. The family of the nobleman, so runs the tale, complained to the Inquisition, and the Inquisition decided that in a physician with the skill of Vesalius such an error implied a crime. Philip II. employed his authority to procure a pardon, and with difficulty obtained that the sentence of death should be commuted into a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Hallam, whose epithets have almost a judicial authority, calls the accusation absurd, and absurd it may be proved on physiological grounds. But the whole story is an idle rumour written by somebody from Spain to Hubert Languet, after the death of Vesalius, to account for a journey which puzzled the public. Clusius, who was in Madrid at the time that Vesalius set out, and had his information from Tisenau, the President of the Council of the Low Countries, the land of the anatomist's birth and affections, has related the origin of the pilgrimage in a note on the history of De Thou, whose narrative, so far as it goes, agrees with his own. Hating the manners of the Spaniards, pining for his native country,

and refused by Philip permission to return thither, Vesalius sickened with vexation, and vowed on his recovery to travel to Jerusalem, less from any superstition of his own, than to obtain his release by an appeal to the superstition of the king. A news-monger, ignorant of the motives of an action, appeases the cravings of curiosity by invention; that the Inquisition should be at the bottom of the business was in the reign of Philip II. a too probable guess, and a pretext for its interference was devised out of the professional pursuits of the pilgrim. The original report soon acquired strength in its progress. The offence of Vesalius was shortly avouched to be neither accidental nor solitary, and by the time the story reached Burton, the author of the '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' it assumed the form of a general assertion—'that Vesalius was *wont* to cut men up alive.'

The fabled end of the Spanish grandee is also asserted of the Abbé Prevost,—the third vaunted example of simulated death. He had a stroke of apoplexy on a journey, and the mayor of the village ordered an immediate examination of the body. The anguish of the incision restored the Abbé to a momentary consciousness, and he expired with a cry. No authority is given for the story, and, judging from the character of the other assertions, it would be natural to infer that there was none to give. But if it be indeed a genuine fact among the fables, it proves nothing except the criminal haste of the village mayor, and the criminal heedlessness of the village practitioner,—vices which, in connection with death, are for the most part opposed to the feelings, the prudence, and therefore to the usage of mankind. No perfect security can be devised against wilful carelessness any more than against wilful murder; but because a friendless traveller fell a victim to the rashness of an ignorant surgeon, there is no occasion to fright the world from their propriety, and endeavour to persuade them that, with the best intentions, the living are liable to be confounded with the dead, to be packed sleeping in a coffin, and stifled waking in a grave.

In the midst of exaggeration and invention there was one undoubted circumstance which formerly excited the worst apprehensions,—the fact that bodies were often found turned in their coffins, and the grave clothes disarranged. But what was ascribed, with seeming reason, to the throes of vitality, is now known to be due to the agency of corruption. A gas is developed in the decaying body which mimics by its mechanical force many of the movements of life. So powerful is this gas in corpses

which have lain long in the water, that M. Devergie, the physician to the Morgue at Paris, and the author of a text-book on legal medicine, says that unless secured to the table they are often heaved up and thrown to the ground. Frequently strangers, seeing the motions of the limbs, run to the keeper of the Morgue, and announce with horror that a person is alive. All bodies, sooner or later, generate the gas in the grave, and it constantly twists about the corpse, blows out the skin till it rends with the distension, and sometimes bursts the coffin itself. When the gas explodes with a noise, imagination has converted it into an outcry or groan; the grave has been reopened; the position of the body has confirmed the suspicion, and the laceration been taken for evidence that the wretch had gnawed his flesh in the frenzy of despair. So many are the circumstances which will occasionally concur to support a conclusion that is more unsubstantial than the fabric of a dream. Violent and painful diseases, which kill speedily, are favourable to the rapid formation of the gas; it may then exist two or three hours after death, and agitating the limbs gives rise to the idea that the dormant life is rousing itself up to another effort. Not unfrequently the food in the stomach is forced out through the mouth, and blood poured from the nose, or the opening in a vein where a victim of apoplexy has been attempted to be bled. Extreme mental distress has resulted from these fallacious symptoms, for where they occur it is commonly supposed that the former appearance of death was deceitful, and that recovery was possible if attendance had been at hand.

The old superstition that a murdered body would send forth a bloody sweat in the murderer's presence, or bleed from the wound at his touch, must have had its origin in the same cause. The sweat, which has been repeatedly observed, is produced by the struggling gas driving out the fluids at the pores of the skin. Through a rare coincidence it may possibly have occurred during the period that the assassin was confronted with the corpse; and the ordeal of the touch, in compressing the veins, would have a direct effect in determining a flow of blood from the wound, where it chanced that the current, by the impulse of the gas, was nearly ready to break forth. A latitude would not fail to be allowed to the experiment. If at any time afterwards the body sweated or bled, it would never have been doubted that it was prompted by the presence of the murderer, though the manifestation was delayed. One success bears out many

failures, for failures imply the absence of notable incidents, and having nothing to arrest attention are quickly forgotten, while the wonders of a success take hold of the mind and live in the memory.

The generation of gas in the body, with all its consequences, was thoroughly understood when M. Fontenelle wrote, but whatever could weaken his case is systematically suppressed. Nor is there in the whole of his book one single case bearing out his position that is attested by a name of the slightest reputation, or for which much better authority could be found than the Greek manuscript in the handwriting of Solomon, found by a peasant while digging potatoes at the foot of Mount Lebanon. It is no unreasonable scepticism to assume that the majority of the persons revived had never even lived. Yet not only is this book still in vogue, but the French newspapers annually multiply these tales to an extent which would be frightful if they were not refuted by their very number. An English country editor in want of a paragraph proclaims that a bird of passage has been shot out of season, that an apple-tree has blossomed in October, or that a poor woman has added to her family from three to half a dozen children at a birth, and by the latest advices was doing well. But we are tame and prosaic in our insular tastes. Our agreeable neighbours require a stronger stimulus, and therefore endless changes are rung upon the theme of living men buried, and dead men brought to life again.

Shakspeare, who, it is evident from numerous passages in his dramas, had watched by many a dying bed with the same interest and sagacity that he bestowed upon those who were playing their part in the busy world, has summed up the more obvious characteristics of death in the description the Friar gives to Juliet of the effects of the draught, which is to transform her into the temporary likeness of a corpse:—

‘No pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat;  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest:  
The roses on thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes; Thy eyes’ windows fall,  
Like Death, when he shuts up the day of Life;  
Each part, deprived of supple government,  
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like Death.’

These are the ordinary signs by which death has always been distinguished; and it would be as reasonable ‘to seek hot water beneath cold ice,’ as to look for any remnant of vitality beneath so inanimate an exterior. The cessation of breathing, in the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—and no opinion, from his natural acuteness, his phi-

losophical habits, and his vast experience, can be more entitled to weight—is alone a decisive test of the extinction of life, and a test as palpable to sense in the application as it is sure in the result. ‘The movements,’ he says, ‘of respiration cannot be overlooked by any one who does not choose to overlook them, and the heart never continues to act more than four or five minutes after respiration has ceased.’ The ancient distinction of the heart was to be ‘*primum vivens, ultimum moriens*,’—the first to live, the last to die: and a Commission of the French Academy, who lately made a report on the subject, admit that when there is a considerable pause in its pulsations, it is impossible for life to be lurking in the body. But as the heart can only beat for a brief space unless the lungs play, and as common observers can detect the latter more readily than the former, the termination of the breathing is the usual and safe criterion of death. To ascertain with precision whether it had completely stopped, it was formerly the custom to apply a feather or a mirror to the lips. When Lear brings in Cordelia dead, he exclaims:—

‘Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why then she lives.’

And immediately afterwards he adds, *This feather stirs: she lives!* The same test which led Lear to the fallacious inference that Cordelia lived, induced Prince Henry to infer falsely that his father was dead:—

‘By these gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.’

Nor were these methods merely popular; they were long likewise the trust of physicians. Sir Thomas Browne terms them ‘the critical tests of death;’ and presuming that the Romans could not be ignorant of them, he thought their calling in the ears of corpses ‘a vanity of affection’—an ostentation of summoning the departed back to life when it was known by other infallible means that life had fled. But it is now held to be a better method to scrutinize the movements of the chest and belly; one or both of which will rise and fall while any breathing whatsoever continues. It is generally, however, expedient to leave the body undisturbed for two or three hours after all seems over; for the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Cheyne in his ‘*English Malady*,’ appears to favour the supposition that though the heart and lungs have



both stopped, life may now and then linger a little longer than usual.

Colonel Townshend, described as 'a gentleman of great honour and integrity,' was in a dying state. One morning he informed his physicians, Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Baynard, and his apothecary, Mr. Skrine, that he had found for some time 'he could expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again.' He composed himself for the trial, while one felt his pulse, another his heart, and the third applied a looking-glass to his mouth. Gradually the pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the breath to stain the mirror, until the nicest scrutiny could discover no indication that he lived. Thus he continued for half an hour: his physicians believing that he had carried the experiment too far, and was dead beyond recall, when life returned, as it had receded, by gradual steps. It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the trial was made, and at six in the evening Colonel Townshend was a corpse. The post-mortem examination did nothing towards clearing up the mystery. His only disorder was a cancer of the right kidney, which accounted for his death, without accounting for his singular power of suspending at will the functions of life. Many boldly cut the knot they are not able to untie, and maintain that there was an action of the heart and lungs which the physicians wanted the skill to perceive. The narrative of Cheyne leaves an opening for criticism; but let it be considered that he was a man of eminence, that all three attendants were professional persons, accustomed to mark and estimate symptoms, that their attention was aroused to the utmost by previous notice, and that they had half an hour to conduct their observations; and it must at least be acknowledged that the signs which escaped them were too obscure to be a safe criterion for the world at large. Yet whatever may be its other physiological bearings, it is no exception to the rule that life and breath are, for the purposes of sepulture, convertible terms. Without attaching importance to a principal peculiarity of the case, that it required an effort of the will to bring Colonel Townshend into the state, and that by an effort of the will he could bring himself out of it, he was unable, after all, to prolong the period of suspended, or apparently suspended, animation beyond a single half-hour; and in order to his being buried alive he must have been a party to the act, and prepared his funeral in advance. The assumption, indeed, pervades M. Fontenelle's book, that everybody wrongly supposed to be dead had a narrow escape of premature interment, though it

has never been long, in any instance that is known to be authentic, before some outward sign attracted attention, unless death had merely slackened his pace instead of turning aside his footsteps. Funerals, it is true, on the Continent take place sooner than with us. In Spain, if M. Fontenelle's word is a warrant for the fact, whoever oversleeps himself will have to finish out his slumbers in the grave,—which, beyond doubt, is the most powerful incentive to early rising that was ever devised. But in France, the grand theatre for these harrowing tragedies, it is usual to bury on the third day; and if at that interval it was common for seeming corpses to revive, we, in this country, should be habituated to behold persons whose death had been announced, whose knell had tolled, and whose coffins had been made, rise up and doff their graveclothes, to appear once more among astonished friends. Yet so far is this from being a frequent occurrence, that who ever heard in modern England of a person who had been numbered three days among the dead resuming his vacant place among the living? At sea there may be better ground for apprehension. Nothing more excites the superstitious fears of a sailor than a cat thrown overboard or a corpse that is not; and very shortly after death occurs it is usual to transfer the body from the ship to the deep. On one occasion a man, with concussion of the brain, who had lost the power of speech and motion, overheard what must have been to him the most interesting conversation that ever fell upon his ears,—a discussion between his brother and the captain of the vessel, as to whether he should be immediately consigned to the waves, or be carried to Rotterdam, to be buried on shore. Luckily their predilections were for a land funeral; and, though a colloquy so alarming might have been expected to complete the injury to the poor man's brain, he recovered from the double shock of fright and disease. Dr. Alfred Taylor, who has treated the signs of death with the sound sense and science that distinguish all his writings upon legal medicine, relates the anecdote as if he was satisfied of its truth, and the fate which one has narrowly missed it is not impossible may have overtaken others. But even at sea, nothing short of the grossest negligence could occasion the calamity; and for negligence, we repeat, there is no effectual cure.

The ceasing to breathe is not the only criterion of death antecedent to corruption. There is a second token specified by Shakespeare, and familiar to every village nurse, which is quite conclusive,—the gradual

transition from suppleness to rigidity. The first effect of death is relaxation of the muscles. The lower jaw usually drops, the limbs hang heavily, the joints are flexible, and the flesh soft. The opposite state of contraction ensues; then the joints are stiff and the flesh firm, and the body, lately yielding and pliant, becomes hard and unbending. The contraction commences in the muscles of the neck and trunk, appears next in the upper extremities, then in the lower, and finally recedes in the same order in which it came on. It begins on an average five or six hours after death, and ordinarily continues from sixteen to twenty-four. But the period both of its appearance and duration are considerably varied by the constitution of the person, the nature of the death, and the state of the atmosphere. With the aged and feeble, with those who die of chronic diseases, and are wasted away by lingering sickness, it comes on quickly—sometimes in half an hour—and remains for a period which is short in proportion to the rapidity of its appearance. With the strong and the muscular, with the greater part of the persons who perish by a sudden or violent death in the fulness of their powers, it is slow in advancing, and slow in going off. In cases like these, it is often a day or two before it commences, and it has been known to last a week. When decay begins its reign, this interregnum of contraction is at an end, and therefore a warm and humid atmosphere which hastens corruption curtails the period of rigidity, while it is protracted in the cold and dry weather that keeps putrefaction at bay. Though a symptom of some disorders, there is this clear line between mortal rigidity and the spasm of disease—that in the latter the attack is never preceded by the appearance of death. In the one case the result comes after a train of inanimate phenomena; in the other, amidst functions peculiar to life. The alarmists, who deal in extravagant fables, will persist in retaining unreasonable fears; but upon no question are medical authorities more thoroughly agreed than that the moment the contraction of the muscles is apparent, there can be no revival unless the breath of life could be breathed afresh into the untenanted clay.

There is one effect of the muscular contraction of death which often occasions erroneous and painful ideas. In the stage of relaxation, when the muscles fall, and there is neither physical action nor mental emotion to disturb the calm, the countenance assumes the 'mild, angelic air' described by Byron in *The Giaour*, and which he says in a note lasts 'for a few, and but a few hours' after the spirit has taken flight. It is the acces-

sion of muscular contraction which dissipates the charm, which knits the brow, draws down the mouth, pinches the features, and changes a soft and soothing expression to a harsh, uneasy, suffering look. Where the contraction is slight the face is less disturbed; and Dr. Symonds has known it drawn into a seeming smile. Those who may only chance to see the corpse of a relative while it bears the care-worn aspect which is far the most frequent, are distressed at what they suppose to be an indication that the latest impressions of the world were troubled—that death took place amid pain of body and sorrow of mind. It appears from the journal of Sir Walter Scott, who evidently visited the mortal remains of his wife during the crisis of contraction, what a pang the sight communicated to a heart which, if quick to feel, could never be outdone in the resolution to endure. Violent passions, extreme agony, and protracted suffering may give a *set* to the muscles which the rigid state will bring out anew into strong relief. But the expression of the face is chiefly determined by the condition of the body, or, in other words, by the degree of contraction. Persons who have died of exhausting diseases will often, notwithstanding they expire in despair, wear a look of benign repose; while a more muscular subject who fell asleep in peaceful hope, may be distinguished by a mournful, lowering visage. Even when the expression is influenced by the bent which was given to the muscles by previous feelings, it is mostly the memorial of a storm which had spent its fury before life was extinct; for usually in natural death there is a lull at the last, and the setting is peaceful, however tempestuous the decline. In strict reason it can matter nothing, when the weary are once at rest, whether the concluding steps of the journey were toilsome or pleasant; but it is so much our instinct to attach importance to last impressions, and wounded hearts are so sensitive, that to many it will be a relief to know their inferences are mistaken and their grief misplaced.

When the heat-developing faculty is extinct the body obeys the laws of inanimate objects, and coincident for the most part with the stage of rigidity is that chill and clammy condition of the skin which is so familiarly associated with death. To judge by the feelings, the atmosphere is genial compared to the corpse. But the skin of the dead is a powerful conductor, and the rapidity with which it appropriates the warmth of the living leaves a chill behind which is a deceitful measure of its actual frost. The length of time which a body takes to cool will depend upon the state of the body itself, and the cir-

cumstances in which it may chance to be placed. The process will be slower when it is well wrapped up than when lightly covered; in summer than in winter; in a still atmosphere than in currents of air; with the stout than with the thin; with persons in their prime than with the aged or the young. Usually in proportion as the disease is acute, and the death rapid, the less heat has been expended before the fire is extinguished, and the corpse will be the longer in parting with its warmth. If the disease is slow, the lamp burns dimly before it quite goes out, and the temperature, declining during life, will afterwards arrive the sooner at its lowest point. This will also happen in particular disorders which, though sudden and violent, are hostile to the development of animal warmth. In certain forms of hysteria, in swoons, and in cholera morbus, the body to the touch might sometimes seem a corpse. An icy skin is not of itself an evidence of death, but it is sooner or later an unfailing accompaniment.

To rigidity succeeds corruption, which, both from its own nature and the surrounding circumstances, cannot possibly be confounded with vital gangrene. It commences in the belly, the skin of which turns to a bluish green, that gradually deepens to brown or black, and progressively covers the remainder of the body. But when the hue of putrefaction has spread over the belly there is a risk to health, without an addition to security, in waiting for the further encroachments of decay. In England a body is seldom committed to the ground before there is set upon it this certain mark that it is hurrying to the dust from whence it sprung. Nor is the haste which is used at some seasons, and in some diseases, a real deviation from the rule. The rapid onset of corruption creates the necessity, and that which renders the burial speedy ensures its being safe.

Of the innumerable paths which terminate in the common goal some are easier to tread than others, and it might be expected from the diversities of temperament that there would be a difference of opinion about which was best. Cæsar desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the Senate-house witnessed the fulfilment of the wish. Pliny also considered an instantaneous death the highest felicity of life; and Augustus held a somewhat similar opinion. When he heard that any person had died quickly and easily, he invoked the like good fortune for himself and his friends. Montaigne was altogether of Cæsar's party, and, to use his own metaphor, thought that the pill was swallowed best without chewing. If Sir Thomas Browne

had been of Cæsar's religion, he would have shared his desires, and preferred going off at a single blow to being grated to pieces with a torturing disease. He conceived that the Eastern favourite who was killed in his sleep, would hardly have bled at the presence of his destroyer. Sir Thomas Browne was one of those men who habitually apply their hearts unto wisdom, and his latter end, come when it might, would have found him prepared. But Christianity in enlarging our hopes has added to our fears. He felt that the mode of dying was comparatively an insignificant consideration, and however much he inclined by nature to Cæsar's choice, and studied to be ready for the hastiest summons, a sense of infirmity taught him the wisdom of that petition in the Litany by which we ask to be delivered from sudden death. With the majority flesh and blood speak the same language; they had rather that the candle should burn to the socket than the flame be blown out. The prospect, nevertheless, of protracted suffering will sometimes drive desperate beings to seek a shorter and easier passage from the world. Many of the Romans during the plague of Syracuse attacked the posts of the enemy, that they might fall by the sword instead of the pestilence. Every day for a considerable period of the French Revolution, numbers drowned themselves in the Seine, to anticipate the tedious anguish of famine. Death, which in one form is fled from as an enemy, in a different shape is welcomed as a friend. A condemned soldier, in Montaigne's time, remarked some preparations from his prison which led him to think he was to perish by torture; he resolved to discharge for himself the executioner's office, though he had no other weapon than a rusty nail, which, having first ineffectually mangled his throat, he thrust into his belly to the very head. The authorities hastened to his cell to read out the sentence, that the law might yet be beforehand with death. The soldier, sufficiently sensible to hear what was passing, found that his punishment was simple beheading. He immediately rallied, expressed his delight, accepted wine to recruit his strength, and by the change in the kind of death seemed, says Montaigne, as though he was delivered from death itself. If his suspicions had proved correct, it is difficult to suppose that his tormentors could have improved on his own performances with the rusty nail.

Gustavus Adolphus, who realized his aspirations on the field of Lutzen, was in the habit of saying that no man was happier than he who died in the exercise of his calling. So Nelson wished the roar of cannon to sound his parting knell. 'You know that

I always desired to die this way,' said Moore to Hardinge at Corunna—and the anguish of the wound had no power to disturb his satisfaction. Marshal Villars was told in his latest moments that the Duke of Berwick had just met at the siege of Philipsburg with a soldier's death, and he answered, 'I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself.' His confessor urged with justice that the better fortune was to have leisure to prepare for eternity;—but possibly the exclamation proceeded from a momentary gleam of martial ardour, which instinct kindled, and reflection quenched. A Christian would never, indeed, fail to make the preparation for battle a preparation for death. Unless 'every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience,' he must know that he is staking both soul and body on the hazard of the fight. 'Soldiers,' says an old divine, 'that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts.' Death at the cannon's mouth may be sudden, and answer the first of Cæsar's conditions; with none but the presumptuous can it answer the second, and come unexpected. We once heard a recruit assign as his reason for enlisting, that he should now at least see something of life. 'And,' added his companion, 'something of death.' The poor fellow perhaps, like many others, had forgotten that any such contingency was included in the bond.

The Duke d'Enghien appeared to feel like a man reprieved when on issuing from his prison he found that he was to perish by a military execution. Suicides are prone to use the implements of their trade. It was the usage in Ireland in rude times, when rebels perhaps were more plentiful than rope, to hang them with willows. In the reign of Elizabeth a criminal of this description petitioned the deputy against the breach of the observance, and begged the favour to suffer by the time-honoured 'wyth,' instead of the new-fangled halter. When Elizabeth herself expected Mary to put her to death, she had resolved on the request to be beheaded with a sword, and not with an axe,—which seems a distinction without a difference. In the same category we may place Lord Ferrers's prayer for a silken rope at Tyburn. But the fancy of the Duke of Clarence, could it be considered established, is the most singular on record. He must have been strangely infatuated by the 'Pleasures of Memory' when he imagined his favourite Malmsey could give a relish to drowning. Suffocation was not more luxurious to the parasites of Elagabalus than they were stifled with perfumes.

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion—'None please me.' 'But away,' the good man adds, 'with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it.' The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment. But there is consolation in the teaching of physiology. Of the innumerable weapons with which Death is armed, the worst is less intolerable than imagination presents it—his visage is more terrible than his dart.

The act of dying is technically termed 'the agony.' The expression embodies a common and mistaken belief, which has given birth to many cruel and even criminal practices. The Venetian ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary mentions among the regular usages of the lower orders, that a pillow was placed upon the mouths of the dying, on which their nearest relations sat or leaned till they were stifled. The office was held to be pious and privileged; father performed it for son, son for father. They considered they were curtailing the dreaded death-struggle—that a headlong fall from the precipice was as much easier as it was quicker than the winding descent by the path. In France it was the established practice to put to death persons attacked by hydrophobia the moment the disease was plainly incurable. There is a vulgar notion that those who are wounded by a rabid dog become inoculated with the animal's propensity to bite. But the motive of self-defence—of ridding the world of a fellow-creature who had entered into the class of noxious beings, which might be suspected to have had an influence in hard-hearted times—was not the source of these unnatural homicides. They were designed in pure pity to the wretched sufferers, though the tender mercies which are wicked are always cruel. Lestoile in his *Journal*, which belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, relates the events of the kind which came to his knowledge under the date of their occurrence. A young woman attacked with hydrophobia had in such horror the smothering, which, the *Diarist* quietly observed in a parenthesis, 'is usual in these maladies,' that she was rendered more frantic by the prospect of the remedy than by the present disease. Habit with her relations was stronger than nature; they had no idea of remitting the customary violence, even at the entreaties of the interested person, and only so far yielded to her dread of suffocation as to mingle poison with her medicine instead, which Lestoile says was administered by her husband 'with all

the regrets in the world.' Sometimes, however, the victims invited their doom. A page, on his way to the sea, then esteemed a specific in hydrophobia, was scratched by a thorn which drew blood, as he passed through a wood. For a person in his condition to see his own blood was supposed to be fatal. The lad, apprehending the accession of a fit, begged the attendants to smother him on the spot, 'and this,' says Lestoile, 'they did weeping—an event piteous to hear, and still more to behold.' A second page is mentioned by the same Diarist, who happily died as they were preparing to shoot him. It is evident how much these domestic immolations must have weakened the awful reverence for life; the weeping executioner of his dearest relatives was separated by a far less impassable gulf from the cold-blooded murderer. A medical trickery, which grew no doubt from the frightful reality, still remains in France among the resources of medicine. Hydrophobia is sometimes feigned, and when the physician suspects imposture he orders the patient to be smothered between a couple of mattresses, which cures him, says Orfila, as if by enchantment.

A mode of suffocation less murderous in appearance than the smothering with a pillow was prevalent for centuries, both on the Continent and in England. The supports were withdrawn by a jerk from beneath the head, which being suddenly thrown back, the respiration that before was laboured and difficult became shortly impossible. Hence it is that Shakspeare's *Timon*, enumerating the accursed effects of gold, says that it will—

"Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads."

Another practice which tortured the dying under pretence of relief, even in this country, lingered among the ignorant till recent days. The expiring ascetic of the Romish faith, prolonging his penance into death, yielded up his breath on a couch of hair. Customs survive when their reasons are forgotten. A physical virtue had come to be ascribed to the hair, and Protestants slowly sinking to their rest were dragged from their feather-beds, and laid on a mattress to quicken their departure. The result of most of these perverted proceedings was to combine the disadvantages of both kinds of death—to add the horror of violence to the protracted pains of gradual decay. When the wearied swimmer touched the shore, a furious billow dashed him on the rock.

The pain of dying must be distinguished

from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognisance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. 'If I had strength enough to hold a pen,' said William Hunter, 'I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.' 'If this be dying,' said the niece of Newton of Olney, 'it is a pleasant thing to die;' 'the very expression,' adds her uncle, 'which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago.' The same words have so

often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. 'If this be dying,' said Lady Glenorchy, 'it is the easiest thing imaginable.' 'I thought that dying had been more difficult,' said Louis XIV. 'I did not suppose it was so sweet to die,' said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope,

"Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
To welcome death, and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship: 'No, Thomas,' he replied; 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

A second and common condition of the

dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, an interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterwards that he had done it from the information of the attendants. The delirium of fever is distressing to witness, but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any one were inclined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bed-sores are rolled upon, that are too tender to bear touching when sense is restored. Wherever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility. But those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless. When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no open sign. Their faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they badly testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveller returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was towards blank rest, and not for recovery. 'Methought,' he says, 'my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting

myself go.' In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and laboured, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system which have no relation to pain. There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the termination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure, which all but carried him off, a few months before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief; and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light indeed must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath, since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

As little is the death-sweat forced out by anguish. Cold as ice, his pulse nearly gone, 'a mortal perspiration ran down the body' of La Boétie, the friend of Montaigne, and it was at this very moment that, roused by the weeping of his relations, he exclaimed, 'Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me!' Such fond lamentations disturb many a last moment; and the dying often remonstrate by looks when they cannot by words. Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. The grief will not be more bitter in the end, that to keep it back had been the last service of love. Tears are a tribute of which those who bestow it should bear all the cost. A worse torment is the attempt to arrest forcibly the exit of life by pouring cordials down throats which can no longer swallow, or more madly to goad the motionless body into a manifestation of existence by the appliance of pain. It is like the plunge of the spur into the side of the courser, which rouses him as he is falling, to take another bound before he drops to rise no more.

'Queen Margaret.—Help, lords, the king is dead.  
'Somerset.—Rear up his body : wring him by the nose.'

But the most approved method of what, in the language of the time, was called 'fetching again,' was to send a stream of smoke up the nostrils, which Hooker states to be 'the wonted practising of well-willers upon their friends, although they know it a matter impossible to keep them living;' and well-willing thoughtlessness among our peasantry to this very hour often endeavours to rescue friends from the grasp of death by torturing them into making one writhing struggle. The gentle nature of our great dramatist taught him that to those descending into the grave nothing was more grateful than its own stillness. Salisbury, at the death of Cardinal Beaufort, interposes with the remonstrance—

'Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.'

And when Edgar is calling to Lear,

'Look up, my lord,'

Kent, with reverent tenderness, says,

'Vex not his ghost; O! let him pass.'

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his attendant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smoothe the bed of death; but unreflecting feeling, worse than the want of it in the result, turns it often to a bed of thorns.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavoured to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. 'I am under no terror,' he said; 'I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.' Here a noise attracted his

notice, and he exclaimed, 'Does it rain?—No; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees.' The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:—

'His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave!'

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting; and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. 'Good day and adieu,' said he; 'it will be a very long adieu,'—and instantly died.

In sudden death which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same. Some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life; some with a half-completed sentence on their lips; some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound, many with a single sigh, many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress, and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But upon the whole there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared. When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame.

There is then no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease, for, unless the stage of agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies



when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease that supervenes, that—without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death—'kind nature's signal for retreat' is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease. Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, 'You see he is to live; he will not die.' 'But at this moment,' says the narrative, 'the last process of vitality had already begun.' Where the symptoms are those of recovery there is in truth more pain to be endured than when the issue is death, for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility the whole of the downward course is easy compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed, we have seen, from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterwards recovered, re-echo the sentiment though they may vary the phrase. This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

Of the trials to be undergone before dying sets in, everybody, from personal experience or observation of disease, has formed a general idea. Duration is an element as important as intensity, and slow declines, which are not accompanied by any considerable suffering, put patience and fortitude to a severe test. 'My friends,' said the Fontenelle, a short time before he died, 'I have no pain,—only a little difficulty in keeping up life;' but this little difficulty becomes a great fatigue when protracted without intermission through weeks and months. More, the Platonist, who was afflicted in this way, described his feelings by the expressive comparison that he was as a fish out of its element, which lay tumbling in the dust of the street. With all the kindness bestowed upon the sick, there is sometimes a disposition to judge them by the standard of our own healthy sensations, and blame them for failings which are

the effects of disease. We complain that they are selfish, not always remembering that it is the importunity of suffering which makes them exacting; we call them impatient—forgetful that, though ease can afford to wait, pain craves immediate relief; we think them capricious, and overlook that fancy pictures solace in appliances which aggravate upon trial, and add disappointment to distress. There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts itself to the ordinary exigencies of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up with well-ordered minds a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connexions, or are experiencing our own.

Violent often differs little from natural death. Many poisons destroy by setting up disorders resembling those to which flesh is the inevitable heir, and, as in ordinary sickness, though the disorder may be torture, the mere dying is easy. The drugs which kill with the rapidity of lightning, or which act by lulling the whole of the senses to sleep, can first or last create no suffering worthy of the name. Fatal hemorrhage is another result both of violence and disease, and from the example of Seneca—his prolonged torments after his veins were opened, and his recourse to a second method of destruction to curtail the bitterness of the first—was held by Sir Thomas Browne to be a dreadful kind of death. Browne was more influenced by what he read than by what he saw, or he must have observed in the course of his practice that it is not of necessity, nor in general, an agonising process. The pain depends upon the rate at which life is reduced below the point where sensibility ends. The sluggish blood of the aged Seneca refused to flow in an ample stream, and left him just enough vigour to feel and to suffer. A fuller discharge takes rapid effect, and renders the suffering trifling by making it short. An obstruction to respiration is beyond comparison more painful than total suffocation.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes

of terminating life ; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. ‘Yet his voice,’ says the trooper, who himself tells the story, ‘gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness.’ Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. ‘Indeed I feared so,’ he responded with impeded utterance—‘and yet I should like very much to live a little longer—if it were possible.’ He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, ‘as gently,’ says Hall, ‘as if its steel

had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf.’

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite could hardly have quarrelled with the death. The struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by a pleasing languor ; nay some, if not the majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed upon it for ever. Yet he neither feared his fate, nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified him made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mothe-le-Vayer, that such was his delight in groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer still living, who also speaks to the total absence of pain while under the waves ; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repass with lightninglike rapidity and brightness before his eyes : a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the old Oriental framed his story of the Sultan who dipped his head into a basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a crowded life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in this recent English case ; but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A friend of Robert Boyle, who was overtaken by the drowsiness while comfortably seated on the side of a sledge, assured him that he had neither power nor inclination to ask for help ; and unless his companions had observed his

condition he would have welcomed the snow for his winding-sheet. But the most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Tierra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. 'Whoever,' said he, 'sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish.' The Doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. A black servant, who followed the example, was told he would die, and he replied that to die was all he desired. But the Doctor despised his own philosophy; he said he would sleep first, and go on afterwards. Sleep he did for two or three minutes, and would have slept for ever unless his companions had happily succeeded in kindling a fire. The scene was repeated thousands of times in the retreat from Moscow. 'The danger of stopping,' says Beaupré, who was on the medical staff, 'was universally observed, and generally disregarded.' Expostulation was answered by a stupid gaze, or by the request to be allowed to sleep unmolested, for sleep was delicious, and the only suffering was in resisting its call. Mr. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence. And doubtless they would all have perished if the fear of death had not sometimes contended with the luxury of dying. Limbs are sacrificed where life escapes, and such is the obtuseness of feeling that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb. An appearance of intoxication is another common result, and half-frozen people in England have been punished for drunkards—an injustice the more galling, that in their own opinion the state was produced by the very want of their sovereign specific, 'a glass of something to keep out the cold.' The whole of the effects are readily explained. The contracting force of the cold compresses the vessels, drives the blood into the interior of the body, and the surface, deprived of the life-sustaining fluid, is left torpid or dead. A part of the external circulation takes refuge in the

brain, and the congestion of the brain is the cause of the stupor. The celerity of the operation, when not resisted by exercise, may be judged from the circumstance that in the few instants Dr. Solander slept, his shoes dropped off through the shrinking of his feet. There is the less to wonder at in the contradiction between his precepts and his practice. In proportion to the danger which his mind foretold was the ease with which his vigilance was overpowered and disarmed.

It was a desire worthy of Caligula that the victims of the state should *taste* their death. The barbarous maxim has never lacked patrons in barbarous times, nor has humanity always kept pace with refinement. Manners continued to soften, and still it was not thought wrong that in heinous cases a forfeited life should be wrung out by any torture, however lengthened and intense. The physicians of Montpellier in the sixteenth century received from the French Government the annual present of a criminal to be dissected alive for the advancement of science. The theory of the medical art could have gained nothing to justify lessons which brutalized its professors. No amount of skill can supply to society the place of respect for life and sympathy for suffering.\* Savage buffoonery was sometimes employed to give an edge to cruelty. Among a hundred and fifty persons executed in France in the reign of Henry II., by every variety of device, for an insurrection against the salt-tax, three were found guilty of killing two collectors, and exclaiming as they threw the bodies into the river, 'Go, wicked salt-tax gatherers, and salt the fish in the Charente.' The grave and reverend seigniors who sat in judgment exerted their ingenuity to devise

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\* When the poison-tampering Queen in Cymbeline tells the Doctor—

'I will try the force  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging (but none human)'  
her medical confident replies—

'Your Highness  
Shall by such practice but make hard your heart;'

and on this reply, in one of those notes which modern editors usually sneer at, but to which Mr. Knight occasionally (as here) does more justice, we read:—'The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been performed in later times by a race of men who have practised torturing without pity, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.' So wrote Dr. Johnson—and he himself could hardly have anticipated the systematic devilishness of many French and some English surgeons in our own day.

a scene in mimicry of this passionate outburst of infuriated men. Their legs and arms having first been broken with an iron bar, the culprits, whilst yet alive, were thrown into a fire, the executioner calling after them in obedience to the sentence, 'Go, mad wretches, to roast the fish of the Charente that you have salted with the bodies of the officers of your sovereign lord and king.' The assassin of Henry IV. was tortured for hours,—his guilty hand burnt off, his flesh torn with pincers, molten lead and boiling oil poured into his wounds—and the tragedy concluded by yoking horses to his arms and legs, and tearing him limb from limb. The frightful spectacle was made a court entertainment, and lords, ladies, and princes of the blood remained to the end, feasting their eyes with his contortions and their ears with his cries. Much nearer our own times, when Damiens, who was half-crazed, struck at Louis XV. with a pen-knife, and slightly wounded him in the ribs, the entire scene was again acted over, and again high-born dames were the eager spectators of the torment. Generations of luxury had given to the manners of court minions the polish of steel, and its hardness to their hearts.

Executions in England were less appalling than in France, and the circumstances of cruelty became sooner abhorrent to the disposition of the nation. But there was enough which revolts our humaner feelings, and the embowelling of traitors in particular was a frequent horror. A contemporary writer has preserved the details of the death of Sir Thomas Blount, in the reign of Henry IV. He was hanged in form, immediately cut down, and seated on a bench before the fire prepared to consume his entrails. The executioner, holding a razor in his hand, knelt and asked his pardon. 'Are you the person,' inquired Sir Thomas, 'appointed to deliver me from this world?' and the executioner having answered 'Yes,' and received a kiss of peace, proceeded with the razor to rip up his belly. In this way perished many of the Roman Catholics who had sentence of conspiracies against Elizabeth. Either from the caprice of the executioner, or the private instructions of his superiors, the measure dealt out was extremely unequal. Some were permitted to die before the operation was begun, some were half-strangled, and some, the instant the halter had closed round their throats, were seized and butchered in the fullness of life. In the latter cases, at least, much of the rigour of the sentence was at the discretion of the wretch who carried it into effect; and as the friends of the criminal bribed him when they could afford it, to plunge his knife into a vital part, it is

to be presumed that he regulated his mercy by his avarice. Lord Russell remarked, that it was a pretty thing to give a fee to be beheaded. But the custom of presenting fees to the headsman had the same origin with these gratuities to the hangman—the desire of his victims to propitiate a functionary who, unless they paid him like gentlemen, had it always in his power to behave like a ruffian. In the reign of George III. the letter of the law of treason was brought into harmony with what had long been the practice, and it was enacted that until life was extinct the mutilation of the body should not be commenced. The change was an evidence of the complete revolution in public opinion. Instead of grades of anguish, simple death is the highest punishment known to the law. The horror of violence, the agony of suspense, the opprobrium of mankind, the misery of friends, the pangs of conscience, the dread of eternity, form a compilation of woe which requires no addition from bodily torture. Every year contributes to falsify the old reproach, that fewer hours had been devoted to soften than to exasperate death. Modern investigations have all been directed the other way; and the desire is universal, that even the criminal, whose life is most justly the forfeit of his crime, should find speedy deliverance.

Hanging has prevailed more universally than any single mode of execution—nay, more, perhaps, than all other methods combined. Recommended by simplicity, and the absence of bloodshed, it is at the same time a death from which imagination revolts. None would, prior to experience, be conceived more distressing, for the *agony* might be expected to be realized to utmost intensity in the sudden transition from the vigour of health to a forced and yet not immediate death. Many indeed fancy that the fall of the body dislocates the neck, when the consequent injury to the spinal cord would annihilate life at the instant of the shock. But this is among the number of vulgar errors. Though a possible result, it very rarely occurs, unless a special manœuvre is employed to produce it. Before revolutionary genius had discarded the gibbet in France, Louis, the eminent professor, struck with the circumstance that the criminals in Paris were some instants in dying, while those of Lyons hung a lifeless mass the moment the rope was strained by their weight, learned from the executioner the trick of trade which spared his victims a struggle. In flinging them from the ladder he steadied with one hand the head, and with the other imparted to the body a rotatory movement which gave a wrench to the neck.

The veritable Jack Ketch of the reign of James II., who has transmitted his name to all the inheritors of his office, may be conjectured from a story current at the time to have been in the secret, for it was the boast of his wife that though the assistant could manage to get through the business, her husband alone was possessed of the art to make a culprit 'die sweetly.' Where the fall is great, or the person corpulent, dislocation might take place without further interference, but, with an occasional exception, those who are hanged perish simply by suffocation. There is nothing in that circumstance to occasion special regret. An immense number of persons recovered from insensibility have recorded their sensations, and agree in their report that an easier end could not be desired. An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colours are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the description renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colours of various hue start up before the sight, and that these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator,—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind. Formerly in England the friends of the criminal, in the natural belief that while there was life there was pain, threw themselves upon his legs as the cart drove away, that the addition of their weight might shorten his pangs. A more sad satisfaction for all the parties concerned could not well be conceived.

In the frenzy of innovation which accompanied the French revolution, when everything was to be changed, and (as impostors pretended and dupes believed) to be changed for the better, the reforming mania extended to the execution of criminals, and Dr. Guillotin, a weak, vain coxcomb, who revived with improvements an old machine, had the honour of giving his name to an adopted child whose operations have ensured himself from oblivion. The head, he assured the tender-hearted legislature, would fly off in the twinkling of an eye, and its owner suffer nothing. It has since been maintained that, far from feeling nothing, he suffers at the time, and for ten minutes afterwards,—that the trunkless head thinks as usual, and is master of its movements,—that the ear hears, the eye sees, and the lips essay to speak. M. Sue, the father of the novelist, whose theories of human physiology have a thorough family resemblance to his son's representations of human nature, went so far as to contend that 'the body felt as a body and the head as a head.' The experience of the living sets the first of these assertions at rest. When a nerve of sensation is severed from its communication with the brain, the part below the lesion ceases to feel. The muscular power often continues, but sensibility there is none. The head is not disposed of so readily, for since it is the centre of feeling, it is impossible in decapitation to infer the torpor of the brain from the callousness of the body. But it would require the strongest evidence to prove that sensation survives the shock: and the evidence, on the contrary, is exceedingly weak. The alleged manifestations of feeling are only what occur in many kinds of death where we know that the pain is already past. No one frequently appears to die harder when the face is uncovered than the man that is hanged, and yet all the time there is horror on his countenance, within he is either calm or unconscious.\* If those who stood

\* The face after hanging is sometimes natural, but more commonly distorted. Shakspeare has given a vivid and exact description of the change in the speech where Warwick points to the indications of violence which prove that the Duke of Gloster had been murdered:—

'But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair upheared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;  
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped  
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.'

The great poets beat the philosophers out of the field. They have the two-fold faculty essential to description,—the eye which discriminates the characteristic circumstances, and the words which bring them up like pictures before the mind. By

by the guillotine had been equally curious about other modes of dying, they would have known that the peculiarity was not in the signs, but in the interpretations they put upon them. The lips move convulsively,—the head, say they, is striving to speak,—the eyes are wide open, and are therefore watching the scene before them; as if it was not common in violent death for lips to quiver when the mind was laid to rest, and for eyes to stare when their sense was shut. It is affirmed, however, that the eyes are sometimes fixed upon cherished objects. But were the anguish, as is asserted, 'full, fine, perfect,' the head, instead of employing itself in the contemplation of friends, would be absorbed in its own intolerable torments. The illusion is probably produced by the relatives themselves, who look in the direction of the eyes, which then appear to return the gaze. But it is neither necessary nor safe to find a solution for every marvel. Few have had the opportunity, and fewer still the capacity, for correct observation. The imagination of the spectator is powerfully excited, and a slight perversion suffices to convert a mechanical movement into an emotion of feeling or an effort of the will. There are not many of the ordinary statements which rest upon the testimony of competent observers; and most of the extraordinary, such as the blushing of Charlotte Corday when her cheek was struck by the villain who held up her head, are not attested by any witness whatsoever. Though everybody repeats them, no one can tell from whence they came. It is a point upon which M. Sue and his school have not been exacting. One of the number mentions a man, or to speak more correctly, the *head* of a man, who turned his eyes whichever way they called him; and having thus digested the camel without difficulty, he grows scrupulous about the gnat, and cannot be confident whether the name of the person was Tillier or *De* Tillier. It is an epitome of the plan upon which many of the papers

'his hands abroad displayed' must be understood that they were thrust to a distance from the body, which is an impulse with persons who are stifled by force. That the hands themselves should be wide open is inconsistent with the fact and with the idea of 'grasping.' They are sometimes clenched with such violence that the nails penetrate the flesh of the palms,—another instance among many, after what we know of the sensations in hanging, how little the convulsive movements of the dying are connected with pain. The circumstance is not surprising, now that the splendid investigations of Sir Charles Bell, which may challenge comparison with anything that has ever been done in physiology, have demonstrated that the nerves of motion are distinct from the nerves of feeling, and that they are capable of acting independently of one another.

on the subject are penned. The authors take care of the pence and leave the pounds to take care of themselves. For our own part, we believe that the crashing of an axe through the neck must completely paralyse the sensation of the brain, and that the worst is over when the head is in the basket.

The section of physiologists who would hardly refuse credit to the unpunctuated averment that King Charles walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off, are left behind by some Polish physicians, who were persuaded that by bringing into contact the newly severed parts they could make them reunite. They had sufficient faith in their folly to petition that the head when it had grown to the shoulders might be suffered to remain, and obtained a promise that their work should be respected, and the revived criminal spared a second execution. Among the authenticated curiosities of surgery is the case of a soldier, who had his nose bitten off in a street riot, and thrown into the gutter. He picked up the fragment, deposited it in the house of a neighbouring surgeon, and, having pursued the aggressor, returned, and had it refitted to the parent stock. On the following day it had begun to unite, and on the fourth the old nose was again incorporated with the old face. The Polish doctors may have founded their hopes on some examples of the kind. But they overlooked that time was an element in the cure, and that life must be sustained while adhesion was going on. They seem to have imagined that the neck and head would unite together upon the first application, with the same celerity that they had flown asunder at the stroke of the executioner. With the exception of these sages of Poland, nobody, until the guillotine had been busy in France, appears to have dreamt that after head and body had parted company life or feeling could subsist. Decapitation, as the most honourable, was the most coveted kind of death, and Lord Russell scarcely exaggerated the general opinion when he said, shortly before his fatal moment, that the pain of losing a head was less than the pain of drawing a tooth. Hatred to the guillotine has had a large influence upon later judgments. The instrument for the punishment of the guilty became the instrument of guilt, and there is an inclination to extend to the machine a part of the opprobrium which attaches to those who put it in motion. And unquestionably there are moral associations, independent of every physical consideration, which will always render it the most loathsome and sickening of all the contrivances by which felons are made to pay the penalty of crime.

The punishment of the wheel was among the deaths exploded by the guillotine, and out of a spirit of hostility to everything which preceded the Revolution, the barbarities that attended it have been grossly exaggerated. The criminal fastened to a St. Andrew's cross had his limbs fractured with an iron bar. Though each blow might be conjectured to be a death in itself, the notorious Mandrin laughed on receiving the second stroke, and when the confessor reproved his levity, replied that he was laughing at his own folly in supposing that sensibility could survive the first concussion. The demeanour of a culprit is uncertain evidence of the pain he endures. The timid shriek with apprehension,—the brave by the energy of self-control can continue calm in the extremest torture. Mandrin was of that class of men whose minds are not to be penetrated by the iron which enters the flesh, and his indifference perhaps was partly assumed. But such blows have certainly a stunning effect, and render the punishment far less dreadful than we are accustomed to picture it. From the cross the mangled body was transferred to the wheel,—the back curved over the upper circumference, and the feet and head depending downwards. Here it was common, according to some who have written since, for the unhappy wretches to linger for hours—writhing with agony, and often uttering blasphemies in their torment. Happen now and then it did, but common it was not. Of those condemned to the wheel, all except the worst description of criminals were strangled beforehand. Of those who were broken alive, none were denied the *coup-de-grace* for the final stroke. This was a blow on the pit of the stomach, with the intention, seldom defeated, of putting an end to the tortures of the victim. Rarely after the blow of grace did he continue to breathe—more rarely to feel. Yet upon the ground of this feature in the punishment of the wheel Mr. Alison declares he is tempted to forget all the cruelties of the Revolution, and exclaim with Byron, 'Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!' But assuming the truth of the misstatements which he has adopted from a writer of French memoirs, was it because ruffians who had inflicted greater suffering than they endured were put to death by methods repudiated in a humaner age, or, if he pleases, though it was not the case, repudiated at the time by the avengers, whom events proved to be more sanguinary than the laws,—was it on this account that kings and nobles should be brought to the scaffold, innocent men, women, and children butchered by thousands, the church be overthrown, property confiscated,—that massacre,

war, havoc, and ruin should desolate the land? Feelings find vent in exaggerated language, and we should not be critical upon an expression of sympathy, though extravagant in sentiment and offensive in form, unless these outbursts of spurious indignation had pervaded the whole of Mr. Alison's account of the French revolution. There are, it is true, abundance of passages of an opposite description, for the jarring elements of hot and cold are poured out indiscriminately, and left to mingle as they may.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside, nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of faggots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three-quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonising and so long. One aggravation, however, was wanting which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened



in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

Several punishments allied to crucifixion, but which differed in the method of fastening the body, were once common, and are not entirely obsolete. Whether men are nailed to a cross, hung up with hooks, or fixed upon stakes, there is a strong resemblance in the suffering produced; and any differential circumstance which adds to the torture, also curtails it. Maundrell has given from hearsay an account of impalement as practised at Tripoli, which would throw its rivals into the shade. A post the size of a man's leg, sharpened at the top, was placed in the ground, and when the point had been inserted between the legs of the victim, he was drawn on, as a joint of meat upon a spit, until the stake came through at the shoulders. In this condition he would sometimes sit for a day and a night, and by smoking, drinking, and talking, endeavour to beguile the weary time. Maundrell is a trustworthy traveller, but on this occasion he was certainly deceived, or the anatomy of man has degenerated since. A race of beings who could endure a post the size of a leg to traverse their vitals, and be alive at the close—who, yet more, could sit for four-and-twenty hours engaged in festive occupations, no matter with how slight a relish, while pierced from end to end with a staff more clumsy than that of Goliath's spear—a race of beings so tenacious of life, and insensible to pain, would require punishments to be heightened to meet the callousness of their structure; but with our delicate organization, too rough a usage breaks the golden cord. Nature has set bounds to the cruelty of man, for torture carried beyond a certain point defeats itself. Sorrow occupies a larger space in our minds than it does in our existence. Time, who in our happier hours put on wings and flew like the wind, in our misery toils heavily with leaden feet; but though he may lag he cannot stop, and, when every other alleviation is gone, this will always remain to sustain patience under aggravated torments—that there must be a speedy abatement or a speedy release.

We have been accompanying the body in its progress to the grave. We had meant next to retrace our steps, and observe the workings of the mind in its approach to the boundary which divides time from eternity; but

this subject is, we find, too extensive to be made an appendage.

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ART. III.—1. *General Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges on the Chester and Holyhead Railway.* Published, with the permission of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer, by a Resident Assistant. Pp. 34. London. 1849.

2. *An Account of the Construction of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges, with a complete History of their Progress, from the conception of the Original Idea to the conclusion of the elaborate Experiments which determined the exact Form and Mode of Construction ultimately Adopted.* By WILLIAM FAIRBAIRNS, C.E., Memb. Inst. Civil Engineers; Vice-President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Manchester, &c. London. 1849.

IN continuation of our sketch of the practical working of the London and North-Western Railway, we now offer to our readers a short descriptive outline of the aerial passages through which it is proposed by the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, that the public shall, without cuneiform sustentation, fly across the Menai Straits.

We shall divide our subject into the following compartments:—

1. The principle upon which the Britannia Bridge is constructed.
2. The mode of its construction.
3. The floating of its tubes.
4. The manner in which they were subsequently raised.
5. Mr. Fairbairns' complaint that Mr. Robert Stephenson has deprived him 'of a considerable portion of the merit of the construction of the Conway and Britannia Bridges.'

1. PRINCIPLE OF THE PROPOSED PASSAGE.—In the construction of a railway from Chester to Holyhead, the great difficulty which its projectors had to contend with was to discover by what means, if any, long trains of passengers and of goods could, at undiminished speed, be safely transported across that great tidal chasm which separates Carnarvon from the island of Anglesey. To solve this important problem the Company's engineer was directed most carefully to reconnoitre the spot; and as the picture of a man struggling with adversity has always been deemed worthy of a moment's attention, we will endeavour to sketch a rough

outline of the difficulties which one after another must have attracted Mr. Robert Stephenson's attention, as on the Anglesey side of the Menai Straits he stood in mute contemplation of the picturesque but powerful adversaries he was required to encounter.

Immediately in his front, and gradually rising towards the clouds above him, were the lofty snow-capped mountains of Snowdon, along the sides of which, or through which, the future railroad, sometimes in bright sunshine and sometimes in utter darkness, was either to meander or to burrow.

Beneath him were the deep Menai Straits, in length above 12 miles, through which, imprisoned between precipitous shores, the waters of the Irish Sea and of St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards, but at the same time, and from the same cause, are progressively rising or falling from 20 to 25 feet with each successive tide, which, varying its period of high water every day, forms altogether an endless succession of aqueous changes.

The point of the Straits which it was desired to cross—although broader than that about a mile distant, pre-occupied by Mr. Telford's Suspension-bridge—was of course one of the narrowest that could be selected; in consequence of which the ebbing and flowing torrent rushes through it with such violence that except where there is back-water, it is often impossible for a small boat to pull against it; besides which, the gusts of wind which come over the tops, down the ravines, and round the sides of the neighbouring mountains, are so sudden, and occasionally so violent, that it is as dangerous to sail as it is difficult to row; in short, the wind and the water, sometimes playfully, and sometimes angrily, seem to vie with each other—like some of Shakspeare's fairies—in exhibiting before the stranger the utmost variety of fantastic changes which it is in the power of each to assume.

But in addition to the petty annoyances which air, earth, and water could either separately or conjointly create, the main difficulty which Mr. Stephenson had to encounter was from a new but irresistible element in Nature, an 'orbis veteribus incognitus,' termed in modern philosophy *The First Lord*, or, generically, *The Admiralty*.

The principal stipulation which the requirements of War, and the interests of Commerce, very reasonably imposed upon Science was, that the proposed passage across the Menai Straits should be constructed a good hundred feet above high-water

level, to enable large vessels to sail beneath it; and as a codicil to this will it was moreover required that, in the construction of the said passage, neither scaffolding nor centering should be used—as they, it was explained, would obstruct the navigation of the Straits.

Although the latter stipulation, namely that of constructing a large superstructure without foundation, was generally considered by engineers as amounting almost to a prohibition, Mr. Stephenson, after much writhing of mind, extricated himself from the difficulty by the design of a most magnificent bridge of two cast-iron arches, each of which commencing, or, as it is termed, springing, 50 feet above the water, was to be 450 feet broad and 100 feet high—the necessity for centering being very ingeniously dispensed with by connecting together the half arches on each side of the centre pier, so as to cause them to counterbalance each other like two boys quietly seated on the opposite ends of a plank supported only in the middle. This project, however, which on very competent authority has been termed 'one of the most beautiful structures ever invented,' the Admiralty rejected, because the stipulated height of 100 feet would only be attained under the *crown* of the arch, instead of extending across the *whole* of the watercourse. It was also contended that such vast cast-iron arches would take the wind out of vessels' sails, and, as a further objection, that they would inevitably be much affected by alternations of temperature.

Although this stern and unanticipated demand, that the passage *throughout its whole length* should be of the specified height, appeared to render success almost hopeless, it was evidently useless to oppose it. The man of science had neither the power nor the will to contend against men of war, and accordingly Mr. Stephenson felt that his best, and indeed only, course was—like poor little Oliver Twist when brought before his parish guardians—'to bow to the board,' and we beg leave to bow to it too, for, gnarled as were its requirements, and flat as were its refusals, it succeeded, at a cost to the Company to which we will subsequently refer, in effecting two great objects;—first, the maintenance for ever, for the purposes of War and Commerce, of an uninterrupted passage for vessels of all nations sailing through the Menai Straits; and secondly, the forcing an eminent engineer to seek until he found that which was required; in fact, just as a collision between a rough flint and a piece of highly-tempered steel elicits from the latter

a spark which could not otherwise have appeared, so did the rugged stipulations of the Admiralty elicit from Science a most brilliant discovery, which possibly, and indeed probably, would never otherwise have come to light.

But to return to the Anglesey shore of the Menai Straits.

When Mr. Stephenson, after many weary hours of rumination in his London study, beheld vividly portrayed before him the physical difficulties with which he had to contend in the breadth and rapidity of the stream; when he estimated not only the ordinary violence of a gale of wind, but the paroxysms or squalls which in the chasm before him, occasionally,—like the Erle King terrifying the ‘poor baby,’—convulsed even the tempest in its career; and lastly, when he reflected that, in constructing a passage so high above the water, he was to be allowed neither centerings, scaffoldings, nor arches, it occurred to him, almost as intuitively as a man when his house is on fire at once avails himself of the means left him for escape, that the only way in which he could effect his object was by constructing in some way or other, at the height required, a straight passage, which, on the principle of a common beam, would be firm enough to allow railway trains to pass and repass without oscillation, danger, or even the shadow of risk; and it of course followed that an aerial road of this description should be composed of the strongest and lightest material; that its form should be that best suited for averting the wind; and lastly, that no expense should be spared to protect the public from the awful catastrophe that would result from the rupture of this ‘baseless fabric’ during the passage over it of a train.

It need hardly be stated that, whatever might be the result of Mr. Stephenson’s abstract calculations on these points, his practical decision was one that necessarily involved the most painful responsibility; which indeed, if possible, was increased by the reflection that the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway placed such implicit confidence in his judgment and caution that they were prepared to adopt almost whatever expedient he might, on mature consideration, recommend.

In war, the mangled corpse of the projector of an enterprise is usually considered a sufficient atonement for his want of success; indeed, the leader of the forlorn-hope, who dies in the breach, is not only honourably recollected by his survivors, but by a glorious resurrection occasionally lives in the History of his country; but when a man of science fails in an important undertaking involving

the capital of his employers and the lives of the public, in losing his reputation he loses that which *never can be revived!*

Unawed, however, by these reflections, Mr. Stephenson after mature calculations—in which his practical experience of iron-shipbuilding must have greatly assisted him—confidently announced, first to his employers and afterwards to a Committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was rigidly examined, that he had devised the means of accomplishing that which was required; and further, that he was ready to execute his design.

The great difficulty had been in the conception and gestation of his project; and thus his severest mental labour was over before the work was commenced, and while the stream, as it hurried through the Menai Straits, as yet saw not on its banks a single workman.

The outline or principle of his invention was, that the required passage of passengers and goods across the Conway and Menai Straits should be effected through low, long, hollow, straight tubes—one for up-trains, the other for down ones—composed of wrought-iron ‘boiler-plates,’ firmly riveted together. He conceived that, in order to turn aside the force of the wind, these tubes ought, like common water-pipes, to be made oval or elliptical, and that they should be constructed at their final elevation on temporary platforms, upheld by chains which—withstanding the evident objection, in theory as well as in practice, to an admixture of moveable and immoveable parts—might of course subsequently be allowed to give to the bridge an auxiliary support, although Mr. Stephenson’s experience enabled him to declare to the Committee of the House of Commons very positively that no such extra assistance would be required. He proposed that the extremities of the tubes should rest on stout abutments of masonry, terminating the large embankment by which from either side of the country each was to be approached; the intermediate portions of the aerial passage reposing at the requisite elevation upon three massive and lofty towers. Of these one was to be constructed at high-water mark on each side of the Straits. The third, no less than 210 feet in height, was to be erected as nearly as possible in the middle of the stream, on a tiny rock, which, covered with 10 feet of water at high tide, although at low water it protruded above the surface, had long been considered as a grievance by boatmen and travellers incompetent to foresee the important service it was destined to perform.

The four lengths of each of the twin tubes,

when supported as described, were to be as follows:—

	Feet.
From Carnarvon embankment, terminating in its abutment, to the tower at high-water mark	274
From the latter tower to Britannia tower, situated upon Britannia rock in the middle of the stream	472
From Britannia tower to that at high-water mark on the Anglesey shore	472
From the Anglesey tower to the abutment terminating the embankment which approaches it	274
Total length of each tube	1492
Total length of both tubes	2984

Notwithstanding the bare proposal of this magnificent conception was unanswerable evidence of the confidence which the projector himself entertained of its principles, yet, in justice to his profession, to his employers, to the public, as well as to himself, Mr. Stephenson deemed it proper to recommend that, during the construction of the towers and other necessary preparations, a series of searching experiments should be made by the most competent persons that could be selected, in order to ascertain the precise shape and thickness of the immense wrought-iron aerial galleries that were to be constructed, as also the exact amount of weight they would practically bear. In short, the object of the proposed experiments was to insure that neither more nor less materials should be used than were absolutely requisite, it being evident that every pound of unnecessary weight that could be abstracted would, *pro tanto*, add to the strength and security of the structure.

Although it was foreseen, and very candidly foretold, that these experiments would be exceedingly expensive, the Directors of the Company readily acceded to the requisition, and accordingly, without loss of time, the proposed investigation was, at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation, solely confided to Mr. William Fairbairn, a shipbuilder and boiler-maker, who was justly supposed to possess more practical experience of the power and strength of iron than any other person that could have been selected. Mr. Fairbairn, however, after having conducted several very important investigations, deemed it necessary to apply to Mr. Stephenson for permission 'to call in the aid and assistance of Mr. Hodgkinson,' a powerful mathematician, now professor in the University of London, and whom Mr. Stephenson, in his report to the Directors, dated Feb. 9, 1846, declared to be 'distinguished as the first scientific authority on the strength of iron

beams.' To these two competent authorities Mr. Stephenson subsequently added one of his own confidential assistants, Mr. Edwin Clark, a practical engineer of the highest mathematical attainments, who regularly recorded and reported to Mr. Stephenson the result of every experiment,—to whom the construction and lifting of the Britannia galleries were eventually solely intrusted,—and by whom an elaborate description of that work is about to be published.\*

The practicability of Mr. Stephenson's hollow-beam project having thus, at his own suggestion, been subjected to a just and rigid investigation, we shall have the pleasure of briefly detailing a few of the most interesting and unexpected results; previous, however, to doing so, we will endeavour to offer to those of our readers who may not be conversant with the subject a short practical explanation of the simple principle upon which a beam, whether of wood or iron, is enabled to support the weight inflicted upon it.

If human beings can but attain what they desire, they seldom alloy the gratification they receive by reflecting—even for a moment—on the sufferings which their fellow-creatures may have undergone in procuring for them the luxury in question. Dives sometimes extols his coals, his wine, his food, his raiment, his house, his carriages, and his horses, and yet how seldom does he either allude to or ruminate on the hardships and misery which, for his enjoyment, have been endured in coal-pits, lead-mines, sugar-plantations, cotton-fields, manufactories, smelting-houses, in horticultural and agricultural labour, by the sons and daughters of Lazarus!—and if this heartless apathy characterises human beings with reference to each other, it may naturally enough be expected that, provided *inanimate* objects answer our purpose, we think not of them at all. For instance, if a beam without bending or cracking bears—as it usually does—the weight which the builder has imposed upon it, who cares how it suffers or where it suffers?

For want, therefore, of a few moments'

\* 'With the sanction and under the immediate supervision of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer. A Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges; including an Historical Account of the Design and Erection, and Details of the Preliminary Experiments, with the Theories deduced from them. Also, General Inquiries on Beams, and on the Application of Riveted Wrought-Iron Plates to Purposes of Construction; with Practical Rules and Deductions, illustrated by Experiments. By Edwin Clark, Assistant Engineer. With Diagrams and a folio volume of Plates and Drawings, illustrative of the Progress of the Works. London: Published for the Author, by John Weale, 59, High Holborn, 1849.'

reflection on this subject, most people, in looking up at a common ceiling-girder, consider that the corresponding upper and lower parts thereof must at all events, *pari passu*, suffer equally; whereas these upper and lower strata suffer from causes as diametrically opposite to each other as the climates of the pole and of the equator of the earth; that is to say, the top of the beam throughout its whole length suffers from severe compression, the bottom from severe extension, and thus, while the particles of the one are violently jammed together, the particles of the other are on the point of separation; in short, the difference between the two is precisely that which exists between the opposite punishments of vertically crushing a man to death under a heavy weight, and of horizontally tearing him to pieces by horses!

Now this theory, confused as it may appear in words, can at once be simply and most beautifully illustrated by a common small straight stick freshly cut from a living shrub.

In its natural form, the bark or rind around the stick is equally smooth or quiescent throughout; whereas, if the little bough firmly held in each hand be bent downwards, so as to form a bow, or, in other words, to represent a beam under heavy pressure, two opposite results will instantly appear; namely, the rind in the centre of the upper half of the stick will, like a smile puckering on an old man's face, be crumpled up; while on the opposite side immediately beneath, it will, like the unwrinkled cheeks of Boreas, be severely distended—thus denoting or rather demonstrating what we have stated, namely, that beneath the rind the wood of the upper part of the stick is severely compressed, while that underneath it is as violently stretched; indeed if the little experiment be continued by bending the bow till it breaks, the splinters of the upper fracture will be seen to interlace or cross each other, while those beneath will be divorced by a chasm.

But it is evident on reflection that these opposite results of compression and extension must, as they approach each other, respectively diminish in degree, until in the middle of the beam, termed by mathematicians 'its neutral axis,' the two antagonist forces, like the anger of the Kilkenny cats, or, rather, like still-water between tide and back-stream, become neutralised, and the laminæ of the beam consequently offering no resistance either to the one power or to the other, they are literally useless.

As therefore it appears that the main strength of a beam consists in its power to

resist compression and extension, and that the middle is comparatively useless, it follows that in order to obtain the greatest possible amount of strength, the given quantity of material to be used should be accumulated at the top and bottom where the strain is the greatest—or in plain terms the middle of the beam, whether of wood or iron, should be bored out. All iron girders, all beams in houses, in fact all things in domestic or naval architecture that bear weight, are subject to the same law.

The reader has now before him the simple philosophical principle upon which Mr. Stephenson, when he found that he was to be allowed neither scaffolding, centering, nor arches, determined to undertake to convey at undiminished speed the Chester and Holyhead Railway's passenger and goods traffic across the Conway and Menai Straits through hollow tubes instead of attempting to do so upon solid beams; and as a striking and perhaps a startling exemplification of the truth of his theory, it may be stated that although his plate-iron galleries, suspended by the tension as well as supported by the compression of their materials, have on mature calculations been constructed to bear nearly nine times the amount of the longest railway train that could possibly pass through them (namely, one of their own length), yet if, instead of being hollow, they had been a solid iron beam of the same dimensions, they would not only have been unable to sustain the load required, but would actually have been bent by—or, metaphorically, would have fainted under—their own weight!

*Experiments.*—One of the most interesting and important results of the preliminary investigations so ably conducted by Mr. Fairbairn and his friend and associate Mr. Hodgkinson, was the astonishing difference found to exist between the power of cast and that of wrought iron to resist compression and extension. From the experience which engineers and builders had obtained in imposing weights upon cast-iron girders of all shapes and sizes, it had long been considered almost a mechanical axiom that iron possessed greater power to resist compression than extension; whereas Mr. Fairbairn's experiments, to his surprise as well as to that of all who witnessed them, most clearly demonstrated that, after bearing a certain amount of weight, the resisting properties of cast and of wrought iron are diametrically opposite; in short, the results in figures proved to be nearly as follows:—

Cast-iron can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 35 to 49 tons.

Extension of „ 3 7

*Wrought-iron* can resist per square inch—  
 Compression of from 12 to 13 tons.  
 Extension of „ 16 to 18

The unexpected results thus obtained were of incalculable practical value; for, if the preliminary experiments proposed by Mr. Stephenson had not been made, he, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. Clark, and indeed all the eminent engineers and mathematicians of the present day, would—on the correct principle of everywhere adjusting the thickness of iron to the force it has to resist—have erroneously concurred in recommending that the proposed *wrought-iron* tubes for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits should be constructed stronger at bottom than at top, instead of, as it appears they ought to be, stronger at top than at bottom—in consequence of which error the aerial gallery would have been improperly weakened in one part by an amount of iron which would have unscientifically overloaded it at another, and thus, like Falstaff's 'increasing belly and decreasing legs,' the huge mass, with diminished strength, would have laboured under unnecessary weight.

By continuing with great patience and ability the experiments above referred to, it was finally ascertained that the relative strength of *wrought* iron in the top and bottom of the tubes should be in the proportion of about 5 to 4; and whereas, had they been constructed of *cast* iron, these proportions would have been reversed in the higher proportion of nearly 5 to 1, it may reasonably be asked why, if the latter material bears compression so much better than the former, it was not selected for the *top* of the tube? In theory this adjustment of the two metals to the force which each was peculiarly competent to resist, would have been perfectly correct. It, however, could not practically be effected, from the difficulty of casting as well as of connecting together plates 10 and 12 feet in length of the very slight thicknesses required. Mr. Stephenson, therefore, adhered to his determination to make the whole of his aerial galleries of wrought iron; and we may here observe that, to ensure the public from accident, he further resolved that the amount of the force of extension upon them should be limited to only one-third of their power of resistance, that of compression to one-half—the reason of the difference being that, inasmuch as any little flaw in the iron would infinitely more impair its power to resist extension than compression, it was evidently safer to approximate the limits of the latter than of the former.

As the exact strength of a hollow wrought-iron tube such as was proposed was unknown

to engineers, it was deemed necessary by Mr. Stephenson that its *form* as well as the disposition of its materials should be correctly ascertained. This portion of the investigation Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues with great care and ability conducted by subjecting tubes of different shapes to a series of experiments, the results of which were briefly as follows:—

1. *Cylindrical tubes*, on being subjected to nine very severe trials, failed successively by collapsing at the top—or, in other words, by evincing inability to resist compression:—the tube, losing its shape, gradually became elongated or lantern-jawed, while the two extremities were observed to flatten or bulge out sideways—besides which the ends, which for precaution sake rested on concentric wooden beds, invariably bent inwards.

2. *Elliptical tubes*, with thick plates riveted to the top and bottom, had been particularly recommended for experiment by Mr. Stephenson. These tubes under heavy pressure displayed greater stiffness and strength than round or cylindrical ones; but, after being subjected to a variety of torturing experiments of a most ingenious description, they all evinced comparative weakness in the top to resist compression. They likewise exhibited considerable distortions of form.

3. A family weakness in the head having been thus detected in all models circular at bottom and top, *rectangular tubes* were in their turn next subjected to trial. As they at once appeared to indicate greater strength than either of the other two forms had done, a very elaborate and interesting investigation was pursued by Mr. Fairbairn, who, by the light of his experiments, soon satisfied himself of the superiority of this form over the other two; and as every successive test confirmed the fact, he continued his search with an energy that has only since been equalled by the American judge who, it is said, on arriving at California, deserted the bench for 'the diggings.'

The following is an abstract of the important result of about forty experiments made by Messrs. Fairbairn, Hodgkinson, and Clark, on the comparative strength of circular, elliptical, and rectangular tubes:—*Circular*, 13; *Elliptical*, 15; *Rectangular*, 21.

As soon as the rectangular was by the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson clearly ascertained to be the best form of hollow tube that could be selected, the next important problem to be determined by experiment was what amount of strength should be given to it, or, in other words,

what should be the thickness of its top and bottom, in which, as we have shown, consisted its main power.

The investigations on this subject soon demonstrated that if, instead of obtaining this thickness by riveting together two or three layers of plates, they were, on the principle of the beam itself, placed in horizontal strata a foot or two asunder—the included hollow space being subdivided by small vertical plates into rectangular passages or flues extending along the whole top as well as bottom of the tube—an immense addition of strength, with very nearly the same weight of material, would be obtained.

This adaptation proving highly advantageous, it was deemed advisable by Mr. Stephenson that further experiments should be made by Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues to determine finally the precise form and proportions of the great tubes. For this object an entirely new model tube, one-sixth of the dimensions of the intended Britannia Bridge, was very carefully constructed; and the cellular tops and bottoms thereof, as well as the sides, were subjected to a series of experiments until the exact equilibrium of resistance to compression and extension, as also the variations in the thicknesses of the plates in the several parts of the tube as they approached or receded from different points of support, were most accurately ascertained.

In these as well as in all the previous experiments the trial tubes were loaded till they gave way—the results being accurately recorded and transmitted by Mr. Clark to Mr. Stephenson, who in return confidentially assisted Mr. C. with his opinion and advice. From the fibrous nature of wrought iron, as compared with the crystalline composition of the cast metal, the tendency to rupture in most of these experiments was slow and progressive. Destruction was never instantaneous, as in cast iron, but it advanced gradually; the material, for some time before absolute rupture took place, emitting an unmistakeable warning noise; just as a camel, while kneeling on the burning sandy desert, and while writhing his head from one side to the other, snarls, grunts, grumbles and groans louder and louder, as his swarthy turbanheaded owners keep relentlessly adding package after package to his load.

Although it can mathematically be shown that the two sides of a thin hollow tube are of but little use except to keep the tops and bottoms at their duty—the power of resistance of the latter being, however, enormously increased by the distance that separates them—it was nevertheless necessary to ascertain the precise amount of lateral

strength necessary to prevent the aerial gallery writhing from storms of wind. The riveting process was likewise subjected to severe trial, as also the best form and application of the slender ribs termed ‘angle-irons,’ by which not only the plates were to be firmly connected, but the tube itself materially strengthened—in fact, the angle-irons were to be its bones, the thin plate-iron covering being merely its skin.

Mr. Stephenson had two main objects in instituting the investigations we have detailed. First, to determine by actual experiment what amount of strength *could* be given to his proposed galleries; and, secondly, of that maximum *how much* it would be proper for him to exert. And as his decisions on these subjects will probably be interesting to our readers, most especially to that portion of them whose fortunes or fate may doom them occasionally to fly through his baseless fabric, we will endeavour very briefly to explain the calculations on which they appear to have been based.

As a common railway train weighs upon an average less than a ton per foot,—as the greatest distances between the towers of the Britannia Bridge amount each to 460 feet,—and as it is a well-known mathematical axiom among builders and engineers that any description of weight spread equally along a beam produces the same strain upon it as would be caused by half the said weight imposed on *the centre*—it follows that the maximum weight which a monster train of 460 feet (an ordinary train averages about half that length) could at one time inflict on any portion of the unsupported tube would amount to 460 tons over the whole surface, or to 230 tons at the centre.

Now, to ensure security to the public, Mr. Stephenson, after much deliberation, determined that the size and adjustment of the iron to be used should, according to the experiments made and recorded, be such as to enable the aforesaid unsupported portions of the tube (each 460 feet in length) to bear no less than 4000 tons over its whole surface, or 2000 tons in the centre, being nine times greater than the amount of strength necessarily required; and as the results—unexpected as well as expected—of the searching investigation which had been instituted, incontestably proved that this Herculean strength could be imparted to the galleries without the aid of the chains, which, even as an auxiliary, had been declared unnecessary—and as Mr. E. Clark had very cleverly ascertained that it would be cheaper to construct the tubes on the ground than on the aerial platform as first proposed—Mr. Stephenson determined, on mature reflection, to



take upon himself the responsibility of reporting to the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway that this extra catenary support, which would have cost the Company 150,000*l.*, was wholly unnecessary. Indeed, such was the superabundance of power at his command, that without adding to the weight of the rectangular galleries, he could materially have strengthened them by using at their top and bottom circular flues instead of square ones, which, merely for the convenience of cleaning, &c., were adopted, although the former were found on experiment to bear about 18 tons to the square inch before they became crushed, whereas the latter could only support from 12 to 14 tons.

But the security which Mr. Stephenson deemed it necessary to ensure for the public may further be illustrated by the following very extraordinary fact:—It has been mathematically demonstrated by Messrs. Hodgkinson and Clark, as well as practically proved by Mr. Fairbairn—indeed it will be evident to any one who will go through the necessary calculations on the subject—that the strain which would be inflicted on the iron-work of the longest of Mr. Stephenson's aerial galleries by a monster train sufficient to cover it from end to end, would amount to six tons per square inch:—which is exactly equal to the constant stress upon the chains of Telford's magnificent suspension Menai Bridge when, basking in sunshine or veiled in utter darkness, it has nothing to support but its own apparently slender weight!

*Lateral strength.*—The aerial galleries having, as above described, been planned strong enough for the safe conveyance of goods and passengers at railway speed, it became necessary to calculate what lateral strength they would require to enable them to withstand the storms, tempests, squalls, and sudden gusts of wind to which from their lofty position they must inevitably be exposed.

The utmost pressure of the hurricane, as estimated by Smeaton,—but which is practically considered to be much exaggerated—amounts to about 46 lbs. to the square foot; and this, on one of the large tubes (460 feet long by an average of rather less than 30 feet high) would give a lateral pressure of 277 tons over the whole surface, or of 133 tons on the centre.

To determine the competency of the model tube to resist proportionate pressure to this amount, it was turned over on its side; and, having by repeated experiments been loaded and overloaded until it was crushed, the result fully demonstrated to Mr. Stephenson's satisfaction its power to resist, according to his desire, a lateral pressure more than five times greater than that which it is in the power of the hurricane to inflict.

The experimental information required by Mr. Stephenson having, by the zeal and ability of Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark, been finally obtained, the next points for consideration came to be, where these gigantic twin-tubular galleries should be constructed, and, when constructed, by what power, earthly or unearthly—it will appear that the latter was found necessary—they should be raised to the lofty position they were decreed to occupy.

After much reflection on Mr. Clark's valuable suggestions on these subjects, Mr. Stephenson determined—1st. That the four shortest galleries, each 230 feet in length, (to be suspended at the height in some places of 100 feet between the two land towers and the abutments of the approaching embankments,) should, as he had originally proposed, be at once permanently constructed on scaffoldings in the positions in which they were respectively to remain; 2ndly. That the four longest galleries (each 472 feet in length), which were eventually to overhang the straits, should be completely constructed at high-water mark on the Carnarvon shore, upon wooden platforms about 400 feet westward of the towers on which they were eventually to be placed; 3rdly. That to the bases of these towers they should, when finished, be floated on pontoons, from which they were to be deposited on abutments in the masonry purposely made to receive them; and, 4thly. That the tubes should be raised to and finally deposited in their exalted stations by the slow but irresistible power of hydraulic presses of extraordinary force and size.

II. CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUBES AND TOWERS.—The locality selected for the formation of the tubes having been cleared, a substantial platform, composed of balks of timber covered with planks, was very quickly laid down.

In the rear of this immense wooden stage, which extended along the shore no less than half a mile, covering about three acres and a half, there were erected three large workshops, containing forges and machinery of various descriptions, for belabouring, punching, and cutting plate-iron. There were likewise constructed five wharves with cranes for landing materials, as also six steam engines for constant work. The number of men to be employed was—

On iron-work about	700
At stone-work for the towers	800

Total,	1,500
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Temporary shanties or wooden cottages, whitewashed on the outside, like mushrooms suddenly appeared in the green fields and woods immediately adjoining; besides which,

accommodation was provided for a school-room, schoolmaster, clergyman, and in case of accidents a medical man, the whole being agreeably mixed up with a proportion of wives, sweethearts, and children, sufficient for cooking, washing, sewing, squalling, &c. Nevertheless, notwithstanding these alluring domestic arrangements, many sturdy independent workmen preferred sleeping in villages four and five miles off, to and from which they walked every morning and evening, in addition to their daily work; the remainder gipsying in the encampment in various ways, of which the following is a sample:—

An Irish labourer, known only by the name of 'Jemmy,' bought for himself a small clinker-built room. As 'lodgings,' however, soon rose in price, and as he had not time to keep a pig, he resolved to be satisfied henceforward with half his tiny den, and accordingly let the remainder to a much stronger fellow-countryman, who, being still less particular, instantly let half of his half to a very broad-shouldered relation, until, like other Irish landlords we could name, poor 'Jemmy' found it not only very difficult to collect, but dangerous even modestly to ask for, 'his rint!' and thus in a short time, in consequence of similar 'pressure from without,' almost every chamber was made to contain four beds, in each of which slept two labourers.

As soon as the preliminary wharves, platforms, shanties, and workshops were completed, there instantly commenced a busy scene strangely contrasted with the silence, tranquillity, and peaceful solitude that had previously characterised the spot. While large gangs of masons were excavating the rocky foundations of the land towers, sometimes working in dense groups, and sometimes in 'double quick time,' radiating from each other, or rather from a small piece of lighted slow-match, sparkling in the jumper-hole of the rock they had been surrounding; while carts, horses, and labourers in great numbers were as busily employed in aggregating the great embankments by which these towers were to be approached; while shiploads of iron from Liverpool—of Anglesey marble from Penmon—of red sandstone from Runcorn in Cheshire—at rates dependent upon winds and tides, were from both entrances to the straits approaching or endeavouring to approach the new wharves; while almost a forest of scaffold balks of the largest and longest description—like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane—were silently gliding towards the spot; while waggons, carts, post-chaises, gigs, horses, ponies, and pedestrians, some of the latter carrying carpet-bags and some bundles, &c., were to

be seen on both sides of the straits eagerly converging across the country to the new settlement or diverging from it:—the unrelenting clank of hammers—the moaning hum of busy machinery—the sudden explosion of gunpowder—the white vapour from the steam-engines—and the dark smoke slowly meandering upwards from their chimneys, gave altogether interest, animation, and colouring to the picture.

As our readers will, however, probably be anxious to know how the great tubes which have been delineated are practically constructed, we will shortly describe the operation, which, we are happy to say, is contained in a vocabulary of only three words, these aerial galleries being solely composed of—Plates—Rivets—and Angle-Irons.

*Plates.*—The wrought-iron plates which form the top, bottom, and sides of the Britannia 'land tubes,' 230 feet in length, are, of course, slighter than those required for the four, each 460 feet, which overhang the stream.

For these long tubes—which are of the same height and breadth as the shorter ones—the dimensions of the plates are as follows:—

*For the bottom.*

12 feet in length, 2 feet 4 inches to 2 feet 8 inches in breadth,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in thickness.

*For the top.*

6 feet in length, 1 foot 9 inches to 2 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in breadth,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in thickness.

*For the sides.*

6 feet to 6 feet 6 inches in length, 2 feet in breadth,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in thickness.

Although these plates have been severally forged with every possible attention, yet, to render them perfect in thickness, they are not allowed by Mr. Stephenson to be used for the tubes until each has been passed by the Company's superintendent between two uncompromising massive iron rollers, worked by steam, which, by revolving, quietly remove or rather squeeze down that variety of pimples, boils, lumps, bumps, and humps, which from unequal contraction in the process of cooling occasionally disfigure the surface of plate iron, and which in the workman's dictionary bear the generic name of 'buckles.' When the plates, the largest of which weigh about 7 cwt., have been thus accurately flattened, they are one after another, according to their dimensions, carried by two or more men towards one of several immense cast-iron levers which, under the influence of steam, but apparently of their own accord, are to be seen from morning till night, whether surrounded by workmen or

not, very slowly and very indolently ascending and descending once in every three seconds.

Beneath the short end of this powerful lever there is affixed to the bottom of a huge mass of solid iron a steel bolt—about the length, thickness, and latent power of Lord John Russell's thumb—which, endowed with the enormous pressure of from 60 to 80 tons, sinks, at every pulsation of the engine, into a hole rather larger than itself, perforated in a small anvil beneath.

As soon as the labourers of the Department bearing each plate arrive at this powerful machine, the engineer in charge of it, assisted by the carrying-men, dexterously places the edge of the iron upon the anvil in such a position that the little punch in its descent shall consecutively impinge upon one of the series of chalk dots, which, at four inches from each other and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the edge, have been previously marked around the four sides of the plate; and thus four rows of rivet-holes averaging an inch in diameter are, by the irresistible power we have described, pierced through plate-iron from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, quite as easily as a young cook playfully pokes her finger through the dough she is kneading, or as the child Horner perforated the crust of his Christmas pie, when

'He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said—What a good boy am I!'

Some of the steam arms or levers just described are gifted with what may be termed 'double-thumbs,' and accordingly these perforate *two* holes at a time, or forty per minute—the round pieces of iron cut out falling, at each pulsation of the engine, upon the ground, through the matrix or perforation in the anvil.

When the plates, averaging from six to twelve feet in length by above two feet in breadth, have been thus punched all round, and before they are brought to the tube, they are framed together on the ground in compartments of about twenty plates each (five in length and four in breadth), in order to be connected to each other by what are termed *covering-plates* and *angle-irons*.

In order to prepare the former (which are half an inch in thickness, one foot in breadth, and about two feet long) they are heated in a small furnace, when, instead of passing between rollers, they are put under a stamping, or as it is technically termed a *joggling* block, which by repeated blows renders their surface perfectly flat; after which a series of holes corresponding in size as well as in

distance from each other with those in the 'plates' are punched all along the outer edge of each of their four sides. When thus prepared, two of these small covering plates—one on each side—are made to cover and overlap the horizontal line of windage existing between the edges of the plates, which, as we have stated, have been previously arranged so as to touch each other; and bolts being driven through the corresponding holes of the three plates (the large plates lying between the two covering ones), they are firmly riveted together by the process we shall now describe.

*Rivets.*—In the construction of the Britannia tubes there have been required no less than two millions of bolts, averaging  $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of an inch in diameter and 4 inches in length. The quantity of rod-iron consumed for this purpose has therefore amounted in length to 126 miles, and in weight to about 900 tons!

The mode in which these legions of rivets have been constructed is briefly as follows:—

At the western end of the Company's principal forging establishment there stands a furnace or trough, full of pieces of rod-iron from  $3\frac{1}{4}$  to  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches in length, packed together as closely as soldiers in a solid square of infantry. As soon as by the fiery breath of bellows worked by steam, they have been made uniformly red-hot, a little boy, whom they are all obliged to obey, rapidly and without partiality, favour, or affection, picks them out one after another through the furnace-door with a pair of pincers, from which he quietly drops them perpendicularly into eight moulds, each of which being about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of an inch shallower than the length of the piece of iron it respectively receives, they of course all equally protrude about that distance above the surface.

In this position they are handed over to a pale sturdy engine-man, or executioner, who with about as much mercy as Procrustes used to evince towards those who slept on his bed, immediately places them upon an anvil, towards which they very slowly descend a huge superincumbent mass of iron pressed downwards by an immense long cast-iron lever worked by steam.

By this despot power, the red protruding portion of each little rod is by a single crunch inexorably flattened, or 'fraternised,' and thus suddenly converted—*nolens volens*—into a bolt, it is no sooner thrown upon the ground, than the mould from which it was ejected is again, by the child in waiting, filled with another raw red-hot recruit, who by a process exactly the reverse of decapitation is shortened, not by the *loss* but by the *acquisition* of a head!

However, after all, just as 'the Marquis of — is not the Duke of —,' so is a bolt not a rivet, nor does it become one, until, like a bar-shot, it is made double-headed, an important process which has now to be described.

As soon as each 'set' of the half-inch iron plates which form the sides, top, and bottom of the Britannia tubes, have by a travelling crane been lifted—technically termed 'picked up'—into their places, and have been made to touch each other as closely as possible, a moveable stage on wheels is drawn close to the outside of the tube, for the purpose of firmly connecting every set of plates to that which on each side adjoins it. This work is performed by what is termed 'a set of riveters,' composed of two 'Riveters,' one 'Holder-up,' and two Rivet-boys.

As soon as the two first have ascended the scaffolding on the outside of the tube, and when the Holder-up, sitting on a board suspended by ropes from the roof, has exactly opposite to them taken up his position on the inside, one of the boys quickly abstracts from a travelling furnace, conveniently placed for the purpose, a red-hot bolt, which by a circular swing of his pincers he hurls inside the tube towards the other boy, his comrade or play-fellow, who, as actively as possible, with a similar instrument snapping it up, not only runs with it towards the Holder-up, but as long as he can reach the rivet-holes inserts it for him therein. As soon as this is effected, the Holder-up presses against it an enormous iron hammer, which forces it outwards until it is stopped by its own head. The red protruding bolt is now mercilessly assailed by the two Riveters, whose sledge-hammers meeting with a sturdy reaction from that of the Holder-up, which by a vast leverage or length of handle elastically returns blow for blow, the bolt, in about thirty seconds, becomes double-headed, when one of the Riveters, dropping his hammer, snatches up a steel mould about 9 inches long, called a *swage*, which he continues to hold upon the newly-formed head until his comrade, by repeated blows of his hammer, has *swaged* it into a workmanlike form.

The bolt is thus finally converted into a rivet, which, by contracting as it cools, binds together the plates even more firmly than they had already been almost cemented by the irresistible coercion of three sledge-hammers; indeed they are so powerfully drawn together, that it has been estimated it would require a force of from four to six tons to each rivet to cause the plates to slide over each other.

The bolts for the upper holes of the inte-

rior, which, being about 30 feet high, are of course completely out of the Rivet-boy's reach, are dropped by him into a concentric iron ring, which, by a wire and cord passing over a pulley attached to one of the uppermost plates, is rapidly raised, until the Holder-up is enabled by pincers to grasp the fiery iron, which, on being inserted into its hole, he then instantly, as before, presses with his hammer.

By the operations above-described, 'a set of riveters' usually drive per day about 230 rivets, of which in each plate there are about 18 per yard, in two rows, averaging only 2½ inches of clear space between each bolt-head. On the large tubes alone there have been employed at once as many as 40 sets of riveters, besides 26 'platers,' or men to adjust the plates, each having from three to four men to assist him; and when this well-regulated system is in full operation it forms altogether not only an extraordinary but an astounding scene.

Along the *outside* of the tube, suspended at different heights, are to be seen in various attitudes 80 Riveters—some evidently watching for the protruding red bolt, others either horizontally swinging their sledge-hammers, or holding the rivet-swage.

In the *inside* of this iron gallery, which is in comparative darkness, the round rivet-holes in the sides as well as in the roofs, not only appear like innumerable stars shining in the firmament of heaven, but the light beaming through each forms another as bright a spot either on the ground or on the internal surface of the tube. Amidst these constellations are to be faintly traced, like the figures on a celestial globe, the outlines of the Holders-up, sitting at different altitudes on their respective stages. Beneath them 40 or 50 Rivet-boys are dimly seen, some horizontally hurling red-hot bolts, others with extended pincers running forwards with them, while fiery bolts, apparently of their own accord, are to be observed vertically ascending to their doom. This cyclopean dance, which is of course most appropriately set to music by the deafening reverberations of 70 or 80 sledge-hammers, is not altogether without danger, for not only does a 'holder-up' from a wrong movement occasionally—like a political Phaëton—all of a sudden tumble *down*, but the rivet-boys, generally unintentionally, but occasionally, it is said, from pure mischief, burn each other more or less severely, in which cases a couple of these little sucking Vulcans, utterly unable, from incessant noise, to quarrel by words, fall to blows, and have even been observed to fight a sort of infernal duel with pincers, each trying to

burn his opponent anywhere and everywhere with his red-hot bolt!

But by far the most curious part of the riveting process is to be seen on the flat roof or top of the tube. This immense deck, which we have already stated to be 472 feet in length, is composed of a pavement of plates to be connected together by 18 longitudinal rows of rivets, the heads of which are to be only 2½ inches apart. Beneath this surface, at a depth of only 1 foot 9 inches, there is, to give additional strength, a similar stratum of plates, the space included between both being divided into eight compartments called flues, 21 inches deep by 20 inches broad, exactly resembling those of a common stove. After the horizontal bottoms and upright sides of these eight flues have been firmly connected together by the battering process we have just described, the upper stratum of plates are loosely laid down, and, being thus by the superincumbent weight of the iron covering securely adjusted, their final connexion is effected as follows:—

A tiny rivet-boy—we observed one little mite only ten years of age—in clothes professionally worn into holes at the knees and elbows—crawling heels foremost for a considerable distance into one of these flues as easily as a yellow ferret trots into a rabbit-hole, is slowly followed by his lord and master the *holder-up*, who exactly fits the flue, for the plain and excellent reason, that by Mr. Stephenson the flue was purposely predestined to be exactly big enough to fit him; and as, buried alive in this receptacle, he can move but very slowly, he requires some time, advancing head foremost, to reach the point at which he is to commence his work. On arriving there, his first process, lying on his left side, is with his right hand to pass through one of the rivet-holes in the plate above him a little strong hook, to which is attached a short hempen loop, or noose, which, supporting the heavy end of his huge hammer, forms a fulcrum upon which he can easily raise it against the roof, simply by throwing his right thigh and leg over the extremity of the long lever or handle of the instrument.

When similar preparations, by the injection of other little Rivet-boys and other stout Holders-up into several of the other flues, have been made, the signal for commencing operations is given by several red-hot bolts falling, apparently from the clouds, among the Riveters, who, leaning on their sledge-hammers, have been indolently awaiting their arrival. These bolts have been heated on the outside of the tube on the ground immediately beneath, in a portable furnace, from which a gang of lithesome rivet-boys

in attendance extract them as fast as they are required, and then walking away with them, without looking upwards, or apparently caring the hundred-thousandth part of the shaving of a farthing where they may fall, or whom they may burn, they very dexterously, by a sudden swing of their pincers, throw them almost perpendicularly about 45 feet, or about 10 feet higher than the top of the tube, upon which, as we have stated, they fall among the assembled riveters as if they had been dropped from the moon.

As soon as these red-hot meteors descend upon the flat roof, another set of rivet-boys eagerly snap them up, and each running with his bolt, not to the spot where it is required, but to one of certain holes in the plate made on purpose for its insertion, he delivers it into the pincers of the little sweep, rivet-boy, or Ascanius within the flue, who, having been patiently waiting there to receive it, crawls along with it towards his Pius Æneas, the stout recumbent *holder-up*. As soon as he reaches him he inserts for him the small end of the bolt into the hole for which it has been prepared, and through which, in obedience to its fate, it is no sooner seen to protrude, than the sledge-hammers of the expectant riveters, severely jerking at every blow the heavy leg of the poor holder-up, belabour it and 'swage' it into a rivet.

The red-hot iron—unlike the riveters—cools during the operation we have just described; and even if a by-stander, from being stone-blind, could not see the change in its temperature, it could easily be recognised by the difference in the sound of the hammers between striking the bolt while it is soft and hot, and when it has gradually become cool and hard. But whatever may be the variety of colours or of noises which accompany the formation of every one of these roof-rivets, it is impossible to witness the operation we have just described without acknowledging, with a deep sigh, how true is the proverb that 'one half of the world,' especially the rich half, 'does not know how the other half lives;' indeed, unless we had witnessed the operation, we could scarcely have believed that any set of human beings, or rather of fellow-creatures, could professionally work from morning till night, stuffed horizontally into a flue of such small dimensions,—that they could endure the confinement which only allows them, by changing from one side to another, to throw sometimes the right leg and sometimes the left over the elastic handle of a hammer,—and above all that they could bear the deafening noises created close to and immediately thundering into their very ears!

In attentively watching the operations just

described, we observed that at the *sides* of the tube it required generally eighteen blows of the hammer to flatten the end of the bolt, and then twelve blows on the '*swage*' to finish the head of the rivet; whereas, on the *roof*, the former operation was usually effected by only twelve blows, and the latter by eight or nine. At first, we conceived that this difference might be caused by a reduction in the sizes of the plates and bolts: but those in the roof proving to be the thickest and longest, we, on a few moments' reflection, ascertained that the reduction of labour in riveting the roof is caused by the sledge-hammers descending upon it by gravity as well as by the main strength of the riveters; whereas, at the *sides*, they are worked by the latter power only.

The operation cannot of course be carried on when the weather is either windy or wet. The riveters, holders-up, and rivet-boys very properly receive high wages. The first of these classes, however, strange to say, look *down* upon the holders-up as their inferiors, or rather as their menials; and again, the holders-up bully the little ragged-elbowed rivet-boys who wait upon *them*; but so it is, not only over the whole surface of the earth, but in the deep blue sea! In the stomach of the shark we find a dolphin, in whose stomach there is found a flying-fish, which, on dissection, has been found to have preyed on a smaller tribe, and so on. We have, therefore, no unkind reflection to cast upon 'riveters,' 'holders-up,' or 'rivet-boys' for frowning upon, bullying, or burning each other.

*Angle-Irons.*—The plates of the tubes, having throughout been scientifically adjusted in the different positions best suited to resist the variety of strains to which, from external or internal causes, they can possibly be subjected, are finally connected together by small ribs, which are firmly riveted to the plates. The quantity of *angle-iron* thus worked through the top, bottom, and sides of all the tubes amounts to no less than sixty-five miles! The sides are, moreover, connected to the top and bottom of each tube by small triangular plates, called *gussets*, which powerfully prevent the bridge from twisting or writhing under the lateral pressure of the wind.

III. THE FLOATING OF THE TUBE.—*The Gathering.*—On the principle of '*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*' we determined, in the family way, to join that respectable crowd of brother and sister reviewers, ill-naturedly called 'gapers and gazers,' who from all parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Continent of Europe, and even from the United

States of America, were, in various degrees of agitation, inquisitively converging upon North Wales, for the purpose of beholding something which, although unanimously declared to be 'quite new,' few appeared very clearly to understand.

All agreed that the wonder they wished to witness was *The Britannia Bridge*: but what was its principle or its form, what it was to do, or what was to be done to it, no person appeared able to explain to anybody. Some nasally 'guessed' it was to be raised; others—*ore rotundo*—positively declared it was to be only floated. One man truly enough affirmed 'it was to go from earth to earth, straight through the air, to avoid the water'—but by which or by how many of these three elements, or by what other powers, the strange transaction was to be effected, deponent, on cross-examination, was utterly unable to detail.

As the railway from Chester—where the principal portion of the travellers had concentrated—has for several miles been constructed along the sands of the Irish Sea, the passengers during that portion of their journey had ample space and opportunity for calm observation or reflection: as soon, however, as the heavily-laden trains reached Rhyl, there was gradually administered to the admirers of the picturesque a strange dose of intense enjoyment, mixed up with about an equal proportion of acute disappointment.

In flying over the valleys and round the hills and mountains of North Wales, there repeatedly glided before their eyes a succession of scenery of a most beautiful description, which, illuminated by the sunshine of heaven, appeared, as they approached each great impending mountain, to be exquisitely improving: until all of a sudden—just as if the pestilential breath of an evil spirit had blown out the tallow candle of their happiness—nothing in this world was left to occupy their senses but the cold chilly air of a damp dungeon rushing across their faces, a strong smell of hot rancid grease and sulphur travelling up their noses, and a loud noise of hard iron wheels, rumbling through a sepulchral pitch-dark tunnel, in their ears.

Hundreds of most excellent people of both sexes, who had been anxiously expecting to see

'The rock—whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,'

were grievously chagrined and most pitiously disappointed by being told—as, like a pea going through a boy's pea-shooter, they were unintellectually flying through a long

iron tube—that they were at that very moment passing it, Straits, Castle, and all. However, the balance of the account current was, on the whole, greatly in their favour, and thus, in due time and in high good humour, all reached Bangor in safety.

It need hardly be said that, early in the morning of the day, or rather of the evening, on which the important operations at the Britannia Bridge were actually carried into effect, every boat that could be engaged, every bus, carriage, waggon, gig, cart, and hack-horse that could be hired in Bangor, Beaumaris, as well as in the neighbouring towns and villages, were in requisition to convey, by repeated trips, the curious to the object of their curiosity—and certainly on reaching it the picture exhibited was one not very easy to be described.

The first amusing moral that irresistibly forced itself upon us, as our conductor with outstretched whip was endeavouring almost in vain to drive through the crowd, was, that of the many thousands of human beings who at considerable trouble and expense had assembled, more than nine-tenths were evidently wholly and solely absorbed in subjects which, though highly interesting, were alien to the purpose for which they had congregated!

Numbers of persons with heated faces, standing around small tables, allocated in various directions, were intently occupied in quaffing off a beautiful unanalysed pink effervescing mixture, called by its proprietor '*ginger beer*.'

The dejected countenance of Punch's English half-starved dog, as, dead-tired of the gallows scene, he sat exalted on his tiny platform, was strangely contrasted with the innumerable sets of strong grinning Welsh teeth and bright eyes, that in joyous amphitheatre were concentrated upon him. In several spots the attention of stooping groups of 'ladies and gentlemen' horizontally looking over each other's backs, was solely engrossed in watching what no one passing could possibly perceive—some trick of rude legerdemain upon the ground. On a small eminence the eyes of hundreds, as they stood jammed together, were elevated towards a jaded white-cheeked harlequin, and a very plump, painted-faced young lady in spangled trousers and low evening frock, who, on the elevated stage on which they stood, jumped, kicked with both legs, and then whirled violently on one, until the rustic clown, thoroughly satisfied with the sample, and unable to resist the alluring cymbals and brass trumpet that accompanied it, slowly ascended the ladder, surrendered his

penny, and then, with his back turned towards the crowd, descended into a canvass chamber to wait, or rather on a rough wooden bench to sit, like Patience on a monument smiling at Hope.

Long rectangular booths, open at three sides, appeared filled with people, in great coats and in petticoats, seated around a table, all seriously occupied in silent mastication. In the moving crowd some were evidently searching for the party they had lost, while others, suddenly stopping, greeted friends they had not expected to meet.

Among the motley costumes displayed, by far the most striking was that of the Welsh women, many of whom were dressed in beautiful gowns protected by frock-coats,—their neatly-plaited white caps, surmounted by large black hats, such as are worn elsewhere by men, giving to their faces, especially to the old, around whose eyes the crows'-feet of caution were to be seen deeply indented, an amusing appearance of doubtful gender, which—it occurred to us at the time—the pencil of HB, with its usual wit, might, in illustration of the Epicene policy of the day, very faithfully transcribe. But whatever were the costumes, the ages, condition, or rank of the immense crowd of both sexes through which our old-fashioned vehicle slowly passed, everything that occurred seemed to elicit merriment, happiness, and joy. It was, in fact, a general holiday for all; and as boys out of school make it a rule never to think of their master, so apparently with one consent had the vast assemblage around us good-humouredly agreed together to cast aside the book they had intended to read—to forget the lesson they had purposely come to study.

By the kind attention of one of the Company's servants we were conducted in a small boat half way across the rapid currents of the Menai Straits to the Little Rock, then completely beneath the water—upon which, under the able direction of Mr. Frank Forster, engineer of the line from Bangor to Holyhead, there had been erected (on a base embedded in pure Roman cement of 62 feet by 52 feet) the Britannia Tower, which, still surrounded by its scaffolding, majestically arose out of the middle of the stream to a height of 230 feet.

This enormous structure, which weighs upwards of 20,000 tons, and which, from being roughly quarried or hewn, displays on the outside the picturesque appearance of natural rock, is a conglomeration of 148,625 cubic feet of Anglesey marble for the exterior—144,625 cubic feet of sandstone for the interior—and 387 tons of cast-iron beams and girders worked in, to give strength, so-



lidity, and security to the mass. The only way of ascending was by a series of ladders, communicating, one above another, with the successive layers of horizontal balks, of which this immense pile of well-arranged scaffolding was composed—and accordingly, hand over hand and step by step we leisurely arose until we reached a small platform 15 feet above the pinnacle of the tower.

The view was magnificent. On the east and west were to be seen glittering in large masses the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, connected together by the narrow Straits, whose silvery course, meandering in the chasm beneath, was alike ornamented and impeded by several very small rocks and islands, round and about which the imprisoned stream evidently struggled with great violence. Upon two or three of these little islands was to be seen, like a white speck, the humble cottage of the fisherman, who alone inhabited it. About a mile towards the Irish Sea there gracefully hung across the stream, in a festoon, which, in the annals of science, will ever encircle the name of Telford, his celebrated Suspension Bridge, over which a couple of horses, appearing like mice, were trotting.

On the north lay extended a verdant country, surmounted in the direction of the new railroad by the great Anglesey column, erected by the surrounding inhabitants to the noble Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo. About two hundred yards beneath this splendid testimonial, and adjoining to a little isolated church, there modestly peeped up a very small free-stone obelisk, erected by the workmen of the tower on which we stood as an humble but affecting tribute of regard to some half-dozen of their comrades, who—poor fellows!—had been killed in the construction of the Britannia Bridge.

On the south the horizon appeared bounded, or rather fortified by that range of mountains, about forty miles in length, which bear the name of Snowdon, and among which, the loftiest, stands the well-known Patriarch of the group. Between the base of these hills and the Straits was the little wooden city built for the artificers and workmen, its blue slates and whitewashed walls strongly contrasting with each other. In this vicinity we observed, in large masses and patches, the moving multitude through which we had just driven, and who, unsatiated with enjoyment, were still swarming round one object after another, like bees occasionally dispersing only to meet again.

Lastly, close to the shore, on their wooden platform, from which the crowd, by order of Captain Moorsoin, R. N., was very properly

strictly excluded, there stood, slightly separated from each other, the sole objects of our journey—namely, the two sets of hollow tubes, four in number, which, under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, had been constructed as the aerial passages for the up and down trains across the Straits. Being each 472 feet in length, and being also of the height of an ordinary two-storied dwelling, they all together appeared like a street or row of chimneyless houses half a mile long, built on the water's edge; indeed, if windows and doors had been painted upon them, the resemblance would have been perfect. Of the four lengthy compartments the two on the eastern extremity, and that on the western end, had been painted red; the remaining one, which in a few hours was not only to be launched but floated down the stream to the very foot of the tower on which we stood, had been finished in stone-colour.

We would willingly conclude our slight panoramic picture by describing the appearance of the moving water gliding past the foot of the tower far beneath; but on going to the edge of the masonry to look down at it, we must confess that we found it to be utterly impracticable to gaze even for a moment at the dizzy scene.

In descending from the eminence we had been enjoying, we paused at 50 feet from the top to inspect the steam-engine and boiler therein inserted for working two hydraulic presses, which principally reposed upon a wall 10 feet 6 inches thick, the other three walls being 7 feet 6 inches in thickness. At 107 feet from the top, and at 103 feet from the water, we again stopped for a few minutes to enter the immense passage in the Britannia Tower, through which—strange to think—trains full of up and down passengers at railway speed are to pass and repass each other. The ends of the tubes from the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers, now reposing far away on the beach, meeting at this point on immense cast-iron plates interposed on the masonry to secure an equal pressure, are not only to be firmly connected together, but are to be substantially riveted to the fabric. To the opposite ends of these tubes, the extremities of those passing from the embankment to the two land towers just named are also in like manner to be firmly connected; by which means each aerial gallery will eventually be composed of a single hollow iron beam 1513 feet in length, far surpassing in size any piece of wrought iron-work ever before put together—its weight, 5000 tons, being nearly equal to that of two 120-gun ships, having on board, ready for sea, guns, powder, shot, provisions, crew, flags, captains, chaplains, admiral, and all!

Lastly, to bring the component parts of this not only extended but attenuated mass of iron into vigorous action, or in other words, to enable it to exert its utmost possible strength, Mr. Stephenson has directed that after the component parts of each of the two parallel tubes have, by the process already described, been firmly riveted into one continuous hollow beam, the extremities thereof shall be lowered about 15 inches, by taking away the false keels or foundations, on which in their construction they had purposely been raised. By this simple operation it is estimated that the tube will receive a strength of 30 per cent. in addition to that which it possessed in separate lengths, and without the precise amount of tension so scientifically devised. When thus finally completed, its total length will amount to no less than 1841 feet.

To enable this enormous mass of thin plate-iron—the middle of which, as we have stated, is to be firmly riveted to that passage through the Britannia Tower to which we have descended—comfortably to expand itself and contract according to the temperature of the weather—a yawning enjoyment which requires the space of about 12 inches—a number of cast-iron rollers, as well as of balls of gun metal, all six inches in diameter, have been placed on immense cast-iron frames deposited on the land towers and abutments—so that the tubes, like the tide beneath them, may freely flow forwards or ebb backwards at their free will and pleasure, or rather according to the immutable laws of the Omnipotent Power by which they have been created.

On crawling upon our hands and knees through a gap or hole in the masonry of the Britannia Tower, which had been kept open for the purpose of passing through it a stout hawser for hauling to its destination the floating tube, we suddenly perceived at its base lying prostrate immediately beneath us—on a large platform, latticed like the grating of a ship, and under which the deep stream was rushing with fearful violence, boiling, bubbling around, as well as dimpling along the piles that obstructed it—what at the first glance very much resembled the main-sail of a man-of-war stretched out to dry, but which we soon discovered to be a conglomeration of the earth-stained fustian jackets, fustian trowsers, dusty stockings, hob-nailed shoes, red sun-burnt faces and brown horny fingers of a confused mass of over-tired labourers, all dead asleep under the stiff extended bars of the capstan which they had constructed, and at which they had been working.

Although they were lying, what in coun-

try parlance is termed 'top and tail,' jammed together so closely that in no place could we have managed to step between them, not a single eye was open, or scarcely a mouth shut. The expression of their honest countenances, as well as of their collapsed frames, plainly told not only how completely they had been exhausted, but how sweet was the rest they were enjoying. In the right hands of several of them, old stumpy pipes of different lengths, also exhausted, were apparently just dropping from their fingers, and while the hot sun was roasting their faces and bare throats, a number of very ordinary blue-bottle flies in search of some game or other were either running down their noses and along their lips to the corner of their mouths, or busily hunting across the stubble of their beards.

Although for some time 'we paced along the giddy footing of the hatches' on which they were snoring, gazing sometimes at them, sometimes at the wild scenery around them, and sometimes at the active element that was rushing beneath, no one of the mass awakened or even moved, and thus, poor fellows! they knew not, and never will know, the pleasure we enjoyed in reviewing them!

On rowing from Britannia Rock we had, of course, a full view of the remainder of the masonry, containing all together no less than 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone, of which this stupendous work is composed. As, however, it would be tedious to enter into its details, we will merely, while our boat is approaching the shore, state, that the towers and abutments are externally composed of the grey roughly-hewn Anglesey marble we have described; that the land-towers, the bases of which are the same as that of the Britannia, are each 198 feet above high-water, and that they contain 210 tons of cast-iron girders and beams.

The four colossal statues of lions—we must not compare them to sentinels, for they are couchant—which in pairs terminate the land ends of the abutments that on each side of the straits laterally support its approaching embankment—are composed of the same marble as the towers. These noble animals, which are of the antique, knocker-nosed, pimple-faced Egyptian, instead of the real Numidian form, although sitting, are each 12 feet high, 25 feet long, and weigh 30 tons. Their appearance is grand, grave, and imposing—the position they occupy being 180 feet in advance of the entrances into the two tubes, which so closely resemble that over the drawbridge into a fortress, that one looks up almost involuntarily for the portcullis.

The net-work of scaffolding, nearly 100

feet high, upon which the short tubes communicating from the Anglesey abutments to the land-tower had been permanently constructed, not only appeared highly picturesque, but was very cleverly composed of large solid balks of timber from 12 to 16 inches square, and from 40 to 60 feet in length.

*The Floating of the Tube.*—On landing we, of course, proceeded to the long range of tubes, or streets, we have described.

The arrangements which Mr. Stephenson had devised for floating the first of them to its destination were briefly as follows:—

As soon as this portion of the gallery was finally completed, the props upon which it had rested at a height above the wooden platform sufficient to enable artificers to work beneath it, were removed, so as to allow it to be supported only at its two extremities. The result of this trial satisfactorily demonstrated the accuracy of the calculations upon which the tube had been purposely constructed circular at bottom to the height or camber of nine inches, in order that when it assumed its proper bearing it should become perfectly straight—which it did.

During its formation a portion of the wooden platform under each of its ends was cut away and the rock beneath excavated, until on either side there was formed a dock just large enough to admit four pontoons, each 98 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 11 feet deep. When these docks were completed the eight pontoons,—scuttled at the bottom by valves which could either let in or keep out the water at pleasure,—were deposited at their posts; and though their combined power of floatage amounted to 3200 tons, the weight of the tube with its apparatus being only 1800 tons, yet, in consequence of the valves being kept open so as to allow the tide to flow in and out, they lay on their bottoms like foundered vessels; and thus it was curious to see crouching, as it were, in ambush beneath the tube a dormant power, only waiting for the word of command, *up and at 'em*, to execute the duty they were competent to perform.

Besides these arrangements Mr. Stephenson, in pursuance of a plan which had been deliberately committed to paper, had ordered the construction, on the Anglesey and on the Carnarvon shores, as also on stages constructed on piles at the Britannia Rock, of a series of capstans, communicating with the pontoons by a set of ropes and hawsers more than two miles in length. Of these the principal were two four-inch hawsers, or leading-strings, between which, like a captive wild elephant between two tame ones,

the tube was to be safely guarded, guided, and conducted from its cradle to its position at the feet of the Anglesey and Britannia towers.

These preparations having been all completed, and every man having been appointed to his post, the valves in the eight pontoons were closed, in consequence of which they simultaneously rose with the tide, until their gun-wales, like the shoulders of Atlas, gradually received their load.

At this moment the few who had been admitted to the spot watched with intense anxiety the extremities of the tubes, which, from the severe pressure they had been inflicting, had, in a slight degree, forced their way into the wooden balks that supported them. By degrees this pressure was observed perceptibly to relax, until a slight crack, and then a crevice was seen to exist between the old points of contact. In a few seconds this crevice was converted into daylight, amidst a general whisper of exultation announcing, 'It's AFLOAT!' The tube, however, was still firmly retained in its dock by two conflicting powers—namely, one set of hawsers, maternally holding it to the quiet home on which it had been constructed—and another set from the shore diametrically opposite, hauling it outwards to its destiny.

At this moment, we ascended, by a long ladder, to the top of the tube, and had scarcely reached it when Mr. Stephenson very quietly gave the important word of command—*Cut the land attachments!* Some carpenters, all ready with their axes, at a few strokes nearly severed the strands, and, the tension from the opposite hawsers bursting the remainder, the long street, upon whose flat roof we stood, slowly, silently, and majestically moved into the water.

As the two extremities of the floating tube had been in alignment with those of the tubes on each side, which of course remained stationary, and whose roofs were loaded with well-dressed spectators, its advance was as clearly defined as that of a single regiment when, leaving its division to stand at ease, it marches by word of command from the centre out in front of its comrades.

Upon the deck or roof of the tube, which we may observe had no guard or railing, there was nailed Mr. Stephenson's plan, exhibiting the eight positions or minuet attitudes which the floating monster was to assume at different periods of its voyage; and, as it had 100 feet to proceed before its first change, we had leisure to gaze upon the strange interesting scene that surrounded us.

From the lofty summit of the Britannia Tower, surmounted by the Union Jack, to those of the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers

on either side of it, were suspended, in two immense festoons, flags of all colours and of all nations. Every vessel at anchor, every steamer under weigh, as well as several houses on shore, were similarly ornamented. At different points on each coast, and especially upon every eminence, were congregated large variegated masses of human beings. The great green woods of Carnarvon seemed literally swarming alive with them, and, to add to the audience, a large steamer—arriving almost too late—as it scuffled to a safe position, exhibited a dense mass of black hats and showy bonnets, enlivened by a brass band, which was not unappropriately playing ‘Rule Britannia,’ the breeze wafting along with it the manly, joyous song of the sailors who, at the capstans on the opposite shore, were cheerily hauling in the hawsers upon which, for the moment, the thread of our destinies depended.

On arriving at Position No. 2, it became necessary to exchange the mechanical power by which the tube had been forced forwards, for that of the tide, which was to carry it end foremost down the stream to its goal. As, however, this latter power—to say nothing of a strong breeze of wind which drove the same way—would have propelled the lengthy mass more than twice as fast as it had been declared prudent it should proceed, a very strong power, by means of a small capstan, was exerted in each set of pontoons, to compress between wooden concentric clamps, the guide-hawsers, by which contrivance the pace was regulated with the greatest possible precision. This most important duty was confided to, and executed by, two volunteer assistants, Mr. Brunel and Mr. Locke (we rank them alphabetically); and, although the whole scene of the flotation was one of the most interesting it has ever been our chequered fortune to witness, there was no part of it on which we gazed, and have since reflected with such unmixed pleasure, as the zeal and almost over-anxiety with which Mr. Stephenson’s two competitors in fame, stood, during the whole operation, intently watching him, until by either mutely raising his arms horizontally upwards, or in like manner slowly depressing them, he should communicate to them his desire that the speed might be increased or diminished.

But besides regulating the speed, it was repeatedly necessary, especially at the points we have enumerated, slightly to alter the position of the tube by means of capstans, often working together with combined powers on different points of the shores. Orders to this effect were silently communicated by exhibiting from the top of the tube large wooden letters, and by the waving of flags of

different colours, in consequence of which the men of the distant capstans belonging to the letters telegraphically shown, were, at the same moment, seen violently to run round as if they had suddenly been electrified. Indeed at one point the poor fellows were all at once thrown upon their backs, in consequence of the rupture of the capstan-stop.

The duties of Captain Claxton—whose scientific and nautical acquirements had previously been evinced by floating the Great Britain at Dundrum—were highly important. Besides the experienced opinions he had contributed, he had sole command of the whole of the marine force, and accordingly from the top of the tube he continually communicated through his trumpet his orders to various small boats which, as floating aide-de-camps, attended upon him.

As he was getting ashore in the morning, we happened to see one of his crew, by suddenly pulling in the bow-oar, strike him so severely on the forehead that the blood instantly burst forth, as if to see who ‘so unkindly knocked.’ In half-a-dozen seconds, however, his pocket-handkerchief was tied over it, and he was giving his orders if possible more eagerly than before.

‘Jack!’ said a sailor from another boat, as with a quid in his cheek he slowly walked up to the coxswain, ‘*what’s the matter with the Cappen’s head?*’

‘*A hoar struck him,*’ replied the sailor to his brother ‘blue-jacket,’ who at once appeared to be perfectly satisfied, as if he professionally knew that it was in the nature of an oar to do so.

When the tube was about the middle of its transit, a slight embarrassment occurred which for a few minutes excited, we afterwards were informed, considerable alarm among the spectators on shore. In one of the most important of our changes of position, a strong hawser, connecting the tube with one of the capstans on the Carnarvon beach, came against the prow of a small fishing-boat anchored in the middle of the stream by a chain, which so resolutely resisted the immense pressure inflicted upon it, that the hawser was bent into an angle of 100 degrees. The coxswain of a gig manned by four hands, seeing this, gallantly rowed up to the boat at anchor, jumped on board, and then, with more zeal than science, standing on the wrong side of the hawser, immediately put a handspike under it to heave it up. *That man will be killed*—said Mr. Stephenson very quietly. Captain Claxton vociferously assailed him through his trumpet, but the crew were Welsh; could not understand English; and accordingly the man, as if he had been applauded, exerting himself in all attitudes,

made every possible exertion not only to kill himself but his comrades astern, who most certainly would also have been nearly severed by the hawser had it been liberated; but a tiny bump or ornament of iron on the boat's head providentially made it impossible, and the hawser having been veered out from ashore, the tube instantly righted.

The seventh movement brought the foremost end of the tube about 12 feet past the Anglesey Tower, and the rear end being now close to its destination, the hook of an immense crab or pulley-block passing through a hole purposely left in the masonry of the Britannia Tower was no sooner affixed to it than the workmen at the capstan on piles, whom we described as asleep, instantly ran round, until the tube was by main strength dragged—like the head of a bullock in the shambles—to a ring from which it could not possibly retreat. By a combination of capstan-power on the North shore, the foremost or opposite end was now drawn backwards until it came to the edge of the Anglesey Tower; and although we were aware that the measurements had of course been accurately predetermined, yet it was really a beautiful triumph of Science to behold the immense tube pass into its place by a windage or clear space amounting, as nearly as we could judge it, to *rather less than three-quarters of an inch.*

The tube having now evidently at both ends attained its position over the stone ledge in the excavation that had been purposely constructed for it, a deafening—and, to us, a deeply-affecting—cheer suddenly and simultaneously burst out into a continuous roar of applause from the multitudes congregated in all directions, whose attention had been so riveted to the series of operations they had been witnessing, that not a sound had previously escaped from them; nor had they, in any place, been seen to move from the spots at which they either stood or sat.

Mr. Stephenson took no notice whatever of this salute; indeed we much question if he even heard it, for his attention was intently occupied in giving to his able and confidential assistant, Mr. Wild, directions respecting the final adjustment of the temporary fastenings by which the tube was to be retained; but the crowd of spectators—like that at a theatre when the curtain of the after-piece drops—were already seen hurrying away in all directions, by steam, by boats, by carriages, and on foot, until, in the brief course of an hour, both coasts were clear. The tide, however, during the operations we have described had become high, had turned, and was now beginning to be violent; the valves therefore having been

partially drawn up, the pontoons, as they gradually filled, sank, until the widely-separated ends of the tube slowly descended to their respective shelf or ledge on each tower; and the discarded power that had successfully transported the vast gallery across the water then floating away with the stream—gently transferred from one element to another—it was thus left in the aëriiform position it had been planned to occupy.

During the operations we have detailed there were, of course, made by the spectators of both sexes a variety of observations of more or less wisdom, of which our limits will only allow us historically to record a single sample.

*'Dear me!'* said an old gentleman, as the tube when it first swung across the Straits was in perspective seen approaching the platform on which he sat, and which was immediately in front of the awful chasm between Britannia and Anglesey Towers, *'they have surely been and made it too short; they must put a bit on!'* As soon, however, as, veering round, it approached him broadside foremost, he whispered, *'I'm quite sure it's too long; they'll have to cut a piece off!'*

A lady said to her companion, *'Mr. Stephenson appeared dreadfully excited during the passage! Didn't you observe how he kept continually stretching out his arms, raising them up and then sinking them down in this way?'* (suiting her words to the actions by which the speed of the voyage had calmly been regulated). *'But no wonder he was so agitated!'*

The Company's servants were engaged until long after sunset in securing and placing in safety the various materials, &c., that had been in requisition during the day, and it was not till past midnight that, over-tired, they managed one after another to retire to rest.

On the following morning, after we had bidden adieu to the hospitable inmates of a small wooden habitation, beneath the Anglesey Tower, in which we had been very kindly received, we had occasion to pass near to a stand which had purposely been constructed in a peculiarly advantageous position, to enable the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway to witness the operation. Upon the centre bench of this platform,—the ground far around which was partially covered with bits of orange-peel, greasy papers that had contained sandwiches, and other scraps, indicative of an intellectual feast that was over,—we observed, reclining entirely by himself, a person in the easy garb of a gentleman, who appeared to be in the exquisite enjoyment of a cigar, whose white smoke in long expira-

tions was periodically exuding from his lips, as with unaverted eyes he sat indolently gazing at the aerial gallery before him. It was the father looking at his new-born child! He had strolled down from Llanfairpwllgwyn-gyll, where, undisturbed by consonants, he had soundly slept, to behold in sunshine and in solitude that which during a weary period of gestation had been either mysteriously moving in his brain, or like a vision—sometimes of good omen and sometimes of bad—had by night as well as by day occasionally been flitting across his mind.

Without, however, presuming to divine, from the rising fumes of a cigar, the various subjects of his ruminations, we will merely confess that, on looking up from our boat, as it glided away, at the aerial gallery he was contemplating, we were astonished to find ourselves very much in the frail predicament of mind of the old gentleman of yesterday whose emotions we so accurately delineated—for when the tube was lying on the Carnarvon shore we certainly fancied that it looked too heavy and too high for its object, whereas it now appeared almost too light and too low: in short, it had assumed the simple appearance which, in principle, it had been designed to bear—that of a rectangular hollow beam; and although it had in fact annulled the awful chasm between the Anglesey and Britannia Towers, nevertheless, by exactly measuring it, it now appeared considerably to have increased it!

Moreover, in viewing this low narrow passage—only 15 feet by 30—which, without cuneiform support, was stretching half across the Menai Straits—(it has been quaintly observed by Mr. Latimer Clark, in the clever pamphlet named at the head of this article, that if this single joint of the tube could be placed on its tiny end in St. Paul's Churchyard, it would reach 107 feet higher than the cross)—it seemed surprising to us that by any arrangement of materials it could possibly be made strong enough to support even itself, much less heavily-laden trains of passengers and goods, flying through it, and actually passing each other in the air, at railway speed. And the more we called reason and reflection to our assistance, the more incomprehensible did the mystery practically appear; for the plate-iron of which this aerial gallery is composed is literally *not so thick* as the lid, sides, and bottom which, by heartless contract, are required for an elm coffin 6½ feet long, 2½ feet wide, and 2 feet deep, of strength merely sufficient to carry the corpse of an emaciated, friendless pauper from the workhouse to his grave!

The covering of this iron passage, 1841

feet in length, is literally not thicker than the hide of the elephant! Lastly, it is scarcely thicker than the bark of the 'good old English' oak; and if this noble sovereign, notwithstanding the 'heart' and interior substance of which it boasts, is, even in the well-protected park in which it has been born and bred, often prostrated by the storm, how difficult is it to conceive that an attenuated aerial hollow beam, no thicker than its mere rind, should by human science be constituted strong enough to withstand, besides the weights rushing through it, the natural gales and artificial squalls of wind to which throughout its immense length, and at its fearful height, it is permanently to be exposed!

IV. RAISING THE TUBES. — *Hydraulic Press.*—Although the tube, resting at each end upon the ledge or shelf that had been prepared for it, had been deposited high enough to allow an ordinary boat to row under it, yet the heaviest job still remained—that of raising it about 100 feet to its final resting-place. This operation, which might be compared to lifting the Burlington Arcade to the top of St. James's Church—supposing always that the said church arose out of very deep, rapid water—was, as we have already stated, to be performed by the slow but irresistible agency of hydraulic power; and as one of the presses used is said not only to be the largest in the world, but the most powerful machine that has ever been constructed, we will venture to offer to those of our readers who may never have reflected upon the subject, a brief, homely explanation of the simple hydrostatic principle upon which that most astonishing engine, the hydraulic press invented by Bramah, is constructed.

If the whole of the fresh water behind the lock-gates of a canal communicating directly with, say the German Ocean, were to be suddenly withdrawn, it is evident that the sea-side of the gates would receive water-pressure, and the other side none.

Now if a second set of gates were to be inserted in the salt-water at a short distance, say one foot, in front of the old ones—(the water between both sets of gates remaining at the same sea-level as before)—many, and perhaps most people, would believe that the pressure of the German Ocean against the new gates would of course relieve, if not entirely remove, the pressure against the old ones—just as a barrier before the entrance of a theatre most certainly relieves those between it and the door from the pressure of the mob without.

This opinion, however, is fallacious; for, supposing that the new gates were by ma-

chinery to be firmly closed, the foot of salt-water included between them and the old gates would not only continue to press exactly as heavily against the latter as the whole German Ocean had previously done, but by simultaneously inflicting the same amount of pressure against the inside of the new gates as the ocean was inflicting on their outside, the pressure of this imprisoned single foot of water would so accurately counterpoise that of the whole wide, free ocean, that if the machinery which had closed the new gates were suddenly to be removed, they (the new gates) would be found, as it were, vertically to float between the two equal pressures!

But anomalous as this theory may appear, it is beautifully demonstrated by the well-known fact, that if water be poured into a glass syphon, of which one leg is, say an inch in diameter, and the other, say a foot, the smaller quantity will exactly counterbalance the greater, and the water will consequently, in both legs, rise precisely to the same level; and this would be the case if one leg of the syphon were as large as the German Ocean, and the other as small as the distance between the two sets of lock gates we have just described—indeed it is evident that, if a hole were to be bored through the bottom of the new gates, a syphon would instantly be formed, of which the ocean would be one leg and the foot of included salt-water the other.

Now Bramah, on reflection, clearly perceived that from this simple principle in nature a most important mechanical power might be obtained; for if, say five ounces of water in a small tube can be made to counterbalance, say a hundred thousand ounces of water in a large one, it is evident that by the mere substitution in the bottom of the larger tube of a flat solid substance instead of the water, a pressure upon the body so inserted of very nearly a hundred thousand ounces would be inflicted by the application of only five ounces!—and—as this pressure would of course be proportionately increased by increasing the height, or in other words the *weight* of water in the smaller tube—Bramah therefore further reasoned that, if, instead of adding to the quantity of water in the smaller tube, the fluid therein were to be ejected downwards by a force-pump, the pressure upwards in the larger tube would proportionately be most enormously increased; and *à fortiori*, as, in lieu of the old-fashioned forcing-pump, the power of steam has lately been exerted, our readers will, we believe, at once perceive that, if the instrument which holds the water could but be made strong enough, the pressure which

might be inflicted within it by a few gallons of water might almost be illimitable.

The *principle* of the hydraulic press having been above faintly explained, the power and dimensions of the extraordinary engine of this nature, which has been constructed by Messrs. Easton and Amos, of Southwark, for raising the Britannia tubes, may be thus briefly described.

The cylinder, or large tube, of the syphon, which is 9 feet 4 inches in length, 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and which is made of cast iron 11 inches thick, weighs 16 tons. The piston, termed *the Ram*, which, pressed upwards by the water, works within it, is 20 inches in diameter. The whole machine complete weighs upwards of 40 tons. The force-pump barrel communicates with a slender tube or passage about the size of a lady's smallest finger, which, like the touch-hole of a cannon, is drilled through the metallic side of the cylinder; and thus, although the syphonic principle really exists, nothing appears to the eye but a sturdy cast-iron cylinder of about the length of a 24 lb. cannon, having the thickness of metal of a 13-inch mortar.

From the above trifling data it will be evident that, leaving friction and the weight of the ram out of the question, the lifting power of this machine must exceed the force applied to the force-pump in the same proportion that  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch diameter bears to a diameter of 20 inches—which in figures amounts to about 354 to 1; and as the two 40-horse steam-engines which are to be applied to the touch-hole for compressing the water in the smaller tube would, it has been calculated by Mr. Latimer Clark, be sufficient to force the fluid more than five times as high as the top of Snowdon, or 5000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Blanc, our readers have only to increase the force in this proportion to become sensible of the extraordinary power which the hydraulic press of the Britannia Bridge is capable of exerting for the purpose of raising its tubes. In short, the power is to the weight of the tubes as follows:—

	Tons.
Weight of one of the largest tubes . .	1800
Lifting-power of the hydraulic press .	2622

The mode in which this enormous power is practically exercised is as follows:—

The hydraulic cylinder, standing erect, like a cannon on its breech, on two stout wrought-iron beams bolted to each other, is, together with its steam-boiler, securely fixed in the upper region of the Britannia Tower, 149 feet above the level of its base, and about 45 feet above that to which the bridge is to be raised.



Around the neck of the iron ram or piston, which protrudes 8 inches above the top of this cylinder, there is affixed a strong horizontal iron beam 6 feet 9 inches in length, resembling the wooden yoke used by milkmaids for carrying their pails, from the extremities of which there hang two enormous iron chains, composed of eight or nine flat links or plates, each 7 inches broad, 1 inch thick, and 6 feet in length, firmly bolted together. These chains (which, in order to lift the tube to its destination, are required to be each 145 feet long) weigh no less than 100 tons—which is more than double the weight of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, lately erected in Hyde Park—commonly regarded as one of the heaviest lifts ever effected; and certainly, when from the giddy region of the Britannia Tower, in which this hydraulic machinery, like the nest of an eagle, has been deposited, the stranger, after looking down upon the enormous weight of iron not only to be supported, but to be raised, compares the whole mass with the diameter of the little touch-hole immediately before him, through which the lifting-power has to pass—and when he reflects that the whole process can, with the greatest ease, be regulated and controlled by a single man, it is impossible to help feeling deeply grateful to the Divine Power for an invention which, at first sight, has more the appearance of magic than of art.

As soon as all adjustments were prepared, and the boiler was sufficiently heated, the great piston, under the influence of severe pressure upon the water beneath it, began slowly, like a schoolboy's 'jack-in-the-box,' to emerge from the cylinder, and, apparently regardless of the enormous weight that oppressed his shoulders, he continued steadily to rise, until in about thirty minutes he lifted the tube 6 feet, and, as he could raise it no higher, the huge chains beneath were immediately secured by a powerful vice or 'clams' at the foot of the press. By letting off the water, which of course relieved the pressure beneath the piston, it descended, by its own gravity, to the point from which it had started, where the chains being again affixed to its yoke—an operation which requires about half an hour—it again, by the vitality of steam, lifted its weight another six feet; and, as the other end of the tube was simultaneously treated in a similar way, the whole was progressively raised nearly 30 feet, when, by the bursting of the largest of the hydraulic presses—a contingency which, from the faithless crystalline character of *cast* iron, it is utterly impossible for Science to prevent—the ponderous mass suddenly fell though a space of seven inches

—an awful phenomenon to witness—until it was stopped by the brickwork and timber which had cautiously been underbuilt during its ascent—and from which it has still to be raised to a point a few feet above its final position, where a strong iron beam being placed beneath, it will, we trust, triumphantly be lowered to its final resting-place, to be the aerial highway of the public.

V. MR. FAIRBAIRN'S CLAIMS.—During the brief inspection which we made of the Britannia Bridge we can truly say, that, far from feeling a desire to award to Mr. Robert Stephenson the whole merit of the wonderful piece of mechanism before us, we repeatedly paused not only to reflect but to regret how little the Public would probably ever think of, or care for, the assistant-engineers, overseers, skilled artificers, and honest steady labourers, by whose zeal, assiduity, and personal courage the heavy job had practically been completed. 'Who,' we asked ourselves, 'will ever care to thank those who surrounded by the torrent, toiled by night as well as by day at the foundation of the Britannia Tower? When that beautiful structure of scaffolding, composed of 570,000 cubic feet of timber, upon which the land-tubes have been constructed, shall be removed, who will ever expend a thought of kindly recollection of those by whose skill it was devised, or by whose enduring patience it was at no trivial risk constructed? What reward, beyond their bare wages, will the superintendents of the various departments of the work ever receive for the anxiety they suffered for several years, under a weight of responsibility which, while it promised for success no rewards, threatened for failure the severest description of moral punishment?' And, lastly, we said to ourselves, as on the top of the tube we stood over the holders-up and rivet-boys, who stuffed together into flues in the painful attitudes we have described, were working immediately beneath our feet, 'Who, in flying across the Menai Straits, will ever feel that he is indebted for his life to the care and attention with which these poor fellows are patiently riveting, one after another, the millions of bolts by which he is to be safely transported in his aerial transit?'

Impressed with the justice of these feelings, we were therefore not only strongly predisposed to award to every person, however humble, who had been connected with this great work, the full amount of credit due to him for the particular portion of it which he individually executed, but we were ready almost to admire, and at all events to excuse, that *esprit de corps* which invariably induces every separate department to consider its la-

bours to have been of the greatest importance; indeed, there is no better qualification in a subordinate than to be what is commonly called 'proud of his work.' If, therefore, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark had, either collectively or individually, endeavoured to assume a larger share of merit than was intrinsically due to the important preliminary investigations they had conducted, we should indulgently have smiled at their boyish zeal, and even if we could not have approved, we should most certainly have refrained from noticing it; but in the serious appeal, or rather demand, which Mr. Fairbairn has deemed it advisable to make to the public, he has not only claimed merit which is the property of his colleagues, but has, although he occasionally renounces it, claimed for himself that of the invention itself! He has therefore forced us, as indeed every one who takes a mechanical interest in the subject, dispassionately to weigh the value of the claims he has urged, and at all events to hear the cause in which he voluntarily appears as the plaintiff.

The investigation ought to be an easy one, and so indeed it is; nevertheless we regret to say, that Mr. Fairbairn with very great ingenuity has riveted together facts, documents, and assertions which, when logically separated and compared with the evidence taken before the House of Commons, confuse, confound, and condemn each other.

We will endeavour by very brief extracts to arrange the case as fairly as possible. Mr. Fairbairn states—

'That Mr. Stephenson conceived the original idea of a huge tubular bridge to be constructed of riveted plates and supported by chains.'—p. 2.

'He [Mr. S.] never for a moment entertained the idea of making the tube self-supporting. The wrought-iron tube, according to his idea, was, indeed, entirely subservient to the chains.'—p. 3.

'The form which the Menai Bridge now has, was advocated by me alone.'—p. 31.

'I was anxious to clear the tube of the incumbency of chains, which it must be borne in mind were intended from the first, not only for the support of the tubes but for the purpose of carrying them forward from the platform, on which they were to be built across their respective spans to their final positions on the piers.'—p. 48.

'Mr. Stephenson was present at one or two of the experiments afterwards made on the model tube, and, after witnessing them, his fears were in a great degree removed; he then determined to abandon the use of auxiliary chains, and from that time, October, 1846, to the completion of the Conway Bridge, he relied with confidence on the strength of the tube itself, and attached a proper degree of importance to the results of my earlier experiments.'—p. 50.

The above quoted assertions are all dated

by Mr. Fairbairn '1849;' and as in the last of them he distinctly points out that it was in October, 1846, that Mr. Stephenson abandoned the use of auxiliary chains 'for the form which the Menai Bridge now has,' which beam-like form Mr. Fairbairn positively asserts '*was advocated by him alone,*' it becomes necessary that we should refer to the following minutes of evidence which on the 5th and 6th of May, 1845, was given before the Committee of the House of Commons 'on Chester and Holyhead Railway Bill, Group 2, Thomas Henry Sutton Sotheron, Esq., in the Chair.'

'ROBERT STEPHENSON, Esq., called; examined by MR. ROBINSON.

'You are the engineer of the intended line of railway?—I am.

'Is there to be a bridge of 104 feet high and with the arches of 450 feet span?—There is.

'Do you consider that a practicable and safe mode of crossing the Menai under the circumstances?—Yes, I do.

'Is it not an arch on the plan of the Southwark Bridge?—No. Perhaps I may at once explain to the Committee the idea I have adopted. I conceive a tube. Supposing a wrought-iron tube to extend across the Straits, and that tube to have, we will say 25 feet diameter to hold a line of railway, and the line of railway would run inside of it. In addition to that we should have to erect a chain platform *for the purpose of the building.* Then the question would arise whether the chains would be allowed to remain, or whether they would be taken away down. My own opinion is, *that a tube of wrought-iron would possess sufficient strength and rigidity to support a railway train.*

'Is this mode of construction quite original?—It is.

'Is it your own view?—Yes, meeting the contingencies which have been put upon me by Government engineers.

'How would you place it in the position you mean it to occupy?—There will be a platform erected and suspended by the chains just the same as they bind an iron vessel.

'I wish to ask you whether this is your own suggestion?—It is entirely.

'From the experiments you have made, and from the inquiries you have also made, are you satisfied that that suggestion of yours is a practicable and safe one?—I am not only satisfied that it is practicable, but I must confess that I cannot see my way at present to adopting anything else.

'And in what way do you propose to unite the plates?—In the same way as the iron that is used in a ship is united.

'It will be one mass of iron?—Yes, a smooth tube made of wrought-iron the same as a ship.

'A succession of plates united together?—Yes, with rivets.

'No rods?—No rods.

'Running the whole length?—No, there may be what is termed angle-irons.

'What would be the diameter of each of these tubes?—I should make them elliptical, 25 feet in height, and just wide enough to hold one line of railway trains.

'What would be the distance below without support?—450 feet.

'In each of them?—Yes.

'You have not made up your mind as to the safety of dispensing with the chains?—No, I have not.

'It would be impossible to do so until it is constructed, would it not?—I would rather leave that, because I would make the design so that the chains might either be taken away or left, and during the construction we should have ample opportunity of ascertaining whether we could safely take away the chains or not.

'There would be no great advantage from taking away the chains?—No, only it would make it more costly if they remained; they would be applicable to other purposes, and they would cost from 30,000*l.* to 40,000*l.*

'You have no doubt, Mr. Stephenson, that the principle applied to this great span will give ample security to the public?—Oh! I am quite sure of it.

'And you said that although you thought that an iron tube of the thickness you have mentioned, viz.  $\frac{7}{8}$  of an inch above and below, and a little less on the two sides, *will bear any weight that is likely to be put upon it* in the shape of trains?—Yes.

'You feel perfectly confident upon that point?—Yes, I feel perfectly confident; but with a view to remove any doubts upon that point, I feel it necessary to make a series of experiments, not that it will convince me more than I am at present, but that it shall convey confidence to the Board of Directors under whom I am acting.'

It has since been stated in a memorandum written by Mr. Stephenson,

'that the Committee before whom he was examined, alarmed at his project, were inclined to hesitate about passing the bill; that their apprehensions were mainly appeased by General Pasley saying that the chains were not necessarily to be removed; and that, as the bill would evidently have been lost had he (Mr. Stephenson) insisted on removing them, he modified his opinion as above quoted.'

Our readers will now observe whether or not such a necessity really existed.

'General PASLEY was called in and examined by the Committee.

'On the whole, therefore, General Pasley, you think a bridge built on the plan proposed by Mr. Stephenson would give ample security for trains passing there?—I feel convinced it would.

'And you believe it to be a practicable plan?—Quite so.

'But you do not advise the removal of the chains?—I do not. I see no advantage in it.

'Do you think there would be any hazard in

removing them?—I think it would be better to leave them.

'It is difficult to answer the question until the bridge is actually built, is it not?—Yes.

'Previously to a railway being opened, it is usual to send you to ascertain the security of the railway, is it not?—Yes.

'And therefore you probably will be sent down to ascertain the security of this bridge before the railway is open to the public?—Yes.

'And could these chains be removed without the sanction of the Government?—I do not know. I do not see any objection to their being there. *I should recommend their not being removed.*'

Without offering any opinion on the foregoing allegations and evidence—we will at once proceed to the causes of Mr. Fairbairn's retirement from the service of the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company, and of his publication of the large costly volume before us. The details had best be explained by himself.

Mr. Fairbairn publishes two letters (a portion of one of them in italics) from Mr. Stephenson, of which the following are extracts:—

1. 23rd August, 1847.—'I was surprised at your letter this morning, asking me if I wished you to take charge of the floating and lifting. *I consider you as acting with me in every department of the proceedings.*'

2. 7th February, 1848.—'My dear Sir,—I only reached London this morning from Newcastle, when I received your previous note, upon which I will speak to you verbally. You allow your feelings to get the better of you respecting Mr. Hodgkinson, and I think improperly; for it is clear that his experiments alone have given the true law that governs the strength of different sized tubes. Both your plan and my own for calculating the strength are empirical; but Hodgkinson's experiments and his deductions from them give the true law with remarkable consistency.

'Yours faithfully, ROBERT STEPHENSON.'

'But,' says Mr. Fairbairn, 'what chiefly led me to this decision [his retirement], was the position assumed by Mr. Stephenson: his public misrepresentation of the position I held under the Company, and his endeavour to recognise my services as the labours of an assistant under his control, and acting entirely under his direction. Had Mr. Stephenson in his public address done me the justice to state my independent claim to some of the most important principles, observed in the construction of the tubes, I might, perhaps, have continued my services until the final completion of the whole undertaking, and most assuredly this work [Mr. F.'s book] would never have come before the public.'—p. 171.

'Upon the completion,' continues Mr. Fairbairn, 'of the first Conway tube it was resolved by the gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighbourhood to entertain Mr. Stephenson at a public dinner, which should at the same time celebrate the

satisfactory conclusion of this great engineering triumph.'—p. 172. . . . 'In the course of his address at the Conway entertainment Mr. Stephenson is reported to have made the following observations:—"I believe it will be expected of me—indeed I should feel it improper if I were to omit on this occasion detailing very succinctly a few facts with reference to the rise and progress of the idea which led to the construction of tubular bridges; because in doing so, it will not only afford me an opportunity of explaining to you precisely what the origin was, but it will also give me the opportunity of expressing my obligations to those who have so largely aided me in bringing about the result which we are met to commemorate."—p. 174.

The following are the '*observations*' of which Mr. Fairbairn complains:—

'As soon as the bill was obtained, and it became time to commence, I obtained the consent of the Directors to institute a very laborious and elaborate and expensive series of experiments, in order more thoroughly to test experimentally the theory I had formed, and also to add suggestions for its full development. It was then that I called in the aid of two gentlemen, eminent both of them in their profession—Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson. They had both distinguished themselves for elaborate series of experiments on cast-iron bridges; and although this was a different material, still from their accomplishments and skill they were well qualified to aid me in my research. They heartily went into it; and the result is what you now see under the walls of your venerable old castle. But having mentioned these two names, there is another gentleman that I wish to call to your notice—a gentleman to whose talents, to whose zeal and ability from the commencement of this undertaking, I am much indebted; and indeed the full development of the principle of tubular bridges is by no means in a small degree indebted to him—I allude to my assistant, Mr. Edwin Clark. He has been my closet companion from the commencement of the preliminary investigation. No variation or inconsistency in the experiments eluded his keen perception: he was always on the look-out for contingencies that might affect the success—though not the principle, still the success—of the undertaking; and he and the other gentlemen whom I have just named are the three to whom I feel deeply indebted for having brought the theory I first broached to such perfection; and I thus publicly tender them my acknowledgments.'—p. 176.

Two days after this speech Mr. Fairbairn communicated to Mr. Stephenson his resignation, the reasons for which he explains in his book as follows:—

'Mr. Stephenson [in his speech at the Conway dinner] states that he called in the aid of Mr. Hodgkinson and myself at the same time. Now it is essential to the proof of my claims that this assertion should be explicitly contradicted. It was I and not Mr. Stephenson, that solicited Mr. Hodgkinson's co-operation, and this was not done

until I had been actively engaged for several months in my experimental researches, and after I had discovered the principle of strength which was offered in the cellular top, and not only proved the impracticability of Mr. Stephenson's original conception, but had given the outline of that form of tube which was ultimately carried into execution.

'When Mr. Stephenson had made up his mind to claim in the manner he did the whole merit of the undertaking, it is not difficult to understand his reason for giving Mr. Clark—his own assistant—so prominent a position.'—p. 177.

As it is perfectly immaterial to us what feelings Mr. Fairbairn may entertain or express as respects his colleagues, Mr. Hodgkinson and Mr. Clark—we have no observations to offer on that point; but as it appears from the foregoing extracts that Mr. Fairbairn complains of Mr. Stephenson having 'endeavoured to recognise his services as the labours of an assistant under his control, it is necessary to state, or if Mr. Fairbairn prefers it, unequivocally to admit, that Mr. Stephenson—having engaged Mr. Fairbairn to make a series of experiments for the purpose of determining the best form of tube and the law of its resistance to fracture—having on the 13th of May, 1846, further recommended to the Board, that Mr. Fairbairn should be engaged 'to superintend with him the construction and erection of the Conway and Britannia bridges'—and having still further recommended that a salary of 1250*l.* per annum, which Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed for more than two years, should be granted to him: all of which appointments and recommendations the Board of Directors 'at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation sanctioned and ordered'—certainly *did* consider Mr. Fairbairn as an 'assistant under his control.' The Directors of the Company, rightly or wrongly, entertained the very same opinion; and as Mr. Fairbairn in his Letter of Resignation above referred to had styled himself '*engineer along with yourself*' for the tubular bridges,' the Board deemed it proper to direct that in reply to that letter the following very significant minute should be transmitted through their engineer-in-chief to his *insubordinate*:—

'Copy. June 7, 1848. Read—Letter from Mr. Fairbairn, dated 22nd May, tendering his resignation of the appointment of *assistant* to Mr. Stephenson in the construction of the tubular bridges. Resolved—That Mr. Fairbairn's letter be referred to Mr. Stephenson with a request that he accept the proffered resignation of Mr. Fairbairn, and that, inasmuch as the appointment was originally made by *him* (Mr. Stephenson), he do so in such terms as he may think proper.'

All this seems strong—but strange as

well as strong to add—Mr. Fairbairn, in the preface of his own book, himself acknowledges ‘the honour which he felt in having been selected by Mr. Stephenson as the fittest person to elucidate the subject and conduct the inquiry.’ Moreover, in addition to ‘the honour,’ Mr. Fairbairn enjoyed the exquisite *advantage* of supplying from his boiler-manufactory at Millwall all the iron which, between his meals, he luxuriously crushed, broke, and bruised in experiments, the whole of which cost the Company no less than 6000*l.*; besides which it appears from the Board’s minutes that Mr. Fairbairn allotted to himself a most lucrative contract for the construction of the iron-work of the bridges; which contract, to the great displeasure of the Directors, he immediately sold at a profit of several thousand pounds to Mr. Mare of Blackwall; in short, Mr. Fairbairn, like every eminent tradesman, naturally enough worked for money, and not for fame; and if the Company had proposed to have paid him in the latter coin, he would, no doubt, have very laconically corrected their mistake. Leaving therefore Mr. Stephenson completely out of the case, may not Mr. Fairbairn be fairly asked whether he conceives that the credit of the investigation he was engaged to make legitimately belongs to the Board of Directors, who paid for the experiments, or to the individual who was paid for conducting them?

If Mr. Fairbairn, after having expended 10,000*l.* in searching for coals or in boring for water, had in either or in both cases been successful, would he have claimed the merit of the result for himself, or would he have given it to the honest foreman, who, at wages of three guineas a week, had been engaged by him to conduct the expensive investigation he had proposed?

Mr. Fairbairn’s third and last complaint is, that Mr. Stephenson has withheld from him the sole credit of the final adoption of rectangular tubes, with rectangular flues in the tops and bottoms thereof. Now Mr. Hodgkinson very staunchly maintains that it was *he* who first recommended rectangular tubes. It however appears from the following extracts from Mr. Fairbairn’s own statements, and written reports to Mr. Stephenson, as published in his book, that these discoveries, instead of belonging to any one of the triumvirate, were the natural sequences of the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson and sanctioned and paid for by the Board of Directors.

‘The peculiar nature,’ says Mr. Fairbairn, ‘of the investigation, and the almost total absence of data for the successful prosecution of the inquiry, operated in a great degree to retard its

progress. The transverse strength of an iron tube composed of riveted plates was an *entirely new subject* (p. 209). . . . Weakness was found where strength was expected, and hence repeated changes of form as well as changes in the distribution of the material became absolutely necessary (p. 210). . . . We have not as yet arrived at the strongest form of tube; we are nevertheless *approaching that desideratum* (p. 15). . . Some curious and interesting phenomena presented themselves in these experiments. Many of them are *anomalous* to our preconceived notions of the strength of materials, and *totally different* from every theory yet exhibited in any previous research (p. 39). . . . Although suspension chains may be useful in the construction in the first instance, they would nevertheless be highly improper to depend upon as the principal support of the bridge (p. 41). . . . The difficulties experienced in retaining the cylindrical tubes in shape, when submitted to severe strains, *naturally suggested the rectangular form*. Many new models of this kind were prepared and experimented upon (p. 9). . . . *These experiments led to the trial of the rectangular form of tube with a corrugated top, the superior strength of which decided me to adopt that cellular structure of the top of the tube which ultimately merged into a single row of rectangular cells.*’—p. 12.

(Which Mr. Hodgkinson, as before stated, declares was the result of *his* previous calculations.)

Again, Mr. Fairbairn, on the 3rd of April, 1846, in reporting to Mr. Stephenson, states:—‘It has already been *determined by experiment* that the strongest section yet obtained is that of the rectangular form;’ and this being one of the important ‘*quasita*’ which Mr. Stephenson by the investigation he confided to Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues had been desirous to obtain, it was by *his* recommendation approved of by the Board of Directors and finally adopted.

Having now concluded our extracts from Mr. Fairbairn’s book, on the merits of which we have, for his sake, examined scarcely any other witness than himself, it only remains to be observed that annexed to the volume there are a series of costly plates curiously indicative of the text. Mr. Fairbairn states—

‘It will, I think, be generally allowed that it was very natural I should desire to have my name *publicly* (Ital. sic) associated with Mr. Stephenson’s as Joint Engineer for these Bridges.’—p. 170.

And accordingly in his plates Mr. Fairbairn has offered to the public a beautiful

“PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE  
BRITANNIA BRIDGE  
Resting on the centre of the Menai Strait.  
ROBERT STEPHENSON AND WILLIAM FAIRBAIRN,  
ENGINEERS.”

Now the facts of the case, or rather of the picture, are briefly as follows:—

1. The masonry of the lofty tower, so faithfully represented, was erected under the sole superintendence of Mr. Frank Forster, C. E.

2. The tube, not so correctly represented, —inasmuch as at this moment it is 77 feet 2 inches below the position it occupies in the picture,—has almost entirely been constructed under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, C. E.

3. Mr. Fairbairn did not for a single day work at the construction of the tower, or, excepting a few occasional visits, at that of the tube.

‘SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.’

**MORAL.**—The sums expended by the Chester and Holyhead Railway company to the 30th June last have been as follows:—

Cost of Tubular Bridge for crossing the Conway . .	£	s.	d.
Cost of Tubular Bridge for crossing the Menai Straits .	110,000	0	0
Remainder of the line, &c. .	500,000	0	0
	2,971,587	0	0
<b>Total expenditure . .</b>	<b>3,581,587</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>0</b>

Contribution to be paid towards the construction of the Holyhead Harbour of Refuge .	200,000	0	0
Present market-value of original stock . . .	72 per cent. discount.		
Ditto of preferential stock at 5½ per cent. interest issued by the Company to obtain funds to complete the works . . .	20 per cent. discount.		

The above figures strikingly illustrate the consequences of the system, or rather want of system, which the Imperial Parliament has hitherto pursued in railway legislation.

If the communication between England and Ireland *viâ* Holyhead, had—on the principle which at the time we earnestly recommended—been considered as one great arterial line, the proportionate expense of contributing to a harbour of refuge, as well as the enormous cost of raising the two bridges necessary for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits to a height sufficient for the distinctly different purposes of railway traffic and the sailing of large vessels, might, with some appearance of justice, have been thrown upon the aforesaid large Company;—although, in the day of M‘Adam roads, Telford’s bridges over the very same places, and the construction of harbours, were considered as *national* works, and were accordingly executed at the cost of the public. Very improvidently, however, the moderately remunerating portions of the

line were *first* established by Parliament;—and thus the little Company which, with feeble means, was to continue from Chester the circulation of the Royal mails—of goods of all descriptions—of first, second, and third class passengers—and of Her Majesty’s troops and artillery between London and Dublin, was saddled not only with its own natural burden, but with the preternatural works we have described; indeed, in order to obtain its Act of Parliament, it was so completely at the mercy of the Government, that it was obliged to submit to certain excruciating terms which—with the non-payment to the Company of its 30,000*l.* a-year for the mail-service, which the members of the late administration well know was ensured to it—and with a competition between the Government and the Company’s steamers most lamentably inflicting a serious loss upon both parties—have, it appears, reduced the value of its shares in the market by more than 70 per cent., and, of course, completely drained its capital of all dividend. ‘*And,*’ it has been said, ‘*so much the better for the public!*’ Be it so! we have no desire to relieve the proprietors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway from the terms (whatever they may be) of their contract. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that, if Parliament holds every Railway Company hard and fast to its bargain when it has made a bad one, it ought not, at all events, by *ex post facto* legislation, to let loose the public from every imprudent engagement which they, on their parts, have contracted to perform. We will exemplify our meaning by a particular case.

At the fag-end of last Session Lord Montague introduced into the House of Lords a bill, which, though hastily approved by a vote of that House, was very properly, as we think, discountenanced by Lord John Russell, and finally thrown out in the House of Commons, to deprive railway proprietors of the power they now enjoy of solely auditing their own accounts.

It was not attempted to be shown that an auditor appointed by the public could increase the number of trains—improve station accommodation—or give additional security or even comfort to any description of persons travelling by rail. It was not attempted to be shown that the proposed measure would confer a single additional privilege upon railway *share-owners*. On the contrary, it was frankly admitted that ‘*to THEM the books of the Company are by law at all times open;*’ but as a highly popular doctrine, it was honestly and unscrupulously explained that the real object of the proposed audit-bill was to enable the *public*

by legislative 'clairvoyance,' accurately to ascertain the present and prospective state of every Railway Company, in order that the proprietors thereof might be prevented from any longer selling their shares to the aforesaid 'public' at prices above their intrinsic value.

If Parliament were to force every horse-dealer to divulge the vices and infirmities of the sorry animal he is at this moment 'chaunting,' there can be no doubt that the public, by a general illumination, would have vast reason to rejoice. If Parliament were to oblige the proprietors of all quack medicines to republish the exact cost of the ingredients which compose them, there can be no doubt that John Bull might henceforward repeatedly swallow a peck of pills for less money than he is now paying for 'a single ounce box.' In fact, for aught that we in our sequestered hermitage know, it may be very possible, that if every merchant's ledger were, to-morrow morning, by legislative enactment, to be declared public property, the prices of sugar, tea, iron, hides, coals, and a hundred other articles in the market, would, in the course of a few hours, be lowered. It has, however, hitherto been considered that the British merchant's counting-house is as much 'his castle' as his residence; that his accounts are as sacred as his person; and that, morally speaking, nothing but a suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act can authorise the seizure of either the one or the other.

When Mr. Stephenson's magnificent project of a cast-iron bridge of two arches, 100 feet high at the crown—which, instead of costing 600,000*l.* (being at the rate of 1000*l.* per yard), could have been executed for 250,000*l.*—was rejected by the Admiralty, that powerful Board very justifiably declined to advise by what other means the stipulations they required, should, or even *could*, be effected. The doubts, the difficulties, the risks, and the uncertainties were all, with an official shrug, very prudently thrown upon the little Company; and if the *expenses* of the Chester and Holyhead Railway could thus be legitimately forced into darkness, is it just, after the proprietors have not only performed their bargain, but have nearly been ruined by doing so, that their *accounts* should, by an *ex post facto* law, be dragged into daylight, not merely to gratify idle disinterested curiosity, but for the open avowed object of shielding the public—or rather public stockbrokers—from the very risk and pecuniary uncertainty which they (the proprietors) were forced to encounter?

But, as in all transactions, 'honesty is the best policy,' so we submit that the proposed

interference with the rights of Railway proprietors to be the sole auditors of their own accounts, is not only unjust, but impolitic. Thousands of owners of Railway stock have, by a fatal experience, lately learned that it is possible for a joint-stock company, as it is possible for any of the individuals composing it, to encourage profuse expenditure, to act dishonestly, and, for a short time, to veil impending ruin by mystified accounts. The antidote, however, to this poisonous admixture of indolence and fraud is already working its cure. The punishment of the principal transgressor has already become 'greater than he can bear;' and a salutary suspicion has not only spontaneously aroused the proprietors of two hundred millions of Railway property, who had hitherto very culpably neglected their own affairs, but has materially depreciated all Railway stock; and there can be no doubt that this wholesome castigatory depression of their property below its intrinsic value will, *to the evident benefit of the share-purchasing public*, continue to exist, until Railway proprietors have sense enough to perceive that it is their *interest* to remove the suspicion which created it, by the prompt establishment of that open examination, and that honest as well as disinterested audit of their accounts—(in the last half-yearly printed statement of the London and North-Western Railway Company's affairs we observe that there was expended in six months in 'audit and account 2488*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*.)—which will satisfy men of business; and which was, no doubt, Lord Monteaule's object, when—with rather more zeal than consideration—he proposed that it should forcibly be effected by Act of Parliament.

The desideratum, however, we feel confident, can be obtained by milder means; and although between buyers and sellers of all descriptions contention must always exist to a certain degree, we trust that the proprietors of the rails which have gridironed the country, and those who travel on them, instead of unnecessarily snarling over the invention, will feel that it is alike their interest and their duty to join together hand in hand, magnanimously to develop to its utmost possible extent the greatest blessing, or at least one of the very greatest, which has ever been imparted to mankind.

It is generally asserted by railway proprietors, who are of course self-interested in the question, that the existing practice of rating their respective Companies according to their earnings—their industry—or, as it is technically termed, their 'profits in trade,' is unjust, because the same system, or fiscal screw, is not equally applied to landowners,



manufacturers, or shopkeepers. It is argued that, so long as our old-fashioned highways, besides levying tolls, are allowed to tax for their maintenance every parish through which they pass, it is unreasonable that the same parishes should at the very same moment, by a process diametrically opposite, be allowed to transfer a large proportion of their domestic rates for the support of their poor, &c., upon railways, which, it is affirmed, have, generally speaking, not only grievously overpaid for the land they occupy, but have materially increased the value and prosperity of every city, town, village, hamlet, and field through which or near which they pass.

Upon this serious and important question, involving some general re-adjustment of assessments of every description, we shall abstain from offering any opinion, because we are convinced that, sooner or later, it will be duly considered by Parliament. In the mean while, however, it is with deep regret we observe that the innumerable direct as well as indirect impositions and taxes which—rightly or wrongly, legally or illegally—have been imposed upon our railways, are already producing the lamentable consequences we ventured to predict. From want of funds, even our greatest railway-companies are openly abandoning branch-lines which they had almost completed; they are reducing the number of their trains; economising at their stations; in fact, in various ways, in proportion not only to the expenses imposed upon them, but moreover to the reductions made in their original Parliamentary tolls, they are—perceptibly as well as imperceptibly—curtailing the convenience and accommodation which, from a sound regard for their mutual interests, they would most willingly have maintained for the public.

We feel confident that in this unfortunate, short-sighted, narrow-minded conflict the British Nation is discredibly warring against itself; and having not inattentively watched the practical working of the system, it has been our humble endeavour—by a few pen-and-ink-sketches, which we now conclude—to attract the attention of the public to the magnitude of the works of our arterial railways, in order that from the good sense and good feelings of the community these new highways may receive that fostering protection and genial support without which the fruits of Science cannot be matured.

ART. IV.—*Le Congrès de la Paix. Vaudeville: donné avec le plus grand succès au Théâtre des Variétés.* 8vo. Paris, 1849.

No maxim in political science can be more clearly demonstrated, and few are more important to be ever kept in mind, than the difference between questions of Domestic and Foreign Policy in one very material respect. The former are level, generally speaking, to the comprehension of a very large part of the community; men can, for the most part, form sound opinions upon them, because they turn upon facts within their knowledge: they affect so immediately and so palpably men's interests, that no very gross mistakes are likely to be committed in discussing them, and therefore the public opinion and public feeling on them are much to be regarded—often to be even consulted by statesmen in forming their own opinions regarding such subjects. But it is altogether otherwise as to questions of Foreign Policy. Though the interests of the people are deeply involved in them, the information of the people respecting them is necessarily most scanty; they turn upon points far removed from the apprehension of the multitude, and even unapproachable by persons much above the mass of the community; they are of a refined and subtle description, and demand for their consideration both greater sagacity and far more extensive knowledge than *the public* (in any rational sense of that word) possesses. Moreover, the public feelings are apt to be excited unwisely and unreflectingly upon these matters, and without any regard to the real interests of the community. Nay, these feelings are prone to vary, suddenly to veer about, promptly to run from one extreme to its opposite; partly from ignorance, partly from inexperience of affairs, partly from want of due reflection, partly from heat of temper: so that public opinion upon foreign affairs is really very little to be regarded by those in whose hands the government of a country may be placed. Even in ancient Greece, where the people studied no other questions of a public nature, where the form of the government gave them entire control, and thus called on them constantly to consider those questions; above all, where the greatest statesmen were always prelecting on even the minute details of the subject, and the subject itself was of small extent and little complication,—even in these favourable circumstances, so different from our own, nothing could be more erroneous than the views taken of those questions by the people, and nothing, in the estimation of these statesmen, could be more perilous to the public interest than yielding to the popular opinions,

and being guided by the feelings of the multitude at large.

To take but one example, how dangerous it would be to follow the impressions occasionally made on the public mind by questions of Foreign Policy, let us only regard the greatest question of all—that of peace and war. How often have we seen the people by unanimous consent bent upon rushing into all the enormous perils of war, far outstripping their leaders among the factions of statesmen in their clamours for a rupture with foreign states, and seeking to control the wisdom of such men as Walpole, when he refused to break with Spain, and Pitt when he was so anxious to avoid the war with France? But furthermore, even when the public voice is most warlike, and when it is followed, we cannot say that ‘voice is still for war.’ On the contrary, at the first reverse, or even while all prospers, upon the first demand of supplies and imposition of taxes, the desire of peace, however unseasonable, is found to succeed the rage for war, like the cold to the hot fit of a fever. Often, when the continuance of peace would be both impolitic and perilous, public opinion is wholly, and unreasonably, and blindly averse to war. Often, when the continuance of war has become of absolutely indispensable necessity, public opinion is bent upon peace. Not seldom when peace is necessary, warlike are the sentiments of the uninformed and unreasoning multitude.

But there are other questions of foreign policy far more above popular comprehension. The expediency of provisions in treaties for consulting our mercantile and other interests—the necessity of stipulations for securing our foreign possessions—the arrangements made for regulating in an advantageous manner to us and to all others the distribution of power among various states—the delicate and difficult questions regarding the international concerns of all foreign countries: these and other subjects are so utterly unknown to the people at large, that they can no more be trusted with deciding upon them, and their opinion can have no greater weight regarding them, than upon any questions in the abstract sciences. The public opinion upon a point of algebra would be of about as much value as upon a question of Foreign Policy like any one of those we have just enumerated. Add to all this the total want of individual responsibility, nay, of even identity in the body of the people, who may one day decide that Charles-Albert must be supported as Deliverer of Italy, and affirm that his success is certain because all Lombardy is for him; and then find that the Italians wholly

distrust him—that, except the Milanese coffee-houses, all Lombards are against him, and he is utterly defeated—whereupon all who had prophesied and supported hide themselves, and pretend never to have held any such language;—and then you have a proof how little reliance is to be placed on the anonymous public in Foreign matters.

We are the more disposed to bring this subject before our readers at the present time, because of the singularly absurd movement which has lately been witnessed both in London and in Paris upon some questions of Foreign Policy. We conceive that the gross errors into which multitudes of well-intentioned persons have fallen, require to be pointed out, in order to ward off the mischievous consequences of their agitation. We also regard it as important to point out the evils of some proceedings held at a late Peace-Congress, for the purpose of showing how that signal folly has not only brought ridicule upon a good cause, but tended to prevent the really useful exertions of those who preferred absurdly chasing chimeras and phantoms.

First of all we have to note the gross, the almost unparalleled inconsistency of those frequenters of a Congress for Peace—in having about a fortnight before they set out on their crusade against war been parties to as fanatical a crusade against peace. The insignificance of the individual leaders in this abortive movement must not blind us to the mischiefs which they attempted to work. Evil designs may fail by happy chance, and evil-doers may be as noted for their folly as for their wickedness, as contemptible for their impotence in executing as for their recklessness in forming their plans. But it becomes the watchful guardians of the general interest to unveil such men’s bad intentions, and prevent others from becoming the thoughtless instruments of their pernicious designs. Nor can it be justly affirmed that any knot of agitators is to be disregarded, how silly and how feeble soever in their own persons, as long as they have thousands as ignorant and foolish as themselves to cheer them on or to follow at their heels. Now we refer to the scene enacted at a great London meeting late in the last session, and apparently, how strange soever it may seem, in some kind of concert with the Whig Government in Downing-street, even in the House of Commons.

There flocked to this assembly at the London Tavern a vast concourse of persons profoundly uninformed upon every one particular relating to the question which brought them together; utterly unreflecting on the possible consequences of their movement:

absolutely careless of the ruin their agitation might bring upon the country if unhappily it should be found general enough, and the Government prove wild enough, to produce a rupture with Austria and Russia, or which is the same thing, a general European war. The subject of declamation, which no courtesy can make any person term discussion, and which it would be the most unfeeling irony to call deliberation, was the late rebellion then raging, yet near its termination, in Hungary, and which it required not only our Austrian ally's own forces, but also the aid of her Russian neighbour to suppress. The right or the expediency of a London mob-meeting to declaim in favour of those rebels and against their lawful rulers, was about as manifest as would be the right of a mob-meeting at Vienna to denounce our Government for sending troops into Canada when the rebellion of Papineau raged there, or for suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland when Smith O'Brien was doing the work of a traitor. The ignorance of the Austrian multitude on Canadian and Irish affairs could not easily surpass that of the London multitude on the affairs of Hungary and of Transylvania.

This gathering was presided over by a very respectable chairman, in the person of Mr. Lushington, member for Westminster,—of whom we shall take leave to say, without offence we trust we may say, that he is less conversant with the law of nations, or even with the municipal law of his own country, than his brother the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty—and that he afforded a singular instance of the risk which a worthy man meaning no harm always runs when he lends his name to proceedings which neither himself nor any one else can have the least power to control. This will presently be very remarkably seen as we go on to mention who else figured on that occasion, and what was done ere the meeting closed; namely, that when he had heard most warlike speeches and made one himself, he innocently wondered any man should speak of war! Associated with this gentleman there were others, not great luminaries of the Senate, not stars of the first magnitude in the parliamentary sphere, nor yet of the second, haply not even of the third; possibly taken from the Milky Way (or Milk-and-Water way,) and of importance invisible to the naked eye. Lord Nugent and Mr. R. M. Milnes, both more famous as poets than orators, added their joint weight to the load imposed upon the hustings. There was a revolt—above all, a revolt against Austria; nay, more, a battle for a mere name—and therefore the patron of Poland, Lord Dudley-

Stuart, was sure of being found in the midst of the assembly, pouring forth the strains which are found to lull asleep even those who can listen to Mr. John O'Connell:—nay, there were actually present real Poles—their countrymen Bem and Dembinsky being in the field; but still they, the said Poles, having just as much to do with what was going on in Hungary as the Huns have with what is passing at Quebec, or the Cape, or Ceylon, or indeed any other of those numerous settlements, all of which are under the dispensation that for inscrutable purposes, unless the depriving us of all colonies be the design of Providence, has placed our colonial empire under Earl Grey's Administration. Besides these intrusive Poles, Hungarians, true Magyars, were likewise present, and of their interference no one has the same right to complain: but they were there in the capacity of rebels to their lawful sovereign; and however they may enjoy the patronage of the Foreign Office, we cannot but think that senators of this country would have acted more warily—shown more common sense, as well as a more decent respect for the avowed policy of their country, at all times knitting her with Austria—had they abstained from fraternizing with those men now in open rebellion against the Austrian crown, and bent upon lowering and disgracing the most amiable and promising young prince whose brow it encircles. But we had, in the abundance of fifth-rate men, well nigh overlooked 'Richard Cobden.' He too, though but lately engaged in agitation for reducing army, navy, and ordnance, must needs attend the convocation for encouraging Hungarian revolt and attacking Austria—and there he was not quite the man of 'unadorned eloquence.' On the contrary, he far exceeded in his vagaries his predecessor of Rome, who once perorated holding an infant in his arms, and his more recent predecessors of England—Burke, who wielded a dagger in debate—Whitbread, who overawed the House by the production of a pewter pot. These were poor feats compared with Mr. Cobden's. He denounced, solemnly denounced the Autocrat; he declared his resolution to annihilate him and his vast empire: he proceeded symbolically to do so; he grasped a dirty cover of a letter in his hand, and crushing it, pronounced with awful emphasis the sentence of annihilation on sixty millions of men—saying, 'Thus I crush them, as I would this sheet of paper.' The mode of doing so proved to be by declaring every capitalist a traitor to his, Mr. Cobden's principles (whatever they may be), who should dare to disobey his command, and lend Nicholas a shilling!

The feelings of this meeting (though with omission of such *action* as had immortalized it) were speedily re-echoed in the House of Commons. On the following Saturday, a day when no one expects any contested business, and therefore none but the men in office think of attending, a conversation was got up by some retainers of the Government, as Mr. Bernal Osborne, Mr. R. Monckton Milnes (destined, by his own lively imagination, for a foreign mission), and others, which gave Lord Palmerston an opportunity to pour forth his sighs in favour of Hungarian revolt, in the absence of all real adversaries, and gave those who had so magnanimously hoisted the sham colours of opponents, an opportunity of declaring how gladly they withdrew their motion, more than satisfied with the noble Viscount's explanation. But this had not been said before a still greater than the Viscount had amply committed himself—not before the far calmer and more cautious Lord John Russell (now King or Queen, we hardly know which from the words of the Government papers\*), anxious to preserve his colleague's triumph and partake of the popular gale, had risen to speak, and said little, it is true, to the purpose, but apologised for having inadvertently called the war in Hungary an 'insurrection.' What would these ministers of the British Crown have said if Prince Swartzenberg (object of Lord Palmerston's special dislike) had apologised for terming the movement of Smith O'Brien in Ireland, or that of Papineau and Lafontaine in Canada, a rebellion? Grateful to the agitators, however, was this self-correction of Lord John; and the halls of the London Tavern and Hanover Square re-echoed with shouts of applause towards the 'noble declarations of Her Majesty's Ministers,' as well as vehement invectives against our allies, and frequent exhortations to Lord Palmerston to complete his good work by snapping the slender thread to which he had gradually reduced the bond of peace in Europe. Soon after he was desired by many of these lovers of revolt, enchanted with his avowed propensities, to sit for his portrait—in the costume of the god Mars, we presume, rather than of Cupid—as a present to the amiable and accomplished person who shares his name, if not his opinions.

That the noble Viscount entertained sanguine hopes of his favourite revolvers in Sicily beating our Neapolitan ally, as well as of his pet king, Charles Albert, defeating our Austrian friends, no doubt whatever now remains. His Lordship had the power of

selecting what papers should be laid before Parliament, and keeping back such as he chose to conceal—yet his heavy Blue Book\* distinctly proves his breathless impatience to acknowledge the Duke of Genoa as King of Sicily, in case he might be pleased to accept the crown tendered by the rebels, and his equally fixed resolution to ward off by means of our naval forces the evil day which should crush the revolt and confirm King Ferdinand on his throne. We also know that by a slight 'inadvertence,' as he phrased it, this impartial minister gave the Sicilian rebels leave to obtain at the Tower a supply of arms, while he deliberately refused all support to a prosecution against them for gross infraction of our municipal laws by fitting out expeditions in our ports to aid their revolt. Of the hopes cherished in favour of the Hungarian rebellion, we have as yet less distinct evidence; yet his whole language and that of his newspapers sufficiently prove him to have been sanguine on this subject also. The language of these papers, indeed, was truly disgraceful—one daily and one weekly print notoriously under the patronage of the Foreign Office, if indeed they be not in part the productions of the ministerial pen, openly espoused the Hungarian cause—with unblushing effrontery trumpeted up every traitorous name, however vile—and pertinaciously inveighed against the Emperor of Austria as the 'inhuman butcher of his subjects'—thereby intending to designate that Prince in the exercise of his bounden duty—that of suppressing a rebellion. The hopes which inspired all these speeches, despatches, and paragraphs, were fated to suffer the disappointment to which Lord Palmerston ought now to be as well habituated in his foreign administration, as Lord Grey in his colonial; for we doubt if in any age two more unlucky wights ever administered the affairs of any country—and it is the peculiar fortune of England to have the benefit of both their services at one and the same time. The Macaulay correspondence some years ago showed how the two rivals for the favour of the goddess *Alychia* (she who presides over *Ill Luck*) feel towards each other. That diverting historical Novelist, taking the Palmerston side when addressing the worthy dealer in snuff, showed that his Viscount did not care one pinch of his correspondent's wares for the other party; and that to the Earl's dislike of meddling, aggressive, lecturing, impotent, but impertinent courses in the Foreign Office—courses which he naturally desires to monopolize in his own department—the country had been indebted for the

\* We refer to the Palmerston evening print (Globe) of Sept. 17: 'In England the Prime Minister is both Minister and King. The Queen is but a sleeping partner.' This is unexampled.

\* Papers on Sicily and Naples, last Session.

cruel calamity which befel the Whigs some years ago, of being unable to form a ministry, and their much deplored postponement of the sweets of place without power for a few months. But now the lurid star of the Colonial Secretary seems almost to be eclipsed. Rebellion we have, it is true, more or less openly raging in our most important colonies in the West, and governors, against whom all mankind exclaim, do their best to ruin our character and influence in the East. But Atychia (half-sister to Nemesis) has seemed even to exceed this boon when answering the prayers of her faithful worshipper now suffering, with a patience that surprises the clerks in Downing-street, the martyrdom of sitting for his picture. She not only lets him have his picture (which it is hoped the subscribers may not forget to pay for); but nothing else can she refuse him. Charles Albert, twice defeated and forced to abdicate—the Reforming Pope driven from Rome—his capital occupied by French troops—Bologna in the occupation of the Austrian arms—Florence restored to the Grand Duke, after the Palmerston insurgents had been expelled *by the people*—all this seemed enough to gratify the strongest appetite for disaster. But the goddess was disposed to be yet more liberal. The ‘spoiled child of misfortune’ was fated to reap yet further wreaths of the cypress that we hope he delights in, for he gathers no others. The Sicilians were utterly defeated; their revolt entirely crushed; the leaders forced to leave the island, and be exiles for life to Carlton Gardens and Downing-street; every vestige of hope against either Ferdinand—the Bourbon or the Hapsburg—extinguished; and yet even that was not all. Hungary continued to fight, and Viscounts to hope, and Pulskeys to flatter, and papers to puff, while limners sat before their easel to hand down among future ages the likeness of the *ci-devant* juvenile Whig. Sad reverse! All these prospects are overcast, and the background of the canvas grows spontaneously sombre: the Russian, and still more the Austrian arms are triumphantly successful. Kossuth throws up the Dictatorship, and flies to escape the gallows; Georgy, a man of courage and conduct, succeeds him—only to see that the cause is desperate, and to surrender; a complete consternation takes place, and the Hungarian insurrection, to which Lord John Russell apologised for giving its right name, is finally crushed, like that of Sicily; nothing remaining for the victors but to show that they are as merciful as they are politic and powerful. Nay, their magnanimity has been as rapidly as signally displayed, for the Emperor Nicolas, as if to

confound all the maniacal abuse of the liberal press, is already withdrawing his troops.

But the bounty of the ungracious deity whom our Foreign Secretary worships with such assiduous devotion has no bounds. As her box, kept like those of Downing-street by her favourite minister Pandora, is bottomless, so inexhaustible are the streams that flow. Our great statesman would not have the emblems of his divine patroness inscribed on the portrait, however appropriate they might be; for one of them is a Cupid’s image reversed; but his piety is as fervent as if he had submitted to that mark of his ceaseless homage to the bounteous Atychia. Hardly were his tears dry, shed over the fate of our excellent allies Kossuth and Bem, when news arrived that the Queen of the Adriatic, too, had surrendered—surrendered at discretion, and set free an army and a fleet for the purposes of the Austrian Government. Indeed some there are, we suspect the Viscount among the number, who upon the whole regard the intervention of Russia—the grand achievement of his policy—the event to which all his Italian speculations inevitably led—as rather a more choice gift of the power he serves, than all the rest of the chaplet she had entwined around his august temples.

The Hungarian and Venetian news came upon the London Meeting men with no greater effect of surprise and produced no more consternation than upon the Government. The poor, ignorant creatures who flocked to the alehouse and the playhouse to howl out their sympathies and to vent their rage, seemed to be no whit less prepared for the catastrophe which had actually happened while they were thus promiscuously assembled, than the ministers who have the exclusive access to all authoritative official intelligence, and who read (if they choose—or when they choose) all the despatches of all the ambassadors. It is true that these high functionaries may plead the absence from Vienna of our ambassador there—though, to be sure, that was entirely their own work—they having ordered him home at the most critical emergency of his mission, in order to have the benefit of his (probably reluctant) vote upon the wild measure for destroying our naval supremacy by passing Mr. Ricardo’s bill to repeal the Navigation Laws. Still—even making all allowance for the want of despatches from Lord Ponsonby—their utter ignorance of what all mankind, excepting only the agitators and their dupes, knew, that Hungary could not by possibility prevail in the conflict, does seem extraordinary, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that their

passions had blinded them and rocked their reason to sleep. As to the real original merits of the Hungarian question, we must own that on no supposition whatever can we well believe it possible that any men pretending to call themselves ministers could have been, either first or last, as ignorant as their partizans who bawled at meetings and subscribed for portraits. Surely they must have known that of all the absurd delusions which ever bewildered the popular brain, the most absurd was the notion that the Hungarian constitution was a scheme of good government—that Austria wished to deprive the people of it, and that the independence of Hungary was the real bone of contention between the Hungarians and Germans. Lord Dudley Stuart declared that the Hungarian Constitution closely resembled the English:—but the noble historian of Europe, Lord John Russell, must have known better. He could not be ignorant that, except perhaps the old elective monarchy of Poland, a more execrable government than the Hungarian neither does nor ever did exist—we will only say in Europe, though we doubt if there be a worse in Asia or even in Africa. An eighth of the people are nobles, by far the greater number without fortune, but all of them, under this quasi-English constitution, were clothed with the privileges of alone possessing land, alone being exempt from every public burthen, alone being free from arrest even for crimes, unless taken in the fact. The local revenues, to which they contributed nothing, were intrusted to their management; so that they compelled the unhappy peasants and burghers to pay for the roads and the bridges which they and their tenants used for their local convenience. Nay, not content with these privileges, each noble possessed in the villages the absolute monopoly of meat and of wine. The technical description of the people, as contradistinguished from the noble class, is sufficient to convey the idea of their condition in that land whose liberty roused the admiration and claimed the protection of our agitators—*plebs misera contribuens*—‘the miserable tax-paying multitude.’ It was within the last fifteen years an additional grievance, and of the most severe kind, that justice was administered in the Lord’s Court, between vassal and vassal, and between lord and vassal, by judges whom the lord himself named. Nay some, though few, enjoyed the power of inflicting capital punishment. This constitution, ‘the idol of Hungarians,’ as one of their own writers terms it, is charged by another with having for ‘three hundred years caused the nation to be wretched, degenerate, and grovelling in the

dust.’ And this is that system in which the learned Lord Dudley Stuart finds ‘a close resemblance to the British Constitution!’ In 1835 Prince Metternich introduced important reforms in it, especially by reducing the lord’s power of punishment and limiting the jurisdiction of his courts. He subjected the nobles to taxes in respect of all new-purchased lands, and restricted the vassals’ labour materially—conferring on the lords, in return for this invasion of their privileges, the freedom to sell or devise their lands. The Hungarian reforms of that eminent statesman were all in the direction of liberty, and all levelled against the overgrown power of the nobles—a race numerous beyond all example of European monarchies, and wedded at once to the name of Hungary and to their own oppressive privileges. With this class of men Austria and her veteran minister could not fail to be unpopular. With the body of the people it was far otherwise—exactly as in the Cracow insurrection of 1846 we saw the peasantry and the burghers not only stand aloof from the Polish agitators, but rise against their feudal oppressors, and exercise unjustifiable cruelties against the privileged class, whose attempt to shake off the fetters imposed upon them by the Austrian Government for the protection of the people, that people regarded with the abhorrence of self-interest, if not of loyalty.

The Hungarian insurrection had not only many of these native nobles on its side; but also many Poles. There were eighteen Polish officers in high command; and Bem, their best General, except perhaps Georgy, was of that nation. This is the constant result of insurrection wherever it breaks out. In every conspiracy, in every riot, in every bloody assassination for political objects, Poles are ever found to take a forward part. No one who reflects on the injustice of which their country had been made the victim could wonder at a high-spirited people for cherishing the memory of their former day amidst fond dreams of revenge and resurrection. Every allowance must undoubtedly be made for them. Yet in the case of communities as of individuals, it is absolutely necessary that the lapse of time should be allowed to confer a title to quiet possession. Fourscore years have well nigh elapsed since the ever-turbulent independence of Poland was struck at by irresistible power—and since the final consummation of her doom much above half a century has been spent in restless agitation on the one hand and grappling with an uneasy dominion on the other. How long is Europe to be kept in confusion and strife because the Poles are

madly bent on regaining a name? For it is a name, and nothing but a name, that they are seeking—it is a mere name, to regain which they would plunge Europe in fire and blood. No regard for public liberty—not a thought of the people's happiness—not an idea of even national prosperity ever crosses the Polish mind. Give them the government of Turkey or Algiers—nay, the government established over any tribe in Central Africa—only call it the 'Government of Poland,' and none of them, speaking as to the bulk of these restless men, care in what misery, in what slavery, their country is to exist. Nay, the worse the better—for the rights of the noble to tyrannize as heretofore over his wretched vassal are exactly the object for which they are bent upon fighting. No wonder that the congenial cause of the Hungarian nobles found willing supporters among such Poles. It had a triple title to their sympathy and co-operation; it was a rebellion—it was a revolt against Austria—and it was the cause of feudal oppression against the interests of the people.

Happily the insurrection has been completely put down; happily for Europe quite as much as for Austria—for assuredly had the struggle continued but a little while longer, nothing could have prevented the general peace of Europe from being broken, and the world once more plunged into interminable war. Such a consummation alone was wanting to instal our Foreign Secretary in the very highest place within the fane of the goddess he adores—nay, to plant him as the High Priest in her adytum. All rivalry in her favours between the Colonial and the Foreign Office would at once have ceased. But hard the lot of the ingenious artist who had hoped to reap immortality by his fine and bold device of placing the Viscount under an umbrageous cypress—muttering as he painted, partly in recollection of whom and partly in remarking for whom he was painting—

'Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
Uxor; neque harum quas colis arborum  
Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.'

Hard his lot would have been, for he must have added a much more dismal foliage—the deadly nightshade (*belladonna*) in honour of the one—the *mandragora* (or *mandrake*) in honour of the other. Nay, we question if the upas itself must not have had a place on the memorable canvas. So that it might have resembled the great *chef d'œuvre* of Titian—and the martyrdom of Peter the Hermit (or Palmer) been forgotten in the glories of Palmerston the Hun. However,

all this difficulty was spared to the artist as well as to Europe; and the interesting picture retains its pristine outlines.

On the eve of this news arriving to plunge Downing-street in despair, a notable act of practical wisdom was performed by certain of our great men. Mr. Cobden had not yet crushed the Russian empire; but relying on his positive promises, and wise in their generation from much deep reflection and ample profound knowledge, those we allude to, nothing doubting that ultimate success must crown the struggle for Hungarian liberty, and for Lord Dudley Stuart's English form of government, that established on the Gneiss, deemed it exactly the moment for solemnly urging the Ministers 'to interfere actively in behalf of that Constitution which,' they also assure Lord John Russell, 'bears such a striking resemblance to our own.' They beseech him to help in 'preserving institutions which have had an unbroken series of existence (qy. as to the possible meaning of this?) since the foundation of the monarchy,' that is to say, as we presume to suggest, just one thousand years—a thing the addressers are certainly profoundly ignorant of; because that aggregate of injustice and cruel oppression which we have already pointed out, as making the old government of the Magyars the very worst in the world, is thus proved to be precisely that in whose behalf these good men urged Lord John Russell and his colleagues to put forth all their bellicose energies. This singularly edifying document lies now before us—sharing in the columns of the autumnal press the interest excited by the cholera and the Bermondsey murder. It is signed first and foremost by the name—the honoured name—of Fitzwilliam—borne by a most worthy man, endued with as great an alacrity of wandering out of the ordinary path frequented by men of sense—though always from amiable feelings—as any one we could mention. Of Lord Beaumont we need say little; of Lord Kinnauld less. Lord Nugent and Mr. Milnes we have mentioned already; Lord Dudley Stuart's congenial name we wonder not to find attached to so wise a document. Signed it was by several others of the same sagacious school—but ere they could present this paper, the news came which put an end to the whole question. Their wisdom, however, was conspicuous to the end. Others, it is likely, would have been thankful that their sanguine expectations had not been published to the world on the Tuesday when the news was to arrive on the Wednesday. But far from it! They must be understood to have regretted that they had not secured the opportunity of being



laughed at, with due speed—for, incredible as it may seem, they actually published their performance, names and all, in the papers of Thursday—so determined were they not to be deprived for a day longer of that gratification which some men benevolently feel in being the cause of merriment to their neighbours.

We have marked the narrow escape which we had, and all Europe with us, of a general war—the fruit of our foreign minister's restless meddling—for to him more than all others must be ascribed that condition of the Austrian affairs in Italy which made her requiring the aid of Russia necessary for her safety; and a Russian campaign continuing a few months in Germany must have led to a general war. But surely if ever war was waged by Nations without the shadow of a ground—without any one semblance of a rational object—this would that war have been. Europe would have been visited with the extreme calamity of war without the possibility of any one pretending that a single national interest or point of national honour was involved. Nothing, no, absolutely nothing but a mere name would have been the whole matter in dispute. The world would have suffered countless ills, because the Hungarian nobles desired to have a nominal independence, under which they might find some means of renewing and prolonging their iron rule over unhappy peasants, and the Poles desired to have a revenge on those who had taken away the name of their country—the consequence of which, if they achieved it thoroughly, must be a similar re-establishment of an outworn system of feudal oppression. No one pretends that Austria ever dreamt of taking away a representative government from the Hungarians. No one ever denied that they were to have a Diet and to be governed as a distinct kingdom, parcel of the great Austrian monarchy. But they insisted on having the name of a separate monarchy—and the nobles insisted on having the continued domination over their fellow-subjects.

The general outline which we have given of the late agitation shows, in a striking manner, the utter ignorance of all who bore a part in it, respecting every one of the several matters which entered into the argument, and which necessarily, in the eye of sense and reason, were decisive of the questions at issue. But the most extraordinary part of their whole hallucination was the pyebald mixture of extravagant doctrines concerning Peace with the constant and prevailing itch for War. Strange to tell, those who led this movement for Hungary, had been the leaders also of the movement

against armies, navies, and ordnance—the unbending supporters of peace, at all hazards—but a few weeks before they became intoxicated with the beverage of Polish growth, and panted and bellowed for a breach with no matter how many Kaisers and Czars in favour of the liberal and enlightened Magyars.

We are now to note the strange antics which a delegation of these men went over to play in Paris in less than a little month after they had been making the welkin ring in London with invectives against Austria, offering up prayers for Hungarian rebellion, and threatening to destroy the great empire of the North.

It seems that out of America have come, among other offsets of that rank soil, among Mormonites and St. Simonians, and Repudiators, a body of Peace-preachers, headed by one Elihu Burritt, and their grand fundamental doctrine is, that war is an evil to be eschewed—peace a blessing to be cherished; but, as the novelty of this creed is less remarkable than its truth is self-evident, and as its practical usefulness seems more than questionable, they add another tenet—that meetings, what they term *Congresses*, ought to be holden of various nations to profess the principles—the very commendable, primary principles of their faith—the principles, to wit, that crime is wrong, consequently the greatest of all crimes most wrong; that innocence is right, consequently the avoiding the greatest of crimes is very, very proper. This addition to their simple and salutary nostrum is as if a doctor were to recommend water as a wholesome thing to use, and when no one was much impressed with the depth of his discovery, were also to add a recommendation that meetings be held—Water Congresses—for the purpose of professing loudly, anxiously, eloquently, the attachment of all present to that Pindaric beverage.

The place chosen for the last Peace Congress was Paris, of whose inhabitants, whatever other virtues may adorn them, it cannot very justly be predicated that they are in a peculiar degree the worshippers of peace—at all times and in all circumstances indifferent to military glory—altogether as a people careless of renown, dead to ambition, self-denying as to the measure in which it shall be gratified—or overscrupulous in the choice of the path to such gratification. The locality selected being the capital of the most ambitious and warlike people in Europe; the time chosen for this display of peace-preaching was equally judicious—for it was soon after the whole French nation had elected for their ruler a person only known to them as bearing the name of one whom

they universally idolized for his military genius, his having conquered half the civilized world, and led to destruction some millions of his subjects to gratify his inordinate lust of dominion. Nor was even this all—the time chosen coincided also with warlike proceedings—instituted with the unanimous consent, amidst the loud applause of all parties in Paris—almost all in France—proceedings instituted merely for the purpose of showing that France could still fight—and that to do something warlike she was resolved, whatever might be the pretext, or how useless soever might be the object sought. In such a place and at such a time our great Peace-Congress met, and, as Parliament was not sitting in England nor the National Assembly in France, all men's eyes were of course to be fixed upon its operations.

The first thing which struck, and forcibly struck, all who attended to this proceeding, was that, after all the parade about a Congress of all Nations—with all the charms which invest the sweet name of Peace—with the entire freedom from other occupations which enabled any one so minded to attend a meeting in a most accessible spot, at a most favourable season, and in a town full of other attractions—nay, with all the love of display which predominates in the French nation—not a single Frenchman of name, weight, or influence in politics, except one very eminent journalist—nor a single man besides ever heard of in society, except an eminent poet, could be prevailed upon to join this Congress! Such is the fact; and it speaks volumes on the folly of preaching peace in a congress at Paris. From other countries there was the same meagre attendance. No one had ever heard before of Elihu out of the Old Testament. From Belgium one respectable, but little-known, person attended. England sent one or two worthy Quakers and also some three Members of Parliament, of whom two were positively unknown, and the third, Mr. Cobden, more remarkable for the praise bestowed on his ability than for that ability itself, well enough known as an agitator, but a professional agitator, who had fallen lately into general derision from his overweening vanity, and into something still worse from his having consented to receive a large sum of money in reward of his services in Parliament—no creditable proceeding in any case, but least so when it leads to a suspicion that a man's own affairs were in disorder before he took up the more gainful trade of disordering the affairs of the nation. Our recent party history affords a memorable example of the consequences produced on a

man's influence by leading a mendicant life. How much better had it been for Mr. O'Connell to proclaim at once his insolvency, and live in honest poverty, if he would not return to an industrious life! Yet he was a man of real power over his countrymen, and of incomparably greater talents, as well as more eminent in every way, than Mr. Cobden, or a dozen Mr. Cobdens. We have, however, stepped aside from our comments on the Peace Congress to note the insignificance of those who bore a part in its proceedings; and as we perceive the French press falls into the error of imagining the person whom we have last mentioned to be still a person of real weight and consideration in England, it was necessary to explain how this is the very reverse of the truth.

We believe it may safely be affirmed that no failure was ever more complete than the one we are describing. A set of as dull harangues as ever were spoken could only boast of M. Victor Hugo's and M. Emile de Girardin's as an exception to this character. Speeches uttered by them, on whatever topic, could hardly fail to show some striking qualities—and these, however little of wisdom they might display, were at least lively, eloquent, and attractive. In all the others the accounts from Paris are unanimous in recording the total want of either eloquence or argument; and M. Girardin has since retracted every word that he said as to the propriety of reducing the armed force of the only country he knows much about—France. But in fact, the very meritorious *Vaudeville*, appropriately placed at the head of our paper, affords the best possible commentary on the whole of this affair—and it clearly proves, by its unbounded success, the universal feeling with which the sages and their whole procedure were contemplated by high and low among the acute Parisians.

The Congress sat three days to hear proposals of absolute impossibilities as practical plans—long and laboured invectives against human vice and folly—chimerical notions of public policy fit to furnish out a new chapter in Swift's *Laputa*. In truth we doubt if the witty Dean would not have been startled at a serious proposition to prevent war by preaching peace, and to settle all disputes between nations by arbitration, and rejected it as too strong for even *his* irony.

Now we must once for all affirm that not any of the Elihus and Cobdens themselves are more averse to all war than we are—and we will add that every one statesman and every one prince in the world will cheerfully join in the same sentiment. All speak against it, because all must speak

against the greatest crime which any one can commit. But then, when the occasion arises, the same persons who had assented freely to the peace doctrine tell you it is no fault of theirs if they make an exception in this case, the case in hand, on the ground of self-defence; there being hardly a second example of Frederick II.'s extreme candour, in telling the world that he invaded Silesia because it lay convenient to his dominions, and he had a fine army, a large treasure, and the ambition of a young king. But we are more honest than the princes we refer to, and declare our sentiments to be very heartily and sincerely those of the Congress. Furthermore, we hate robbery, despise swindling, and abhor murder. But then we cannot pretend to say that sermons could be safely substituted for prosecutions, or that we have the least hope of putting down crime by a Virtue-congress assembled to inculcate hatred of vice. Such meeting and lecturing may do some little good, and if it do not interfere with the more effectual operation of the Criminal Code, no man can object to it. But, if we saw such things operating on the minds of prosecutors and juries to make them distrust penal infliction, and rest their whole hopes upon preaching, we should hold them as cheap as we now hold the Paris Congress.

To sum up its absurdities in a single sentence—Who is to enforce the decrees of the arbitrators? A dispute arises between Austria and Sardinia. Arbitrators are appointed, or the standing Council of Arbitrators decrees against Austria. Supposing all chance of bias, of the bias impressed by conflicting national interests, were out of the question—supposing the judgments of the Arbitrators unimpeachably just in every case—(and who can make such a supposition without taking for granted a restoration of the Golden Age?)—still we ask how is the award to be enforced? What is to make Austria submit? The only answer which the Peace-preachers can possibly make to this obvious question is that she must be compelled to submit. Then who is to compel her? The other powers represented in the Congress—and how? By what is proverbially and justly called the *ultima ratio*—force of arms. But who is to secure unanimity? and what chance is there of the minority yielding to the majority? Now the minority will of course take part with Austria, for whom they have given their judgment; and this must inevitably lead to a general war. So that the admirable contrivance of the Congress to prevent all war is the conversion of a quarrel between two powers into a general

war among all powers—of a quarrel which, without the Court of Arbitration, might have been settled between the disputants, into a quarrel in which each, finding himself supported by many others, is sure not to give way. We question if the wit of man ever yet invented a plan more certain to produce and extend the evils of war than this refined notion of the Peace Makers. Observe, all nations must be prepared for war just as much as they now are; because, if they are not, the party against whom the decision is pronounced will utterly disregard the Congress. And then the mere existence of a place where all grievances may be discussed is sure, by the constant progress of human passions, to create grievances and foment quarrels. We leave the reader to imagine the endless scope for endless intrigue which this Convention of Arbitrators would afford to all the courts in the world, and the thousand chances which would thus be given to raise disputes that never could have had an existence in the ordinary and ancient course of political affairs.

But then of course our Peace-doctors answer us by saying that all nations are to become moderate and dispassionate in viewing their own interests; that no power will ever dream of attempting anything which the Arbitration Court would not sanction; that none will so much as imagine the possibility of unduly gaining over a majority of the Congress to their own side; and that, as for half a million being applied, or even a million, to gaining votes for an interest worth an hundred millions, such a thing is out of the question, because all the five hundred members of the Congress are to be perfectly honest and incorruptible. And, no doubt, the whole of this notable folly does rest on the assumption that animosity, and selfishness, and sordid love of gain, and cruel disregard to human suffering, in short, that vice of all kinds has for ever quitted the world, and that the reign of peace and exalted virtue has begun upon earth. Surely no more needs be said to prove the unutterable folly of this scheme. As for the Quakers, we greatly respect that sober brotherhood, and can quite understand their adopting this speculation. They deny the lawfulness of all war, even for self-defence. They maintain that no force whatever is to be employed for any purpose whatever. They consider it a crime, nay, a sin, to seize pirates and slave-traders on the high seas. They deem it contrary to religion as well as morals to protect life and property except by entreaty and by preaching. These amiable enthusiasts would perhaps

be puzzled to show how a nation of Quakers could protect its rights or enforce its laws ; but, waiving that not urgent topic of debate, we admit that they incur no special reproach by joining in the present agitation. They say, Disband all your army, and sell all your navy and your stores ; trusting to Providence, or to an improved feeling of mankind, to preserve you from any attack. But Mr. Cobden only contends for reducing our military and naval establishment to what it was ten years ago—that is, more than double what it was just before the great revolutionary war ; and how he should join this absurdity is not quite so easy to imagine ; for, assuredly, allowing of such an establishment at all assumes that war cannot be put down by any preachment or any Congress.

We have said that one evil of the present movement is its preventing other more rational and practical reforms in the intercourse of nations. Some have asked why the Congress did not apply their great minds to framing resolutions and delivering orations against murder, forgery, and highway-robbery—and no doubt the leaving these flagrant evils untouched is a great oversight, and affords grave matter of charge against our men of European name and renown—our men who can make nearly as good speeches in French as in English. We are sure, too, that their success in that other attempt would have been quite as considerable as in this—that their Morality-movement would have borne fruit quite as early as their Peace-movement : but we are now regarding matters of foreign or international policy. We view the Cobdens, the Ewarts, the Elihus, the Hindleys, not as the salt of the earth merely, but as the chosen representatives of nations—nay, of all nations—the Solons of the species, the lawgivers for mankind—the orators of the human race—as so many Anacharsis Cloots's assembled to settle the affairs of the whole earth—if, indeed, the great man who can crush the Russian empire with his voice, as he crumples a piece of paper, may not also project a threat to the moon to prevent that 'refulgent lamp of night' from ever withdrawing from us the benefit of her mild and useful beams. Therefore it is of the omission to deal with great obstructions in the intercourse of nations that we complain ; and we feel assured that this silly Peace-movement has been prejudicial in preventing such efforts as might really have tended to a practical and useful object.

No one who has been accustomed to read the *Quarterly Review* will expect in the pages of this journal a panegyric on free trade ; but our own consistency leads us to

look for a little of a like quality among others, and we feel that something might have been anticipated from the sage Cobdens and Hindleys, the eloquent Ewarts, towards obtaining that reciprocity abroad which they so confidently told us would meet our Corn-Law repeal ; and to be sure, a fitting occasion was furnished for preaching their economical doctrines to France. Especially as, doubtless, universal repeal of restraints upon commerce would have a tendency to make war less likely, we might have reasonably expected such dogmas to be ventilated at a grand Peace Congress. But no such thing. Our sages in council assembled—these conscript fathers of the human race—seem to have dreaded the approaching near to any topic so liable to be considered within the scope of practical minds. They kept to safe generalities, which could lead to no results, and were secure from all dispute ; and thus, among other consequences, ran no risk of the hisses which we verily think Free-Trade lectures would have been greeted with at Paris, as they are at all English meetings not convoked by ticket.

But another matter would really have been of some importance towards remedying a great practical evil which now afflicts society ; and while men bewilder themselves in such vague generalities as alone filled the mouths and the ears of the late assembly at Paris, we can expect no effort to be made for the purpose of removing that evil. We allude to the scandalous state of the international law respecting debts and crimes. While the Continent is open to us—while each European state is separated from its neighbour only by a strait, a river, a mountain, or an imaginary line—no creditor can have the benefit of any judgment he may obtain against his debtor—no prosecutor can obtain the punishment of the criminal whom he has brought to trial and conviction. It was lately stated in Parliament that a sentence of the Court of Chancery, affirmed upon appeal by the House of Lords, and vesting in a respectable person the right to receive 50,000*l.* of which a knave had defrauded his family, became utterly valueless because the party went abroad with all his funds, and, after eluding all pursuit, died, leaving the property to his mistress. No law existed by which redress could be obtained in this grievous case. So, had the Bermondsey couple, who have just been arrested while attempting to escape, been fortunate enough to reach other shores than our own, it would have been wholly impossible to bring them to trial—if they only avoided going to the one or two states with which we have treaties of mutual surrender. But

these treaties are next thing to inoperative, owing to the different laws of different countries; and they only are meant to embrace three offences—murder, forgery, and fraudulent bankruptcy. The worthy bill-broker who favoured the wise men in congress assembled with his views of war, and who asserted of his own knowledge that most of the great States are at this moment bankrupt, must surely have assented to a proposition for making it no longer possible that one debtor (say his own debtor), or one felon (say a forger upon Messrs. Gurney and Overend), should, by removing half a day's journey from the scene of his extravagance or his fraud, escape all legal process, whether to compel restitution of borrowed money, or to inflict punishment for offences. In truth the European nations can hardly pretend to be termed civilized, or be said to live under a regular system of law, as long as this crying evil is suffered to deform society. It amounts to a repeal of all law; and leaves to each party, whether in a civil or a criminal suit, the option of either submitting to the laws of his country or defying them. How much more rational had it been for our delegates to enlighten the world by pointing out this grievous abuse—to disseminate useful information respecting its operation—and to seek by united remonstrances with all governments the only effectual remedy in a general treaty for surrender of parties, with due provisions and guards against abuse. But then such a course would not have furnished due scope for tiresome, trashy, trumpet speeches on matters that all are agreed about, and the effusion of commonplaces, repeated weekly and daily ever since the great Deluge, and repeated in vain.

We conceive it to be a further practical evil resulting from the Congress, that if its labours have any effect beyond disturbing the gravity of such as read their records, they must operate injuriously in preventing the public opinion from being pointed, for praise or for blame, towards meritorious or mischievous conduct in the rulers of the world. If a great public crime is committed—like the invasion of Lombardy by Charles Albert, or the attacks on Spain or Germany by Napoleon, or on Mexico by the Americans, or the partition of Poland—(now become matter of history—as merely so, in fact, as the overthrow of the Byzantine empire by the Turks)—the reprobation which, in the wholesome state of the public feelings, should forthwith be lavished on the wrongdoer, is at once repressed by the men of Congress, and lavished upon human nature in general. 'Oh,' say they, 'all war is bad, and all equally bad.' Of course there

can be no line drawn, no distinctions made, no exceptions allowed to the general and inflexible rule. Is a nation attacked in its territory, or in its honour—more to be kept inviolate than any territorial dominion? No sympathy for its gallant resistance, 'because,' says the bill-broker, 'I abominate all war, and cannot allow any people to defend themselves by the sword.' Thus all distinctions of right and wrong are confounded and lost in this senseless cry for settling every dispute by peaceable means. We dare venture to predict that if the American repudiators succeed—in spite of the well-meant but impotent proclamation of their feeble Government—in fitting out a marauding expedition to take Cuba, we shall, as an answer to all complaints from other countries, receive an immediate reference to the Elihus of the Paris Congress, and be told, that no doubt it was wrong, nay, very wrong, but that all war is equally wrong, and that such profligate proceedings are the inevitable consequence of nations entertaining armies and navies, and settling their disputes by the sword.

We have little room left for stating what ought to be the general principles for governing the relations of civilized countries; but their enunciation will occupy a small space, and we add it, careless how much offence it may give to our wise and temperate Palmerstons, our ripely informed Dudley Stuarts, and our all-authoritative 'Richard Cobdens.'

We hold it to be clear, then, both in point of honesty and policy, that the only true course for England to take is to abide religiously by the faith of treaties; that each succeeding ministry should consider itself as much a party to the solemn covenants entered into by its predecessors as if its own seals were affixed to the bond.—Next, we conceive it to be almost as much an act of justice, and quite as much a wise course of policy, to abide by the ancient and well-recognised relations of alliance which bind us to certain powers, with whom we have in a long course of ages shared the fortunes of peace and war; not to court ephemeral popularity by paying our court to other powers—their avowed adversaries.—Again, and above all, we regard it to be the very height of both injustice and impolicy, in any country, but most especially in one composed of above a dozen different dominions, and peopled by as many separate races, to scrutinize the titles of other powers to their various provinces; seeking in their origin for flaws in these titles, and setting up a new-fangled doctrine of 'nationality' to the utter disturbance not only of practical arrangements, but often

also of the best historical associations. The interest of all Europe is to prevent changes, to maintain peace. No other intelligible rule can by possibility be laid down, except that the state of actual possession must be regarded, and every one be treated as a wrong-doer who would attempt to shake it. Thus the Treaty of Vienna may have been well or ill framed; the distribution of power thereby made may have been a wise and a just one, or the reverse. It signifies not.—That is the law of Europe: that is the system which all are bound to maintain who were parties to the treaty—bound in good faith as well as in policy; but that is the system which even they who were no parties to its establishment in 1815 are by every rule of policy bound to maintain, because it is established; because it has, for more than the third part of a century, been the rule uniformly followed; and because even a faulty system of territorial arrangement, once settled, and for a length of time acted upon, is infinitely more advantageous to the world at large than pulling the fabric to pieces and trying to construct a new one. As in civil society the existing state of property is alone to be regarded, and for the benefit of all is to be firmly upheld, with the severest penalties to those who would commit any aggression on any part of it; to be upheld too merely because it exists, without regard to the violence or the fraud in which possibly at some remote date it had its origin;—so is the established distribution of dominion to be held sacred—and for the benefit of each and of all, to be religiously guarded against all innovation, all attack. This is the true, the plain, the intelligible principle which alone can safely govern the conduct and guide the opinions of nations. It is the principle for which our Marlboroughs and our Wellingtons fought, for which our Chathams spoke, for which our Godolphins counselled, for which our Williams both counselled and fought. It is the true rule both of policy and of justice; and as long as nations are resolved to uphold it, and prepared to punish all who rebel against it, so long will the dominion of states be secure from overthrow, and the best protection be afforded for the weak against the strong—ay, and the most effectual guarantee be established of the general peace, the strongest barrier be raised against war; while the impotent efforts of ridiculous Congresses fail to produce any one effect except that of making their members pitied or laughed at, according as any one who reads their effusions may be more or less charitably inclined, more or less endued with patience for human folly.

ART. V.—*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and Remarks on their local Distribution.* By A. E. Knox, M.A., F.L.Z., F.Z.S. London. 1849.

THE pursuits of natural history possess a various and multiform interest. When followed out in their strictly scientific character by such men as Cuvier, or our own Professor Owen, they present us with remarkable generalizations which not only exhibit the clearest marks of design and plan upon which the whole world of animated being has been constructed, but throw ever and anon remarkable light upon some of the greatest intricacies of our own organic construction. The discovery that the lower manifestations of animal life are forms through which the higher animals pass, throws a new light upon the conditions under which those higher animals exist in those preparatory stages in which it is often singularly difficult to explore the secrets of their being. But there are many other advantages which wait upon the study of natural history for those who cannot follow it to these scientific heights. No innocent pursuit which possesses sufficient interest to engage the attention, and so to sharpen the faculties and enlarge the mind, will ever be condemned by the true philosopher. And this pursuit, especially, exercises some, and those very important faculties. A good practical naturalist must be a good observer; and how many qualities are required to make up a good observer! Attention, patience, quickness to seize separate facts, discrimination to keep them unconfused, readiness to combine them, and rapidity and yet slowness of induction; above all, perfect fidelity, which can be seduced neither by the enticements of a favourite theory, nor by the temptation to see a little more than actually happens in some passing drama. But besides these advantages which it shares with many other pursuits, natural history has some which are peculiarly its own. Whatever tends to attach man to the works and manifestations of God in the natural world around us, addresses itself to higher faculties than those which reside merely in the understanding.

We are not indeed of those who have any very strong faith in mere rustic innocence—men's passions are just as strong, and are often even coarser in their manifestation amongst an ignorant rustic population than they are amongst those inhabitants of our towns whom mere sentiment would condemn to an almost hopeless degradation. But then these rustics are exactly those whose eyes are

most sealed to the beauties and the marvels amidst which they daily walk. Amongst the Spitalfields weavers, many of whom are great bird-fanciers, and many more amongst our best practical entomologists, there is probably far more appreciation of the beauties of the country which they rarely visit, and of the wonders of animal life, with which they can only now and then come into actual contact in the ramble of a summer holiday, than is to be found amidst the rustic population of our ten thousand parishes. It is amongst these then, and not amongst those who neglect the riches in the midst of which they live, that the real effects of these pursuits are to be traced; and no one we think can entertain a doubt as to what are their effects who has seen amongst these very weavers the softening, harmonizing, and elevating tendencies of such tastes amidst the many depressing accidents of their life of toil. And there are very many amongst ourselves for whom we should specially prescribe the cultivation of such pursuits as these. There are not a few causes in operation in the present day which tend to wean our gentry from a country life. The personal importance which the possession of land formerly conferred is already much impaired, and probably will be still more lessened as estates are divided and wealth diffused. Our modern improvements in agriculture, reducing as they must the business of cultivating the soil more and more to the ordinary laws which govern manufactures, tend to diminish the natural beauty of the country, and to break in upon some or other of the pleasures of its possessors. It is not merely that some of these are attacked directly, but even more, that many of them are rendered accidentally impossible. It is not only that at the prayer of tenant-farmers acts of Parliament are framed, which inexorably decree the extermination of four-footed game, but that the march of improvement incidentally destroys or banishes other and harmless tribes of animal life, which have formed heretofore the instruments of country amusements. How imperceptibly and unintentionally this may be brought about, may be illustrated by the fact of the annual diminution—now stated without doubt by some of our most accurate ornithological observers—in the numbers of our swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) and martins (*Hirundo urbana*), and which seems to be caused by the great diminution already created in their favourite food of the Tipulidæ and ephemeral flies by the draining of our wet and marshy lands. For it is evident that the same causes must be producing the same effects upon our snipes and all our tribes of wading and

swimming birds; whilst other causes of a like kind must be reducing the number of our really wild *Tetraonidæ*—causes which have already once exterminated (what the spirited efforts of Lord Breadalbane promise to restore) our indigenous Capercailzie (*Tetrao uro-gallus*), and our great bustard (*Otis tarda*). Such, we say, must be more or less the progress of events; for by all, or almost all our leading men in the science of agriculture, the hedge timber of England is doomed:—very many of its woods are to be grubbed, its downs broken up, its marshes drained, and with some of these changes, however on the whole beneficial, must disappear much sylvan beauty and many sylvan sports. And all this must have an immediate effect upon the attractiveness of country life. There can scarcely be a wider difference than that which exists between the feelings towards his estate of the lord of the soil, whose pleasures, occupations and pursuits are all, in some way or other, connected with its possession, and his who sees in his highly cultivated acres nothing more than a productive investment of a certain amount of capital. We are ourselves great admirers of the sweet simplicity of the Three per Cents; but it is impossible to feel any special affection to the Scrip which conveys or attests their ownership—and very little more can be felt towards landed property which has no other quality than that (first and greatest, as we freely admit it to be) of paying with a sweet simplicity its annual rent. Such an owner may well say when he visits his estates, 'Went to-day upon my own land—very much like every body else's land.'

Now as we hold it to be a matter of great national concern to keep alive as far as possible that warm affection for a country life which has from time immemorial distinguished our nobility and gentry, we should rejoice in the prevalence of any tastes or pursuits which tended in any way to add to and prolong its attractions. And amongst these we should give a high place to natural history. Nor is there any other branch of natural history for the study of which we in England have such facilities as for the peculiar branch of ornithology. With the exception of the insect tribes, which, from their diminutive size and from many associations connected with them, are little likely (even though Messrs. Kirby and Spence have written their history) to be general objects of interest, the list of the English fauna is remarkably scanty, except amongst the birds. Civilization has long since extirpated all our larger wild quadrupeds. Few indeed of any size are left to us. An occasional badger



and otter, foxes, hares, rabbits, squirrels, stoats, weasels, mice, and rats (and even amongst them the great grey, or, as our friend Mr. Waterton insists on calling him, the Hanoverian rat, has *all but* eaten up the old black rat of England\*)—these nearly complete our catalogue; so that the naturalist who was restricted to our fourfooted creatures would have to complain with Edgar,

'That mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.'

But this is not the case with our birds. They in numerous families are still rejoicing in their liberty around us, whilst occasional stragglers visit us from the British tribes of other and more richly furnished countries. Our migratory birds come to us every year from Africa: our own familiar raven may be met with not only throughout Europe, but croaks as gravely as with ourselves on the shores of the Black and Caspian seas; visits our Indian metropolis of Calcutta, forces its way over the guarded shores of Japan, dwells amongst our busy descendants in America, ranges from Mount Ætna to the Iceland cold of Hecla, and braves the rigour of the Arctic regions as far as Melville's Island.

The powers of motion, moreover, possessed by birds, causing them to circulate far more widely and freely over the earth than other animals, give us the additional interest of detecting from time to time the presence of rare sojourners who commonly haunt warmer climates or colder latitudes. Add to this that all the accidents of birds are pleasing: their appearance; their voice, from the rich melody of our warblers to the laughing taunt of the gull or the solemn hooting of the owl; their habits, from the domestic familiarity of the robin to the wild soar of the Falconidæ,—all tend to secure for birds an interest and regard which is shared with them by few of the quadrupeds.

No branch, therefore, of natural history seems to us so likely to engage followers amongst ourselves as ornithology; for its materials are everywhere present and always attractive in character. Nor is the possession of such tastes a small gain to their possessor. Objects of new interest surround on every side the opened eye of the naturalist, and give a fresh zest to his former pursuits. When once these tastes have been created, those who from not being sportsmen were almost without interest in our natural fauna,

find every copse and down peopled with living objects of interest; while he who heretofore has been a mere sportsman finds new attractions which increase his love of Nature. Of old time, indeed, amongst the English lovers of field-sports have ever been found those who have been led on to love those tribes of creatures whose presence and whose song peoples and gladdens the brake and forest. It is a beautiful touch in the ballad of 'Robin Hood' which represents the gentle outlaw as surrounded by these natural minstrels:—

'The woodwale sang and would not cease,  
Sitting upon the spray,  
So loud he wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay.\*'

Even as Spenser writes of one of *his* heroes:

'Now whenas Calepine was waxen strong,  
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,  
To take the air, and hear the thrush's song.'

But there are still too many sportsmen who need to have their slumbering senses aroused and to be taught the interest they might find in such a converse with Nature.

Such an one is not Mr. Knox. He is manifestly a sportsman, and a keen one. He has followed the 'eagle and the grouse on the dark, misty mountains and rock-bound coast of Mayo' (p. 2); and on the flat shores of western Sussex 'often during the Siberian winter of 1838, when a *whole gale*, as the sailors have it, has been blowing from the north-east,' he might be found 'sheltered behind a hillock of sea-weed with his long duck-gun and a trusty double, or half buried in a hole on the sand, watching the legions of waterfowl as they neared the shore and dropped distrustfully amongst the breakers'—&c. (p. 9); yet whilst others have longed with impatient fretfulness for the commencement of their sport, chiding at the long delays of reluctant reynard, or brooding sadly over the treachery of public men and the low price of corn, he has found a philosophic interest in 'carefully watching for a very scarce bird (the *Melizophilus Dartfordiensis*) whilst the fox-hounds have been drawing the great gorse covers.'

Already our readers perceive that we are introducing to them a genuine enthusiast. In truth, though written by a man whose

\* There is still dispute what the *woodwale* was: some say a species of thrush, others the woodlark. The bird figures in a pretty verse of *True Thomas*:

'I heard the jay and the throstell,  
The mavis menynd in her song:  
The wodewebeber yd as a bell,  
That the wode about me ronge

\* A few old Blacks (whom Squire Western would have stuck to, had he been living in these degenerate Whig days) still survive; but they are a feeble folk.

profession and habits differ in many respects from his, the volume continually reminds us of our old delight, White of Selborne. Like White, Mr. Knox is a scholar bred at Oxford, and like White he is a close observer of nature, who jots down what he sees in his own neighbourhood or excursions from mere love to that of which he writes, and not to make a book. His volume has sprung from a set of letters written to a friend with tastes and occupations which were like his own. It is one great advantage of such local works that they are invested with a living reality which mere general works of science cannot possess. We walk with White through his favourite woods, and listen with him in the dewy evening to the distant owls, 'all of which,' according to his friend, 'are hooting in B flat.' Mr. Knox carries us in the same way with him through Sussex. The peculiarities and remarkable variations of this county, with all of which Mr. Knox is thoroughly familiar, make it an excellent district for ornithological observation. Throughout its whole extent of 76 miles it stretches along the sea-coast, indented at its western extremity into deep bays, which from their narrow and shallow mouths run almost into salt-water lakes, on the flat shores of which slumber rather aguish hamlets, looking in the distance like Dutch villages. These, throughout the winter especially, are visited by numerous tribes of wading and swimming birds, amongst which are not seldom to be found the rarer visitants of our island. Here, if he will be content to watch, and sometimes to wade for them, the patient duck-hunter or naturalist may see sights which shall at least faintly remind him of the grand lines in which are pictured what may to the letter be seen at this day in some of the great plains near Erzerum, where the traveller looks down upon a valley positively crimsoned in its whole extent by the millions of birds of the richest plumage which are congregated on its flats:—

— ὡς ορνίθων πετεηνῶν ἔδνα πολλά,  
 Χηνῶν ἢ γερανῶν, ἢ κύκνων δολυχοδείρων,  
 Ἀσίῃ ἐν λιμνῶνι Καύστρου ἀμφὶ γέεθρα,  
 Ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα πτενῶνται ἀγαλλόμεναι πετερυγέσσῃ,  
 Κλαγγηδὸν προκαθίζοντων, σμαραγεῖ δέ τε  
 λειμῶν.

Of the vast multitude in which even on our own shores birds of this family congregate together, our readers may form some idea when we mention that we heard recently of one discharge of a large duck-gun killing 140 dozen of the species called stints.

To the east the coast rises into the high precipices of the range of Beachy Head,

still the favourite haunt not only of guillemots, razor-bills, auks, gulls, and ravens, but even of that noble falcon the Peregrine, whose tutored instincts furnished so large a share of the amusements of our ancestors. Leaving the immediate sea-board, there succeeds a low tract of rich land between the sea and the South Downs, which, before and after the annual migrations of various species, harbours vast flights of our different birds of passage. Mr. Knox maintains that these migrations are not confined to those birds which from their insectivorous habits are commonly reputed birds of passage, but extend very widely among the conirostral tribes also, including the goldfinches, linnets, and grosbeaks. The arrival of our vernal visitors is thus described:—

'On fine dry days in March I have frequently seen pied wagtails approaching the coast, aided by a gentle breeze from the south, the well-known call-note being distinctly audible under such favourable circumstances from a considerable distance at sea, even long before the birds themselves could be perceived. The fields in the immediate neighbourhood, where but a short time before scarcely an individual was to be found, are soon tenanted by numbers of this species, and for several days they continue dropping on the beach in small parties.'—p. 81, 82.

Of the departure of these winged hordes Mr. Knox says—

'About the beginning of September, an early riser'—

We hope our readers will notice what we believe to be specially true, that all good observers must be early at their post—

'visiting the fields in the neighbourhood of the coast may observe them flying invariably from west to east, parallel to the shore, and following each other in constant succession. These flights continue from daylight until about ten in the forenoon; and it is a remarkable fact that so steadily do they pursue this course, and so pertinacious are they in adhering to it, that even a shot fired at an advancing party, and the death of more than one individual, have failed to induce the remainder to fly in a different direction; for, after opening to the right and left, their ranks have again closed, and the progress towards the east has been resumed as before.'

It is not difficult to surmise the reason of this proceeding. To compare great things with small, long before the lines were laid for the direct conveyance of our countrymen by the shortest transit into France, this annual string of warblers, under the guidance of unerring instinct, and without any such long deflections from the straight course as

we groan under and pay for, was making for that spot upon our coasts whence the transit of the Channel could be accomplished with the shortest flight and least interruption from the cliffs of Dover.

It is a singular fact, for which no solution is offered, that the course of the larks who frequent these same fields at the same period of migration is the exact opposite of the warblers. The larks fly uniformly from east to west, and in numbers sufficient to give rise to a so-named 'sport,' towards which a strange peculiarity of the birds themselves contributes. Mr. Knox thus describes the custom :—

'A piece of wood about a foot and a half long, four inches deep, and three inches wide, is planed off on two sides . . . in the sloping sides are set several bits of looking-glass. A long iron spindle, the lower end of which is sharp and fixed in the ground, passes freely through the centre; on this the instrument turns, and even spins rapidly when a string is pulled by the performer, who generally stands at a distance of fifteen or twenty yards from the decoy. The reflection of the sun's rays from these little revolving mirrors seems to possess a mysterious attraction for the larks, for they descend in great numbers from a considerable height in the air, hover over the spot, and suffer themselves to be shot at repeatedly without attempting to leave the field or to continue their course.'

It were well if creatures of a higher organization than larks would take warning by their example, and beware lest the charms of such sparkling gewgaws of the earth should draw them down from the higher flights appointed for them. What tragic voices might be heard by the students of 'Emblems' in such a narrative as this !—

'To any one witnessing it for the first time the spectacle is sufficiently curious. Perhaps at this moment the shooters, having all reloaded, are awaiting the approach of the next detachment; presently a voice exclaims, "Here they are, look out!" and a cluster of dark specks becomes visible at a great distance. In a few moments he perceives that this is a flock of larks.' . . . 'Four or five parties occupy one field, and as many shooters are attached to one lark-glass; but notwithstanding the crowd and the noise of voices, mingled with the continued roar of guns, the infatuated birds advance stupidly to them, hover in numbers over the decoy, and present the easiest possible mark to the veriest tyro that ever pulled a trigger.'—pp. 128, 129.

Above this rich district rises the range of the South Downs, frequented by their peculiar winged inhabitants, among which abound the well-known wheateater (*Saxicola ænanthe*), and at certain seasons the most graceful of the English hawks, the kestrel (*Falco*

*tinnunculus*). Few parts of England afford greater beauties than this tract of country. The softest ærial lights, ever changing from morning till evening, mellow the wide expanse of the open downs on which the sea breezes of the Channel seem to come forth to sun and dry themselves; whilst at every turn hollow combs run gracefully up from the deep valleys, with the velvet lawns of their bottoms and sides tufted by the ash, the beech, or the feathery juniper, or sometimes shaded by the soft dark verdure of ancient yew-trees, whose venerable trunks confirm the tradition which assigns their planting to the age and religious rites of our Druid forefathers. Over these may be seen poised in the air below you the graceful form of the kestrel, or windhover hawk, as it prepares to dart upon the mice or larger insects which its keen eye detects amongst the herbage. The northern, and occasionally, as in the case of Charlton Forest, the southern side of these downs is often clothed with large woodland tracts, where the tapping blow and wild laugh of the woodpecker is never long unheard, and where the honey-buzzard and larger species of falconidæ may be detected by the curious. To this succeeds a band of sandstone hills capped often (as at Parham with its heronry, for a graphical and highly entertaining account of which we must refer our readers to Mr. Knox's pages) with woods of Scotch spruce and silver fir, all sheltering their peculiar winged visitors. These sand-hills finally subside into the great valley, where, it seems, so long ago as in the days of Drayton, 'the daughters of the mighty Weald—

'Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,  
Under the axe's stroke fetch'd many a grievous groan;'

but where still happily the oak-tree flourishes in numbers and to an extent which, when viewed from any eminence, may well remind us of the ancient forests of 'merry England.' Nothing can exceed the sweetness and abundance of the song of the nightingales amidst the brakes of these oak-woods in the early summer. From every bush and every streamlet side are poured forth the bursts of their music, whilst the whole family of warblers complete the chorus. It is the absolute fulfilment of Spenser's hardly less melodious description :—

'But the small birds, in their wide boughs embow'ring,  
Chaunted their sundry tones with sweet content;  
And under them a silver stream, forth pouring  
His trickling streams, a gentle murmur sent.'

In these various localities may be found specimens of almost all our remaining native birds. Of the indigenous species, it is true, as we have said above, that some have disappeared, and others are disappearing; yet though we lack a multitude of species in which the richer fauna of other countries abounds, we still have enough to trace the wonderful gradations of structure by which, 'in nature which has no gap,' family passes into family throughout the world of organized being. Perhaps one of the most beautiful instances of this transition may be found in the passage from the falconidæ to the strigidæ, which may be observed amongst our own birds. From the proper falcons, which fly only by day, and obtain their food by the rapidity and boldness of their assaults, we are led imperceptibly to a class of birds organized, as at first sight it would seem, entirely like the true falcons, and actually classed heretofore with them, but which, when closely examined, are found to have a softer plumage and the traces of that peculiar arrangement of the feathers of the neck and head, which is so well known by all in its full development in the owl, and which gives to those birds the appearance of wearing a ruff set around the face. The object of this arrangement of the feathers, which is called by naturalists 'the facial disk,' is very difficult to determine. It may be connected with the auditory apparatus which is so essential to and so large in these noiselessly moving nocturnal birds. In the first divisions of the owl family this arrangement is still incomplete, reaching only half round the eye, till in the type of that genus, our own barn-owl, it becomes fully developed. The same arrangement is distinctly traceable in the *Circi*, or harriers, four of which are found amongst the birds of England. A close observation of their habits reveals another difference between them and the true falcons. Instead of pursuing their quarry in the broadest daylight, they are seen to skim in the evening over the dewy fields, and to secure their prey by that stealthy noiselessness of their flight which the exceeding softness of their plumage renders possible. A still closer examination shows us that in their anatomical proportions and arrangements, as in their habits, the harriers have approached almost as near to the neighbouring family of the owls as to that of the falcons, from which they are departing. This transition of one family into another is made yet more remarkable by the existence of an owl (the hawk owl, *Surnia funerea*), which in manner and appearance closely resembles the preceding family, having in shape and flight a distinctly falconic cha-

acter, and pursuing its prey almost entirely in the daytime. By such nice distinctions are the cognate families of nature at once approximated and divided.

It is to the vulgar neglect of such niceties as these that much of the needless destruction of our indigenous fauna is due. For though we may hope that there are not left many gamekeepers who, like one met with by Mr. Knox, kill that well-known and welcome harbinger of summer the insectivorous cuckoo, because in autumn he changes his bill and claws and becomes a hawk—an error old enough to have been refuted by Aristotle—yet there are still many useful and many harmless members of our scanty list of birds which are habitually doomed to an equally unmerited slaughter. Against these ignorant enemies of our feathered tribes Mr. Knox continually protests, giving up to unpitied destruction the fierce and rapacious sparrow-hawk (whom Mr. Urquhart would consider the very Lord Palmerston of our woods), but fighting the battles of kestrels, honey-buzzards, ravens, and others with a zeal and an acuteness by which we hope he may, before more of our indigenous species are absolutely rooted out, make many converts amongst the owners of our soil, with whose protectionist habits such a guardianship of our native birds would most aptly harmonize. What is to be destroyed is now too often left to be settled by the tender mercies of the gamekeeper, whose first impression is that all strange birds 'destroy the game.' When this error is supported by the undoubted fact that some birds closely allied to those for whom we plead do destroy vast quantities of game, the escape of the innocent from such a tribunal is as impossible as it was for a suspected witch to avoid drowning when her innocence could only be ascertained (and even then doubtfully, because her familiar might have forsaken her) by her actually dying. The case of the kestrel or windhover hawk, one of the most beautiful of our natives, is exactly in point. The food of this bird is grasshoppers, mice, and such other small game, and nothing but absolute want will lead it to feed upon birds. It is a highly useful and perfectly harmless member of winged society, but it bears the sins of the sparrowhawk, that un pitying slaughterer of its weaker brethren. What devastation the sparrowhawk will work in a game preserve, in the breeding season especially, may be learned from the experience of our author, whose keeper found in one nest fifteen young pheasants, four young partridges, five chickens, a bullfinch, two meadow pipits, and two larks, all in a fresh state. The well-known story of a man who,

in a time of scarcity, maintained his family for weeks by robbing the larder of a hawk, the nest of which he had discovered, is quite consistent with this abundance of spoil. Mr. Knox does not mention, what we believe would have been found to be the case, that in every instance the legs of the victims are broken by their practised capturers. Now we think it would not be reasonable to expect any ordinary gamekeeper with such facts before his eyes to spare birds which, whilst their habits are altogether different, are yet so like the offending species that it requires some knowledge of natural history to distinguish between their respective female birds. How slowly such long-established prejudices yield, we may learn even from the great propounder of the sole value in natural history of induction from well-proved facts. For Lord Bacon himself spoke of 'the birds of paradise that they have in the Indies that have no feet, and therefore they never light upon any place but the wind carries them away.\*' That great philosopher also found 'the cause that birds are of swifter motion than beasts,' not in the strength of their muscles, the projecting processes of their bones, and the marvellous provisions for their specific lightness, but in 'the greater proportion of their spirits in comparison of the bulk of their bodies than in beasts.†' And again, speaking slightly of the true cause why birds alone can imitate the human voice, the strength, namely, and peculiar variety of the muscles of the throat, he accounts thus fancifully for the well-known fact:—'I conceive that the aptness of birds is not so much in the conformity of the organs of speech as in their attention; for speech must come by hearing and learning, and birds give more heed and mark sounds more than beasts, because naturally they are more delighted with them and practise them more, as appeareth in their singing. We see also that those that teach birds to sing do keep them waking to increase their attention. We see also that cock-birds amongst singing birds are ever better singers, which may be because they are more lively and listen more.‡' It is the more curious that Lord Bacon should have attributed this power in birds to the greatness of their attention, because he himself prescribes the use of mathematics to give this special faculty to 'bird-witted children.'

With such an example before us, is it reasonable to leave it to be determined by wholly un instructed and often strongly prejudiced men what is and what is not mischievous

amongst our native birds? We earnestly entreat those of our readers who have the power, to prevent our being thus robbed of one of the great ornaments of our woods and fields.

But, speaking on this subject, we must once more introduce our readers to Mr. Knox in his capacity of guardian of a certain pair of ravens, the clientship of which he had undertaken.

'During ten months out of the twelve you may now find a pair of ravens in Petworth Park: perchance if the sky be clear, you may perceive them soaring aloft at such a height as would almost ensure their escape from observation, were it not for their joyous and exulting barks, which, in spite of the distance, fall distinctly on the ear; or if the weather be wet and gloomy, you may see them perched on the summit of one of the huge hollow oaks in the flat of the park, the crooked and withered branch on which they sit, projecting like the horn of some gigantic stag from the dense foliage; or perhaps you may find them concealed in their snug retreat among the evergreen boughs of a clump of Scotch firs near the Tower hill, their favourite haunt during the last five years, and where they now appear to be permanently established. But to return. Their expulsion from this neighbourhood many years ago, was as follows;

'A pair of these birds had built their nest on a lofty tree in the park, and, as a matter of course, were discovered by one of the keepers. Suffering them to remain unmolested during the period of their nidification, he waited until, deceived by his Machiavelian policy, the ravens treated his appearance, even when armed, with comparative disregard. Ill did he repay the misplaced confidence! One day, when the period had nearly arrived at which an addition to the family was to be expected, and the eggs were in his opinion "got hard," a rifle bullet, directed through the bottom of the nest, stretched the female bird lifeless within it; and shortly afterwards, her partner, who had been catering for her at a distance, was saluted on his return with a volley of shot, which laid him quivering at the root of the tree, and completed the success of the functionary, who in those days used to perform among the feathered tribe the triple duties of judge, jury, and executioner.

'Years passed away, and the raven continued unknown in this part of West Sussex, until one day, in March, 1843, when riding in the park, near a clump of tall old beech trees, whose trunks had been denuded by time of all their lower branches, my attention was suddenly arrested by the never-to-be-mistaken croak of a raven, and the loud chattering of a flock of jackdaws.

"I soon perceived that these were the especial objects of his hatred and hostility; for after dashing into the midst of them, and executing several rapid movements in the air, he succeeded in effectually driving them to a considerable distance from his nest. During this manœuvre the superior size of the raven became more apparent than when viewed alone, and his power of flight was advantageously exhibited by compari-

\* Speech concerning Undertakers.

† Nat. Hist., Cent. VII.

‡ Nat. Hist., Cent. III.

son with that of his smaller congener. The latter, indeed, seemed to bear about the same relation to him, in point of size, that starlings do to rooks when seen together.

'The raven's nest was placed in a fork on the very summit of one of the highest of these trees, while their hollow trunks were tenanted by a numerous colony of jackdaws. Some of the holes through which these entered were so near the ground that I had no difficulty in reaching them when on horseback, while others were situated at a much greater height. These conducted to the chambers in which the nests were placed, and which were generally far removed from the external aperture by which the birds entered their tower-like habitation. On thrusting my whip upwards into many of these passages, I found it impossible to touch the further extremity, while a few cavities of smaller dimensions were within reach of my hand, and contained nests constructed of short dry sticks, some of which were incomplete, while in others one or two eggs had been deposited. The next day I returned to the place on foot, provided with a spy-glass, for the purpose of observation. On my arrival I found that the ravens were absent, and that the jackdaws, availing themselves of this, had congregated in considerable numbers, and were as busily employed about their habitations as a swarm of bees; some carrying materials for the completion of their frail and yet unfinished nests, others conveying food to their mates, and all apparently making the most of their time during the absence of their tormentor. There being no cover or brushwood at hand, and the branches being yet leafless, I was unable to conceal myself effectually; but having sat down at the foot of the tree containing their nest, I awaited the return of the ravens.

'Nearly an hour elapsed before the arrival of the male bird, and I was first made aware of his approach by the consternation which it appeared to spread among the jackdaws. Like most animals under similar circumstances, when conscious of the approach of danger, they rapidly collected their forces on a single tree, keeping up all the time an incessant chattering, each bird shifting its position rapidly from bough to bough, while the raven, who held some food in his beak, satisfied himself on this occasion with two or three swoops into the terrified crowd, and having routed the mob, he approached the tree in which his nest was placed. Before arriving there, however, he evidently became aware of my presence, and dropping his prey, which proved to be a rat, he ascended into the air to a great height in circular gyrations, after the manner of a falcon, where he was soon joined by his consort, and the two birds continued to soar over my head while I remained there, uttering not only their usual hoarse croak, but also an extraordinary sound resembling the exclamation "Oh!" loudly and clearly ejaculated. At first I could hardly persuade myself that it proceeded from the throat of either of the ravens, but my doubt was soon dispelled, for there was no human being within sight, and after carefully examining one of the birds for some time with my glass, I observed that each note was pre-

ceded by an opening of the beak, the distance of course preventing sight and sound from being exactly simultaneous.'

We must interrupt Mr. Knox to remark that, from his surprise at the raven's 'Oh!' he seems to be unacquainted with the extent and variety of Ralpho's vocabulary. It is said by one learned writer that 'the raven has a hundred different notes:' for this we do not vouch, but we can answer for it that he has a great many, and several most remarkably *human*. To proceed: our agreeable narrator says—

'In the following year the beech grove was deserted for the fir-clump. I shall never forget my delight on discovering their new retreat near the Tower hill during the spring of 1844. In their new quarters the ravens now reign unmolested, the nest itself being concealed from ordinary observation among the evergreen boughs near the summit of one of the tallest trees, so as to escape the notice of the wayfarers who traverse Upperton Common or pass along the high road which here skirts the ivy-covered park-wall. Nay even within the precincts, where these birds and their establishments are now held sacred, those who occasionally visit the spot for the express purpose of "having a look at the ravens" are generally disappointed, as they mount the steep hill and approach the clump, at seeing nothing of either of the birds, and at the apparent desertion of the place; but they are quickly undeceived. The short and angry barks of the male are just heard as he emerges from the dark boughs; then if the young have been hatched, he is soon joined by the female, and both continue to soar round the heads of the strangers, gradually increasing their distance until they reach a considerable height, and occasionally varying their hoarse cry with the singular note to which I have already alluded. Their retreat is therefore, as I have said, secure from ordinary observation; but what nest can escape the scrutiny of an Argus-eyed school-boy, especially if his cranium should present a development of the true ornithological bump? Soon after the ravens had taken up their quarters here, a truant youth wandering over the Common with his empty satchel on his shoulder, caught a glimpse of one of the old birds, marked him down into the clump, and having satisfied himself by an exceedingly rapid process of reasoning that its abode was there, and that the discovery and appropriation of its contents would repay him for the perils of the adventure, he scaled the wall, climbed the tree, robbed the nest, deposited four "squabs"—all that it contained—in his book-bag, and escaped undiscovered with his prize.

'Imagine my feelings when, on visiting the fir-grove a few days after this occurrence, I could find no trace of either of the old ravens! At first curiosity was succeeded by suspicion, then suspicion by anxiety, and at last anxiety by conviction that something untoward had occurred; but on entering the clump the whole truth flashed upon me at once: splinters of short,

brittle boughs, on which the climber had attempted to rest his feet as he ascended the tree, lay around, mingled with portions of the lining, which was composed of the hair of the fallow-deer. Could the robber have taken *all* the young birds? So, to put an end to suspense, I mounted to the nest, clutched one of the branches immediately beneath it, raised myself up, and eagerly peeped into the interior. Empty! Not a bird, not a feather within it! Nothing but deer-fur and fledge-dust! What was to be done? If even one squab had been left, there would still have been room for hope that the attempt to protect the raven in his native haunts might possibly not have turned out, as now, an apparent failure. Another week elapsed, during which all inquiries—and they were many and searching—after the lost ones were unattended with success. I now visited the clump every day, but my ears were no longer gladdened by the welcome bark of the parent birds. Ring-doves and starlings roosted in the branches of the trees, and even the spiteful jackdaw, who had hitherto kept at such a respectful distance, now chattered among the boughs, as if he could not resist the temptation of having a look at the nest, with a view to appropriating a portion of it to his own use on a future occasion.

Well, at last the young birds were discovered, half starved, in the possession of their original captor, who willingly delivered them up. It was proposed to rear them in a state of domestication, and the operation of clipping their wings had already been performed on three of them before the idea occurred to me that, even yet, “at the eleventh hour,” it was just possible that the restoration of the remaining perfect bird to the nest might have the effect of attracting the attention of either of the old ones if they should happen to revisit the neighbourhood. Although but a “forlorn hope,” the attempt was worth the trial. It was late in the evening, I remember, when I put it in execution, and the next morning found me again on my way to the fir-clump. Impatient to learn the result of my experiment, yet entertaining only a shadowy belief in the possibility of its success, I hastened to the park. Scarcely venturing to raise my eyes as I ascended the slope, I listened attentively, but no sound indicated the return of my absent friends. However, the scene soon changed, and amply was I repaid for all my previous care and anxiety on perceiving, as I topped the hill, both the old ravens issuing from the trees, and flying round my head just as if nothing had happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was true nevertheless; my experiment perfectly succeeded; the young bird was safely reared; the ravens have since brought up several families in the same nest; and as this little episode in their biography has served to increase the interest taken in their welfare by those who have now, fortunately, the disposition as well as the power to protect them, I trust that they may long live in peace and security, and that if any lover of the picturesque or admirer of our native birds should hereafter visit the Tower hill during “trysting time,” he may never find “the raven’s clump” untenanted.

So Mr. Knox leaves the story. We can give our readers one more act in this aerial drama. In the spring of this year the ravens returned to their old nest, and repaired and occupied it according to their wont; incubation was already begun, when a violent spring-storm actually beat the mother from her nest and scattered the eggs upon the ground. After a few days the ravens began to repair the damage of the storm, and abandoning the unfortunate tree, they constructed upon another their new nest. ‘But’ alas! as the poet sang:—

‘Ravens though, as birds of omen,  
They teach both conjurers and old women  
To tell us what is to befall,  
Can’t prophesy themselves at all.’

A second storm, almost as soon as the nest was completed, again marred their work, and actually tore the nest itself from the tree. For a few days the ravens were missing: after these they returned, but conjugal disagreement finished what the violence of the winds had begun. The work of nidification was re-commenced, but one bird was set upon repairing the original, the other upon building a new nest. For a day or two the divided work proceeded, when, as if by mutual compromise, both abandoned their separate undertakings, and flew off together in search of a more favoured spot.

The appearance at the same moment of a pair of ravens, who proceeded forthwith to build and incubate at Parham Park, about eight miles distant, seems to mark out that place as the haven of their choice.—‘*Italiam læti Latiumque petamus.*’ There they will have the company of a goodly settlement of herons, who, like themselves, were driven from afar to seek the shelter of its ancient woods and hospitable owner.

With this narrative we take our leave of our readers, only adding that we are sure that Mr. Knox will feel his labours amply repaid if he has won by them one more votary to a loving observation of nature. In doing so he will have enlarged at once the enjoyments and the powers of his pupil. ‘The world of sensible phenomena,’ says Humboldt, ‘reflects itself into the depth of the world of ideas, and the rich variety of nature gradually becomes subject to our intellectual domain.’ Of no phenomena is this profound observation more true than of those which concern the mechanism of life. Doubtless it was for our moral as well as our intellectual training that we were placed by the Creator in the midst of these tribes of animated beings, who, sharing so much of



our living energy, but lacking the gifts of personality, are around us and familiar with us in the strangest of all acted masques and suggestive mysteries. The very sight of them may awaken us to a sense of the unsolved riddles of being by which we are surrounded, and teach us the spirit of reverential inquiry, in which alone it is profitable or safe to seek to find out the ways of the Inscrutable. The soul thus taught its proper lessons by the visible creation around it will be less apt to dogmatise and more ready to believe when it is brought into contact with the higher worlds of moral and spiritual being which touch him on every side, whilst it will enter into the pregnant climax of the Psalmist—‘*All thy works praise Thee, O Lord, and thy saints give thanks unto Thee;*’ for it will discern the high privilege of collecting from the material creation their instinctive adoration and pouring it with conscious volition into the treasury of God.

to the notice of our readers the best information we could find and the most accurate opinion we could form on the *political* condition of Ireland—its evils—their causes and their most probable remedies. We shall endeavour in this article to select from the works above enumerated, as well as from the reports of some of the numerous tourists who have recently visited Ireland, such evidence of its *moral* and *social* state as may complete the picture, and, if we are not mistaken, reflect additional light on our former views of the general subject. We have seen with great pleasure that, even independently of the Queen’s visit, this season has produced in Ireland an extraordinary affluence of tourists from England and the Continent. It cannot be otherwise than conducive to the advantage of Ireland for the future, and to the justification of England as to the past, that as many impartial eyes as possible should see the actual condition of the Irish people, and should learn, even as far as such a cursory transit will permit, what the real grievances of that unhappy country are.

ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Proceedings of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland upon the Letter of His Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, recommending providing of Practical Instruction in Husbandry in the South and Western Districts.* Dublin. 1848-9.

2. *Returns of Stock and Agricultural Produce in Ireland in the year 1847, 1848.* Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Folio. 1848-9.

3. *The Science and Practice of Agriculture in Ireland.* By Thos. Skilling, Botanical Lecturer at Glasnevin. Dublin. 1845.

4. *Essay on the Elements of British Industry, English, Scotch, and Irish.* By W. Burness, late Land Steward to his Grace the Duke of Manchester. 8vo. 1848.

5. *Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.* By D. Owen Madden, Esq. Dublin. 1848.

6. *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, &c.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. 3 vols. sup-royal 8vo. London. 1841.

7. *The Irish Sketch-Book.* By Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh. [W. M. Thackeray, Esq.] 2nd Edition. 3 vols. London. 1845.

8. *Remarks on the State of Education in Ireland, &c.* By Henry Newland, D.D., Dean of Ferns. Dublin and London. 1849.

WE have frequently of late, and particularly in our last autumnal Number, brought

The three massive volumes of Mr. and Mrs. Hall are written professedly ‘to induce the English to see Ireland and to judge for themselves;’ and both their verbal descriptions and their graphic illustrations are very likely, as far as they may reach, to have that effect, which we too are willing to assist by our commendation of the general spirit and execution of the work. The authors are, we believe, both Irish—the lady certainly is, as we learn from some of her former publications—and their pages have no doubt some strong traces of that national partiality and that tendency to exaggeration which are so peculiarly Irish.\*

\* As, for instance, they say of the Victoria Hotel near Killarney, that it is ‘a *very splendid establishment*, which may vie, both in *external appearance* and in the *costly character* of the interior, with any hotel in Brighton or Cheltenham’ (i. 154). Now the Victoria is nothing at all like this. It is a building of two low stories, of no architectural pretensions at all, very moderately furnished. The bedchamber which a friend of ours was obliged to put up with a few weeks ago, though the house was by no means full, was a poor place with shelving ceilings and no chimney or ventilation, about 10 feet by 12, containing two beds without curtains, a single chair and no room for a second; and the whole establishment is about what one might expect at one of the rural hotels on the coast of Devonshire or the Isle of Wight. Its real peculiarity is that it stands in a little pleasure-ground of its own, with a gate, a lodge, and an ornamental drive, within a few hundred yards of the lake, over which it has a most charming prospect, and looks like what we believe it originally was—a small and very plain gentleman’s cottage, enlarged by additions in the same style. But it is comfortable and well served. Mr. and Mrs. Finn (an *English*

There is also too much, at least for our taste, of Irish eloquence—'luxuriant lakes,' 'sparkling billows,' 'tremendous cataracts,' 'gnomes of the mountains,' and the like—which tend to dim the beautiful realities; and a great deal too much of Irish dialogue and story-telling, of which, like garlic in the *Cuisine provençale*, a sparing spice is very well, but any excess nauseous. Few have the delicate hand with which poor Miss Edgeworth interwove those homely threads into her finer texture. Even in Mrs. Hall's professed novels the eternal Paddies and Judies, however accurate the individual portraits may be, grow tedious, but in a topographical and itinerary work like that before us they are worse. For instance, just as the tourists are entering Killarney they stop short, *à propos de bottles*, to expend eight of their great pages on the tragic wooing of Larry Coyne and Anty Casey, which has no more to do with Killarney than with St. Giles-in-the-fields. We may, however, say on the whole, that the literary, legendary, and antiquarian portions of the work are compiled with laudable diligence—the illustrations (though occasionally trifling) for the most part clear and interesting—and the statements and opinions are in general as sensible, candid, and trustworthy as could be expected from writers who fairly confess their 'unwillingness to say anything creditable to the country and the majority of its people' (vol. i. p. 279).

Mr. Thackeray's book we in a former number referred to as containing, under the light mask of merriment and *persiflage*, a great deal of sober, useful truth. With our present object it becomes necessary to notice it in more detail—for nowhere that we know of can an English reader find so just and so striking a picture of Ireland as she actually is, or more judicious hints as to the real causes of her chronic and proverbial misery. The pseudonyme and the pleasantry may detract in some respects and in some quarters from the effect that a more serious work might have had; but when we consider how long Ireland has been flattered and *flummeryed* by delusive apologies for whatever might be hinted at as faulty, and inflated panegyrics on whatever admitted of any degree of commendation, we almost doubt whether the author could have made himself so usefully

woman, the tourists tell us) are attentive and obliging, and reasonable in their charges; and we are glad to rescue this pretty little place from Mr. and Mrs. Hall's awful comparison with the less comfortable, and, in every sense, more 'costly' hotels of Cheltenham and Brighton.' It is sometimes so full in the season that it would be prudent to write to engage beds. There is a public coffee-room for gentlemen.

heard in a graver form and in his own proper person;—

'——Ridiculum acri  
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res.'

Mr. Thackeray is a quick yet deep observer of nature; and if the ludicrous side of objects be the first to strike him, it must be admitted that he is not slow in discovering and exhibiting their more serious import and consequences. In short, we earnestly advise those who wish to understand Ireland to read the 'Irish Sketch Book;' and any that wish to travel thither to take it as a hand-book, that may be, we think, as implicitly relied on for accuracy of observation as it will be admired for the striking fidelity of the author's pencil, and—bating a few vulgarisms of the assumed character—the lively power of his pen.

Steam navigation has so nearly bridged St. George's Channel, that the passage from Holyhead to Dublin is usually made in four hours, and has been made in three. The railroads already enable a Londoner to reach Dublin in one day, and Cork or Killarney in another; and the small cost at which the mere locomotion can be performed is additionally attractive. These circumstances, which have occasioned so great an increase of visitors this season, will probably continue to have a like or even a greater effect in future; but we must, on the other hand, recollect that this cheap and rapid mode of travelling tends very much to lessen a tourist's opportunity of acquiring solid information. Even now he may proceed by railway, with a short interval of road-travelling, from Belfast or Londonderry to Dublin, and thence uninterruptedly to Cork—the opposite extremities of the island—almost without seeing, and in a still less degree knowing, anything of the agricultural state of the country or the habits of the people. It will, however, be long before the highlands of Donegal, Connemara, or Glengariff can be flown by on the wings of a railway; and it is to be desired that the facility with which one may traverse great and comparatively uninteresting distances should induce British visitors to explore the many collateral scenes where, with the gratification of picturesque curiosity, may be combined the higher—shall we not say—*duty* of acquainting themselves with the actual condition of the people, for which the world considers England as culpably responsible—a responsibility to which it must be confessed that England has—until we might almost say the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's work—submitted in a kind of sullen and abashed silence. We do not know any writer who has so manfully as Mr. Thackeray ventured to put the saddle

on the right horse, nor do we recollect to have ever heard in either house of Parliament any bold and uncompromising denial and refutation of the always exaggerated, generally false, and frequently seditious and treasonable imputations with which the British Government and policy in Ireland have been for the last forty years so unmeasurably assailed.

When Sir Robert Peel made his celebrated declaration that his *great difficulty* in undertaking the government of the Empire was to be Ireland, he confounded, we think, or at least by that vague expression led others to confound, two very distinct things. It was not *Ireland*, accurately speaking, that constituted the difficulty he apprehended—it was the strength and violence of the political faction which had so long made Ireland its battle-field, and endeavoured to enlist the passions, as it had usurped the name, of the Irish people in its party conflicts. Powerful as this parliamentary Opposition undoubtedly was, and formidable as Mr. O'Connell's out-of-doors agitation may have appeared, we stated at the time our conviction that they would have afforded no very serious, much less an insuperable difficulty to an honest, firm, and vigorous Government. And this the result sufficiently proved; for after all the treasonable menaces of Conciliation Hall, and all the insurrectionary array of Tara and Mullaghmast, Sir Robert Peel found no more difficulty in dissipating the still more menacing assemblage at Clontarf and in sending Mr. O'Connell and his associates to Newgate than in dispersing an ordinary mob and committing its ringleaders to Bridewell. Nor did this exertion of courage and authority embarrass him even in Parliament; on the contrary, it strengthened his parliamentary position and facilitated the general measures of his administration. And when at last that administration fell, it was not by *Ireland* (though an Irish bill happened to be the nominal occasion), but by suicide.

There was, however, and there is another, a different, and a greater difficulty, which, though Sir Robert Peel did not perhaps at that moment allude to it, better deserves the generic designation of '*Ireland*'—the moral and social condition of the people—the '*Irish ulcer*,' as the *Times* calls it—which, though its depth and extent had not yet been exposed as they have since been by the terrible agency of pestilence and famine, must have created in any man of ordinary foresight, and in any Government alive to its true responsibilities, a more painful anxiety than any political embarrassment. The evil, indeed, is of so peculiar and complicated a cha-

racter, that even now, when all are forced to admit the melancholy symptoms, few are agreed as to what may be considered as the real cause of the disease, and still fewer as to any specific remedy. Nay, we are prepared to find that of the two sources to which *we*, after long, painful, and, as we persuade ourselves, dispassionate consideration, are inclined to attribute the greatest share of the mischief—namely, first, some Celtic peculiarities of the national character; and, secondly, the influence of the Popish priesthood—we are prepared, we say, to find that all Ireland will unanimously contradict the first, and three-fourths of Ireland the second. Dr. Johnson, with that double-edged wit wielded by that strong common sense which he so eminently possessed, once said, when contrasting the mutual adhesion of Scotchmen with the mutual repulsion of the Irish, 'No, Sir, the Irish are a fair people—they never praise one another.' An opinion which they themselves express by a strange proverbial metaphor, which, like most Irish eloquence, is more remarkable for its force than for its precision or elegance—that, 'if you put one Irishman on a spit, you will easily find another to turn him;' but though thus well disposed to *roast* one another, they are very sensitive as to any reflections on their country; and an Irishman—the most intelligent, and in his own personal relations the most civilized—will not hesitate to deny, or if they are too notorious to be denied, to endeavour to palliate, and even defend, defects, errors—nay, barbarisms, of which he himself would not be guilty, and which he therefore patriotically resolves not to believe, and, if necessary, not to see. The first step, then, towards the regeneration—for that is the word—of Ireland is that nauseous but indispensable preparative to a course of alterative medicine—*TRUTH*. We are well aware of the difficulty of exhibiting so very unusual and unpalatable a draught—how hard it is to find the main ingredient—how difficult to persuade the patient to swallow it—and what a universal concert of expostulation, disgust, and even rejection is likely to ensue! But sooner or later, if the patient is to be saved, the *truth* must be told; and, if so, the *sooner* the better.

Not that the truth itself is new:—every authority from the dawn of Irish history has testified it—but all the authority of history, nay the evidence of our own senses, has been disregarded and stifled under national vanity and party-spirit. Mr. Moore and Mr. O'Connell, even while they are describing their country as having been degraded and debased under the brutifying oppression of a

thousand years, still, with an inconsistency not unsuited to the subject, proclaim her

‘First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,’

and her people to be ‘the finest peasantry in the world.’ We do not pretend to comprehend exactly what is meant by the praise of ‘first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.’ We take it to be equivalent to the claim that every lady has to that of angel, and to be of even less intrinsic value. As to the *finest* peasantry in the world, we shall see, as we proceed, but too much cause to doubt whether, on the contrary, impartial justice would not bestow on them a superlative degree of the opposite quality.

Let us not be for a moment misunderstood: when we reject these mischievous exaggerations, we do not therefore deny an original and real substratum of good and even high qualities in the Irish character. The country itself is rich and beautiful—she has tracts of exceedingly fertile soil and regions of enchanting scenery which nothing can surpass. Her people, too, are clever, witty, good-natured, good-humoured, and, let us add, distinguished for purity in some of the most important points of morals, beyond, we think, any other people in the world. These qualities may be largely conceded to both the country and its inhabitants, and are the lights of the picture. But there are deep shades which we shall exhibit presently on better authorities than our own. We read—that Queen Elizabeth in her old age forbade her portrait-painters to use any shadows; and so modern Irish patriotism endeavours to exhibit the face of their country. They will not admit that there is any speck on her glorious orb, though they cannot but confess, and indeed complain, that she has been somehow, and for a thousand years, under an eclipse. We believe that there is not one of these Quixotic admirers of an imaginary Dulcinea who loves the real Ireland better than we do; but the better we love the real Ireland, the more strong is our conviction of the duty of endeavouring to rescue her from the deplorable extremity to which she has been reduced, not more, we are satisfied, by the unexpected inflictions of Providence than by the extravagant, the almost incredible obstinacy, apathy, and perversity of her own people.

And why should we hesitate to tell the truth? The Irish patriots, as they call themselves, accuse *England* of all the misfortunes and miseries of Ireland. Even the other day, when we sent them ten millions of alms, they told us that it was only a pal-

try, ungracious, and forced restitution of a long series of robbery; and whenever they are driven to admit that there is any thing wrong either in the habits or feelings of their countrymen, they compensate the reluctant avowal by charging it all on the selfish policy and jealous tyranny of England. Why therefore are we not to retaliate on such wild misrepresentations by statements of the sober truth? Why are we not to insist on a fact—notorious to all who are not blinded by national vanity or deceived by popular declamation and delusion—namely, that all of civilization, arts, comfort, wealth, that Ireland enjoys, she owes exclusively to England—all her absurdities, errors, misery, she owes to herself—and not accidentally, but by a dogged and unaccountable obstinacy in rejecting not merely the counsels, not merely the example of England, but in disputing, thwarting, and intentionally defeating all the attempts that England and Englishmen have, with most patient and prodigal generosity, been for nearly a century, and especially for the last fifty years, making for her advantage? This unfortunate result is mainly attributable to that confusion of ideas, that instability of purpose, and, above all, that reluctance to steady work, which are indubitable features of the national character; but also, no doubt, in a most important degree to the adverse influence of the Roman Catholic priests, who have always been jealous of any improvements or instruction, even in the ordinary arts of life, proffered by the Saxon, which they—not illogically, we must own—have looked on with apprehension as likely to diminish their own influence and as the probable forerunners of light and education in other directions.

The recent famine, however—like every infliction which comes from the chastening hand of Heaven—has brought with it some compensation in a most salutary lesson, which, if properly improved, seems destined to awake the conscience of Ireland herself, and to open the eyes of the rest of the world to the real state of the case. The measures of agricultural instruction which Lord Clarendon has sagaciously conceived and benevolently promoted (and of which we shall speak more largely by-and-by) afford us a strong hope of a lasting improvement. It is true that attempts in the same direction have been made, for the last eighty or ninety years, in numerous localities all over the island by individual landlords, with no great immediate and very little permanent success; these, however, were insulated efforts, not always judiciously planned nor perseveringly followed up on the part of the land-

lords; and, for the reasons just stated, looked on with indifference—if not jealousy, by a priest-ridden people too well contented with their former slothful and squalid condition; but the famine and its accompanying scourge have, we trust, subdued that obstinacy, and prepared their minds for the public system of instruction which Lord Clarendon offers, and to which his skilful management has obtained, as it would seem, the co-operation of the majority of the Romish priesthood. We have much to complain of in Lord Clarendon's dealings, as the organ of the Cabinet, with the Romish hierarchy; but in this special case, where he was acting in a more individual capacity, and where the necessity of an early result was urgent, we are satisfied that he acted wisely and fortunately in seeking and obtaining the concurrence of the priests—without which no immediate, and probably no eventual, good could be done, particularly in the remote districts which called for his Excellency's first attention.

We are far from wishing our readers to accept without other authorities our estimate of the national character, which from the earliest period seems to have been a source of weakness to the empire and of wretchedness to the island itself. The exordium of Spenser's famous dialogue on Ireland, though somewhat antiquated in style, is unfortunately as true in substance to-day as it was 300 years ago:—

*'Eudoxus.* But if that countrey of Ireland, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodious a soyl as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that nation to better government and civility.

*'Ireneus.* Marry, so there have bin divers good plottes devised, and wise counells cast already, about reformation of that realme; but they say, it is the *fatall destiny of that land that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good will prosper or take good effect*; which, whether it proceed from the very genius of the soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that hee *reserveth her in this unquiet state still for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England*, it is hard to be knowne, yet much to be feared.'

Old Lithgow, the celebrated Scotch pilgrim, spent six months of 1619 in making 'a general surveigh of the whole kingdom:' and he reports:—

'I found the goodness of the soyle more than answerable to mine expectations; the defect only remaying (not speaking of our colonies) in the people, and from them in the bosom of two graceless sisters—*ignorance and sluggish-*

*ness.* True it is, to make a fit comparison, that the barbarian Moor, the Moorish Spaniard, the Turk, and the Irishman are the least industrious and most sluggish livers under the sun.'—p. 425.

And he proceeds to describe the 'miserable and brutish fashion' of their dwellings, which, however, seem hardly worse than a large number of them now are:—

'Their fabricks are three or foure yards high, and erected in a singular frame of smoake-torne straw, green, long, prick'd turffe, and rain-dropping watles. Their halls, parlours, kitchens, barns, and stables all in one, and that one (perhaps) in the midst of a mire, where in foule weather scarcely can they find a drye part; and their penurious food semblable to their neid condition.'—p. 429.

Dean Swift, one of the keenest observers of mankind, and one of the most zealous friends of Ireland, in a sermon on her condition, draws a picture that differs very little from what he would now see:—

'In most parts of this kingdom the natives are from their infancy *so given up to idleness and sloth*, that they often choose to beg or steal rather than to supply themselves by their own labour. They marry without the least view or thought of being able to make any provision for their families; and whereas in all industrious nations children are looked upon as a help to their parents, with us, for want of being early trained to work, they are intolerable burdens at home, and a grievous charge upon the public, as appeareth from the vast number of ragged and naked children led about by strolling women, and trained up in ignorance and *all manner of vice*. The farmers and cottagers almost throughout the whole kingdom are, to all intents and purposes, as real beggars as any to whom we give our charity in the streets.—Alas! the whole nation is almost reduced to beggary by the disadvantages we lie under and the hardships we are forced to bear; the *baseness, ignorance, thoughtlessness, squandering temper, slavish nature, and uncleanly manner of living of the poor Popish natives*, together with the cruel oppression of their landlords—I say, that in such a nation how can we otherwise expect than to be overrun with objects of misery and want?'—*Scott's Swift*, viii. 124.

There are, however, two points in the Dean's strictures on his countrymen here and elsewhere in his works, which we suspect to have been exaggerated—the personal immorality which he attributes to the poor, and the 'cruel oppression' of the gentry. He wrote in the neighbourhood of a most wretched suburban population, always the most dissolute portion of any nation, and under the influence of a strong personal antipathy to Irish squires, of whom at that day a majority were particularly odious to him

for some reasonable and for some unreasonable motives. At least if the Dean did not overcharge these two points, they—as his friend Lord Orrery remarks in a note on the passage—very rapidly began to correct themselves; for the personal morals of the poor (in many essential particulars) and also the paternal care of the higher order of gentry as to their tenants soon became very remarkable; but as the natural philosophers demonstrate that no force of tension can overcome the intrinsic gravity of the catenary curve, so it seems that no power that has, as yet, been tried in Ireland has been able to overcome the *vis inertiae*—the *insouciance*, *inconséquence*, and idleness of the Irish character. It is noticeable that in endeavouring to convey to our readers the most prominent features of the Irish character the *English* language fails us.

Arthur Young, the most pains-taking, candid, and judicious of agricultural inquirers, made what we may call a professional tour in Ireland in 1776, and subsequently a more protracted visit. Above forty years after Swift's Sermon, his description, the result of extensive personal observation, has the same leading traits:—

‘The manners, habits, and customs of persons of considerable fortune are pretty much the same everywhere—at least there is very little difference between England and Ireland. It is amongst the common people that we must look for those traits by which we discriminate a *national character*. The circumstances which struck me most in the common Irish were vivacity and a great and eloquent volubility of speech. *Lazy to excess at work*, but at play they show the greatest agility. Curiosity insatiable—hospitality to all comers, be their own poverty ever so pinching—warm friends, revengeful enemies, hard drinkers, and quarrelsome—great liars, but civil, submissive and obedient.’—*Young's Tour in Ireland*, part ii. p. 75.

Besides this general description, he complains in almost every district that he visits of the striking absence of industry; and in some cases he observes that nothing but absolute *hunger will force them to work*. In the county of Wexford, however, he fell in with what he calls ‘a Saxon colony,’ the descendants of the first English settlers in Ireland; and here he sees a sudden change.

‘These people are *uncommonly industrious*, and a most quiet race. In fifteen or twenty years there is no such thing as a robbery. The little farmers live very comfortably and happily, and many of them are worth several hundred pounds. They all speak a broken Saxon language, and not one in a hundred knows anything of Irish. They are evidently a distinct people, and I could not but remark that their features and cast of coun-

tenance varied very much from the *native Irish*. The girls and women are handsomer, having better features and complexions. Indeed the women amongst the lower classes in general in Ireland are as ugly as the women of fashion [the English race] are handsome. The industry of these [Saxon] people, as I have already mentioned in several particulars, is superior to their neighbours, and their better living and habitations are also distinctions not to be forgotten.’—*Ib.*, p. 82.

Mrs. Hall, visiting that same district in 1837, observes a peculiarity which we doubt whether she would have seen in any other part of Ireland:—

‘I journeyed from Bannow to Wexford, a distance of sixteen miles, without encountering a single beggar, or even one who appeared to need alms.’—*Lights and Shadows of Irish Life*, i. 43.

Two or three gentlemen in Ireland introduced about the reign of George I. colonies of German Protestants (*Palatines*, as they were called) to work model farms for the improvement of their estates and the instruction of their native tenants, with some temporary success in the first point, but little or none in the second; and the isolated Germans, of whom Young saw some so late as 1776, have been long since overpowered and lost in the general laziness and misery.

‘Their improvements have been ploughing with the wheel plough, which, with two horses, works easily without a driver. They brought in cars with *wheels*; there were only sliding ones before. They also sow all their potatoes in drills with the plough, and also plough them out, and this with great success—but nobody follows them!’—*Young*, p. 303.

Then follows (pp. 311-317) a detail of the superior industry, economy, agricultural produce, personal cleanliness, and comforts of these naturalized Germans, which afforded a marked contrast with the unhappy Irish who would not ‘follow them.’ Their hard-working women especially afforded a ‘perfect contrast to the *Irish ladies*.’ One of these colonies was established by Mr. Quin (ancestor of Lord Dunraven), on his estate of Adare, near Limerick. Mrs. Quin endeavoured to stimulate ‘the Irish ladies’ to imitate the industrious Germans:—

‘Ever attentive to introduce whatever can contribute to the welfare and happiness of her Irish tenants, Mrs. Quin offered premiums to induce the women to make hay, cloaks, stockings, &c., &c.—but all would not do!’—*Ib.*, p. 311.

We need not make any special extracts from Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's exquisite illustrations of Ireland prior to the Union—they are in every one's memory, and have

left impressions of the improvidence, thoughtlessness, and indolence of the Irish character, which, though exhibited in a fictive shape, have always been recognised as exact copies from the life. Mr. Croker, in his 'State of Ireland, Past and Present,' published in 1807, when the only bias on his impartiality must have been in favour of his country, gives substantially the same picture that Young had done thirty years before. After sketching the general characteristics of the nation, he proceeds:—

'The condition of the peasantry was of late utterly and is still almost barbarous. In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert; hereditary indolence would incline them to employ their lands in pasturage, and it is always more easy to induce them to take arms [in insurrections] than to cultivate the earth and wait on the seasons. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth, or as willingly employ them in riot: strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet! Who will call this people civilised, or wonder that they are turbulent?'—*State of Ireland*, xxv.—xxvii.

In a lighter strain, but to the same serious and melancholy conclusion, is the more recent evidence (1838) of the elegant and kind-hearted Lady Chatterton:—

'It is the fashion to attribute to England all or most of Ireland's sufferings; but I think a dispassionate and accurate view of Ireland would prove that a mistake, . . . and that from the strange character of its people the principal miseries and misfortunes of Ireland arise. What must strike a stranger most in a visit to Ireland, if he happen to preserve his own senses, is the utter deficiency of that useful quality, *common sense*. It seems as if there were something in the atmosphere of Ireland which is unfavourable to the growth of common sense and moderation in its inhabitants, and which is not without an influence even on those who go there with their brains fairly stocked with that most useful quality. *Common sense*, I repeat, is lamentably wanted; and this occasions all other wants. Want of sense peeps through the open door and stuffed-up window of every hovel. It is plainly stamped on everything that is done or left undone. You may trace it in the dung-heap which obstructs the path to the cabin, in the smoke which finds an outlet through every opening but a chimney. You may see it in the warm cloaks which are worn in the hottest day in summer, in the manner a peasant girl carries her basket behind her back;—this is generally done by folding her cloak—her only cloak—round it, and thus throwing the whole weight of the basket on this garment, of course to its small detriment. This same want of sense lurks, too, under the great heavy coat which the men wear during violent exertion in hot weather. In short, it is obvious in a thousand ways.'—*Rambles in the South of Ireland*, i. 18, 19.

And Mrs. Hall—Irish by birth, as Lady Chatterton is by adoption—is driven in the first pages of her 'Lights and Shadows of Irish Life' to exclaim on the absurdity of one of the peasantry:—

'*Irish all over!* The people here are constantly reasoning—like madmen—right from wrong principles—or like fools, wrong from right ones; and are likely to remain so till a complete change is made in their managing and management.'—i. 49.

Mr. Burness, a Scotch land-steward and practical agriculturist, who had managed the Duke of Manchester's estates both in Huntingdonshire and Armagh, and is therefore practically intimate with the agriculture of the three countries, computes from the statistical returns that a million of Irish labourers are employed on about one-third or at most one-half the quantity of arable land that is tilled in a much higher style by a million of British labourers in England and the lowlands of Scotland. He found too from personal experience that one Englishman did double the work of an Irishman; and that on the whole any assigned quantity of labour was dearer in Ireland than in England—although the Irish rate of wages was barely half that of England: 'and yet,' he adds—

'You will find this people stirring up one another by noisy declamations and clamorous complaint against the laws of the United Kingdom—the whole terminating in tumult and agrarian outrage.'—p. 13.\*

And finally, to bring down the evidence to the latest period, and from a quarter the least susceptible to any Anglican bias, hear what Mr. Owen Madden writes in 1848. After stating the great improvements effected in the south of Ireland towards the end of the last century by Mr. Anderson, a Scotchman, he says:—

'I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from scattering a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men self-reliant and enterprising. We are eternally told of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumults and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of present apathy and of contemporary indolence.'—*Revelations of Ireland*, p. 284.

We have selected, from a cloud of wit-

\* Mr. Burness's book is small in bulk, but it contains an extraordinary condensation of details, all illustrative of the same general conclusions, and will well repay the attentive reader.



nesses to the same general effect, this series of testimonies, because they come in succession, at intervals long enough to have exhibited improvement had any occurred, and from writers all of whom (except Lithgow) were partial to the Irish. It cannot be denied that they establish the fact that natural indolence and sloth, reluctance to labour, lazy contentment with a beggarly, or worse than beggarly, mode of life, have been for three hundred years the peculiar characteristics of the Irish peasantry; and we take upon ourselves to assert that this natural disposition of the people, not corrected, but rather, we fear, encouraged by their priests, is the chief, and in itself an all-sufficient cause of the greater share of that wretchedness which has become a proverbial characteristic of the Irish nation.

We do not mean to deny that there has been a mischievous system of land-letting in Ireland—that many Irish landlords have partaken of the national characteristics of being impatient, improvident, and unjust—that the class of pseudo-landlords called middlemen were and are a grievous anomaly—that up to 1780 the rivalry of adverse commercial interests, and up to the Union the antagonism of distinct parliaments, fettered the productive powers of Ireland; but all these would have been insignificant and, at worst, temporary embarrassments if the people themselves had been by nature active and industrious. The Statute-book and the recorded debates of both Houses of both Parliaments are irrefragable evidences that there never has been any British minister who has not, apart from mere political questions, dealt frankly, and even kindly, with Ireland, and been earnestly desirous of raising her to a perfect equality with Scotland and England. If she has not attained that level—if Irish wretchedness be still a proverb—it is attributable to herself, to her own people, to their want of energy, and to either the baneful influence or culpable apathy of their priests, and not to either English Ministers or the English public.

Let us examine the case practically.

The recent failures of the potato-crops, which have given such an intensity to Irish distress, and created so great a curiosity and interest as to the causes and extent of the calamity, were not altogether unprecedented, nor by intelligent persons unforeseen. There have been in the present century several failures of the potato,\* and one particularly in 1822, in which, in addition to large public grants, there were private subscriptions from England amounting to 300,000*l.*, a sum so

ample that there was a large residue above what was required. There was another alarm of the same kind, and similar demands, though to a smaller amount, on the public purse, in 1831; and in 1835, 1836, 1837; and again in 1839. But it was not by occasional alarms only, however frequent, that the Irish people, if they had had common foresight and industry, ought to have been warned of the precarious position in which a potato-fed population must always stand. Under the most favourable circumstances the potatoes could never be preserved for a whole year. They generally, and that only with care, lasted about nine months. For three months the peasantry have always been put to their shifts to supply their place, and oatmeal—an equally indigenous production—was the cheapest and readiest substitute. This important fact, which every Irishman, gentle and simple, must know, which Arthur Young notices (*passim*), and which was the basis of his earnest recommendations of a better and more varied course of culture, produced no effect whatsoever on the general practice. No succession of crops—the same eternal reliance on the potato—the same miserable culture of a scanty oat—the land growing every year more exhausted, left the alimentary condition of the poor in Ireland worse, we are satisfied, in the year 1845 than it had been in 1745—certainly worse than it was in 1776, when Arthur Young offered his unavailing advice. Why, it may be asked, did not the gentry counteract and remedy this neglect? We might answer epigrammatically, that the gentry were Irish also; but the epigram would be in a vast number of cases unjust. In the first place, the peculiarity of the tenure under which the greater part of Ireland is held deprived the nominal landlord of much, and generally indeed of all, that influence and control which a real landlord might have over his tenants. Large tracts of forfeited lands were originally granted to a few great proprietors, who, unable to people or cultivate such extensive possessions, under-granted them at a fee-farm profit-rent to a more numerous class of undertakers—who again granted or sub-let for long leases to others—and so on till the land, burdened with so many profit-rents to various landlords, reached, through the hands of the last middleman or land-jobber, the real cultivator at an exorbitant rack-rent; and so rooted had this system become, that the poorest tenant who could obtain a lease became immediately a middleman in his turn, and hard as his own condition was, there were others always ready to find 'in the lowest depth a lower still.' Many of the earlier grants of these series were perpetui-

\* See 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1846.

ties—many that may in law be considered as middlemen are in fact independent landlords, paying only a kind of quit-rent—and there are sometimes two or three successive grants of perpetuities; there were also long leases, for lives, for years, and for both; and since the unfortunate grant of the elective franchise to the Roman Catholics, and the still more unfortunate adoption of the legal quibble by which leases for lives were considered as electoral freeholds, the Irish landlord was induced, for political purposes, to put up his land into miserable forty-shilling freeholds, and to part with it for one, two, or three lives—generally his own, his son's, and the tenant's. He thus not only lost all direct power over his property, but was even obliged to manage the tenant (and the worse the tenant was the more management he required) in order to secure his vote—which, however, of late years he never got unless through the favour of the priests, in whom it may be truly said the whole of this *forty-shilling* franchise was for all practical purposes vested. This is now avowed by the organ of the priests:—

'The priests were the real sinews of O'Connell's fifty years' war. They worked for him in every capacity; they were his field-m Marshals and his tax-gatherers. The priests were the men who carried the popular elections in spite of bent brows and impending ejections; and more than all, they were the men who wedded religion to agitation, and thereby infused a charmed life into the latter.'—*Nation*, 16th Sept., 1849.

It is quite clear that in such a state of things the real power, and therefore the moral responsibility of even the best landlords, were extremely limited; but notwithstanding these difficulties, we find a great number of landlords making very strenuous and in most cases judicious efforts to improve their estates and instruct and civilise their tenantry. A large portion of Young's pages is occupied with attempts of this kind; and we have already given two or three instances of their total failure, as far as regarded the improvement of the tenantry—'*nobody followed them.*' Two of these attempts, to which Mr. Young gave special attention and large commendation, are worth remarking.

Among the afflicting accounts which the daily papers present us from all parts of Ireland, from none (except perhaps from Skibbereen) have they been more distressing than from Westport. Now we find from Young, and we know from other sources, that nowhere in Ireland or England were there to be found more public-spirited, judicious, and liberal improvers than the landlords of Westport—the Earl of Altamont, in

Young's time, and his son the first Marquis of Sligo, who succeeded in 1781, and died in 1809. The latter was so zealous an improver, that he was about 1801 the founder and first president of a great agricultural institution called 'The Farming Society of Ireland.' Nor have we any reason to suppose that the late lord, the second Marquis, was inattentive to his estates and tenantry. Those noblemen were habitually resident at their fine seat of Westport, and created, indeed, the pretty and as it seems thriving town adjoining; they introduced manufactures into the neighbourhood, and gave the best examples of and encouragement to agriculture, both by cultivation and favouring the export of corn, which they built warehouses to store and a pier to ship,—'*but all would not do!*' The *genius loci* has been too strong for the exotic industry they had produced; and Westport, even before she became a focus of pauper wretchedness, was sneered at as a monument of the folly, as it is now termed, of improvements which the country is not prepared to imitate and support. In 1842 Mr. Thackeray found Westport desolate, though it had not yet become a lazaret-house.

'There was a long handsome pier, and one solitary cutter lying alongside it, which may or may not be there now. As for the warehouses, they are enormous; and might accommodate, I should think, not only the trade of Westport, but of Manchester too. There are huge streets of these houses, ten stories high, with cranes, owners' names, &c., marked Wine Stores, Flour Stores, Bonded Tobacco Warehouses, and so forth. These dismal mausoleums, as vast as pyramids, are the places where the dead trade of Westport lies buried—a trade that, in its lifetime, probably was about as big as a mouse. Nor is this the first nor the hundredth place to be seen in this country, which sanguine builders have erected to accommodate an imaginary commerce. Millowners over-mill themselves, merchants over-warehouse themselves, squires over-castle themselves, little tradesmen about Dublin and the cities over-villa and over-gig themselves, and we hear sad tales about hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.'—vol. ii. pp. 92, 93.

Mr. Thackeray's sarcasm is too generally just, but in this particular instance we think he magnifies the original disproportion—at least we have reason to believe that about the beginning of the century Westport was a busy place, with no more commercial accommodation than there was immediate or probable use for.

The other instance to which we have alluded of calamitous failure on the part of improvers is the estate of Strokestown, recently infamous by the murder of Major Mahon, for the mortal offence of endeavour-

ing to rescue his property from the hands of a pauper and mutinous tenantry, who would neither pay rent nor cultivate the land, nor permit others to do so. We find in Young that Mr. Mahon, the Major's ancestor, was an active and judicious improver. He occupies a large share of Young's favourable notice. He imported a ploughman from Suffolk to instruct the boys not only of his own estate, but of his neighbours', in the art of ploughing—a notable desideratum, it seems; for, wonderful to say, it was only the day before Young arrived at Strokes-town that he had found the farmers drawing their ploughs and harrows by their *horses' tails!*

'Indignant reader!' he exclaims, 'this is no jest of mine, but cruel, stubborn, barbarous truth. It is so all over Cavan.'—p. 170.

and, as he subsequently saw, in other parts of Ireland also.

'Near Castlebar their husbandry is admirable! They have three customs which I must begin with:—

'First, they harrow by the tail.

'Item, they burn the corn in the straw without thrashing it.

'Item, the fellow who leads the horses of a plough walks backward before them the whole day long; and in order to make them advance, strikes them in the face.'—Young, p. 200.

He adds, (p. 174,) that even in Fermanagh, close to the civilizing influence of the benevolent lords of Florence Court, the *ploughing by the tail* had been abandoned only seven years before his visit. To all which evidences of humanity and common sense among the 'finest peasantry in the world' may be added the practice of plucking the feathers of their live geese, and the tearing off, or rather tearing out, the wool from the backs of their live sheep, to save the trouble of shearing. Most of these things Young repeatedly witnessed in the year 1776, in a Christian country, where many who are still alive were then living—when Lord Plunkett was twelve and the Duke of Wellington seven years old—when the young Grattan and the mature Flood were wasting in obscure party squabbles the eloquence and energies which would have been better employed in endeavouring to render unnecessary such a disgrace to their country as a *statute law* against *ploughing by the tail, burning corn in the straw, and tearing out the wool of live sheep.*

It is true that those more gross and brutal barbarisms have now vanished; but have we essentially improved the moral condition of the people? They no longer, indeed, ex-

coriate sheep or plough by the tail, but they murder landlords! Hear Mr. Thackeray:—

'Look yonder at those two hundred ragged fellow-subjects of yours; they are kind, good, pious, brutal, starving. If the priest tells them, there is scarce any penance they will not perform—there is scarcely any pitch of misery which they have not been known to endure, nor any degree of generosity of which they are not capable; but if a man comes among these people, and can afford to take land over their heads, or if he invents a machine which can work more economically than their labour, they will shoot the man down without mercy, murder him, or put him to horrible tortures, and glory almost in what they do. There stand the men; they are only separated from us by a few paces; they are as fond of their mothers and children as we are; their gratitude for small kindnesses shown to them is extraordinary; they are Christians as we are; but, interfere with their interests, and they will murder you without pity.'—*Sketch-book*, i. 160.

It seems to be the fashion to say that the country is of late years wonderfully improved. The first greeting that any one who revisits Ireland after a few years' interval receives, is the self-complacent question, uttered in a tone that challenges an affirmative answer, 'Do you not see a vast improvement in everything?' We confess that, with the evidence before us, we could hardly venture to give the expected reply, though we suppose that Irish friends would be scandalised at our hesitation.

Take, for instance, the main point of all—food. There is no hint, in all Young's voluminous details, that there had been of late years any want of food. On the contrary, he repeatedly notices, with a homely expression of satisfaction, that the poor, ignorant, and uncultivated people had '*always a bellyful.*' Now has that been the case in our day, even before the late positive famine? In 1839 Lady Chatterton deplored the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Cork being reduced to gather nettles for food (*Rambles*, ii. 121). In the month of August, 1842—three years before the potato-blight of 1845—Mr. Thackeray saw at Kilkullen, only twenty-two miles from the capital, on the great southern road—

'but few people, except a crowd round a meal-shop, where meal is distributed once a-week by the neighbouring gentry [cruel landlords!]. There must have been some hundreds of persons waiting about the doors. Going a little further, we saw women pulling weeds and nettles in the hedges, on which dismal sustenance the poor creatures live.'—vol. i. p. 44.

As he proceeded, he found matters still worse:—

'Throughout the south and west of Ireland the traveller is haunted by the face of the popular starvation. It is not the exception—it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries, men are suffering and *starving by millions*. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin doors with no work, scarcely any food, no hope seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed "*for the hunger*"—because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person a-foot. Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens, and to exist now must [*qu. neglect to ?*] look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too.'—vol. i. p. 146.

Again: Young, in his extensive and accurate inquiries, found that almost every peasant, or, as he sometimes phrases it, 'every cabin,' had at least *one* cow, many *two*, some *three*—and this throughout the whole country. In one district in Cork he notices, as an exception to be regretted, that some cabins had *not* a cow. He even gives, from his own inquiry and inspection, numerical tables of the condition of the people on estates in three provinces.

He examined 22 '*haymakers*' at Mr. Bushe's, in the county of Kilkenny, and found each family, or 'cabin,' to have on the average—

'6½ souls; 1 cow; ½ a horse; 2 hogs.'—p. 72.

Two only had no animal.

On Sir Lucius O'Brien's estate in Clare, he examined 43 '*labourers*,' and found in each cabin an average of—

'6 souls; three cows; 1½ horses; 9½ sheep.'—p. 239.

Three only of 43 had no animal.

On Sir James Caldwell's estate on the borders of Fermanagh and Donegal, he examined 34 '*labourers*,' and found to each cabin—

'6 souls; 3½ cows; and each sowed 5 gallons of flax-seed.'—p. 163.

One only had no cow.

We should be glad to believe that anything like this could be now reported of the labouring classes throughout Ireland.

Our readers may perhaps recollect the wishes we expressed three years ago in an article on French Agriculture (Q. R., vol. lxxix.), that the Government would set about procuring returns of agricultural produce and stock in these countries, as had been done in France. We perceive with great satisfaction that Lord Clarendon has already

accomplished this great and valuable work in Ireland, and very detailed returns for the years 1847 and 1848, obtained and ably classified, under his Excellency's directions, by Captain Larcom, one of the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, have been laid before Parliament. In these returns we find an approximate account of the stock on the several denominations of farms in Ireland. These do not enable us to make a comparison with the particular estates mentioned by Arthur Young, nor do they distinguish *cows* from other *cattle*, but they indicate a great decrease in the average of cows given by Arthur Young, as may be seen by the following table, in which Young's statements are compared with the official averages of the counties in which his accounts were taken:—

Average of cows to each cabin—	Ar. Young.	Offic. Res.
Kilkenny . . . . .	1776.	1847.
Clare . . . . .	1 . .	2
Fermanagh . . . .	3 . .	2
	3½ . .	11

In these counties we see that the average is reduced since 1776 by above two-thirds; and, deducing from both authorities an average for the whole kingdom, the result appears to be, in round numbers, that in 1776 each cabin had two cows, and that in 1847 two cabins have but one cow. It may be said that in 1847 the progress of the famine had already diminished the number of cows: this is true; but we also find in these returns that the small *holdings* have been diminished in a greater proportion than the *cattle*; that therefore the *proportion of cows to holdings* was greater in 1847 than before the famine—and consequently that a *comparison* between the comforts of the poor in 1776 and 1845 would have been still more unfavourable to the latter.\*

We have also had the opportunity of obtaining the state of this case on an estate which has the general reputation of being the very best managed in the best part of Ulster, where there is not a middleman, and the farmers and labourers are supposed to be amongst the most comfortable in Ireland; on that estate we are informed that 280 cottier tenants possess but 75 cows.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, indeed, seem to bring us better tidings:—

'Of late years a decided improvement has taken place amongst all classes throughout Ire-

\* It appears by these returns, that in the last two years there has been a diminution of the smaller farmers in Ireland to the number of 71,137, and an increase of the larger ones of 3670.

land. In the year 1836 we made a tour in Ireland and another in 1840. The improvement in these four years was so extraordinary as almost to exceed belief: during our previous visit we noted comparatively little alteration in the external aspect of the country or in the condition of its people from what we had known them twenty years ago; but of late the move forward has been wonderful.'—Hall, i. 3.

We quite agree with the writers that this sudden advance within four years after a stagnation of twenty 'almost exceeds belief;' and we could therefore have wished that they had furnished us with a few specific and corroborative facts of so marvellous a change, particularly as we find in other parts of their work a good deal that seems to us of a quite contrary tendency; but there is one short phrase mixed up with this Utopian eulogy which tempers it very considerably, and brings it almost within the verge of credibility:—

'The very lower class, perhaps, has not yet felt the full benefit of this movement.'—*ibid.* i. 3.

Now, this admission, from writers who honestly confess their reluctance to relate anything 'discreditable to the majority of the people,' may, we think, be fairly taken as a confession that this supposed improvement has not in any perceptible degree reached 'the very lower class.' But it is that 'very lower class' that constitutes the whole difficulty, and to which alone such inquiries as these apply. Everybody admits that the upper and middle classes have always been assimilated in some measure to the corresponding ranks in England. It is towards the mass of the people, who are unfortunately too justly comprised in the designation of 'the very lowest class,' that the public solicitude is, and ought to be, directed; and we see that even the good-natured Mr. and Mrs. Hall are obliged, after the bold and decisive statement of the improvement of *all* classes, to make the cautious, though somewhat Hibernian exception of the largest class of all—a class that certainly includes eight or nine-tenths of the people they profess to describe.

We attach very great importance to this point; because it is, as we before said, the fashion of the country—into which tourists are apt to fall—to believe, or at least to assert, that substantial improvements, agricultural and social, have been both rapidly and steadily progressing; and it is of vital consequence to know whether Ireland has really been progressing or deteriorating under her present system. Since the failure of the potato crop and the efforts made by many

of the gentry, and especially the impulse given by Lord Clarendon's instructors, there has been, we have every reason to think, a visible though slight and partial improvement in agriculture. But of the general improvement, which we are told was so rapid prior to this infliction, we entertain very stubborn doubts, in every respect but one—a very important one, indeed, which we are glad to record—the increased temperance of the lower classes. In that respect there is, we are informed and believe, a manifest improvement, which, however, we can trace nowhere else; and, conceiving nothing to be so mischievous as the system of flattery and deception which cherishes the vanity and indolence of the people, we shall present our readers with some specimens of civilization and industry chiefly from the pen—we wish we could also avail ourselves of the pencil—of Mr. Thackeray, who visited Ireland a year or two later than that wonderful advance discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

We shall endeavour to classify a little our scattered materials; and first as to manners and habits.

The feature that we believe first and most remarkably strikes every stranger on entering Ireland is the habitual untidiness, the slattern negligence, or the perverse absurdity with which everything is done, or half done, or left altogether undone. At the Shelbourne (*sic*) Hotel—which, though it cannot spell its own name, advertises itself as 'the largest, best situated, and cheapest hotel in Dublin,' and which undoubtedly is in the most fashionable part of the town—the fastidious Englishman found it necessary to suggest that the room allotted to him should be washed—an operation which it had visibly not undergone for six months; and when the window, looking on the magnificent area of St. Stephen's Green—the finest square in Europe,' says the advertisement—was raised to accelerate the drying of the floor, there was no way of keeping it open but by propping it with the *hearth-brush*—which of course in the month of July was not likely to be required for its proper duty at the fire-side. (i. 32.) If Ireland could produce another Swift, a new *Sermon on a Broomstick* might be more practically useful than the old one, and the following explanatory passage would afford a text:—

'The hotel is majestically conducted by clerks and other officers; the landlord himself does not appear, after the honest, comfortable English fashion, but lives in a private mansion hard by, where his name may be read inscribed on a brass-plate, like that of any other private gentleman.'—*Sketch-book*, i. 10.

In the whole town of Bandon Mr. Thackeray did not see one window that had not a broken pane; and a traveller of 1849 thought that even in civilized Belfast the broken windows of the upper floors, in some of the streets, were rather too numerous. The very railroads—whose essence it is to be punctual and perfect, and which must of course, in all their arrangements, present a contrast to everything else in Ireland—are not always exempt from national influence. On the morning of Tuesday, the 7th of August, 1849, the first-class passengers of the great Southern and Western Railway, bound for Mallow, Cork, and Killarney, found, on emerging from the magnificent station in Dublin, that all the glass windows of all the first-class carriages had been removed. The morning was wet and stormy—the worst of the whole season—and the wind drove floods of rain through and through the carriages, so that the passengers were forced to *stop the windows with their own cloaks and greatcoats*; nor could this strange blunder be remedied till the arrival of the train at the Limerick junction—three-fourths of the whole way—where another carriage, with windows was, after some slight demur, substituted by the superintendent; but this itself, was, from standing by unused, in so dusty, not to say dirty, a state, that some lady passengers declined the accommodation, and continued, as the day had grown fine, in their original damp seats. One of the travellers by this same train purchased at the book-shop of Messrs. Bradford and Co., in Patrick street, Cork, a guide book for that town, published by that respectable firm. By some accident the binder had omitted the three or four last leaves of the index—from A to half of L being present, the rest absent. On the purchaser's remarking this circumstance, a dozen other copies of the work were obligingly produced, but they all had the same defect. Then followed the usual Irish expedient of a profusion of inconsistent excuses, and even defences of this deficiency, until at last the book-seller cut the matter short, and made the volume what he called *perfect* by—*tearing out* the two leaves, A to L: thus getting rid of the defect by getting rid of the index altogether; and he seemed rather surprised at his customer's being dissatisfied with the operation. We should hardly have ventured to repeat so strange an anecdote, if we were not able to specify the parties, the place, and the volume.

At a lodging-house kept by the 'pretty' and 'ladylike' widow of a merchant in Cork, we have a small, but not insignificant inci-

dent related in Mr. Thackeray's lighter style:—

'One word more regarding the Widow Fagan's house. When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? "In a coal-scuttle to be sure," says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

'No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

'“Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel,” says that brightest of wits guessing again.

'No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

'“Oh, I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlatternly wetch!” says Snooks.

'Wrong again—Peggy brought up the coals in a CHINA PLATE!’—vol. i. pp. 155, 156.

Mr. Thackeray accompanies Mr. Martin, at whose castle he was staying, and a stipendiary magistrate, to a court of petty sessions at Roundstown in Connemara. The sessions room was furnished

'with a deal table, a couple of chairs for the two magistrates, and a Testament *with a paper cross pasted on it*, to be kissed by the witnesses and complainants frequenting the court.’—vol. ii. p. 60.

What a 'picture in little' of untidiness and neglect is this unseemly make-shift for the symbol so peculiarly revered by the people!—and that too when Testaments with a cross handsomely stamped on their cover are sold by numerous pedlars throughout the country for sixpence—nay, sometimes as low as threepence.

At Skibbereen, which has since obtained so deplorable a notoriety, Mr. Thackeray happens to take a peep into some of the obscure *penetralia* of his hotel.

'But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan the waiter's pantry is the most wonderful—every article within is a make shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh butter, tallow candles, dirty knives—all in the same cigar-box, with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap. No pen can describe that establishment, as no English imagination could have conceived it.’—vol. i. p. 172.

These may seem, and indeed in themselves are, very small matters; but are not all this dirt, negligence, and disorder in the domestic arrangements of an entire people, symptoms

of the idleness and neglect in more important concerns which have produced an accumulation of human misery 'such as no imagination can conceive?' The disorganizing principle is the same, only that—

'Now a bubble bursts, and now a world.'

The following topics and scenes are of more serious import.

To an English eye the most startling and painful sight must be the houses and the dress, if they can be so called, of the lower classes. We need not describe the dwellings: most of them are no better than they appear in Lithgow's picture, many are worse. Even in Ulster, by the side of that magnificent road which has been constructed from Glenarm and Cushendall to Ballycastle, there are to be seen collections of hovels infinitely inferior to anything we can conceive of a Hottentot kraal. If here and there you detect something that makes a distant approach to comfort or to neatness, you will find on inquiry that they are under the immediate influence of some neighbouring *gentleman* or *lady*, or that there is an *Englishman* or *Englishwoman* in the neighbourhood, or that the owners are Protestants, or connected with the Police,\* or the Railroads. Anything like tidiness or comfort on the part of the native Irish is exceedingly rare.

Their dress requires a few more detailed observations. In the North, the men *who work* are tolerably well dressed, and all wear shoes. In the South and West the working men are poorly clad, yet still less ill than the women: but everywhere, throughout all parts, even in the best towns, and in Dublin itself, you will meet men and boys—not dressed, not covered—but hung round with a collection of rags of unimaginable variety, squalidity, and filth—walking dung-hills. That old pleasantry, as it seemed to be, of the Irish peasants robbing the English scarecrows affords an imperfect idea of these frightful exhibitions. No one ever saw an English scarecrow with such rags; no English farmer's servant would touch them; and boys of ten or twelve years old are to be seen with a *tippet* of these loathsome shreds about their necks, and all below stark naked. No such sights as these are to be seen, we

\* It is impossible to say too much of that admirable body the Police. Its influence not merely in keeping the peace, but in correcting and civilizing the habits of the people, is visible all around their establishments. The creation of this force is certainly the greatest boon that Sir Robert Peel ever conferred upon Ireland; and we trust due care is taken by the superior authorities to prevent any deterioration of its composition. None but men of irreproachable character and fair abilities should be admitted into it.

are confident, anywhere else on the face of the globe.

In the South and West the greater number of the women are wretchedly clad; sometimes they are almost as destitute of decent covering as the male apparitions we have just described: but throughout the whole country—even in the North—the vast majority of females are bare-footed. Nothing makes more effect on a stranger, or less, it seems, on the natives, than this, as the stranger thinks, humiliation of the gentler sex. We do not think it could have been so general in Young's day, for he mentions, as attracting particular notice, a barefooted girl: one with shoes would be now the exception. The Reverend James Hall, who travelled in Ireland in 1807, says that 'to be without shoes is not uncommon:' a phrase which evidently implies that bare feet were not then the majority, as they now indisputably are; and he notices, with some expression of surprise, a barefooted girl with a knot of red ribbons in a neat clean cap (*Trav. in Ireland*, vol. i. p. 79). Such incongruities are now nothing remarkable. A friend of ours this summer met an otherwise decently dressed girl bare-footed; and on asking her why she did not wear shoes, she pleaded poverty—that she could not afford them: yet she had on a handsome red shawl, and a cap plentifully trimmed with lace. He also saw another damsel very smartly dressed, with a gay gown, a mock Cashmere shawl, a neat straw bonnet, and lace veil, a silk parasol, and bare feet!—but these instances were in the North. In the South and West, half the female person is often as naked as the feet; but amidst all this squalid exposure it must be said of the poor creatures that an immodest word, look, or gesture is rarely to be detected, even among the most destitute. It is true that this absence of *chaussures* is not always the result of poverty, though it may be of economy: long habit has made it easier to them, and they certainly often carry their shoes and stockings in their hands along the roads, and put them on when they approach the town. Lady Chatterton tells us that her maids protested that they caught violent colds by wearing shoes; and an old woman at her Ladyship's gate had well nigh got her death by a fever, brought on by a pair of shoes and stockings in which she was overpersuaded in one cold winter to incarcerate her lower extremities.

This unseemly habit extends even into the best towns. In Belfast and Londonderry, for instance, half at least of the women that one sees in the streets are barefooted; but so inattentive does the mind become to what the eye is accustomed to, that when a late



traveller happened to express his wonder at so general a deficiency of shoes and stockings in so civilised a town as Londonderry, a gentleman present, well acquainted with Londonderry, and quite incapable of any intentional inaccuracy, totally denied the fact, asserting that 'such a thing might perhaps be seen in some country districts, but *not in the city of Londonderry.*' On this downright contradiction between two such respectable eyewitnesses, *a poll was demanded*, and taken by reckoning the women that should pass a given window, in one of the principal streets of the city, in a given time :—and the result turned out to be in the proportion of *five* women with shoes and stockings to *fourteen* without. 'This was in August, 1849.

Nor is it, we regret to say, the 'poor Popish natives' only that exhibit this untidiness. Many of the public edifices and monuments, for which the higher classes are responsible, are in a state of discreditable unfinish or neglect. Several of the architectural façades of principal Churches in Dublin have stopped short at the lower story. A Palladian fountain was erected in Merrion-square, after the style of those in Paris and Rome—but it *never was supplied with water*; and, says the Guide-book, 'has been shamefully mutilated.' By a singular coincidence this *waterless* fountain was dedicated to a deceased Lord Lieutenant, with this appropriate inscription :—

'His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere!'

The great Wellington trophy in the Phoenix Park has been, for thirty years, waiting for its statue. The celebrated statue of King William, 'of glorious and immortal memory,' in College Green—the idol of the Orangemen and the abhorrence of the Papists, concerning the painting of which there is an annual squabble—is, the Guide-book tells us, of *bronze*, but we suspect it must be of lead—not from their painting it, but because the material, whatever it be, of the limbs of both the hero and his horse has so given way as to require being shored up by a block of wood, though not so as to prevent the whole group exhibiting a most ludicrous specimen of distortion. Another similar statue of King George II. on the Grand Parade of Cork is certainly lead, and still more portentously dislocated; and the gay colours in which both these works of art are painted give additional effect to the paralytic deformity. Now that the Corporations have become Papist, we are not surprised that they should willingly maintain such libels on the Protestant Kings; but we wonder that loyalty

and common sense do not step in either to restore the figures to something like a shape, or to remove them altogether. All through the country Mr. Thackeray noticed the florid architecture and large dimensions of a crowd of Roman Catholic chapels, churches, and cathedrals, which are in different stages of erection—but he did not, we think, see a single one in town or country completed, nor is there any likelihood that there will be either funds or perseverance enough to finish a tithe of what are commenced.

Of the posting-stage called the *Royal Oak*, on the most frequented thoroughfare in Ireland, and in the remarkably civilized county of Carlow, Mr. Thackeray relates—

'As we stopped for a moment in the place, troops of slatternly, ruffianly-looking fellows assembled round the carriage, dirty heads peeped out of all the dirty windows, beggars came forward with a joke and a prayer, and troops of children raised their shouts and halloos. I confess, with regard to the beggars, that I never yet have had the slightest sentiment of compassion for the very oldest or dirtiest of them, or been inclined to give them a penny; they come crawling round you with lying prayers and loathsome compliments, that make the stomach turn; they do not even disguise that they are liars; for, refuse them, and the wretches turn off with a laugh and a joke—a miserable grinning cynicism that creates distrust and indifference, and must be, one would think, the very best way to close the purse, not to open it, for objects so unworthy.'—vol. i. p. 69.

Similar specimens of what he calls the 'moral aspect' of the people occur in all parts of the country; for instance, at another posting-stage, in the county of Kilkenny :—

'A dirty, old, contented, decrepit idler was lolling in the sun at a shop-door, and *hundreds* of the population of the dirty, old, decrepit, contented place were employed in *like* way. A dozen of boys were playing at pitch and toss; other male and female beggars were sitting on a wall and looking into a stream; scores of ragamuffins, of course, round the carriage; and beggars galore at the door of the little ale-house, or hotel.'—vol. i. p. 77.

And again at Cork :—

'As the carriage drove up, a magnificent mob was formed round the vehicle, and we had an opportunity of at once making acquaintance with some of the dirtiest rascally faces that all Ireland presents. Besides these professional rogues and beggars who make a point to attend on all vehicles, everybody else seemed to stop too, to see that wonder, a coach and four horses. People issued from their shops, heads appeared at windows. I have seen the Queen pass in state in London, and not bring together a crowd near so

great as that which assembled in the busiest street of the second city of the kingdom, just to look at a green coach and four bay horses. Have they nothing else to do?—or is it that they *will* do nothing but stare, swagger, and be idle in the streets?—vol. i. p. 100.

This was the best part of the town—but worse was behind—imperfectly seen, but significantly shadowed forth:

‘I have mentioned the respectable quarter of the city—for there are quarters in it swarming with life, but of such a frightful kind as no pen need care to describe; alleys where the odours and rags and darkness are so hideous, that one runs frightened away from them. In some of them, they say, not the policeman, *only the priest* can penetrate. *I asked a Roman Catholic clergyman of the city to take me into some of these haunts, but he refused* very justly; and indeed a man may be quite satisfied with what he can see in the mere outskirts of the districts, without caring to penetrate further. Not far from the quays is an open space where the poor hold a market or bazaar. Here is liveliness and businness enough; ragged women chattering and crying their beggarly wares; ragged boys gloating over dirty apple and pie-stalls; fish frying, and raw and stinking; clothes-booths, where you might buy a wardrobe for scarecrows; old nails, hoops, bottles, and marine wares; old battered furniture, that has been sold *against starvation*. In the streets round about this place, on a sunshiny day, all the black, gaping windows and mouldy steps are covered with squatting, lazy figures—women with bare breasts nursing babies, and leering a joke as you pass by—ragged children paddling everywhere.’—vol. i. pp. 136, 137.

The ‘leer,’ however, we believe, is less frequently immodest than the rest of the exhibition would lead one to expect. And a little further on, near that famous—is that the proper term?—Skibbereen,

‘There was only one wretched village along the road, but no lack of population; ragged people issued from their cabins as the coach passed, or were sitting by the way-side. Everybody seems sitting by the way-side here; one never sees this general repose in England—a sort of *ragged lazy contentment*. All the children seemed to be on the *watch for the coach*: waited very knowingly and carefully their opportunity, and then hung by scores behind.’—vol. i. p. 174.

A later traveller—one of the present season—assures us that at Millstreet—the stage where the Killarney coaches change horses—there is so formidable an array of beggars of all ages, both sexes, and infinite varieties of filth and impudence, that it is necessary on the arrival of the coaches to have the armed Police drawn out to form a circle for the personal protection of the passengers. This takes place as often as the

coaches pass, and this process of attack and defence seems to constitute, in fact, the only business of the population and the regular duty of the police.

And be it not forgotten, that Mr. Thackeray’s sketches—from which the later accounts do not at all vary—were made three years before the potato failure in 1845, to which is now *altogether* attributed an extent of misery which, there is abundant evidence to show, was, before that visitation, already at a height which appeared incapable of increase. Public patience has been wearied, though public charity has not been exhausted, by special appeals from *Skibbereen* and its neighbourhood; but the pictures just copied incline us to regret that some of the zeal now so importunate in begging relief from strangers was not at an earlier period more successfully directed to the improvement of the domestic economy and habits of the people.

When such scenes as these are so flagrant as not to be denied, the Irish patriots turn round upon us, and lay all the blame, *first*, on the misrule of the English government; *secondly*, on the want of Capital and encouragement to native industry; and *thirdly*, on the neglect and tyranny of the Landlords. We have already answered, with more seriousness than such an imposture ought to have required, the charge of English misrule. Let us now consider the two latter topics

Ireland, we are told, wants Capital; but what generates capital? Capital does not grow spontaneously, and cannot be violently transplanted. It is produced by industry—augmented by economy—consolidated and vivified by domestic tranquillity and legal security. If then Capital has not been more largely generated and accumulated in Ireland, it is because Ireland has been deficient in the required conditions of industry, economy, and internal security. Again, we say it is her own fault that she does not create capital, and it is further her own heinous fault that capital does not flow in upon her from England, the greatest capitalist in the world, who, when she does occasionally venture her capital in Ireland, finds it rendered unproductive by the idleness, or unsafe by the turbulence of the people. What sane man would venture to purchase the blood-stained lands of Lord Norbury or Major Mahon! But even when capital is applied, it seldom produces the results that might be expected. We have already noticed some remarkable failures in the outlay of capital—a hundred more could be cited. In the populous and fertile neighbourhood of Carlow,

'Here and there was a country-house, or a tall mill by a stream-side: but the latter buildings were for the most part empty—the gaunt windows gaping without glass, and their great wheels idle. Leighlin-bridge, lying up and down a hill by the river, contains a considerable number of pompous-looking warehouses, that looked, for the most part, to be doing no more business than the mills on the Carlow road, but stood by the road-side staring at the coach, as it were, and basking in the sun, swaggering, idle, insolvent, and out at elbows.'—*Thackeray*, vol. i. p. 66.

Yet in Arthur Young's time these very mills were not thought too pompous, and were then in busy work under an active and intelligent proprietor. Again:—

'A good number of large mills were on the noble banks of the Bandon river; and the chief part of them, as in Carlow, *useless*. One mill we saw was too small for the owner's great speculations, so he built another and larger one; the big mill cost 10,000*l.*, but a lawsuit being given against the mill-owner, the two mills stopped, &c.—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 162.

At Waterford, not long since a place of considerable commerce,

'The view of the town, from the bridge and the heights above it, is very imposing; as is the river both ways. Very large vessels sail up almost to the doors of the houses, and the quays are flanked by tall red warehouses, that look at a little distance as if a world of business might be doing within them. But as you get into the place, not a soul is there to greet you except the usual society of beggars, and a sailor or two, or a green-coated policeman sauntering down the broad pavement. We drove up to the Coach Inn, a *huge, handsome, dirty* building, of which the discomforts have been pathetically described elsewhere. The landlord is a gentleman and considerable horse proprietor, and though a perfectly well-bred, active, and intelligent man, far too much of a gentleman to play the host well, at least as an Englishman understands the character.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 81.

Here we see capital has been at work, and built mills and warehouses, and 'huge, handsome' inns, which idleness and carelessness fail to utilize. We have the picture of a shopkeeper in this same city of Waterford, which sufficiently explains why the capital sunk in the great warehouses has not fructified:—

'The quays stretch for a considerable distance along the river,—poor patched-windowed, mouldy-looking shops forming the basement-story of most of the houses. We went into one, a jeweller's, to make a purchase—it might have been of a gold watch for anything the owner knew; but he was talking with a friend in his back-parlour, gave us a look as we entered, al-

lowed us to stand some minutes in the empty shop, and at length to walk out without being served. In another shop a boy was loolling behind a counter, but could not say whether the articles we wanted were to be had; turned out a heap of drawers, and could not find them; and finally went for the master, who could not come. True commercial independence, and an easy way enough of life!'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 82.

Can we wonder that the capital vested in that goldsmith's shop did not accumulate? In Cork Mr. Thackeray found the half-a-dozen public buildings that he saw—commercial, literary, or religious—

'*spacious and shabby* beyond all Cockney belief; . . . and it is folly to talk of inward dissensions and political differences as causing the ruin of such institutions. Kings or laws don't cause or cure dust and cobwebs; but *indolence* leaves them to accumulate, and *imprudence* will not calculate its income, and *vanity* exaggerates its own powers, and the fault is laid upon that tyrant of a sister kingdom. The whole country is filled with such failures; swagging beginnings that could not be carried through; grand enterprises begun dashingly, and ended in shabby compromises or downright ruin.'—*Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 141.

Why is it that Irish Quakers thrive and make capital? Why is the village of Ballytore an oasis in a desert? Simply because the Quakers are thrifty, orderly, and industrious. Why, asks Mr. Thackeray,

'Why should Quaker shops be neater than other shops? They suffer to the full as much oppression as the rest of the hereditary bondsmen; and yet, in spite of their tyrants, they prosper.'—*Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Why have Fermoy in the South and Westport and Rutland in the West, and so many other extensive outlays of capital, utterly failed—in some instances without leaving a trace behind—while many similar undertakings in the North have been successful? The Colt—no very great producer of anything but hungry mouths—is worst of all at improving capital, and he craves after a thing which he does not know how to use when he happens to get it. But it is really ludicrous to hear the way in which the want of it is pleaded in excuse for the most incomprehensible negligence. When an observation was made by a very recent English visitor to an Irish gentleman of a certain farm's being overrun with weeds and its fences broken down in a way that it would not be found in England: 'Ah yes,' it was replied; 'you are rich enough to do those things in England—you have capital!'—though there were as many

women and children idling or begging in the streets of every neighbouring village as would have weeded such a farm in a week, and men loitering and gaping about with *their hands in their pockets* enough to have repaired the fences in a fortnight.

We heartily wish that we could have faith in any of the schemes which have been propounded for *forcing* capital into Ireland, but that, as we shall have to repeat by and bye, being hopeless, the next best thing is to inculcate—as we are now endeavouring to do—that tranquillity alone can attract and industry alone increase it.

The complaints against the Landlords are little better founded. There can be no question but that there have been what are called bad landlords: though on the precise value of the terms 'good' or 'bad,' as applied to landlords, there may be sometimes a great difference of opinion. A gentleman who may unfortunately entertain a partiality for the observance of the almost obsolete festival called Rent-day, or who objects to having half-a-dozen other landlords on his estate; or who—being, *vizio parentum* perhaps, overrun with a swarm of paupers and squatters—wishes to transform them into labourers, is often popularly stigmatized as a bad landlord, and murdered accordingly; while his neighbour, 'Sir Condry Rackrent,' who lets everything go on in the old way, and by a lazy facility at first, generally followed by a blind greediness, ruins himself and his tenants, passes for a good one. There are, no doubt, many poor and some injudicious landlords, who, in an economical and statistical sense, may be justly called 'bad;' and, as we have before hinted, landlords are not altogether exempt from the failings which are supposed to be characteristic of the country; but we believe that, generally speaking, the Landlords of Ireland—who have their estates in their own power, and as far as they can be held responsible for the welfare of their people—are, in the true sense of the word, as good landlords as any in the empire. It is, indeed, not to be denied that over a great part of the country an erroneous system of management has, as we have shown, long—even from the earlier times—prevailed; and principally as to the tenures by which both estates and farms have been held: but the mischiefs were rather in the system of middlemen and in the practice of paying the labourer by potato-patches than in any personal exaction or severity on the part of the head landlords. The only serious error that we think can be fairly charged on them as a body was the ambitious creation of the forty-shilling freeholds, which, though the reverse of oppres-

sive to the occupying tenant, and, in fact, very popular, were exceedingly detrimental both to agriculture and general good order, and cramped in a mischievous degree the landlord's power of improving either his tenantry or his estate.

Mr. Thackeray touches popular complaints against the landlords, and the real neglect in another more influential body, with his usual intermixture of pleasantry and good sense:

'You see people lolling at each door, women staring and combing their hair, men with their little pipes, children whose rags hang on by a miracle, idling in a gutter. Are we to set all this down to absenteeism, and pity poor injured Ireland? Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy, and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word, I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was blown off, the landlord ought to go fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself. People need not be dirty if they are ever so idle; if they are ever so poor, pigs and men need not live together. Half an hour's work, and digging a trench, might remove that filthy dunghill from that filthy window. The smoke might as well come out of the chimney as out of the door. Why should not Tim do that, *instead of walking a hundred and sixty miles to a race?* The Priests might do much more to effect these reforms than even the Landlords themselves.'—vol. i. pp. 237, 238.

This last suggestion, which touches the most important topic of the whole case, we shall return to; but as to the landlords, the fact, we believe, is, that many of them possess neither the legal power nor pecuniary means of improving the domestic habits of reluctant and intractable tenants; that some few perhaps may not be sufficiently persevering in that thankless duty; but that others, who had the will and the means too, and who did accomplish momentary successes, have become dispirited by the little benefit, and sometimes by the absolute failure, of their benevolent endeavours. Those who have the means of comparing the present surface of Ireland with Arthur Young's descriptions will discover very slight traces of the majority of those extensive and often costly improvements which he records. We could produce, in addition to a few that we have already incidentally mentioned, many melancholy instances of this relapse; and even where particular estates, by the efforts of a succession of persevering landlords, have attained a more permanent improvement, it is strange to see how little effect their example has on their neighbours. There are to be seen close to a comparatively well-managed and prosperous estate, farms in the most deplorable condition, while the inhabitants

of the latter seemed wholly unconscious of the difference. We are tempted to give a remarkable—if not instance, at least indication—of this spirit of indocility. No persons in Europe were more famed for the forcible lessons which they administered to their idle and careless countrymen than Mr. and Miss Edgeworth. Their joint 'Castle Rackrent,' published just half a century since, and Miss Edgeworth's subsequent novels, afforded, as we have before said, pictures of Irish habits and character which excited a strong sensation wherever the English language was read; and we thought that, for a time at least, the fine raillery and excellent sense of those works produced some amendment among the upper classes in Ireland itself;—but it never reached the lower—nor did the writers' constant residence at and assiduous attention to their own estate at Edgeworthstown produce any visible effect on their neighbourhood. In 1845, Mr. Howitt—a fair witness, at least, in this case—made a reverential visit to Miss Edgeworth, and was, no doubt, very well disposed to give all credit to the influence of his amiable friend in her own peculiar sphere. His account of this visit acquaints us that the country and the people wore all along the road from Dublin to Edgeworthstown a very poor aspect; but—

'The farther we went the more *Irish* it became. Rags and dirt became more plentiful at every step. There was a most amusing display of trowsers without legs, waistcoats without buttons, and coats which were *not patched*, but a matting of patches, all loose at one end, like a rude imitation of feathers.'—*Howitt's Journal*, vol. iii. p. 89.

Then follows, at more length than we have room for, a description of the squalid and mendicant propensities and ready wit of the natives, who crowded the roads to loiter, to stare, to beg, and to gibe. He proceeds:—

'The country is little enclosed, and less cultivated; very fertile, but farmed in a most slovenly manner. It seemed to want every human assistance that land can want,—draining, fencing, planting, ploughing, weeding, and often manuring. In general, however, there were abundant crops, but nobody seemed the better for it. Amidst occasional displays of corn harvests and potatoes there were abundance of what would be capital pigsties, but were very wretched houses; a land of rags and cabins—of weeds, thistles, ragwort, and rushes, which prosper unmolested!'—*Ibid.*

Such was the neighbourhood of that residence whence so much instruction had been poured out on, as it seems, an ungrateful soil; and such, we are sorry to be

obliged to add, is a true picture, as far as our means of information extend, of the *whole* of what is called the *cultivated* surface of Ireland—that is, of all that is not either gentlemen's demesnes or bog and mountain. Mr. Skilling, himself an Irishman and a professional and official agriculturist, whose little volume contains a great deal of striking fact and sound good sense, bears sad witness to this universal neglect:—

'Suffering the land to be overrun with weeds is an egregious error, which, without argument or proof, will be admitted by every individual in the country, possessed of the sense of sight. It is confined to no locality; it prevails east, west, north, and south: wherever the land is cultivated, and no matter what may be the description or quality of the crops, the weeds are found also in abundance, disputing the sovereignty, and often with complete success. It appears that the people have become so accustomed to weeds and dirt, that the idea of clean land has never entered their mind; indeed they seldom see an example of such, and have learned to recognise the right of the weeds to a share of the soil and manure.'—*Science and Practice of Agriculture*, p. 162.\*

Let us return to Edgeworthstown. Mr. Howitt proceeds to tell us that the family mansion itself is 'a large, fitting, squire's house,' situated in a small park, which makes you 'forget all the dreary wastes around'—the dreary wastes being, as he had just said, a most fertile country. But—

'At the only inn in Edgeworthstown I desired them to let me have a beefsteak, but found there was no such thing to be had; a mutton-chop was the highest point to be reached. The waiter said there were no cattle killed at Edgeworthstown, they get all their meat from Longford [between eight and nine miles.] and that seldom more than mutton was wanted. This would have astonished a traveller in England, in any place dignifying itself with the name of a town, but in Ireland we soon cease to be astonished at anything but the general poverty.'—*Howitt*, p. 91.

Mr. Edgeworth, the then owner of the estate, was, Mr. Howitt adds, 'a Liberal in politics.' Mr. Howitt himself is something more; and we are entitled to ask whether this mendicant population—this ill-titled land—this impoverished inn on one of the great arterial highways of Ireland—is to be attributed to a Tory or an absentee.

The, as we think them, inapplicable theories about Capital, and the unfounded imputations on the Landlords, have received some countenance from the proposition made

\* We are glad to hear that Mr. Skilling has lately been appointed to the Professorship of Agriculture in the Queen's College, Galway.

by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on the 5th of March last, for '*the plantation of Connaught*,' after the (supposed) model of the plantation of Ulster in the reign of James I., which the Ministry greedily embraced, and have even, by the enacting of some of Sir Robert Peel's preliminary suggestions, set about executing. Sir Robert Peel's ability will never be called in question, and of all our statesmen he certainly ought to be the best acquainted with Ireland; but we confess that we have no faith in this scheme, and that we can scarcely even concede it the merit of being plausible.

In the first place, the bases—literally the *groundwork*—of the two schemes are wholly and irreconcilably different. King James had to deal with a tract of country nearly *depopulated* in fact, entirely *forfeited* by law, of which the absolute and exclusive property and possession were already in the Crown, and which the Crown might—as it did—dispose of how it pleased, without any kind of question, counter claim, or compensation. That was properly called the *Plantation of Ulster*.

On the contrary, Connaught is in the legal possession, not merely of its landed proprietors, but, in many instances, of a series of sub-proprietors, each having valuable interests in the soil; over which, also, jointured wives, portioned children, and more chronic encumbrancers, judgment creditors, trustees, and mortgagees, have present or reversionary interests. It is, moreover, covered with what we may call, in number though not in industry, a *swarm* of occupiers, each of whom has, or fancies that he has, a personal interest in the land—of which he is—or at least used before the repeated potato failures to be—passionately, even madly, tenacious. In this state of affairs—in every point the direct, the notorious reverse of the former condition of Ulster—we do not understand how a new *plantation of Connaught* can be a remedy for its being already *so thickly planted* that the inhabitants are starving and stifling each other. To talk of *plantation* when *eradication* is rather meant, seems to us a strange misapplication of terms. But let us pass from words to facts. How is this plantation, eradication, or whatever it may be called, to be effected? Sir Robert Peel would begin with the proprietors. He tells us, in substance, that 'their properties are so encumbered that they are all inextricably ruined, and of course have no capital to restore their property to a productive state; added to which, the indefinite poor's-rate would ruin them over again and for ever, even if they were not ruined already.' We might safely deny the universality of this picture. There

are many unencumbered estates in Connaught; many gentlemen with competent capital; and many more very far from being ruined, or even otherwise distressed than by the recent pressure of the potato failure on their tenants—for we believe the distress on unencumbered estates will be found much the same as on those of their mortgaged neighbours. But be it admitted that there has been amongst the country gentlemen of Ireland a great deal of improvidence, and that they lie under a formidable weight of encumbrances; nay—for the argument sake, let us go still further, and suppose that every estate in Connaught is a mere 'Castle-Rack-rent.' How is all this to be remedied? Sir Robert Peel answers:—

'If you choose to leave the present proprietors in possession of their properties, entitled to a nominal rent, encumbered with debt, with every discouragement to exertion, and the land so encumbered with charges and arrears of rate that it is impossible to find either a purchaser or an occupant, then I see no hope for the salvation of Ireland; but if, through Government or Parliament, you can establish some *intermediate agent* to get temporary possession—on equitable terms—of property in a hopeless state of encumbrance, and then can arrange for the re-distribution of it, then I should see some hope of improvement.'—*Hansard's Debates*, Mar. 5, 1849.

This reads to us very like a confiscation of the estates of all the landowners in Connaught! Seize them into the *temporary possession* of a Government Commission, and then re-distribute them to new proprietors—*all on equitable terms*! The old Equity processes have a bad name, and indeed are accused of having had a main hand in producing all this Irish misery—but this *New Equity* seems to us much more formidable. Let us see how, at the very best, it must work. The poor proprietor, treated as a culprit, would be easily dealt with on *equitable* considerations. 'Your estate,' the Government Commissioners will tell him, 'is *nominal*ly worth 1000*l.* a year; but it is jointured, encumbered, and mortgaged to the extent of 900*l.*; the rates already exceed 100*l.*; you are, therefore, already worse than nothing—future rates will make that depth deeper still, and of course you have no interest whatsoever in the land, nor any possible ex-tribution but to get rid of it altogether. The Government, in their charity and benevolence, will do you the favour of taking it off your hands; in strict *equity* you should give us a bonus for relieving you;—we, as you have nothing to give, shall not urge that point—but, having proved that you suffer no loss, we must tell you that you are *in equity* entitled to no compensation.' So the squire

will descend at once from the mansion to the poor-house. This may seem a monstrous supposition—and so indeed it is—but we know not how else the scheme could be worked out, nor what else the proviso about *equitable* terms can mean. But let us put aside all consideration of the landlord, and let us suppose the Government Commission in 'temporary possession' of the estate; how is the matter mended in *any respect*, unless indeed it is alleged that the squire is more comfortable in the poor-house than he was at home? The encumbrances still survive—the mother's jointure, the sister's portion, and, above all, *Jason M'Quirk's*\* and Baron Rothschild's mortgages cannot even in *equity* be confiscated; the rates, too, must be still paid; in addition to these, there will be a new system of agency and superintendence (rather costly articles under such circumstances) to be provided for; and as one of the great grievances is the exorbitant rent exacted by the landlords, the tenants, triumphant in the fall of the old Saxon squire, will look, and perhaps more than look, for some reduction of rent—as well as for some advance of *capital*, absolutely indispensable, in Sir Robert Peel's judgment, to the culture of the soil. Even if the old rents should—contrary to the hypothesis—be duly paid, it is clear that the Commission would soon be—however *temporary* their possession—in a rather worse state of insolvency than the ex-squire.

How long that temporary possession and its concomitant and accumulating insolvency might last, does not appear to have been calculated. We fear the Commission would not find very early purchasers; and can any one imagine the confusion, the plunder, the dilapidation, the anarchy, the misery, the desolation that would follow the vicarious administration of any considerable extent of landed property in such circumstances? Look—if any illustration on this point be required—look at the Royal or rather the Government estates in Ireland, models, indeed, of mismanagement and misery. But as, according to the proposed plan, the estates are to be sold clear of all encumbrances and arrears, it is possible (though not very likely) that the Commission may be able, now and then and here and there, to find a purchaser. But at what rate—if, according to the hypothesis on which the whole project is built, the land is already encumbered for more than it is worth?—Can it be hoped that a price will be obtained for it sufficient to pay off those encumbrances, already—

without the interventional expenses of the Commission—exceeding its value? Or does the new Equity contemplate an entire repudiation of the debts of the estate, or only a confiscation *pro rata*? Or if not, from what new fund are the encumbrancers to be satisfied?

But supposing that the purchase-money should be enough to meet these demands, we have still the unfortunate landlord himself confiscated and his posterity disinherited, and for what offences? Perhaps for those of his father or grandfather—perhaps (and there are several such cases) for encumbrances created for the improvement of the estates! And are there no English estates mortgaged—are the country-gentlemen of England universally clear of personal or ancestral improvidence? Are they never in difficulties, and can they never get out of them without a bill of confiscation and the usurpation of a Government inquisition? Is it not notorious that, if there are some English examples as bad as the most reckless Irish squire, there are happily others in which strict economy and self-denial have retrieved such errors, and restored estates that were looked upon as desperate, to a flourishing condition? Have we not seen also accidental increases of value—and, if Dr. Kane's book be of any authority, is not Ireland full of 'Industrial and Agricultural Resources?' Why are the Connaught gentleman and his posterity to be cut off at once from all the prospects of good management and all the chances of good fortune?

Let us pass over all these hardships, and, as we firmly believe, insurmountable difficulties, and suppose the new proprietor—the regenerating *capitalist*—installed at Castle-Rackrent:—what security have we that he may not have sunk all his capital in his purchase, and be therefore no more a capitalist than his unfortunate predecessor? But—however that may happen to be—for whatever capital he sinks in the purchase or employs in useful improvements, he will expect a fair return regularly paid. Is a stranger of the capitalist class likely to be a judicious improver in Connaught, and what would be his prospect of having the interest of his capital regularly paid in the shape of rent? Is such a person likely to reside there, or if he did, could he venture to distrain for his rent? And how in fact could this man of Manchester and Leeds—or even supposing the rare case of an agricultural capitalist—how could he hope to be more acceptable or more successful than those liberal and amiable landlords whose blood has already stained the soil and the name of Ireland?

But there is another branch of the pro-

\* The money-lender and mortgagee in 'Castle-Rackrent.'



ject, that is meant, we suppose, to obviate this latter objection—the capitalists may, it seems, be absentees, and so, safe from assassination. What! absentees! This regenerating scheme to end in a fresh creation of absentees! So it is—and absentees—safe indeed from the murderer's bullet, which cannot injure a body corporate—but of the very worst class for any agricultural management or improvement. The grand hope has been, it seems, that joint-stock companies, and especially that the Corporation of London, already great absentee proprietors under King James's plantation of Derry, would commit themselves largely in this Connaught scheme. We very much doubt their doing so, and hope for the sake of Ireland and themselves that they may not. We believe the cases of the London Companies and their estates in Derry have been very much misunderstood and misrepresented. The truth is, that though their lands have been managed with a liberality on their parts which nobody *purchasing* an estate could afford, and on the part of their agents with singular ability and fidelity, they are yet reproached with being '*the worst of all absentees*' (Hall's *Ireland*, iii. 227): and this not from any fault of theirs, but from the anomalous nature of such a system, which we are convinced it would be highly impolitic to introduce *de novo*, even if all Connaught were desolate and clear for its reception.

Sir Robert Peel adduced in support of his project the instance of the Martin-estate in Connemara. Now Connemara is the very case that we should cite against this speculation. That estate is already on sale, and just as open to capitalists as if it had passed through the 'temporary possession' of the Government Commission; but says Sir Robert Peel:—

'I doubt whether any person will purchase that property without the intervention of a third party.'—*Ibid.*

We cannot conceive why the intervention of a third party—that is, the Government—should be required in such a case. We understand (though we expect no advantage from) a Commission to clear titles and obviate legal difficulties; but we cannot see why they should take 'temporary possession' of the estate, and we strongly suspect that, so far, this new office will be a sinecure.

Not less curious, in our opinion, was Sir Robert Peel's subsequent proposal to guarantee properties so to be disposed of, from

'the uncertainty of the amount of poor-rates.'—*Ibid.*

In enumerating the reasons which should force a landlord to part with his estate, he had dwelt strongly on the uncertain but probably increasing amount of an indefinite poor-rate; but now, when he comes to urge on the capitalist reasons for buying the estate, he offers to guarantee *him* against that uncertain and indefinite increase. This seems to us not quite logical, and hardly fair play. The House of Lords, however, threw out the clause on the obvious ground that, unless you could limit the amount of distress, you could not with common sense pretend to limit the amount of relief. The question was well nigh making a rupture between the Houses—but by good luck the Ministers were anxious to get the session closed, and the Queen was anxious to get to Scotland for the grouse-season, and common sense was permitted to prevail—and so, we suspect, will have ended the *Plantation of Connaught*.

To wind up this long, but surely not un-instructive episode, we must add one very singular fact, most curiously relevant to the principles and the locality that we have been discussing. We find in the invaluable treasury of Arthur Young that this very same estate of Connemara had been in his day the scene of an experimental agricultural improvement and colonization, with something of the same general object that Sir Robert Peel proposed, but on, as we think, much sounder principles. The landlord of that great property was in 1776 Mr. Robert Martin, father of Mr. Richard Martin and grandfather of the late proprietor. Mr. Robert Martin, besides being in his own person an improving landlord, made an extensive and spirited effort to introduce knowledge and capital from more distant quarters. Young writes:—

'Mr. Martin has let 14,000 Irish or 22,000 English acres to Mr. Popham for three lives at no rent at all, and then for three more lives at 150*l.* a-year, and after them for sixty-one years certain at the same rent of 150*l.* And Mr. Popham has some men from *England and Leinster* already at work at improving.'—p. 229.

Here indeed was the experiment of a *plantation* in its best shape—a rational attempt to introduce '*new blood*,' as it has been ominously phrased, into Ireland on more liberal terms than any *purchaser* could afford to give—rent free for three lives, and—reckoning the chances of three lives at forty years—at less than 2*d.* an acre for one hundred more—and what has been the result? All that we can say is, that we have made local inquiries and looked through some statistical accounts of Connemara, and have not found

a trace of Mr. Popham or his improvements, and Connemara is still the same or probably a more desolate and dangerous field for those 'new-blood' experiments.

The great weight that is naturally given to Sir Robert Peel's opinion, and our own anxiety for the amelioration of Ireland, have induced us to pay more attention to this proposition than it is, we believe, intrinsically worth; and we must add that in our unfavourable opinion of it we conceive ourselves to be fortified by Sir Robert Peel's own authority, who, in the many and arduous years that he conducted the government of Ireland so honestly and ably, never made the slightest approach to any remedy of this nature.

Without wasting time in endeavouring to analyse all the component parts of the great and complicated Irish 'difficulty,' we think we may venture to assume that the intensity of the present distress, as well as the general, and we may say normal, state of destitution in which the poor have been for so long a space of time, arises, in the first and greatest degree, from their own indolence and ignorance in all agricultural pursuits—indolence under the strongest stimulus to exertion, and ignorance under the most urgent offers of instruction. Mr. Skilling, to the practical good sense and truthfulness of whose work we again appeal, gives us an epitome of the whole case of the Irish farmer in the following remarkable paragraph—the more remarkable as being from a practical, sound-headed Irishman:—

'Without knowledge and discipline, man is an indolent animal, and his sagacity is perpetually on the rack to find out *plausible excuses for his neglect*. With our Irish farmer this is particularly the case; procrastination is his great enemy; he has always some difficulty to contend with, or insurmountable obstacle in his way,—these difficulties and obstacles, in a majority of cases, his own creation. "He is rack-rented;" "he wants capital;" "his land is poor;" the "seasons unpropitious;" "his crops fail;" "the laws are adverse, or not sufficiently protective;" "the Government is hostile to his interests;" he blames every body and every thing *but himself*, and his grievances are magnified and trumpeted forth on all occasions. But it is our duty to pause, and, if possible, determine where the blame rests, and whether these complaints are well founded. *His land is highly rented*; yet he will take more of the same quality, and at the same price, if he can get it; and he will injure or persecute a neighbour should he offer to take a portion of his trouble off his hands. *He wants capital*; yet he will not put in requisition the parents of all capital—his hands and his soil. *His land is poor*; yet he will not take the proper means of swelling his dung-heap—*increase the quantity and house-feed his cattle*. *The seasons are adverse, and his crops*

*fail*; yet he will not take the proper steps to counteract bad seasons—*drain and deepen his land*. *He calls for, and waits on new laws*; like the waggoner in the fable, he lies in the slough and calls upon Jupiter. Thus, then, it will be found that all this formidable list of grievances—these crying evils, with a host of auxiliaries which we have not mentioned, arise from two simple causes—the man's own *ignorance and indolence*. These opinions and sentiments may be unpalatable to the great majority of the farmers of Ireland, but we wish to state facts, and not to flatter prejudices.'—*Science and Practice of Agriculture*, pp. 46, 47.

We do not believe that there is any other people in the world who, after so severe a trial from the hand of heaven and such ample help from the hand of man, would have permitted themselves to be again for the *fifth* season exposed to absolute starvation, from which a moderate degree of industry and common sense would have, in a considerable degree, if not wholly, guarded them. We admit on behalf of these poor people that the fault is not exclusively theirs. The interference of the Government in the first two seasons of the famine, well meant we cannot doubt, was incomprehensibly injudicious and incalculably mischievous. The people were starving from a special agricultural failure—the obvious precaution for the next year was a better and safer agricultural process. But no—the remedial measures of two successive Governments were to discourage and paralyse agriculture altogether. The obvious salvation of Ireland depended on the production and habitual use of bread corn. Sir Robert Peel met that by an immediate and prospective, and, as he tells us, eternal discouragement of the culture of bread corn in Ireland; and Sir Robert Peel's Whig successors followed up the blow by a system—we beg pardon—by a *chaos* of measures of which the only consistent or intelligent principle was the mischievous one of diverting the people from the only safe and permanent resource—the cultivation of their land. They first began by that magnificent waste of money, destruction of public property and demoralization of the people—the road-mending and road-making scheme, which ruined every road and every neighbourhood to which it reached. They then threw away with disdain the opportunity which it seemed as if Providence had specially put into their hands to meet this peculiar emergency—that of assisting the railroad companies in local employment of the poor; an opportunity, we say, that seemed specially providential—for the work could have been carried *ad libitum* into the remotest districts—not as a job—not even as an expedient, but as a rational and profitable

anticipation of work that sooner or later will and must be done ; but it was proposed by their political opponent Lord George Bentinck, and this greatest and most opportune of public benefits was sacrificed to a miserable party jealousy. The objection, or rather the pretence that Lord George's proposition went to the excessive extent of sixteen millions, was at best a question not of principle, but of degree—and practically it was utterly futile ; for though Lord George, in his high-minded frankness, thought it fair to state the whole amount that could possibly be required for *all the railways in Ireland*, it was not necessary that any such sum should be voted at once ; the sixteen millions might have been spread over sixteen years, and no more voted any year than should be absolutely necessary to keep the population in work ; and nearly as fast as the successive grants were employed they would begin to carry interest back into the Treasury. The expediency of this admirable idea the Government afterwards acknowledged by advances to particular railroads, which have been of the greatest advantage to the adjacent counties, and no one can now witness the few railroads in progress in Ireland without being struck with the altogether different aspect of the labouring classes in their vicinities. A friend of ours who lately saw a good deal of Ireland assured us that neither in the North nor the South did he see anything resembling active and English-like industry and *bonâ fide* labour, except by the sides of the railroads in construction.

Having thus rejected the railway proposition, the Government were driven, after some other futile palliatives, to the last fatal resource of out-door relief to able-bodied paupers—the very pabulum of the specific disease of apathy and indolence under which the country was languishing ; and the reports of Lord Clarendon's missionaries—witnesses in this case above all suspicion—shall tell us both the prevailing disposition of the people, and what the result of this most unfortunate policy was, and, we are sorry to say, still is.

The Report\* from the county of Galway states :—

'In the neighbourhood of Clifden, I must say that the state of the farming classes was most afflicting ; and little or nothing could be done with them in the way of instruction. They had just commenced giving out-door relief, which appeared to distract them entirely, and brought

them flocking into Clifden, day after day, in search of food ; *neglecting their lands and duties*. Many of them are throwing up their land in despair, seeing that they can do nothing with it, and running wild after the food ; *every thing is neglected*. With few exceptions, *no one is working his land about here* ; and I found it hopeless to think of making any impression on them.'—Report, p. 80.

'I spent near a week in that wild and desolate district west of Oughterard, and the tillage-land and whole villages of roofless houses were everywhere deserted by those who *went in search of the out-door relief*.'—p. 81.

From Donegal the Report runs :—

'The poor want also to be roused from their long-continued habits of apathy and indolence.'—p. 82.

'I have spent the last four days travelling from Glen Columbkil to Gweedore, and through all that vast district I *did not see a single spade, much less a plough*, at work, except at Lord George Hill's and Mr. Forster's, who are patterns to landlords in the way of improvement. The farmers in this part of the country are hardly able to profit by my advice ; they are on the extreme verge of destitution ; they never think of turning or digging their land before March ; and *last year they neglected it entirely, by running to the roads and public works*, but they expressed themselves now sorry for having done so.'—p. 83.

And again—

'The arable land, if well treated, possesses most productive qualities ; still, *though the rent is only nominal*, yet, from the defective state of husbandry, and the *indolence and want of industry* of the inhabitants, the ground is overrun with weeds, and the occupiers in the lowest state of destitution. By having their *attention turned so incessantly to the roads last winter*, they treated their lands with more than usual neglect, and now they are suffering for it. When reasoned with on the subject, they invariably said, "Surely it is not our fault ! When the potato failed us so suddenly, we were so puzzled that we didn't know what to do. We got no advice or encouragement but *to go on the roads, and 'tis now we are paying for it*. If we had only been told how to dig the land and grow turnips last season, instead of to break stones, we would not now be so bad off as we are." This was their constant story.'—p. 84.

Here, even under a *nominal* rent, the indolence and want of industry of the people reduced them to '*the lowest state of destitution*.' What will those who lay so much blame on hard landlords and high rents say to this decisive contradiction ?

It was the same in Mayo :—

'Three-fourths of the land from Claremorris.

\* By one of those strange errors for which Ireland is so remarkable, the *date of time* is omitted from the first set of these Reports published by the Society, but they were all, we presume, in the autumn of 1847.

to Croseboyle and Ballindine is sadly neglected. The people, I need hardly say, are in a corresponding state of neglect and destitution. Much of this arises from want of mutual co-operation and exertion; they all appear to be watching each other; *looking out for Government, or any other aid, anything, in fact, but turning their minds and their labour to the land.*—p. 91.

And in Galway:—

'The waste of labour everywhere is melancholy. I saw upwards of seventy able-bodied men breaking stones on the public roads. The overseer said they could just as easily have dug two acres a day of the neighbouring land which was lying idle and neglected, if their labour was only applied to it.'—*Ibid.*, p. 113.

Nor was it better in Munster. The Report from Clare states:—

'The tenantry of the late Francis Gore confessed that they had lost *much time by looking for public works and assistance everywhere last year, instead of sticking to their land*, but they saw their error now, though late.'—*Ibid.*, p. 94.

And so it was everywhere; all the measures of the Government favoured, and indeed would have created if it had not existed, the apathy, the indolence, and the desultory and desponding spirit of the people.

We have often heard this indolence denied, and a triumphant appeal has been made to the industry of the Irish in England. The fact is in some degree true, but the inference not at all. There are, no doubt, exceptions, and large exceptions, to every national character—there are improvident Scotch, lazy English, and industrious Irish—and those industrious Irish find the best market for their industry in England, where, after all, their industry is not very regular or persevering; it often flags, and would flag still oftener, but that the habits of this country will not tolerate idleness, and the Irish must either work, or starve, and be sent back to their own penal settlement. But this is not all: we believe that *money payments* have a kind of galvanic effect on most men, and in a peculiar degree on the Irish labourer. In Ireland the agricultural labourer is very rarely paid in coin by his usual master or employer; he is usually furnished with a potato patch and a cabin, for which he is bound to give so many days' work:—

'Labour is usually paid for with land. *Working days of Roman Catholics* may be reckoned 250 in the year, which are paid for with as much land as amounts to about 6*l.*, and the good and bad master is distinguished by the land being let at a high or a low rent.'—*Young's Tour*, p. 240.

That is, as Young subsequently and frequently explains, a good master would estimate the value of the tenant's labour at 6*d.* or 8*d.* a-day—a bad one, at only 5*d.* or even 4*d.* We have no distinct information as to what modification of these rates the change of prices and times may have introduced, but we believe that when work is done by independent labourers the scale is now from 8*d.* to 1*s.* a-day: the principle, however, of this worst species of truck system—of paying for labour in land—is still, except as far as the potato-blight may have disturbed it, a common practice. It is obvious that such a mode of remuneration—always distant and problematical, never present and tangible,—would act apathetically on minds even more naturally industrious than the Irish. We suspect that even the busy intellects of English Lawyers or Doctors would not long resist the lazy influence of such a system of *set-offs* against fees.

The utter ignorance in which the Irish peasantry remain, even after the severe lessons of the last four years, of a *money-value* for their labour, is strikingly exhibited in some of the Reports:—

'When I explained to them how they could easily, by garden culture alone, and a proper system of successional crops, make their ground yield as much vegetables as would feed their families, and be worth ten shillings a perch yearly, *they seemed astonished.*'—p. 82.

'Their English employer, Mr. Russell, of Dunlewhy, county of Donegal, also confirmed what I said, and stated that he had not a man in his employment upon whose labour, judiciously applied as it now was, he had not nearly two shillings a day profit. This plain statement, thus corroborated by their employer, though against his own interest, [cruel, selfish Englishman!] appeared to make a great impression on them, and to give them an idea of the *value of their manual labour and exertions, which they never had before thought of.*'—pp. 83, 84.

And that the *money-payment* is the most powerful antidote to their indolence appears in a variety of instances. Arthur Young says—as the still earlier authorities had said—that 'nothing but absolute hunger would make them work;' and we find in the Reports from North to South such statements as these of alternate indolence and industry, and their causes:—

In Donegal—

'the people are most backward and indolent in working for themselves and on their own lands, but willing enough to *work for strangers for any sort of payment.*'—p. 85.

In Cork—

'I regret to say, that the farmers here show the greatest unwillingness to exert themselves; they require to be roused and excited, and are all *shirking the labour on their own lands*. One gentleman told me he had a farmer working with him as a *labourer*, who owned forty acres of land. He had done nothing with it last year, and less this year. Anything in fact but exertion on their own holdings. The consequence is, that all the country between this and Dunmanway looks poor and neglected in the extreme: you see two houses in ruins for one that you see standing or inhabited.'—p. 111.

We therefore conclude that one of the first things to be done for overcoming the natural indolence of these people is a system of *moneypayments* for labour. It is, as we know even by our experience in England, the only safe security for agricultural or indeed any other industry; and we are glad to find in the Reports a remarkable instance of what we hope may turn out to be a successful adoption of this principle:—

'I found a large collection of people hard at work on the Earl of Lucan's estate, who had been obliged to *give up their small farms*, and were now fully employed by him as *labourers* in levelling, clearing, draining, and preparing the land for sowing, in the most approved manner.'—p. 92.

Whether the potato is to continue the staple food of the people or not—we consider the introduction of a system of money-wages as of the most vital importance. Nothing else, we are satisfied, can create habits of regular industry, or place them beyond the frequent inflictions of famine. They must be taught to go to market *with* their produce—and *for* their food. If produce be cheap, so in general will food be—if food grows dear, it is because produce has risen and wages will rise; and thus, by a grand sliding scale, work and sustenance will eventually, after some short oscillations, compensate and counterbalance each other. Whereas the man who lives upon his own produce must die, as the Irish have been doing these three years past, if that produce happen accidentally to fail. It is now therefore that a great and general effort should be made to introduce money-wages into Ireland, and eradicate the lazy reliance on the domestic potato-culture. The recurrence of the blight this year, which now seems beyond doubt, should, and we hope will, afford an additional stimulus to a more varied and safer system of agriculture and aliment. We are not of those who fear, and still less of those who hope, that the potato may never thrive again. We cannot despair to that extreme of either vegetable or human na-

ture. Providence will not extirpate one of its most valuable gifts, and Ireland, it is to be hoped, may be taught so to use that gift as to derive from it plenty and comfort, instead of famine and ruin. The result of all this is, that the salvation of Ireland—its regeneration—its very existence, depend not on political, nor legal, nor even on administrative experiments, miscalled reforms, but on the first and most urgent, and we had almost said exclusive, duty, the agricultural improvement of both the people and the land. They are inseparable; either will produce the other, and the same processes will put both the land and the people into what the English farmers emphatically call *better heart*.

This is no new doctrine: it has been inculcated by every writer from the earliest days down to our own, but hitherto almost in vain. Spenser's first statement on this point is remarkable:—

'The first thing, therefore, that we are to draw these [the Irish peasantry] into ought to be husbandry—husbandry being the nurse of thrift and the daughter of industry and labour. To which end there is a statute in Ireland (25 Hen. VI.) already well provided, which commandeth that all the *sonnes of husbandmen* shall be trained up in their father's trade: *but it is, God wot, very slenderly executed*.'—*State of Ireland*, p. 247.

We have already alluded to the efforts which have been made for a century back by individual gentlemen at agricultural improvement, and we have had to deplore the little permanent advantage of so many benevolent and at first promising attempts. We should therefore have very small confidence in a better result nowadays—if the circumstances continued the same. But the circumstances of the people are essentially changed for the *better*—and for the *worse*—but both in favour of amendment:—the first is, that there is certainly a greater spread of information on such subjects, which is attributed, not without reason, to the increased intercourse of the lower orders with England and the English; and the latter is that successive failure of four—we fear we may say five—potato crops, which has completed the ruin of the poor, broken down their confidence and reliance on the lazy root, and disposed them to take an entirely new view of their condition and prospects. We have received, on the authority of one of the most distinguished, intelligent, and influential friends of Ireland, the following statement, which will, we believe, very much surprise any one who remembers Ireland only five years ago:—

'The expulsion of landlords and the appropriation of the land by the occupiers used to be a favourite topic with all agitators; but very little of that has been heard of late, and no one who has not made extensive and accurate inquiry can be aware of the change that has taken place in the last three years on this point. *With the loss of the potato has disappeared the intense desire for land, which is no longer with them the first necessary of life; and everywhere the peasants, and even some who call themselves farmers, would thankfully relinquish three or four acres in return for regular money-wages, and become what they ought to be, labourers with allotments of a quarter of an acre.*'

This is the best news we have heard out of Ireland for half a century, and every effort should undoubtedly be made to encourage and extend so happy a revolution of opinion. The most—if not the only—effective engine of encouragement to this feeling is such agricultural instruction as shall teach the peasantry that the substitution of a variety and rotation of crops, in lieu of the old and worn-out potato system, will not only largely increase the produce of the soil, but assure to themselves in regular money wages a degree of comfort that they never have had—nor could have, even if the potato were never to be blighted.

A regular system of agricultural instruction should be established in Ireland; and, under the circumstances of that country, this can only be effectually done by the intervention of the Government. A few gentlemen have had for some time past professed agriculturists attached to their estates, but Lord Clarendon has the merit of having first thought of a general system of itinerant official instructors. The urgency of the case he had to deal with, the exiguity of the means in his hands, and, we may add, the absence of anything like coercive authority, obliged him to make his experiment on a narrow and temporary scale. Its success and practical utility, however, as far as it has gone, will, we trust, induce the Government and the Legislature to give permanence and extension to what Lord Clarendon has begun almost, as it seems, in his individual character. But before we enter into any further details on that subject, we are desirous of calling our reader's attention to some institutions for agricultural instruction which preceded the potato failure, and, of course, Lord Clarendon's intervention, but which have been or may be made auxiliary to it.

The earliest agricultural school that we remember to have heard of in these countries is that of Templemoyle, about six miles from the city of Londonderry; and as this school has been, we believe, made the example of

some, and may be, we hope, of many others, we shall say a few words on its advantages, and shall also notice some errors which, we think, ought to be amended there, and avoided elsewhere.

It was founded in the year 1827 by some public spirited gentlemen, who after a short and favourable experiment on a small scale, removed the establishment to its present more extended site, where they hired from the Grocers' Company in London, the proprietors of the surrounding estate, 172 acres of indifferent land at about 10s. an acre. Here they erected buildings for the residence and accommodation of masters, pupils, and attendants, with suitable offices for the farm; and here they professed to educate seventy young men in a complete succession of agricultural work and knowledge, from the lowest manual labour to the nicer practices and higher considerations of the art; and, at the same time, in arithmetic, algebra, elementary mathematics, and the theory and practice of surveying—in short, in all that would fit their pupils for the ultimate object proposed, of making them superior agricultural servants—bailiffs, and land stewards, by whose acquirements individual estates might be benefited, and a general system of good cultivation and management diffused through the country at large. The necessary capital was raised by donations from the Grocers' and another of the London Companies and some Agricultural Associations, and by 130 shares of 25l. each from private subscribers; and the current expenses are defrayed by a few private subscriptions—10l. a year from each pupil—and therewith, *we presume*, the produce of the farm. The idea was admirable, and the interior management seems to be excellent; but the result, though considered brilliantly successful in Ireland, where even half successes are very rare, seems to us, as plain men of business, not quite so satisfactory.

The following is the Return of the ultimate disposal of 427 youths who passed through this *Agricultural Seminary* from its foundation to 1843.

Emp. at home in	Brought forward	220
agricult. pursuits	Shopkeepers	13
Land-stewards	Clerks	11
Land-surveyors	Schoolmasters	4
Assist. land-agents	Employment unknown	78
Assist. co-surveyors	Emigrated to America or the colonies	93
Gardeners	Decceased	8
Agriculturist		
Master of agricultural school		
Car. forward	Total	427

It appears by this table, that out of 427 pupils, only 220—a little more than one-half—have in any degree fulfilled the original object of the institution; and that, of these, the number that have attained anything like the *superior* agricultural position for which they were *all* designed has been but 46; while, on the other hand, we find the alarming numbers and designation of '78—*employments not known*' and '93—*emigrated to America or the colonies*;' making a total of 171—or *two-fifths* of the whole number—lost to the purposes for which they were educated. And here we have a remarkable instance of that unfortunate peculiarity of the Irish character which we have so often had to regret—and which it seems the most intelligent and sober-minded men (even in grave and cautious Ulster) cannot escape—of palliating and defending mistakes and failures, instead of endeavouring by an honest confession and vigorous resistance to check and correct them. This large diversion of so many of the pupils from the professed objects of the institution is held out in the Report of the Committee as a most auspicious circumstance.

'The distribution of the pupils after the termination of their schooling is deserving of particular attention, as affording evidence of the extent of its utility;—and here there will be found a more varied application of their acquired knowledge than might have been anticipated; for—although the seminary was originally designed for the education of young men destined for agricultural pursuits—several individuals have availed themselves of the advantages derived from the course of instruction there pursued to qualify themselves for other avocations.'—*Report*, p. 11.

Thus, by a legerdemain at which Ireland is so conspicuously dexterous, the abuse of an institution becomes its prominent title to support and approbation. What would be thought in *England*, of a *marine* society for the education of youths for the superior duties of the mercantile navy, which should boast that, out of 427 boys, they had produced but 46 masters and mates, and 176 common seamen—while 28 had enlisted in dragoon regiments, 78 had gone the Lord knows where, and 93 had entered the *American* service? Yet this would be a parallel case. Would it not have been better if the Committee had candidly stated its regret—not its satisfaction—at so extensive a departure from the professed purposes of the establishment? It is obvious that they cannot prevent occasional deviations, nor exercise any direct control over the ulterior pursuits of their pupils; but, instead of applauding, as '*evidence of the extended utility of the school*,' what, if persisted in, will destroy its *special* utility. they should rather have re-

commended to the subscribers a more scrupulous selection of nominees, and have inculcated in the future management of the school itself a more vigilant endeavour to cultivate an *agricultural* disposition among the pupils, and to release, in good time, from the institution those who may be visibly disinclined or unfitted for that walk of life.

We are very far from undervaluing the addition of even 46 intelligent superintendents, or of 173 practical agriculturists of secondary qualifications, in a country so much in need of instruction—but we think that it is but a scanty harvest *housed* compared with what was *grown*. Nor are we quite satisfied with the financial results as given in the Committee's Report. The expense of the establishment (exclusive of any allowance for interest or capital,) is about 940*l.* a-year, while the produce of the farm *sold* is stated at less than 170*l.* The capital expended seems to have been about 6000*l.*, which, at the moderate interest of 4 per cent., must be charged at 240*l.* per annum, so that, *on the face of the account*, it would appear that this model farm costs 1200*l.* a-year, and produces only 170*l.* This, we conclude, can only mean that 170*l.* worth of produce was sold *over and above what was consumed in the establishment*. But if this be so, is it not a more than Hibernian mode of exhibiting an account to omit so important an item? And it seems the stranger when we find on the debtor side of the account 150*l.* charged for beef and potatoes *bought*, and no credit taken on the other for any beef or potatoes, or indeed for any other aliment, *supplied* from the farm. These may seem to some readers small criticisms, or at least uninteresting details, but we think them very curious exemplifications of the mode in which business is done even in the best parts of Ireland—and they lead us to regret that, of the eleven *clerks* which the seminary has turned out, it had not retained one or two to exhibit its own accounts in a more intelligible shape, and to show to its patrons and the public whether there is any and what degree of farming profit to be made by the improved processes of Templemoyle. We have heard privately, as well as from Mr. Thackeray (*Sketch Book*, ii. 292), that the institution is thriving and very popular, and we heartily wish it in its strict agricultural character still greater success, and that so laudable a design may find proselytes and imitators in every county in Ireland. To which good ends we hope and believe we are contributing not more by applauding the design than by warning the benevolent managers of Templemoyle of the danger of its degenerating from its original object, and of the



expediency of showing, as distinctly as the case will admit of, the practical results, in point of produce, of the system they teach; and above all, we would warn them against the error so common on the other side of the Channel, of mistaking—as the passage we have quoted seems to do—failure for success and loss for profit.\*

But Templemoyle and such institutions could at best have but a limited and gradual effect; there is need for a more extensive and more powerful impulse and influence—something of a wider school for both landlords and tenants. These have been heretofore attempted with no remarkable success. There is an old institution called the 'Dublin Society,' which has been long employed in developing the industrial resources of Ireland, but neither its sphere nor its means have been sufficiently large, nor, as it would seem, the organization sufficiently active, to wrestle with such extensive and inveterate agricultural mismanagement. There was also, as we before mentioned, a general 'Farming Society of Ireland,' promoted chiefly by the first Marquis of Sligo, whose well-meant and well-judged, and for a time successful efforts at improvement are now only reproachfully remembered by their ruins. Of this Society we read in a 'Picture of Dublin' (1821):—

'The happy results of this excellent institution are the best proofs of the wisdom, zeal, and perseverance with which the Committee have managed the business of the institution. A parliamentary grant of 5000*l* a-year, with several subscriptions and donations, constitute the funds of this Society, and the salaries of its officers and servants amount to 1000*l* a-year.'—*Picture of Dublin*, p. 192.

What has become of this 'excellent Institution'?—We know not. Perhaps the last item subjected it to the scythe of public economy, and doomed it to the fate of so many other fruitless attempts at the improvement of Irish farming. But in 1841 there appeared a new Association—destined, we hope, for a long and happy existence. The readers of 'The Irish Sketch-Book' will recollect with pleasure and respect a certain 'Mr. P——,' dwelling at a place called 'H——,' whose house, farm, and establishment afforded so striking a contrast with all that Mr. Thackeray saw elsewhere in Ireland, and in whose company and carriage, driven by the good-humoured owner four-in-

hand, was accomplished the journey from Dublin to Cork, the details of which are so amusing and, as we think, so instructive. This gentleman was Mr. Purcell of Halverstown in the county of Kildare, an eminent mail-coach contractor and a farmer on a large scale: and he and his place well deserved the minute and lively portraiture by Mr. Thackeray, which we are sorry not to be able to quote *in extenso*. Mr. Purcell was, we are informed, a self-educated man, of a clear head and good understanding, with great industry and perseverance. He early saw in theory, and soon reduced into practice, the means by which alone individuals and nations can prosper; and after having given in his own case an example of prosperous farming, he, towards the close of 1840, set on foot 'The Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland,' in the prospectus of which the most important object was the establishment of *Schools* of practical agriculture. How far that was carried out we know not—we fear not far—though the parent society had in 1845 one hundred and ten provincial offshoots. Mr. Purcell died in 1846; and we are informed that the Society seemed likely to suffer by his loss, when—fortunately we hope for the eventual improvement of Irish agriculture—Lord Clarendon became, as Lord Lieutenant, Vice-Patron of the Society. Never, we suppose, was any man called so suddenly to such arduous duties as the state of Ireland at that moment imposed on the new Lord Lieutenant; and the at once absurd and mischievous legislation which he had to carry into execution aggravated all the difficulties it was meant to alleviate. We are glad—however we may differ from his Lordship's political views—to concur in the approbation, so general both in England and Ireland, of the ability, discretion, and conciliatory temper with which, in all that fell within his own personal responsibility, he has conducted himself throughout this terrible and protracted crisis. But the most important, as we think, of his proceedings, was the simple, yet we may almost say, grand idea of meeting the agricultural danger by the immediate application of agricultural instruction. Such institutions as Templemoyle, had there been one in every county, and the 'Schools' contemplated by the Agricultural Society, if in full operation, could not have helped the present emergency; but just at the close of the harvest of 1847—the critical time when English farmers begin to prepare for the next year's crops and Irish farmers do nothing at all—Lord Clarendon had the lucky thought of sending out to some of the most distressed districts agricultural instructors to

\* Our alarm for the agricultural character of Templemoyle is not allayed by finding that at the last Annual Examination (6th September) 160 prizes were awarded in the literary classes of the school, and 6 only in agriculture!

exhort the poor people and give them practical lessons in preparing such species and modes of culture as might tend to relieve them from their exclusive dependence on the precarious potato. Lord Clarendon very judiciously determined on making the Agricultural Improvement Society the medium of this experiment, and on the 23d of September, 1847, he addressed a letter to the Duke of Leinster, its President, in which, after stating his general object, he enters into a short but comprehensive view of the means of communicating this instruction in the first instance throughout Munster and Connaught, where it was most urgently necessary, by itinerant practical lecturers in communication with the local Agricultural Societies and the neighbouring landed proprietors.

Our readers who recollect the millions so injudiciously squandered in Ireland in that year will wonder at the difficulty that Lord Clarendon had in providing the very modest sum necessary for his first experiment.

'For carrying out those objects, there will, of course, be funds required; and I believe that for so much as may safely be undertaken on the present occasion, the sum of 300*l.* will be required. I am aware that the Agricultural Society possesses no funds applicable to this purpose; and unfortunately, in the present condition of the public revenue, *it would be in vain to look to the Government for any grant.* I cannot, however, believe that for carrying out so important and so beneficial an object, as diffusing that agricultural knowledge upon which the very safety of the country now depends, the noblemen and gentlemen, who, under your Grace's presidency, have already done so much, would hesitate to give their pecuniary assistance. I shall with pleasure myself contribute the sum of 50*l.*, which I shall place in your hands; provided the residue be made up by your Grace and others, and applied to the purposes that I have suggested in this communication.'—*Transactions*, p. 65.

'*In vain to look for 300*l.* to the Government*'—that Government which wasting hundreds of thousands on public mischiefs, mis-called public works, and which was, that very season, worse than wasting ten times 300*l.* in plans for disfiguring one House of Parliament with the monstrosities of what they call *art*, and for poisoning the other with farcical quackeries of ventilation. The pecuniary difficulty, however, was got over by the subscription suggested by Lord Clarendon, and by a sum of 35*l.*, the balance of 500*l.*, which had been advanced to the Agricultural Society by Lord Heytesbury, who, during his Viceroyalty, had already seen the value of that Institution, and now willingly placed that sum at its disposal for this new

object. Thirty noblemen and gentlemen followed Lord Clarendon's subscription of 50*l.* with various sums amounting to about 1000*l.*; and when Lord Clarendon found that the subscription—including Lord Heytesbury's—only amounted to something short of 1500*l.*, he at once guaranteed 1000*l.* more. With these means twenty-nine or thirty practical Instructors were immediately despatched into as many of the most distressed districts of the West and South—and with, as far as we can at present judge, the happiest effect, and at no greater expense than in 1847, of 340*l.*; and in 1848, of 498*l.* Never, we can venture to assert, was so great a prospect opened at so small an expense. Our readers have already seen, by our former extracts, the state of apathy and despair in which the Instructors found some of their districts. We must now, in order to give them any adequate idea of the real state of Ireland, exhibit a few instances, from different localities, of their agricultural condition. The people did not even know how to dig their ground.

'Saw them only digging the furrows and shovelling the clay on the ridges; but I made them go to the brow of the ridge and dig it into the furrow, and cut it all through, and give the entire soil the benefit of the exposure; and when they saw I was right, they took it kindly, and promised to commence [—in the year 1847!—] a proper system of cultivation.'—*ib.* p. 73.

'I saw one man digging his stubbles about four inches deep; asked him "why he didn't go deeper?" and he said, "there wasn't a man in the townland was giving his land such a digging." I then dug some for him, and turned up some new soil, six inches under that he was scribbling at, *rich loamy earth, that he never had disturbed before.*'—p. 74.

'I also instructed the labourers *how to hold their spades or forks, and to dig the land deeply and properly*; . . . and I took the spade in my hand and *showed them how to use it, and to turn up acres of fine new virgin soil, which never saw the light before.* They appeared civil and thankful for my advice, and took it kindly.'—p. 75.

And so everywhere: one of the Instructors adding, 'that the very construction of their implements is calculated to prevent such labour.' (p. 109.) Could it have been imagined that in the district of Lismore, on the fertile banks of

'Sweet Avonduff, which of the Englishman  
Is called Blackwater,'

studded with the residences of noblemen and gentlemen in a profusion unequalled, we believe, in any other similar space in the empire—could it, we say, be believed that in this vale, which may be almost called the garden

of Ireland, the people did not even know how to plant cabbages!

'They listened civilly and attentively, and when some of them complained of want of food, I showed them that if each of them only planted a few cabbages in time, they would be turning up for them in a few weeks, and afford them and their families immediate relief, until the other things come in; and it was gratifying to see them in the evening, returning from the fair of Ballyduff, with large bundles of cabbage plants on their backs, and stopping me all along the road to give them advice respecting them.'—p. 104.

As to agricultural processes, the foregoing extracts sufficiently describe their lazy and superficial preparation for the eternal harvest of potatoes and oats. And then, when harvest is gathered in, weeds and all, in a most slovenly way, the whole country seems to go to sleep for the winter, and nothing whatever is done with the land till March or April following, when the same wretched system of '*scribbling*' the surface for scanty crops is renewed. (p. 84 *et passim*.)

Politicians, partizans, and *littérateurs* write tirades on what they call the monster evils and monster miseries of Ireland. Here are—as we are forced to say at every step—here are the real monster evil and misery:—indolence and ignorance—and now starvation. Every candid writer and thinking man had seen this, though in most instances as through a glass darkly; Englishmen, suspecting their own imperfect acquaintance with the country, hesitated to exhibit the whole truth—the Irish, blinded by their nationality, would not see it—or, when it forced itself upon them, either intrepidly defended the error or threw the blame on *Tenterden steeple* or any other scapegoat. It was reserved for Lord Clarendon to make an authoritative exposure of the evil, and to apply something of an authoritative remedy to the disease.

Is it also reserved for him alone to be successful? The failure of so many attempts in so many quarters and on so many scales—some of the most promising of which have hardly left a wreck behind—is a great discouragement; but when we recollect that this is the first time that the failure of the potato itself—the root of most of the evil—has left an opening for improvement;—that this is the first time in which instruction has been brought into actual contact with the actual labourer—carried into the field to him, like his food, and more invigorating than his food—and when we find that the reports, which we have seen up to the 1st of September, all concur in stating a considerable advance in cultivation, and an extent of

turnip, bean, mangel, and swede crop that will be sensibly felt in any circumstances, and most valuably if there should be, as we fear, any extent of potato failure:—when, we say, we consider all these facts, we cannot but indulge a hope that a happier day has dawned upon Ireland, and that a larger (but not otherwise more expensive) system of agricultural instruction may be permanently established and diffused, not through a few southern and western districts alone, but over the whole country—for though the cultivation of Connaught and Munster is pre-eminently bad, parts of Ulster and Leinster are little better, and, in truth, there is no part of the island, of which we have any knowledge, that is not open to incalculable improvement.

Very much, however—more than we are willing to think of—will depend on a circumstance already slightly alluded to, but deserving of the gravest and most anxious consideration—the co-operation of the Roman-Catholic Clergy. Lord Clarendon's missionaries seem to have been, as we have already intimated, selected and instructed with the object of conciliating the priesthood; and, generally speaking, they appear to have been well and in many cases cordially received by them; but we think we see indications that this feeling was not universal, and we confess our apprehensions that the project is too tranquillising, too civilising, too likely to improve the self-reliance and personal independence of the peasantry, to be really grateful to the large body of clerical incendiaries who have hitherto exercised and do still exercise so vast an influence in Ireland.

We very reluctantly admit such apprehensions, and, strong as they must be in every mind that knows anything of Ireland, we should on this occasion have suppressed them—but for a new and remarkable feature which has now been added to the case, and as to which these reverend gentlemen must, we think, accept a large share of responsibility—we mean the dishonest and outrageous removal of the crops in order to avoid the payment of rent and rates. This practice, revived from the old Whiteboy time, has within the last few weeks prevailed to a disgraceful and—with regard to the spirit that prompts or *permits* it—we may say alarming extent. It seems that, by a strange defect in the law, this robbery, for such it really is, cannot be legally stopped on a Sunday, and it is on the Sabbath therefore that these outrages are committed with impunity; but will any man believe that the Priests, who on other occasions are so ready to proclaim their undoubted influence

over their flocks (*see* the extracts we shall give hereafter from the *Nation*), could not, if they choose it, prevent this audacious profanation of the Sabbath? If they tell us that the people will not obey them in this matter, they will force us to conclude that their boasted power is only for mischief, and that they are impotent for good.

We have expressed our unwillingness to attenuate in any degree the praise that Lord Clarendon's *civil* administration eminently deserves by any criticism on the *political* errors which his party imposes on him; but in reference to this important subject we cannot refrain from stating that the various steps taken by the Government to which he belongs to affront the Established Church and to flatter and cajole the Roman-Catholic clergy, are signs and tokens of a miserable policy, the result of which will be a miserable failure. We have already expressed on every occasion our approbation of paying a due respect to that priesthood, and we have urged, with whatever power of reasoning or persuasion we may possess, that no measure of improvement—not even agricultural instruction—will or can be successful until that body is made independent in pecuniary circumstances and brought into harmony and closer contact with the state; but that is not to be done by unworthy truckling to their bigotry or their vanity—by insulting the Protestant Constitution of the country—and by, as happened on the Queen's visit, giving undue countenance and illegal rank, style, and precedence to the Roman Catholic pre-lacy, who, however, so little valued the ostentatious condescension which the Sovereign was thus advised to lavish on them, that they declined to acknowledge it *as a body*, and that a bare majority of *one* consented to present, as individuals only, an address to the Queen.

It was for about three weeks the fashion in Ireland to declaim on the vast benefit that the Queen's visit was to do there. We believe whatever effect it may have had is the very reverse of good. We have already lamentable indications that it has not reclaimed the turbulent and treasonable spirit which had been alternately smouldering and blazing for full fifty years. The English connexion and Constitution have not gained one friend, while the conduct that hereditary and official Whigs prescribed to her Majesty could not but create some alarm and more dissatisfaction amongst the old and tried friends of her family and crown—the Protestants of all denominations—the English garrison of Ireland—in whose eyes a series of trifles that were called accidents—though all those *accidents* tended, unluckily, the

same way—gave a kind of additional sharpness to the hostile countenance of her Ministers. But exclusive of these considerations, we remember the delusive hopes that the visit of George IV. excited. For the benefit of our younger readers, we shall transcribe from that grave authority, the *Annual Register* for 1821, part of the account of that visit, which seems to have been adopted as a mould in which the Ministerial jublations on the late occasion have been cast.

'On the 17th of August His Majesty made his public entry into Dublin amidst the most extraordinary and rapturous demonstrations of public enthusiasm that ever a sovereign received from his subjects.

'The very first announcement of the King's intention to come to Ireland had been received in that country with symptoms of the utmost exultation. All classes, and, what is more, all parties, participated in the feeling, and seemed anxious to bury their political and religious differences in the expression of their common attachment to the King. Party and sect, the two fatal words that involve all that is most perplexing in the political distemper of Ireland, were for the moment wholly forgotten; Protestant and Catholic met for the first time in amity, animated by a common feeling and a common purpose. There can be no doubt that a better order of things was then prepared,' &c., &c.—*Annual Register*, 1821, p. 210.

This was the statement of the sober historian of the *Annual Register*; but he gives the following more glowing prophecy from the *Dublin Evening Post*—a print which, writing in the days of Liverpool and Londonderry, he describes as the 'organ of the Anti-Ministerial—we might almost say the Anti-English—party in Ireland.' After some allusion to the advantage to trade from the visit of George IV., that *Post* of 1821 proceeded:—

'But this visit will have a wider and deeper operation. Its beneficial effects are felt already. It has been the *harbinger of conciliation*. In the course of three short weeks greater strides have been made to allay faction—to remove prejudices—to diminish feuds—to decrease the ill blood generated by a collision of opposite sentiments—in short, to conciliate and unite in the bonds of one interest and one loyalty, than all the exertions of good and wise men had been able to accomplish in thirty years. *No King that ever reigned has rendered such a service as this to Ireland*; if our factions, losing all their asperities, shall ultimately be melted into one feeling of devotion to the sovereign, and of rational attachment to the country, posterity will attribute this *blessed work* to the Fourth King of the Brunswick line—to the First King that ever visited Ireland in the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious peace:—

with much more in the same style which the *Evening Post* of to-day has in substance repeated in honour of Queen Victoria. But with what result in either case? In the very next page of the *Annual Register* that contains those halcyon prognostics we find—

‘It is matter of regret that we cannot here close our account of Irish affairs for the present year, but the King had hardly reached England on his return, when with him came intelligence that in several counties acts of violence had been committed which, from their nature and frequency, too clearly indicated the renewal of a system of outrage which had so often disgraced the peasantry of that kingdom.’—*Annual Register*, 1821, p. 222.

The Queen is not yet come back to England—(we are writing on the 26th of September)—but in every other point the tragic epilogue to the melo-dramatic farce is the same to-day as it was then.

Sir George Grey, who accompanied the Queen to Ireland, and whom we cannot congratulate either on what he did prepensively, or on the *accidents* which he permitted to happen, has been more unlucky than the ministers of George IV., who were too prudent to pledge themselves for the Royal visit’s tranquillising Ireland. On his way home Sir George Grey stopped at Newcastle to dine with his constituents, and on that occasion he made a speech, in which he enlarged on the conciliatory and tranquillising effects of Her Majesty’s visit, and on his own proud privilege of witnessing them.

‘Ah luckless speech and bootless boast!’—

for the very next mail brought from Ireland accounts of extensive conspiracies and rebellious outbreaks of the same kind as those that followed equally close upon the visit of George IV.

And why should it not be so? The triumphant tone in which Sir George Grey and all the numerous organs of the Ministers affect to cry up *this* Royal Visit and its consequences, oblige us to say that the visit had nothing in its character that was calculated to produce any better effect than that of George IV.—nay, that no one could have rationally anticipated even so much from it—and that, in point of fact, its *feu de paille* has already burned out.

The Irish, whatever other defects may be imputed to them, have no deficiency of shrewdness; they are, if not the most penetrating, at least the sharpest people in the world; and it required less than their sagacity to draw comparisons between the two royal visits, not altogether favourable to

the latter. George IV.’s visit to Ireland was early, gracious, and official—he was crowned at Westminster on the 19th of July, 1821, and—feeling it to be his *next* sovereign duty to extend to his Irish subjects the grace of his royal presence—he set out for Dublin *within a month* after the coronation. Queen Victoria was crowned in June, 1838. She has in successive years visited her husband’s relations in Germany—the King of the Belgians at Brussels—and the King of the French at his country seat in Normandy. She has visited her ancient kingdom of Scotland—once in state, and twice with less ceremony; and now—*after eleven years*—happening to have to pass the coast of Ireland on her way to a sporting box in Scotland, she is advised that it will be hardly decent to pass the very door of so touchy a neighbour without just ‘*looking in*.’ Is it from a visit so tardy, so casual, so hurried, and in all (except her Majesty’s own personal deportment) so ungracious, that we are to expect the regeneration of Ireland? Those who think so must have, indeed, a very low opinion of either the taste or intellect of the whole Irish people.

But we know that all this has not escaped the quick-sighted and sensitive Irish. They were amused by the novelty of what they already call ‘a tawdry pageant’ in their deserted and sickly streets—they were struck, perhaps, with something of instinctive reverence to the Sovereign, and more of national gallantry towards an august Lady. The female crowd—the ragged one in the back-ground as well as the gay one in front—were charmed with the manly figure of the Prince. Indeed, the whole people could not fail to be attracted and conciliated by the personal advantages and gracious deportment of her Majesty and her royal Consort. The Irish are naturally apt to boil over—they boiled over for George IV., and they have boiled over for Queen Victoria; but the froth and bubbles were in the latter case rather lighter, and have been, we believe, even more evanescent than in the former. In estimating popular impressions, trifles otherwise inconsiderable are worth notice—even the poetry of *Punch* is a straw which indicates how the wind blows, and the following stanzas of an address from ‘*Hibernia to Victoria*’ are but a paraphrase of what may be read in treasonable prose in some Irish papers:—

‘They talk mighty big of the good that will  
come  
From your kindly *look-in* on poor PAT in his  
home:—

So list while I tell, what's less pleasant than true,  
*What sights you ne'er saw—what your visit can't do.*

You saw me, *Ashore,\** in my moment of mirth—  
 Not crouched in my dwellin' of darkness and dearth;  
 You heard the loud cheers of my young and my old—  
 Not their moans for the hunger—their cry for the cold.

You walked in my palaces, *Cushla-ma-cree,\**  
 But divil a cabin, at all, did ye see;  
 You took bite and sup from my aldermen's dish,  
 But not the black roots from my cottager's kish.†

You could toss the poor beggar a morsel of mate,  
 But you can't lift the pauper to man's true estate;  
 You could smile on my sons, *but not teach them to know*  
*The sins that they do, and the duties they owe.*

Sure, it's sorry I'd be, Dear, for aught upon earth,  
 To dash with a sorrow the light of your mirth;  
 'Tis love true and loyal, that thus brings to view  
*What sights you ne'er saw—what your visit can't do!*

These comments are indeed 'less pleasant than true,' and Ministers would have acted more discreetly in not provoking them by their silly glorifications.

Let us give a less painful example of the value of the ideas of Ireland which her Majesty was likely to carry away. There is no crop in that fertile land from north to south so plentiful as the weed Ragwort—in Ireland called Benweed and Ragweed (*Senecio Jacobæa*)—too often to be seen even in England in some neglected pastures and in all hedges. In Arthur Young's time it could hardly have been so general a plague in Ireland as it now is, for he mentions it as the peculiar deformity of two or three localities. If he were at this day to travel from Lough Foyle to Bantry Bay, he would, we believe, scarcely find a grass-field, beyond a gentleman's demesne, that is not—as Mr. Howitt tells us of the neighborhood of Edgeworthstown (see *ante*, p. 284)—overrun with it, or with rushes, or with both. If a traveller should venture to notice this miraculous crop to an Irish farmer, his first impulse would be to deny its

existence; but if, on this denial, you take him into one of his own fields and show it to him up to his knees, he then defends it as a useful vegetable, and tells you 'the cattle like it.' When you venture to observe, in reply, that if the cattle liked it they would hardly suffer it to grow so hard and tall, while all the other vegetation of the field was eaten bare, he has another excuse, that 'it is very conducive to the growth of the other herbage by spreading its roots along the surface and levigating the mould.' To which—if you could bring yourself to give a grave answer—you might say that it was in fact the very reverse, and not only a sad eyesore, but a great exhauster of the soil. Well; this universal ragweed was, of course, to be found in its usual yellow abundance in her Majesty's own park, the Phoenix—and we wonder what stranger's eye it was—we suspect the Lord Lieutenant's, or some other dainty Englishman's—that thought a crop of ragweed an unseemly harvest to exhibit to her Majesty in her own ornamental park. Somebody, whoever it was, gave orders (which must have made the Irish park-keepers stare) to mow and remove the ragweed from the probable reach of the Royal eye. So it was mowed; and if her Majesty should happen to detect Ragwort in some corner of Windsor Park, she may say, 'I saw nothing like that in tidy, well-cultivated Ireland.'

Another more significant mark of the inefficacy of the royal visit is, that it was immediately followed by the reappearance of the *Nation* newspaper, the organ of the Young-Ireland rebels, suppressed when they were put down, and now within ten days of the Queen's visit, revived with a spirit of sedition deeper and bolder, and expressed with not less vigour and ability than in its former state. Its editor, Mr. Duffy, has been twice tried for his share in the Smith O'Brien rebellion; but the juries were twice discharged—one or two jurors, said to be Roman Catholics, having in both cases held out against a conviction. The Habeas Corpus Suspension Act *having been permitted by the Ministers to expire*—(we should like to hear *why?*)—Mr. Duffy has been released from Newgate, and has lost not an hour in recommencing a still more formidable career of agitation. In his second number the Queen's visit is openly ridiculed and denounced, and particularly in a passage which, as we shall have to quote it presently for another purpose, we omit here.

But, in short, all the accounts that reach us from every part of Ireland impress us with the melancholy conviction that, except perhaps some Radical corporators who have been knighted, or baroneted, or in some such

\* Irish terms of endearment: '*Precious*'—'*Joy of my heart*.' We have Anglicised the Irish spelling of the original.

† The potato basket.

way *soft-sold* by Government favours, there is not one heart in Ireland more loyal to the Queen, the Constitution, and British connexion, than there would have been if her Majesty had travelled to Scotland by the Midland Railway.

It is not by opening our ears to the shouts of the crowd, while we shut our eyes to the condition and spirit of the people, that Ireland can be saved; she must be first taught to obey the law, and next to feed herself—or rather, indeed, these results would be simultaneous. If life and property could be secured, there is no country in Europe more likely to attach its native landlords or to attract new ones—but life and property cannot be secure in such a state of habitual defiance of the law—no prudent man will venture his life or his capital in a country where his residence must be a fortification—his daily walk or ride an armed *reconnaissance*, and his attempt to collect his rents a regular campaign.

How is this miserable state of things—this *anarchy* to be mended? Must we despair? No. We persuade ourselves that we see, as clearly, as certainly as any such problem admits of—three remedies, any one of which will do *much*, and a combination of which would do all. The first is that which we have so often urged that we need only here repeat it in general terms—the elevating into a state of comfort and independence the Roman Catholic Clergy, who are now in as comparatively low a condition, and as much needing some strong measures of relief and *reform*, as their unhappy flocks. The next is the diffusion of general education amongst the people; and, finally, the vigorous following up Lord Clarendon's scheme of agricultural instruction. These three objects are in truth so naturally as well as politically blended together, that in the observations with which we are about to conclude this paper, or, indeed, in any enlarged view of the state of Ireland, it is impossible to separate them.

As to the general Education of the people, we must first remind our readers that there has been established in Ireland a system of public instruction by what are called 'National Schools,' of which, for the purpose of including children of all persuasions, religious instruction was to form no part, and from which, out of special deference to the Roman Catholics, even the Bible itself was excluded as a class-book. We think, as the whole Protestant world does, that there can be no stronger evidence against the truth of the peculiar tenets of the Roman Catholics than this prohibition of an unrestricted use of the Scriptures. But whatever we may

think about it, it is the immemorial practice of their church—and we therefore have no reason to be surprised that the Irish Romanist clergy made it a *sine quâ non* of their concurrence in the National system. Nor can we, on the other hand, wonder that the ministers of the Reformed religion, which arose out of, and is nourished by, free and habitual access to the Holy Scriptures, should feel reluctant to associate themselves in any way to such a prohibition. We deeply respect the source and the sincerity of these feelings; but we cannot think that they were here well applied. There was no pretence that the Protestant children were not to read their Bible, nor indeed Romanist children, if their parents and pastors should desire it. The Bishop of Cashel, one of those who take most strongly the ultra-Protestant view of the case, says—

'I admitted from the beginning that in connexion with the National Board Protestants may have the best religious instruction; but I could not be a party to a compact to withhold the Scriptures from the Roman Catholics.'

We have always declined to argue cases of conscientious scruples; but we must say that we see no more reason why a Protestant Bishop should insist that Romanist children *should* read the Bible, than a Romanist Bishop that Protestant children should *not*. Each might plead very truly a conscientious anxiety for the spiritual welfare of their fellow Christians; but it seems to us, in the present state of things, more charitable, as well as more reasonable, to leave each flock to the guidance and responsibilities of its own shepherds. What can be the Protestant motive but the expectation that the free use of the Scriptures will wean the Roman Catholic children from the faith of their fathers?—a very probable and very desirable result in the minds of us and of all who think that faith erroneous—but one that is obviously incompatible with a system that professes to abstain from proselytism; and the very insistence of the Protestant clergy seems to us a practical justification of the resistance of the Priests. Action and reaction will be always found *equal and contrary* in morals as well as physics.

There are two other reasons against the Protestant claim—one from analogy and one of expediency—which, though we by no means rely on them as conclusive authority, seem worthy of consideration in a practical point of view. The first is that, in none of the great schools or colleges in England, nor even in the Protestant University of Dublin itself, is the vernacular Bible a class-book;



why then attempt to force it on these inferior schools? The second suggestion is that the National Schools are supported out of the public revenues levied from all sects; and though we cannot question the abstract right of the State to dispose of the national funds irrespectively of individual opinions or pretensions, we think that *those* who object to a particular grant on a plea of conscience, should recollect that a counter-plea of conscience might also be raised on the part of the Roman Catholic tax-payers. Such pleas are double-edged tools which wise men do not willingly handle.

These reasons, however, did not prevail, and the result has been most unfortunate. Mr. Thackeray says:—

‘The Protestant clergy have always treated the plan with bitter hostility; and I do believe, in withdrawing from it, have struck the greatest blow to themselves as a body, and to their own influence in the country, which has been dealt to them for many a year. Rich, charitable, pious, well-educated, to be found in every parish in Ireland, had They chosen to fraternize with the people and the plan, they might have directed the educational movement; they might have attained the influence which is now given over entirely to the priest; and when the present generation, educated in the National Schools, were grown up to manhood, They might have had an interest in almost every man in Ireland. Are They as pious, and more polished, and better educated, than their neighbours the Priests? There is no doubt of it; and by constant communion with the people they would have gained all the benefits of the comparison, and advanced the interests of their religion far more than now they can hope to do. *Look at the National School: throughout the country it is commonly by the Chapel side—it is a Catholic school, directed and fostered by the Priest; and as no people are more eager for learning, more apt to receive it, or more grateful for kindness, than the Irish, He gets all the gratitude of the scholars who flock to the school, and all the future influence over them, which naturally and justly comes to him.*’—*Irish Sketch-Book*, vol. i., pp. 101, 102.

This is but too true. Here is a great National system supported by National funds which has been thrown into a state of separation from, and even hostility to, our National Church; and, as Mr. Thackeray says, the National School-houses—next to the Poor-houses the most remarkable class of buildings throughout Ireland—are almost everywhere placed by the side of the Chapel, as if adjuncts to each other. The consequences of this juxtaposition are obvious.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Established Clergy were, and still less that they are, unanimous in this resistance. At

first, a great majority, perhaps three-fourths, took that line, from a strong, though we think misapplied, sense of duty, and in the hope, we dare say, that so vigorous a demonstration would force the Government to adopt their views. But in that they were, as might have been foreseen, mistaken; and we are convinced that their own scheme, if accepted, would have been found impracticable. There were, we apprehend, but two possible courses: either the *common* system, with a *common* Fund,—which was adopted,—or a separate system of two sets of schools, with separate appropriations of the Fund. Such appropriations must, of course, have been in proportion to the respective numbers of pupils; and what then would the Protestant Clergy have said, if of every 5000*l.* expended on Education the Catholics should have 4000*l.* and all classes of Protestants but 1000*l.*; while the main point in dispute—the prohibition of the Bible—would be thus directly sanctioned in principle and extended in practice? These obvious truths have not failed to make their way amongst the clergy. The number of the opponents of the National system is certainly—and as we are informed, rapidly—diminishing; some of their most influential leaders have retracted their opposition; and there are few, we believe, who do not see—and, of course, regret—the practical result of their well-meant resistance. Much mischief, no doubt, has been done; but nothing, we hope—except the position of the school-houses—that may not be in time remedied by the general adoption and prudent management of the National system.

We highly disapprove of the proceedings of the Government in all the earlier stages of the affair, and we repeat that their mismanagement and ill-disguised hostility to the Establishment increased the inherent difficulties of the subject; but on a calm revision of the whole case, we entirely agree with Dean Newland, (whose well-reasoned and temperate work we recommend to those of our readers who wish to follow up this discussion,) and with the minority—soon, we hope, to become the majority—if not so already—of the Irish clergy, that something like the neutral principle of the National Board was the only practicable solution of the question, if there was to be a system of public education at all. And let us add the important fact that this system was voluntarily adopted by the Protestant founders of the Templemoyle School, and has been now twenty years in operation there with complete success, and without any complaint or scruple that we have heard of on any part. (*Sketch Book*, vol. ii. p. 292.)

An adverse system, even if possible, would only extend the alleged evil by throwing the whole of the existing schools into the *unbalanced* management of the Romanist body. Being therefore more than ever convinced that the surest hope of the redemption of Ireland from a state so close on barbarism is Education, we respectfully but most earnestly entreat those of the Established Clergy who still hold out against the National Board, to reconsider their position—to weigh all its consequences both as to their country and *themselves*—to recollect that imperfect education is better than none at all—that it is an essential property of education to grow and extend itself beyond any limits that jealousy or bigotry may attempt to impose upon it—that a single grain of truth will soon fructify a thousand-fold; and that if—as they and we think—the Roman Catholic form of Christianity is unsound in itself, the contiguity of the School-house to the Mass-house will not prevent, and may even accelerate, the downfall of error. We implore them, therefore, to hasten to extend to their flocks the full benefit of the educational grants, and to set themselves manfully about the only duty remaining to them in the present state of affairs,—the maintenance in the schools of a sound system of general instruction, and a *bonâ fide* neutrality as to religious tenets. If they will adopt and pursue this course, we venture to predict that a very short time will prove that the effects of the National system will be the very reverse of what they at first apprehended; and that by and bye, the anxiety of the Government Board may be—not, as now, to invite our clergy to bring in Protestant children, but—to induce the Roman Catholic priests to permit theirs to remain.

We wish indeed that we could persuade ourselves that there were amongst the Roman Catholic Clergy a general and active zeal in the great cause of education—even on the National system—or that they really desire that their people should learn anything beyond what they themselves choose to teach them. We fear it is not so. Considering the unbounded influence they undeniably possess over their flocks—the close intimacy in which they live with them—and the comparative leisure which a life of celibacy in retired districts affords, we should have expected *à priori* that they might have raised their people above the abject state of filth and ignorance in which we find them—and when to this state of filth and ignorance we add the monstrous propensity to outrage and crimes of blood which marks in so peculiar a degree and indeed *exclusively* the Roman Catholic population, we are forced

to disbelieve that the priests fulfil the ordinary duties of instruction to their people, and to suspect that it is, at the same time, one of their most assiduous cares that no instruction should penetrate their parishes but through their own channel. In fact, starving as these poor people may be, they are still, we fear, 'better fed than taught.'

We find in the *second number* of the revived *Nation* a letter to which we have already alluded signed 'Nicholas Coghlan, C.C. [Catholic Curate?] of Waterford, which concludes with a passage that—considering the quarter whence it comes—emphatically corroborates all that we have been saying, both of the condition of the people and of its causes:—

'In the cantons of Switzerland you see a marked contrast between the Catholic and Protestant villages—the one cleanly and comfortable, the other too often with a cesspool at the door. Ask the cause, and many will at once point to the religion. The priests, they say, keep never minding, so long as they are, themselves, trim and respected; and so remorselessly do they levy in this item—so much respect do they arrogate to themselves—as to leave the people bankrupt—without one particle to spare for themselves or their children. The same will be sometimes told you by the Irish Protestant. Need I tell you how gross is the calumny in each case? No. The priests look for no respect beyond what their pure and devoted lives exact from the people; and they feel every honour done them the greater in proportion as the people honour themselves. They hold that *filth and sin are found generally wallowing in the same sty, and that a man's house and person are largely typical of his soul*. Every priest, and most of all the Irish priest, is, and should be an advocate for this virtue [cleanliness]. And yet how little of it is among us! Had we even a small share, how many a dismal farce should we have been saved from enacting before Europe! But for us—*hawking our sores and hugging our rags*—we are ready on the spur of a moment to sally forth, and like mere animals of impulse, dance to *any* tune, at the bidding of the juggler. Nay, did he but grant us a holiday, to run and stare, and crow, and clap our hands at the tail of some *taudry pageant*, I doubt me if we should not fall into such ecstasies as to forgive or forget all our grievances, past and present, in the tumult of the hour. So it is with the Irishman nowadays; and so too is it, though the comparison may look queer, with the Irish turkey-cock. Under a like agency, he acts very much in a like fashion; for at the unfurling of a red rag you *throw him likewise* into fits! I may again return to this subject. Meanwhile, I am yours,

'NICHOLAS COGHLAN, C.C.

'Waterford, September 5, 1849.'

—*Nation*, Sept. 8, 1849.

Our readers will observe in this obscurely-worded but in substance very candid

paragraph that the '*calumny*' which this bold and zealous vindicator of himself and his reverend brethren denies, is not the existence of the evil—nor the assertion that cleanliness is the Protestant, and filth the Romish characteristic. No; *that* he admits: what he denies, is, that his fellow-priests 'remorselessly levy' the pecuniary means of keeping themselves 'trim' while they leave their unregarded flocks in filthy misery. This greediness imputed to the Priests is, he says, '*a calumny*,' but he admits the main fact that '*though the priests should be advocates for cleanliness—how little of it is amongst their people!*' Mr. Coghlan does not condescend to say how it happens that these respected and honoured priests fail to accomplish what even he, one of their body, considers as a primary duty: if '*filth and sin wallow in the same sty,*' why do not these pastors endeavour, as the first social reform, to get rid of the filth? These admissions, strange from the mouth of a Romish priest, are evidently the ebullitions of his indignation at the '*juggling loyalty—the 'tumult of the hour'—displayed at the queen's visit; but he might have spared some of his indignation—the loyalty was, we fear, as short and as shallow as Mr. Coghlan could desire—half minus one, as we before said, of the Romish hierarchy stood aloof—the 'tawdry pageant' vanished in an hour, and all that remains of the various topics of this extraordinary letter is the awkward but indubitable confession that cleanliness is the virtue of the Protestant,—that the squalid dress and residences of the Roman-Catholic peasantry 'are typical of their souls,' and that they 'hawk about their sores and hug their rags' with a scandalous and shameless levity. Mr. Thackeray does not say more—nor more strongly. We should not have ventured, on our own responsibility, to have said so much.*

But on the important question which Mr. Coghlan has, judiciously for his purpose, blinked—namely, the influence of the priests in these matters—we feel ourselves justified in concluding both from what he says and what he omits to say, that our original impressions were correct; that the priests have little active anxiety about the civilization of their flocks; that, if they had, their power would have been long since victorious over sluggishness and filth, and their child-starvation. In the very next number of the *Nation*, Mr. Duffy endeavours to enlist the priesthood in his new agitation by confessing their omnipotence over their flocks;—

'The Irish priesthood have long held in their hands the soul of Celtic Ireland. For a period of at least sixty years they have, as a body, been in

a position to feel *every throb of the inmost heart of the country.*'—*Nation*, Sept. 15, 1849.

From this extraordinary but we believe perfectly accurate statement, coupled with the preceding admissions of Mr. Coghlan, are we not entitled to charge upon the Romish priesthood all the social misery of Ireland? A grievous charge! But let us on the other hand, in justice or at least in extenuation, admit that it would be unnatural, and contrary to all the better and the worse instincts of human nature, to expect that they will help you to elevate their people while they themselves remain in so anomalous and humiliating a condition.

The importance which all the Reports of Lord Clarendon's Instructors attach to the co-operation of the priests is very significant. Their countenance is everywhere acknowledged as the first element of any approach to the success of even a lesson in digging, and he who offers to lecture the people on hoeing turnips or planting cabbages only obtains their ear by the recommendation of the priest.

We have already said that by a prudent choice of the Instructors and this deference on their parts, the goodwill of most of the priests seems to have been conciliated to Lord Clarendon's measures, and we earnestly hope that this good understanding may continue and increase. And we must take this opportunity of expressing our pleasure and surprise that the Agricultural Society should have been able to furnish at such short notice and at such poor remuneration so many Instructors of so much ability, good temper, and good sense as their reports evidence. Those that can speak Irish seem to have a peculiar influence, and in any case in which it might be suspected that the priest was adverse or indifferent, a person speaking Irish should if possible be employed. We are not indeed quite satisfied that all these reverend gentlemen have entered into the Instructors' views so cordially as could be wished. Of this we have nothing but slight indications—for, of course, neither would any Priest venture to show, nor any Instructor to report, a downright indifference to this work of charity—but such passages as the following are not promising. One of the Instructors—after visiting a parish through which he was accompanied not by the priest but by his clerk—

'complained bitterly [to the priest] of the misery and wretchedness existing in that locality; and the reverend gentleman in reply said that, in his opinion, if *6d.* would sow an acre of turnips or any other green crop, they could not afford paying for the seed.'—*Report*, 1 May, 1849.

Now, this discouraging observation was made in a district in which, however, the people found means to procure seed enough for following their own 'defective and deplorable' system—though the very next page of the Reports informs us that 6d. worth of turnip-seed would plant as much land as 3s. 6d. worth of potato-seed—'making a saving on seed alone of 3l. 4s. per acre.' 'The reverend gentleman' was clearly either no calculator or very lukewarm in the cause.

And this case suggests one practical observation, with which we shall conclude. It appears that this question of *seed* is one of paramount importance. In all the recent Reports the want of *seed* is the most urgent complaint, and marked advantage had ensued from the Societies' sending premiums of seeds to the farmers who had shown the best disposition to improvement; but there has been a great disappointment in many neighbourhoods from the bad quality of the seeds. Many bought from local dealers—even some benevolently contributed by the Society of Friends and other charitable persons—turned out to be bad, and even fraudulent. The Instructors when pressed, as they frequently were, for seeds by those who were willing to use but unable to obtain them even by purchase, had to answer reluctantly that they had none to give. We trust that Lord Clarendon will not have overlooked so striking a feature in these Reports, and that he will not have hesitated to demand from the Treasury one or two, or if necessary five or even *ten thousand pounds* for this vital object. Nor would the supply of seed be liable to the same objection as a supply of money. Seed could hardly be wasted or misapplied or jobbed, if distributed by the Instructors at a low price, or at no price, in the way of premium to those most deserving of it. It is an expense which, we think, the most rigid economist in the House of Commons could not complain of. We trust also that, this being the season in which Irish laziness is most remarkable as well as most injurious, Lord Clarendon will be enabled to make a large addition to the number of his thirty Instructors, whose timely and little-costly intervention may save in the next year thousands of lives and millions of money. The ancient apologue was never more true—was never so true as to-day in Ireland:—there is a pot of gold in every field if the labourer will only dig for it—and not gold only, but a still richer treasure of industry, of comfort, of order, of independence—of intelligence—of true liberty and of rational piety—they are all *there* if you will dig for them. But whether this incomprehensible people can be persuaded to work for their livelihood or

no, we trust that we shall hear no more of the vile cant about 'hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.' The bondage was and is no other than the bondage of obstinate ignorance, and the tyranny, the tyranny of inveterate sloth.

ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence respecting the Affairs of Italy*. 1846, 1847 (folio, pp. 299). Presented to both Houses of Parliament by order of Her Majesty, July, 1849.

2. *Repubblica Romana: Bollettino delle Leggi*. Edizione ufficiale. Roma, 1849.

3. *Regno temporale di Pio Nono*. Compilata da B. Grandoni. Anno primo e secondo. Roma, 1848.

4. *Gli ultimi Sessanta-nove Giorni della Repubblica Romana*. Compilata sugli Atti ufficiali, pubblicati per comando del Governo, e per la massima parte inseriti nel *Monitore Romano*. Roma, 1849.

THE contest which for two years disturbed the peace and destroyed the prosperity of the Italian peninsula has at length been brought to a close. Piedmont, prostrate at the foot of her outraged ally, having exhausted every art of petty chicane, and induced, we fear, less by a sense of honour and gratitude than by the terror which her own newly-elected parliament justly inspires, has accepted the peace which a generous conqueror accorded. Austria retains her revolted provinces in the strong grasp of military possession. Tuscany, reduced to obedience, is maintained in tranquillity by Austrian garrisons, and the Roman States are in the occupation of French and Austrian armies. All this was inevitable, and those who indulged expectations of a different complexion understood neither the nature of the struggle nor that of the parties engaged.

An act of the portentous drama, then, is closed. It would be premature to offer conjectures as to its final 'dénouement';—in the mean time, however, the characters have been brought out, their true objects disclosed, the secret springs of action revealed.

The official folio which we have placed at the head of our list, carefully as its materials have been arranged for public inspection—failing altogether where explanation was most needed—contains nevertheless much curious matter; and by its help, together with such historical documents and information as we have been able to collect from other quarters, we purpose to trace the gra-

dual development of revolution in the Roman state up to its present disastrous and inconclusive stage.

Our readers, we doubt not, are sufficiently acquainted with the general outline of events to render a minute recapitulation of them unnecessary. On the 1st of June, 1846, Gregory XVI. breathed his last, and on the 16th Cardinal Mastai was proclaimed in the shortest conclave that had sat since the election of Gregory XIII. in 1572. The discontents which had long been smothered during the life of the late sovereign, burst out even in the first moments of the turbulent and indecent popularity of which his successor became the object. His first acts were popular: he promised reforms and railroads, and in the meantime published an amnesty to political offenders, embracing all except those, only 70 in number, who had added breach of trust to the crime of rebellion.

These vague promises, but especially this sweeping amnesty, rapturously applauded by the multitude in all quarters, excited the gravest apprehension among those who had been compelled to make the state of Rome and of Italy a main subject of study and reflection; and it was not long certainly before the voice of warning reached Downing Street. As early as July 17, 1846, Lord Cowley writes from Paris—'Prince Metternich disapproves of the measure of a general amnesty, and wishes that the proposed reforms in the Papal States should be confined to those recommended to the late Pope by the congress of ministers who assembled at Rome on the appearance of those discontents with which his reign commenced. The Pope (he adds) has shown no disposition to acquiesce in the Prince's views, though the majority of influential persons at Rome are favourable to his Highness's policy.' The very rejoicings to which the new measures gave rise were conducted in a manner disrespectful to the sovereign and insulting to his order, and served as a pretext for assembling crowds and for uttering sentiments dangerous to public tranquillity. We need not dwell on the rancour with which the memory of Gregory was held up to execration, or the ferocity with which his servants were denounced for public vengeance: already a far wider scope was taken. On the 14th of August, Mr. Moore, the British consul at Ancona, reports that the Austrian and Russian consuls had been personally insulted by the people, and still more deliberately outraged by offensive inscriptions on banners carried in the processions. Similar demonstrations occurred in the capital itself. A feeble prohibition was attempted by the

Papal functionaries, but the language of adulation and cajolery in which the people were addressed was calculated to have any effect rather than that of repression. The few Swiss troops, on whom alone the Pope could depend, were pointed out as the fit objects of popular hatred, and were loaded with insults, from which the Government did not protect them, and from which they were not allowed to protect themselves. It was not pretended that their conduct was censurable, or that their number could fairly give umbrage; but this was part of a plan deliberately formed to deprive authority of its arms, and to transfer them to the hands of its opponents.

The Secretary of State, Cardinal Gizzi, who had been appointed in the hope of conciliating the democratic faction,\* was unequal to his place and to the crisis. The Pope, divided between the old and the new counsellors of the throne, alternately swayed by the love of his order and by his passion for popularity, steady to no purpose, and faithful to no party, committed the unpardonable error of giving 'his countenance against his name,' by permitting himself to be made the object of vulgar idolatry at the expense of his government. Thus the republicans found their most efficient auxiliary in the sovereign himself, who accepted his ministers from what he took for the public voice, and seemed eager to anticipate every demand. The mask was not yet thrown off: the emancipated press still flattered, and Europe still resounded with 'highly satisfactory' accounts of the 'march of reform,' the 'liberal policy of the Pontiff,' and 'popular gratitude and affections.' But every step was in the downward direction of revolution. The people were confirmed in their idle and disorderly habits, the finances became more and more involved, and crime increased daily. The few attempts which the Pope made to restore order only served to show that his authority could be braved with impunity. Every hour added to the boldness of the leaders of the movement. Among those whom the amnesty had assembled in Rome, we will venture to say not one returned a 'wiser and a better man;' none had merited indulgence for the past, none gave hopes of amendment for the future. Closely united and steady in pursuit of their object, unscrupulous as to means, with absolute command of the press, these practised outlaws played at fearful

\* This cardinal, when nuncio at Turin, had interchanged compliments and civilities with the Marquis Azeglio, and hence was at first excluded from the sweeping condemnation pronounced against his order by that champion of liberality.

odds against the weak and vacillating Government.

It is no wonder that Pius began to tremble. His popularity and the vanity which led him to trust in it could no longer deceive him as to the dangers of his position. He cast a wistful eye towards Austria, and seriously thought of calling in her protection to prevent his reforms being turned against himself in aid of revolution.

As early as July 14, 1847, Lord Ponsonby wrote to our Government from Vienna, to prepare them for such an event. What might have been the result of such an application it is now difficult to say; but the republican party were greatly alarmed—they resolved to avert the danger by a resolute stroke—and they readily found those tools with which knaves are said to work. It was industriously circulated that a counter-revolution was planned; mysterious hints of hidden dangers were thrown out; the popular timidity and love of excitement were alternately played upon. The progress of the scheme is detailed in a letter (July 5) from Mr. Freeborn, our vice-consular agent at Rome, who corresponded *directly* with Lord Palmerston, while the communications of Mr. Petre, the diplomatic agent, were transmitted through the legation at Florence. Mr. Freeborn, it seems, 'had always entertained fears for the tranquillity of the town, unless the Pope pursued his liberal policy, and gratified the people with still larger concessions. 'This was precisely the opinion which the conspirators desired to spread abroad. Riotous mobs, he says, were sent to parade the streets, with cries of 'Death to the Cardinals!'—'to M. Corboli,' the under Secretary of State, and 'all the Papal evil counsellors!'

'The higher classes and people of property,' Mr. Freeborn proceeds, 'could not look on such proceedings without alarm; and it was resolved that Prince Borghese, Count Pianciani, and others, should wait upon the Pope, and state to his Holiness the causes of discontent of the people; and farther to pray his Holiness to take such measures as might protect the lives and property of the inhabitants from the possible violence of irritated mobs, as the military and police did not think it prudent to interfere, and therefore this protection could only be afforded by a powerful National Guard, and by the fulfilment of the hopes raised and promises given of reform and improvement.'

The Pope, it should seem, acquiesced in this conclusive reasoning, and demanded the advice of his intelligent monitors:

'It was then suggested in clear and energe-

tic language by the Prince that the first step to be taken was the formation of a *national guard*; the next to organize the *consultative* body from the provinces, to organize the municipality of Rome, and to dismiss those persons from his presence who had deceived him by not representing to his Holiness the real state of affairs. His Holiness, after a few minutes' consideration, assured the Prince that his suggestions should be adopted without delay. If the promises made by his Holiness to the Prince Borghese are fulfilled without delay, the country will be placed in tranquillity; but if not, the *present state of anarchy* will increase, and violent measures will be adopted by the malcontents, which will fall heavily upon the Cardinals, Jesuits, and Anti-Progressists, long before the Austrian intervention can save them.'

In other words, the advice of the Prince and his colleges amounted to this—Because you have paralyzed all the springs of legitimate authority by your weakness and timidity, you must now place arms in the hands of the anarchists themselves, since no one will oppose them; and having transferred the weapons from your own hands to those of your enemies, you must trust to their generosity not to use them against yourself. Such were the views in which Mr. Vice-Consul Freeborn agreed; and it was from him that Lord Palmerston had his direct Roman intelligence.

Cardinal Gizzi, whose 'moderate and liberal' views had been so vaunted, and who had hitherto shown himself sufficiently submissive to mob dictation, plucked up courage to oppose these fatal concessions. His consent to the establishment of a National Guard in the capital was wrung from him; but when he found this institution was to be extended to the provinces, he protested, and resigned.

From this period, July 6, 1847, the Roman revolution dates. All power was then transferred to the mob, and the direction of affairs to the clubs, who alternately coaxed the populace or were coerced by it. Mr. Petre had previously described the authorities as acting under mob-terror—the Pope himself compelled to prostitute his dignity by appearing at the call of 'base and abject routs countenanced by boys and beggary.' After the formation of the National Guard all hopes from foreign powers were annihilated. To have implored assistance would have been a declaration of civil war; and there soon followed the quarrel with Austria, which more than any other event hurried on the calamities of Italy and the ruin of the Pope. As the circumstances which led to this quarrel have been much misrepresented, and as the English cabinet thought proper to take part

in the dispute, we shall briefly notice some of the documents relating to it which are now at last placed before the public.

Our readers are aware that Ferrara, together with the other three northern Legations which composed the largest and most productive portion of the Papal dominions, had been ceded by treaty after the first conquests of Buonaparte—had formed a part of the kingdom of Italy—and were afterwards occupied by the troops of Murat when he joined the coalition against his brother-in-law and benefactor. It was from him then that they were reconquered, when he again changed his policy and deserted his new allies on the return of Buonaparte from Elba. Though it was by Austrian troops that the Neapolitan army was defeated, it was in the name of the Allies that the conquest was made, and to them belonged according to agreement the right of disposing of the conquered provinces. When at the general peace the Legations were made over to the Pope, it was stipulated that 'les places'—the fortresses—of Ferrara and Comacchio should be garrisoned by Austrian troops. Pius VII., it is true, appended his protest to this article of the treaty; but this protest was understood to signify a mere reservation of right—a formality in compliance with the old rule of the Tiara never to record the surrender of any claim—in short, just such a protest as was uttered on the same occasion against the detention of the county of Avignon and against the non-restoration of the Holy Roman Empire. So far from the occupation having been really offensive to the Pope, in subsequent years the garrison was more than once increased at his urgent entreaty, and the city gates guarded and the streets patrolled by imperial soldiers. In quiet times these precautions were avoided, and the military commandant was recommended on every occasion to testify his respect for the legate, with whose duty as governor he was instructed not to interfere. This good understanding was interrupted on the present occasion by the weakness of the Papal authorities, who lent their influence with emulous zeal to forward the schemes of the Republican sect. What these schemes were may be learnt from a letter written on the 4th October, 1847, by Mazzini, a copy of which was transmitted on the 2d of November following by Prince Metternich to Downing Street. The plans of Signor Mazzini and his party are here developed with a clearness that we must now be astonished did not open the eyes of the British minister:—

'The affairs of the Pontifical States, as you

say, go ill, but the uncertain or retrograde steps of him who governs will not change the law which regulates events. The impulse is given, and, well or ill, it must make progress. The Italians are mere children, but with good instincts. They have not a shadow of intellect or political experience. I speak of the multitude, and not of the *few leaders*, whose sin is the want of resolution. If, however, these few will act with prudence and without precipitation, the *illusion* will pass away. Pius IX. is what he appeared to me from the first, a goodnatured man, who wishes his subjects to be a little better off than they were before—*roilà tout*. All the rest is but an *écha-faudage* that the so-called Moderates have built around him, as they have built another round Charles Albert. The illusion will disappear slowly, but surely; the moment will arrive in which the people will discover that, if they wish to become a nation, it must be by their own exertions, and will break forth into such measures as must compel the Austrians to attack them with or without consent [that is, the consent of these princes.] Then the struggle will commence, if indeed the Italians have one spark of courage or of honour. The *good* should prepare themselves cautiously for that moment, accumulate means, acquire for themselves influence with the people, let *illusions* wear out, without directly assailing them, and limit themselves to instructing the people, particularly the peasants—educating the youth to arms—increasing more and more the abhorrence for the Austrians—and irritating Austrian by every possible means.'—*Corresp.*, p. 223.\*

What Signor Mazzini means in his closing sentence by *illusions*, need not be explained to any one at all acquainted with his Philosophy. Meantime his Ferrarese disciples, in admirable obedience to his rescript, proceeded to try the patience of their unwelcome guests with every invention of ingenious malice. It is needless to ask at what point the forbearance of the Austrian cabinet and the endurance of Austrian soldiers would have failed under this treatment; soon such acts of open hostility were committed as could not be overlooked. One night in August, 1847, an Austrian officer was waylaid and surrounded by about eighty men, variously armed with bludgeons, swords, and muskets; seeing he could not regain his quarters in safety, he returned to the main guard, and having procured a couple of rank and file, put his enemies to flight. It is to be remarked, that previously to this the streets had nearly every night been the scene of 'demonstrations' in which

\* We do not in all cases adopt the English translations in the Blue Book. They are often done by persons alike without knowledge and reflection. One, for example, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany in a proclamation speaks of himself as the *nipote* of his *avo*, adroitly translates 'the *nephew* of my *grandfather*.'—*Corresp.*, pp. 66, 67.



'Death to the Austrians!' had been cried in the face of the mainguard and in front of the citadel. The consequence of the danger in which Captain Sankovich had been placed was the immediate establishment of patrols, to preserve the peace of the city; and against this reasonable precaution Cardinal Ciacchi, the legate, was weak enough to protest. The relative position of the civil and military authorities was still more materially changed by the establishment of a National Guard: for no sooner was it known at Ferrara that this measure had been conceded at Rome, than a petition was presented to the Cardinal Legate for a similar institution within his government; and although he agreed to refer the decision to Rome, the idle and dissolute youth of the city, without waiting the permission of the Pope, proceeded to arm themselves and to exhibit every symptom of the most extravagant joy in their newly acquired privilege.

Neither the newspapers, still under the nominal censorship of government, nor the pamphlets with which the presses teemed, nor the harangues which were daily poured forth, attempted to conceal that this menacing attitude was assumed against the imputed designs of Austria—while at every tipsy banquet in the neighbouring cities of Romagna, the assembled youths were accustomed to vow they would never sheath their swords till the *Tedeschi* were expelled from Ferrara. Under these circumstances, the Austrian commander-in-chief judged it prudent to reinforce the garrison, and to avail himself of the undoubted right of guarding the gates of the city. It is not to be supposed that Marshal Radetsky, who knew Italy so well, could entertain any serious apprehensions from the attacks of the National Guard; but it was his duty to establish order and to show that his military authority could not be braved with impunity: moreover, though he might defy open hostility, his troops were not exempt from the sort of danger to which Captain Sankovich had been exposed. Indeed, Mr. Petre, in a letter from Rome (August, 1847), states that the immediate cause of the Marshal's resolution was 'stones having been thrown from a window on one patrol, and another having been fired on.'

Against this measure the Cardinal Legate renewed his protestation—in language and in form the most unusual and intemperate. His conduct was approved at Rome. The Pope himself protested; and willing to regain at any price a small portion of his popularity, he gratified the public animosity by pretending to believe his states and even his person in danger, and suffering it to be supposed that he had applied to the King of Sardinia

for a vessel of war to conduct him to a place of safety.\* In every part of the Papal States, and indeed throughout Italy, the measure was made the excuse for fresh 'demonstrations,' and more extensive armaments. The tone the Pope had assumed excused the violence of his subjects, and Mazzini and his sect must have smiled as they saw their schemes thus forwarded. Their feelings, no doubt, resembled those of a gang of burglars, who, embarrassed how to effect an entrance, are suddenly relieved by hearing the master of the house reproach the police for lounging about before his door. But if Mazzini rejoiced in the Pope and his Legate for colleagues, he could hardly be less obliged for the assistance afforded him by the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and the subaltern instruments of his subversive policy. Lord Palmerston has recorded his opposition to Austria in every shape, and has registered remonstrances in every variety. The information that reached him was vague, contradictory, and mostly incorrect; but he himself was strangely ignorant of circumstances with which he should have been familiar: he does not seem either to have consulted a map or the terms of the Treaty of Vienna; nor does any one appear to have supplied him with the real details of the topographical position of Ferrara. Mr. Abercromby, our minister at the Sardinian Court, is prominent, as usual, for the inaccuracy of his reports and the obstinacy of his prejudices. While Cardinal Ciacchi had violated all diplomatic decency in the tone and manner of his protest, and while banquets and 'demonstrations' took place in every town in Italy, and while Ferrara, when it recovered from its first panic, was renewing every former excess, this functionary writes from Turin, Aug. 24, 1847:—

'The moderation and firmness of Cardinal Ciacchi, under circumstances so trying, joined to the calmness of the populace, have alone saved the town of Ferrara from becoming the theatre of disorder, if not of bloodshed; the greatest merit is due to the Papal subjects of Ferrara for the wise and politic course they have followed.'

A word or two will clear up the question

\* Our minister at Turin, who by a sort of fatality seems to be incapable of conveying a piece of correct information, writes to assure his government that this application was actually made. Our ambassador at Vienna, however, corrects the error into which the Foreign Secretary had been led, and explains the truth. The vessel was placed at the orders of the Pope, not to facilitate his own flight, but to conduct a nuncio to the Sublime Porte; one of the many errors and mistakes of this pontiff, who was equally anxious, as it would seem, to extend the authority of the church abroad and to curtail it at home.

thus *begged* by Mr. Abercromby. In the 103rd article of the Treaty of Vienna it was, as our reader has already seen, stipulated that garrisons should be kept by Austria—'*dans les places de Comacchio et de Ferrare.*' Ferrara is surrounded by walls, and protected by all the means of defence understood and practised in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, at which period it was regarded as one of the strongholds of Italy. The citadel is a small internal fortress connected with the outer works, utterly useless unless in connexion with them, and itself incapable of containing the garrison necessary for the defence of the town: this citadel had, moreover, been destroyed by the French, and *did not exist at all* when the Treaty of Vienna was signed; it has subsequently been rebuilt at the expense of the Imperial Government. The small garrison maintained in the city according to the treaty of 1815 had all along been accommodated in two adjacent buildings, desecrated convents, for which the Austrian Government paid a rent to the town of Ferrara. At Comacchio *there is no citadel whatever.* No stipulation was made as to the amount of either garrison, and their strengths had ever varied during the last thirty-two years according to the exigence of the times. No formality had been neglected in forwarding the recent reinforcement. All these facts are explained by Prince Metternich with the forbearance and the lucidity for which his dispatches are so remarkable. Assurances poured in from every quarter of the pacific dispositions of Austria. Lord Ponsonby, the ambassador at Vienna, whose share in the Correspondence affords a striking contrast to most of the English materials of our Blue Book, appears to have done all in his power to open the eyes of his political superior:—

'Non-intervention (he writes 30th September, 1847) is the policy of the Austrian government. I take the liberty now of again making that assertion, and to observe that Austria has not, up to this time, interfered by arms or threats with any country in Italy. Prince Metternich has formally declared his adhesion to the principle that every independent country has a right to regulate its internal affairs according to its own will. That principle has been acted on. . . . Prince Metternich has strong reasons for maintaining his principle of non-intervention, and, unless forced to do so, will not have recourse to any other mode of action. Before concluding this dispatch I wish to say a word on what took place at Ferrara. Your Lordship's desire has been to prevent Austrian interference in the affairs of Italy. May it not be, that if the Austrian government in that place had not been reinforced, so as to render it efficient against all attacks, some enthusiastic partisans might have ventured upon aggressive acts, which would

have made an intervention by force on the part of Austria almost inevitable?\*

It will probably seem strange enough that such explanations produced no effect, and still more so that a statesman of Lord Palmerston's experience should not have taken the trouble to secure correct information before he committed himself with groundless complaints. One should have thought moreover that he must have been aware that, in the language of strategy and diplomacy, the word '*place*' no more means a *citadel* than, in common parlance, a *castle* means a *guard-room*. This incident of Ferrara is the fertile subject of many a grandiloquent epistle and many a sage reflection; it was discussed at Paris, London, and Vienna, and at Turin the zeal of Mr. Abercromby elicited an expression of disapprobation from the Count Solar de la Marguerite, then Minister for Foreign Affairs to King Charles Albert. The grounds of the Sardinian Minister's dissatisfaction are curious, as giving the first indication of the ambition which tempted his master to his ruin. In a dispatch, dated 25th of August, 1847, Mr. Abercromby writes:—

'Count Solar de la Marguerite proceeded to state that, in the opinion of his Sardinian Majesty and of his Government, the only two national Italian sovereigns of Italy were his Holiness the Pope and his Sardinian Majesty;—the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Ducal Families of Modena and Parma being branches of the House of Austria; the King of the Two Sicilies and the Duke of Lucca members of the House of Bourbon:—that proceeding on *this basis*, his Sardinian Majesty would consider any attempt by a foreign Power to attack the independence of the Pope as equally directed against his own and the national independence of Italy.'—*Corresp.*, p. 99.

\* It would occupy many pages to show on how many important matters Lord Palmerston might have saved himself vast trouble and ultimate confusion, had he listened to the ambassador at Vienna, instead of confining his trust to those counsellors who habitually flattered his own bias. For example—Lord Ponsonby writes from Vienna, September 25, 1847, that the Duke of Lucca had applied to Vienna for counsel, 'which Prince Metternich refused to give.' Again, the Grand Duke of Tuscany had equally applied to Vienna for advice, and Prince Metternich had refused it in the like manner. 'His Highness,' Lord Ponsonby writes, October 26, 1847, 'replied that he was unable to give him any advice as to the measures he should take; that the Grand Duke alone could judge of what was required in his own states; and that he, Prince Metternich, could only give the Grand Duke the full assurance, that whatever the Grand Duke might think fit to do, the Austrian Government would throw no obstacle in the Grand Duke's way.' It is now most curious to contrast these faithful reports with those which won and long retained our Foreign Secretary's confidence.

The Count de la Marguerite must have carefully measured the diplomatist on whom he bestowed this historical information. *He* could not be ignorant that the Duke of Modena represented, and was endowed with all the rights of, the ancient and illustrious house of Este, whose heiress married his grandfather; neither could *he* have forgotten that the Duke of Parma was equally the representative of a reigning Italian family, the heiress of which, the celebrated Elizabeth Farnese, having married Philip V. of Spain, the duchy was settled upon his descendants, entirely independent of the Spanish crown. We know not whence the Count had drawn his legal or his political notions; neither can we understand the prudence or the courtesy of his enlarging on the nullity of claims conveyed by female descent to the minister of a *Queen* whose crown has come to her through a succession of such descents. The great-grandfather of the late King of Naples, it is true, recovered his kingdom by conquest from the Austrians, to whom it had been assigned on the great partition of the Spanish inheritance; this branch of the Bourbons holds it, however, as the descendant in the female line of the elder branch of the house of Austria; nor did any of the princes who have ever reigned in Naples belong to families of Italian origin. The Grand-Duke of Tuscany, it is also true, holds his duchy on no better tenure than that by which the provinces of Novara and Vercelli, and the Duchy of Genoa, were added to the territory of the King of Sardinia—namely, the decision of a congress of European potentates and the faith of a treaty. His family, however, had reigned in happiness and affection for upwards of a hundred years; nor did we ever hear of wrongs to be redressed or abuses to be amended, till the English Government joined a crusade to provoke revolution and propagate anarchy.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the preconcerted plan, the agents of the Republican party used every means of irritating the popular mind everywhere against the Court of Vienna. There was, for example, a confident report at Turin that the Austrian Envoy there, Count Boul, had addressed to the Court of Sardinia some offensive remonstrances—nay, had made demands grossly derogatory to the dignity of an independent state. This story Mr. Abercromby forthwith communicates as a fact, of which he gives all the details; and on the receipt of the information Lord Palmerston instantly addresses to the Ambassador at Vienna a despatch, subsequently laid on the table of the House of Commons, in which he inti-

mates the intention of Great Britain to oppose the hostile designs thus alleged and credited. This despatch is dated September 11, 1847. Prince Metternich's reply to Count Dietrichstein is dated September 23, and contains these words:—

‘Le Principal Secrétaire d’Etat a bien voulu informer votre Excellence du contenu des nouvelles mandées de Turin par M. Abercromby. Je regarde comme un devoir de donner à ces nouvelles *un démenti formel*. Jamais le Cabinet Impérial n’a fait à la Cour de Sardaigne une ouverture pareille à celle que cet Envoyé a mentionnée, et qui se trouverait être en contradiction ouverte avec notre marche politique.’

In the same week Count Revel, Sardinian Minister in London, transmitted to our Foreign Office a despatch from Count Solar de la Marguerite—dated Turin, September 13—which concludes in these terms:—

‘La prétendue note du Comte de Boul, dont il est question dans vos dernières dépêches, ne nous a point été adressée: il est vrai que le bruit en a couru ici, et que plusieurs personnes haut placées y ont ajouté foi, dans la persuasion que, si la note n’avait pas été adressée, elle le serait incessamment; mais le fait n’en est pas moins entièrement supposé, et aucune communication de la nature de cette note, ni relative à notre attitude politique, ne nous a été faite de la part du Cabinet de Vienne. Je crois superflu d’ajouter que la nouvelle qu’on a répandue de la demande de la forteresse d’Alexandrie est aussi fausse que l’autre.’

‘Vous voudrez bien, M. le Comte, à la première occasion que vous aurez de voir Lord Palmerston, lui donner cette explication, et *démentir* également la chose auprès des autres personnages qui vous en ont aussi entretenu.’

Here at least are denials which no one could dream that even Lord Palmerston would refuse to credit; yet in the month of February, 1848, he communicates to both Houses of Parliament his own note to Lord Ponsonby in which he made the accusation, and withholds the double contradiction which he had received five months before. The foregoing formal contradictions by Prince Metternich and by Count de la Marguerite are withheld, we say, until the session of 1849 is about to close!

In a debate which took place in the House of Commons on the affairs of Hungary on the 21st of July in the present year, Lord Palmerston denies having ever been influenced by any feelings of hostility towards Austria, coupled with the broad assertion, ‘that it is impossible for any man charged with the foreign relations of this country to be influenced by other feelings than those which, according to his political views, he

deems for the interest of the country and the civilized world. Such imputations, let them come from what quarter they may—whether they are written or spoken—if they be sincere, are the result of ignorance or folly; if they are insincere, I leave others to qualify them as they may.\* We are sorry to hear this, for we are reduced to accept the alternative of folly or malice which his Lordship offers us, since, so far from retracting our former opinion, or in any degree consenting to modify it, we are enabled to re-assert it on evidence which was before known to ourselves, and which is now equally at the command of the whole world. Our readers will judge for themselves; we have simply stated the facts, and, imitating the forbearance of Lord Palmerston, we will 'leave it to others to qualify them as they may.'

As yet there had been made against Austria no accusation of greater gravity than that of tyranny and arrogance. We are now to notice one for which not a shadow of evidence existed, but which, if substantiated, would deprive that government of all title to respect or consideration. Our readers must oblige us by bearing in mind the letter of Mazzini, which contains the key to all that now occurred in Italy. The National Guard was established throughout the Papal dominions; and a camp of observation had been decreed in the provinces of Romagna, to which all the military *suspected of fidelity* might be dispatched. Still, much was to be done. The attitude of Austria was perversely pacific, and the Pope himself was not yet deprived of the counsel of all those whose honesty and intelligence might have assisted him to recover freedom of action. It was judged expedient to call into play the supposed plot which had already done the republicans such good service, and which was still the subject of conversation in the clubs and coffee-houses. It was now enlarged and developed: the National Guard had been its first result; that measure was to be justified, and its necessary consequences to be followed out. To increase the abhorrence with which Austria was regarded, plans the most desperate and atrocious were attributed to her, and being circulated among the people with all the ingenuity of malice, were swallowed with all the credulity of ignorance. A letter addressed by Mr. Petre to Sir George Hamilton, dated July 16, 1847, details the rumours with which Rome was filled, and the alarms of the people on the discovery of a deep-laid plot, the object of which was to effect a counter-revolution, to secure the person of the Pope, to put a stop to all further reform, and to make a general

attack on the people during a festival by a portion of troops gained over for the purpose. Cardinal Lambruschini, Monsignor Grassellini (Governor of Rome), the King of Naples and his ministry of police, the Emperor of Austria and the Jesuits, the Duke of Modena and the Archduchess of Parma, were announced as the instigators of the scheme—'to corroborate,' says Mr. Petre, 'the talk of the clubs and the assertions of the *Bilancia* newspaper that quantities of foreign coin have of late been in circulation, brought by emissaries from the provinces.' Besides these illustrious conspirators, whose names were placarded in capitals at the corner of each street, there were associated with them many persons, some of the lowest class and the worst characters—others who had been employed by the late government, and were obnoxious to the people generally, or to individuals—all held up as participators in the scheme, and openly denounced as the worst of criminals. The timidity and duplicity with which each step of this revolution was accompanied were signally manifested on the present occasion. The government seemed by its measures to believe in the conspiracy—while the police made a feeble attempt (soon abandoned) to tear down the proclamations which named the conspirators, and pointed out so many individuals to popular vengeance. The consternation was general—the governor of Rome was dismissed from his office—or he resigned it—many persons were frightened into exile—while others, proclaiming their innocence, demanded a trial, and petitioned to be placed meantime beyond the risk of violence in a prison.\*

For the conspiracy—a story so absurd could only have been credited, we should have thought, by a people such as Mazzini describes the Italians, 'without a shadow of sagacity or political intelligence.' He calculated largely on public credulity, and was not mistaken; but he could hardly have hoped to deceive a minister of undoubted talents, long versed in affairs of state, and in active correspondence with numerous political agents. We ourselves are perfectly

\* The procedure against certain obscure individuals, accused as the accomplices of such illustrious delinquents, was published in Rome in the course of last year. We recommend the volume to Lord Palmerston, and to Mr. Abercromby, if he can understand the language in which it is written;—they both merit the penance of wading through its pages—(we have suffered the penalty without having shared the crime)—and we think even *they* will regret having lent their ears to such improbable accusations, and supported by such a farrago of irrelevant absurdities. The work is entitled 'Supremo Tribunale della Sagra Consulta Romana dei Cospirazione per la Curia e Fisca contra Individui nominati,' &c.

astonished that it could ever have been hoped to found on such nonsense an accusation against a government highly honourable in its general dealings, conducted by men of unimpeached integrity, and to whom their worst enemies had always attributed prudence at least and dexterity. We should be very glad to hear that Lord Palmerston possessed information which he has judged it prudent to suppress. That several of the British diplomatic agents were not on this occasion guilty of nourishing his illusions, we have ample proof from these documents. Sir George Hamilton, in a dispatch dated from Florence, July 26, 1847, informs Lord Palmerston that the Roman police has been unable to discover any trace of the conspiracy which had been so much spoken of, and that it was certain the Austrians had not proposed an intervention, which was to have been part of the scheme for the accomplishment of the counter-revolution. Mr. Petre, whose authority Sir George quotes, 'could not be mistaken,' he adds, 'as he is on the spot, and draws his information from the Cardinal Secretary himself.' Prince Metternich, in a letter, in which a sense of dignity and self-respect can hardly conceal the surprise and indignation with which he finds his nation and his sovereign involved in so foul an imputation, had already disclaimed all knowledge of a plot and all belief in its existence. His patient courtesy could not be ruffled, but it was with something like warmth that he announced the steps he had taken to unravel this unintelligible business. The Austrian Ambassador at Rome had been instructed to ask this simple question—'Was there or was there not a conspiracy? If there was, we demand to be made acquainted with the discoveries your police has elicited. If there was not, why is the delusion still kept up by the silence of the Government?' The allegations are in themselves so childish, and at the same time so atrocious, that we are reminded of nothing so much as the evidence of Titus Oates and his accomplices on the imaginary Popish plot, where popes and sovereigns, princes and bishops, are represented as conspiring with discharged convicts and drunken tapsters to debauch the royal guard and to assassinate the king, and exporting large quantities of Spanish pistols and butcher's sheep-knives to forward 'the purpose.' We did not expect to see similar romances revived in our own enlightened days, still less that they should be sanctioned by such high authority. However—Prince Metternich's indignant dispatch to Count Lutzow, dated 15 August, 1847, was communicated to Lord Palmerston on the 18th of September (*Correspondence*, p. 122); and

nine days later Lord Palmerston writes thus to Lord Ponsonby (*ibid.*, p. 145):—

'Foreign Office, September 27, 1847.

'MY LORD,—With reference to your Excellency's dispatch of the 9th instant, enclosing the copy of a note which has been addressed by Prince Metternich to the Austrian Ambassador at Rome, upon the subject of a conspiracy recently discovered in that capital, and attributed by the Pontifical Government to the instigations of Austrian agents, I have to state to your Excellency, that I learn from undoubted sources of information, that at Rome it is the general opinion that Austrian agents were concerned in the plot, and that the plot was connected with the military movements of the garrison of Ferrara; and I believe that this is the opinion shared by persons of high station at Rome.

'I am, &c., PALMERSTON.'

We never traced lines with greater regret. We are equally astonished that they should have been written—and that, having been written, the writer should wish to disclaim the strongest feelings of aversion to the government which he believed could be guilty of such enormities. The noble Lord, out of regard to common consistency, should have pleaded a well-grounded horror of the ministers who contrived such crimes and the country that tolerated them.

In a very few days the report of the conspiracy was suffered to die away; it had served its turn of 'increasing the hatred to Austria and of irritating that power;' and before Lord Palmerston made it the subject of serious diplomacy, it was discarded in Rome, and treated even as a joke—as a clumsy fiction which, with more luck than merit, had answered the purpose of the contrivers, and which they were now willing to forget.

In the mean time nothing could provoke Austria to abandon her prudent and conciliatory policy. She refused assistance to Lucca and Modena, and restored Ferrara to the Pope—a concession, in our opinion, which should never have been made, as none was more calculated to raise the hopes of the Italians, who will never believe that moderation proceeds from any other cause than fear.

It would appear almost inexplicable that this moment, when every circumstance combined to recommend caution and reserve—when any other minister, not exactly in the hottest period of youth, would have rejoiced in the possibility of suspending his judgment and of assuming an attitude of simple observation—should have been the precise time selected by Lord Palmerston for sending an ambassador to Italy with extraordinary powers, not so much to the princes as to their insurgent subjects, with instructions to

support the cause of reform, and encourage still further concession to popular exigence. One solution only has been offered, and that solution these documents favour. It has often been asserted that the politics of the English Cabinet were guided by pique and resentment towards Austria, who had not joined in opposing the late government of France with reference to the Spanish marriages. It was believed, most erroneously, that the consent of Austria to those marriages had been purchased by the promise of French neutrality in the affairs of Italy. We say erroneously—for the reluctance of Austria to all such interference, which these papers amply prove, discountenances this supposition; nor has any fact or document whatever been adduced in support of it. Louis Philippe and his ministers have paid dearly for the Spanish marriages—but all that they did or did not do as to Pius IX. and Italy is quite intelligible without reference to those matters, and was indeed in accordance throughout with the usual policy of that ever anxious Government.

Mr. Abercromby writes from Turin, July 24, 1847:—

‘To succeed in the objects which his Holiness has proposed to himself, it is evident that he stands in need of the moral support of the liberal and constitutional Powers of Europe; and since *that of France appears no longer* to be so cordially afforded as heretofore, that of England not unnaturally offers itself to the imagination to supply her place. . . . By encouraging the Papal Court to persevere steadily and honestly in the course of liberal ameliorations which it has commenced, England would not only be affording a real and efficient support to his Holiness as a liberal and temporal sovereign, but she would be justly acquiring for herself a claim to the lasting gratitude of the Liberals of Italy.’

If this last object was ardently desired by the noble Lord, we cannot congratulate him on his success. The name of the Emperor of Russia or of Prince Metternich is pronounced with not more dislike, and with somewhat less contempt.

With the season in which travelling in Italy is thought to be agreeable, Lord Minto was ready to start on his crusade. On the 18th of September, 1847, Lord Palmerston furnishes him with his instructions—such instructions as, we will venture to say, were never before furnished to an *English* diplomatist:—

‘When your Lordship has communicated with such persons in Switzerland as you may be able readily to meet with, who, on the one hand, may be competent to inform you what are the real views of the leading men on both sides—and to

whom, on the other hand, you may think it would be useful that the sentiments of Her Majesty's Government should be known—you will proceed,’ &c.

We had heard it asserted that Lord Minto was accredited to Cicerovaccchio; but we had no idea that we should see it under the hand of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs that a Cabinet Minister and Extraordinary Ambassador was to communicate with, and take counsel from, those desperate outlaws, whom even the amnesty of Pio Nono (practically much farther extended than the proclamation authorized) had not recalled to their country, or those exiles of other nations who had not ventured to avail themselves of the suspension of all authority to accomplish a similar purpose—and that to *them* he was to be the interpreter of the British Cabinet!

We are very glad to learn from Lord Minto himself that he neither followed the letter nor the spirit of these instructions—that he did not accord his society to the sort of persons with whom he was recommended to take counsel—that he avoided the contact of the Italian republicans, and never encouraged them in their subversive schemes. We rejoice in having this contradiction of the common reports from his own lips, and we consider it as an additional proof of the inveterate falsehood of the party which the Chief Secretary patronises, that they still persist in boasting of the favour of the noble ambassador, and in asserting that their purposes were understood and approved by him. We are bound, however, in candour to admit that—(however prudent his personal conduct may have been)—his mission was as injurious in effect as it was in origin and design hostile to the cabinet of Austria and the authority of the princes generally. Taking merely the Blue Book for our guidance, every circumstance that accompanied it marks the signification the Italians gave it, and their increased audacity in consequence. His dispatches are full of the confidence he was treated with, and the flattery he received. He could not be acquainted with the country—he must necessarily be ignorant of the feelings of its inhabitants; he could only believe what he desired, and report for fact what he wished to be true. His stay in Italy was long enough, however, to witness the ruin he had, no doubt unconsciously, forwarded; to discover the hollowness of the cause he was sent, as the devoted colleague and representative of the Cabinet, to support, and the fallacy of the advice he had been instructed to obtrude.

We cannot here dwell upon that miserable

series of intrigues, of which we noticed the first indication in Count Solar's historical lecture to Mr. Abercromby. While—every advantage being taken of princely cupidity and short-sighted dishonesty, no less than of the want of 'intellect or political experience' among Mazzini's 'mere children'—the quarrel was pushed on between the sovereigns of Piedmont and Lombardy, and between this last province and its Government—the affairs of central Italy were becoming each day more involved, and both the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany found themselves under the humiliating necessity of seeming to rejoice in their perilous position, and of confiding in the very men who were not less diligently working *their* ruin. All power had passed from the cabinet of Pius, and even the last shadow of popularity was fast deserting himself. The rude crowds that nightly assembled, disturbing the peace and menacing the safety of the capital, were kept in a temporary subjection by a sort of popular Tribune, whose authority was more dangerous than the worst license of the mob. This person has already been alluded to:—Angelo Brunetti by name, but better known as Cicerovaccchio—a man already advanced in life, and possessed of considerable fortune, which he had acquired as a timber-merchant and seller of corn, oats, and hay, both in wholesale and retail—what is called a *mercante di campagna*. Whether or not he was originally enrolled as a member of the political sects, we are unable to state positively—we rather believe he was; at any rate he soon became a promising disciple, and finally an active leader. Gross and coarse in person, manners, and habits, and utterly without education, his blunt and rough demeanour could not deceive his own countrymen, who quickly discovered the restless ambition and perfidy lurking beneath an exterior that did not seem to announce the vices of refinement. This man, in the dress of a peasant and with shirt-sleeves turned over his elbow, was admitted to the conciliabulum of the clerical and political conspirator, and even to the table of the luxurious noble. His entire command over the populace gave him a powerful voice in every discussion, and made him an able coadjutor of the clubs, to whom all the powers of government had now been transferred. The 'Circolo Romano' contained amongst its members the greater part of the noble as well as of the learned and scientific society of Rome: originally assembled under the pretence of literary and scientific discussion, it had now become an exclusively political body, and by its influence the first lay ministry was imposed on the Sovereign Pontiff. The feeble ministries of the

Cardinals Gizzi, Ferretti, and Antonelli had successively given way—and this last-named prelate, to retain his place at the council board, was obliged to admit the colleagues assigned him by the clubs, and to secure for them moreover the approbation of the Pope. Amongst names of less importance, the club placed at the head of the list that of its president, the Prince of Teano—a man of illustrious birth and possessing the highest talents and accomplishments—one whom perhaps the voice of all Rome would have united in recommending for the foremost station. He soon found, however, that it was neither the intention of those who had thrust him into office, nor of those who had unwillingly admitted him, that he should exercise any independent authority, or attempt those wholesome and reasonable reforms which under happier auspices he would in all probability have achieved. He felt the degrading perplexity of his situation, and ere long took that resolution which perhaps alone was open to him—he resigned his trust into the hands of the Pope, having first solemnly urged him to recover if possible the independence he had lost. 'Your Holiness,' he is understood to have said, 'has but one choice: you may place yourself at the head of reform, or you will be dragged in the rear of revolution.' The Pope admitted the self-evident proposition, sighed over his embarrassing position, and suffered himself to be led unresisting to the shambles: it was only at the threshold, and when he smelt the flavour of blood, that he started back in horror and dread.

While concession followed concession, till nothing remained to grant, and while all power and influence were descending lower and lower in the social scale, it is worthy of remark that no attempt was made towards administrative reform. Mr. Petre had long before lamented that the Romans were more occupied in their schemes of driving the Austrians from Italy, and in attending meetings to promote the unity of the peninsula, than in correcting the abuses of their own administration. The simple truth is, that revolution, and not reform, had from the first been the object—the abuses, in fact, were little felt and still less disliked. The Italians have less than any people in the world an abstract love of justice; and we have before expressed our conviction that even the dislike to the Austrians arose much more from their order, method, and strict impartiality, than from any of the defects of their government.

One of the first promises made by the Pope, and that which gave the greatest pleasure, was the assurance that railroads should be established throughout his dominions. 'Soyez tranquille, M. l'Ambassadeur,' said Cardinal



Ferretti to the unfortunate Rossi, 'nous aurons les chemins de fer et l'amnistie.' The sweeping amnesty of Pius could never have been regarded by any impartial eye as less than a sign of the blindest fatuity. The establishment of railways in Italy, so far as accomplished, has been converted into mischief by the bad spirit of the people: but for the facilities which the railroad afforded, the revolution at Florence could hardly have occurred. A mob by this means was ever at the disposal of Guerrazzi. When defeated at Florence by the good conduct of the people, he used to send for a reinforcement from Leghorn, and on one occasion no less than six thousand, Sir George Hamilton asserts, came thence to assist at a political demonstration.

The desire for railways sprang from no necessity in the commercial or social state of Italy. With the best roads in Europe, the public conveyances have long been the worst, the slowest, and the dearest. The mode in which an Italian loves to travel is not unlike that which we may suppose was common in England in the days of the Stuarts. A party desirous of travelling the same road is tardily formed by a coachman or his agent standing at the corner of the streets, and inviting passengers to take places in his huge conveyance. When the party is complete, and every excuse for delay is exhausted, the caravan sets forth; and, with repeated stoppages, at length arrives at its destination, having proceeded, like 'the pampered hollow jades of Asia, at most but thirty miles a-day.' The railroad between Florence and Leghorn was constructed by foreign engineers, and with foreign capital. About one hundred miles of the projected line between Milan and Venice have been slowly accomplished in little less than ten years; and, as in the case of the Tuscan project, with small assistance of native skill or native capital. The Italians severely resented that Jews and bankers from Trieste and Vienna should have the right of deciding on matters of purely Italian interest, which nevertheless they themselves had abandoned. At Rome, the refusal of Gregory and the permission of Pius are equally nugatory. The enterprise is not one that will captivate the foreign speculator, and the Romans themselves have not the requisite skill, industry, or capital.

No person who has figured in these days of folly and madness has been more misrepresented than Pius IX.—none, we believe, who ever played so conspicuous a part, was less remarkable for eminent qualities of any sort. Hardly raised above the lowest grade of mediocrity in talent or acquirement, he was utterly unprepared to meet the difficul-

ties of his position. With a mystical devotion, with a minute and scrupulous observance of forms, and with irreproachable moral conduct, he has no elevation of sentiment, nor any lofty conception of the duties of man. Obstinate in trifles and immovable to reason, he readily gives way before intimidation. Soft and well-meaning, he possesses neither sensibility nor active benevolence. Selfish from want of imagination rather than from calculation, he is indifferent to evils he does not witness, though incapable of resisting an importunate appeal. His good-nature concurred with his vanity to give him a keen delight in the applauses of the mob. Yet it was rather from his timidity that the greater part of his popular concessions were extorted. Loving trifling conversation, talking of himself and his early history with an undignified prolixity, ignorant of business, indolent and immethodical, he can with difficulty be induced to form a resolution; and infirm of purpose in all that does not regard himself, he revokes in the evening the *irrevocable* decision of the same morning. Like all feeble persons, he is frequently false, not because falsehood is congenial to his disposition, but because his temperament shrinks from the avowal of conviction. His weakness is gratified by cowardly and time-serving counsels. Uneasy in the presence of superior men, he naturally prefers mediocrity. Incapable of friendship, he falls easily under the dominion of low favourites, and is fond of being entertained with tales of gossip and the childish buffooneries that delight the vulgar. Without being attached to the pleasures of the table, he is whimsically particular in the observance of all his tastes and habits: such is his devotion to them that neither business nor distress of mind could wean him from them. In the midst of the dangers and difficulties that pressed round him during the last few weeks of his stay in Rome, neither sleep nor appetite deserted him; and so deficient is he in sensibility that he actually grew fat in his humiliating retreat at Gaeta. A prince of such a character could hardly fail at any time of exercising a sinister influence on the destinies of his country. Under the present circumstances of difficulty, he has been the ruin of Rome and the papacy, and a scourge to Europe.

The revolution in France, so destructive by its example to other countries, hardly served to give a spur to the rapid pace at which Rome was advancing to perdition. The lay minister that succeeded to the Prince of Teano was one Galletti—a man who had been doomed to death for open rebellion about two years previously, but

whose punishment had been commuted by Gregory into imprisonment, and who now, by the recent amnesty, had been liberated and turned loose upon society to plot new mischief, and to merit a fresh condemnation. Trusted, consulted, and benefited by the Pope, for several months he haunted him like an evil spirit; he first betrayed and then deserted him; and it was by his lips that the dethronement of his confiding master was pronounced in the Constituent Assembly.

During this time, Cardinal Antonelli, a man of moderation and ability, still retained his place at the head of the council-board, powerless it is true, but obnoxious to the republicans as recalling the ancient form of government, and reminding them of a possible return to it. The Pope, amidst his numberless yieldings, had positively refused to declare war on Austria. An encyclical letter containing his reasons was pronounced reactionary, and was attributed to the influence of the Cardinals. The pope, fearing an invasion of his palace, had ordered the doors to be closed. The people were very indignant; Cicerovacchio instructed them that the Cardinals had poisoned his mind against them; and the appearance of Pius in the streets the following day, without his usual attendance, was understood as an act of humble apology. It was not accepted however; Cicerovacchio forbade all applause. 'The Pope must be taught,' he observed, 'that he should depend on the people alone.' The removal of Cardinal Antonelli was determined on, and the plot framed for its accomplishment had perfect success.

The Circolo Popolare, the new democratic club, invited the members of the Circolo Romano to join it for the discussion of important matters. It held its meetings in the Palazzo Fiano, and adjourned to the neighbouring Caffè delle Belle Arti to concert its plans. On the present occasion the club-room was guarded by civic soldiers, and sentries were placed at the door. The galleries were filled with partisans of the movement, many of whom brandished their weapons in ostentatious defiance. Orioli opened the debate in a studied harangue, in the course of which the country was pronounced in imminent peril; the fearful dangers of reaction were eloquently pointed out; and some measure, worthy at once of the Italian name and of modern civilization, was warmly recommended for immediate adoption. Cicerovacchio sat beside the orator in the coarsest dress in which the lowest people pursue their daily avocations; and in their grossest dialect he claimed the right to be heard. 'These are very fine words,' he said, 'but of what use are they while we are

enslaved by priests and old women? I am for washing out this stain in a little blood. Let the Cardinals be brought to their trial before the tribunal of the people, and let them pay the penalty deserved by those who betray their country.' He sat down amidst a thunder of applause. The Duke of Rignano, when he heard the proposal, fainted away, and was carried from the house. Another member rose in his place, and replied, I approve of the motion of the honourable citizen, but it is difficult perhaps to execute. The public is hardly advanced enough in political liberality to approve. I propose, as a preliminary step, that the Cardinals be impeached by this assembly, and confined and guarded in their own apartments. This resolution was adopted without a dissenting voice. The next morning each Cardinal found the door of his palace and that of his bed-chamber guarded by civic soldiers—that force on which Mr. Freeborn had calculated for the preservation of peace in the city. Cicerovacchio—a subtle jurist—proclaimed that, as the people were supreme, the choice of their ministers lay with them; and, approaching the window, he asked the crowd assembled in the Corso if they chose Cardinal Antonelli to be their minister? Startled and alarmed, they made no reply. 'I say,' reiterated the corn-chandler, 'are you willing that any priest, red or black, should remain with the power to betray you?' The voices of a few accomplices shouted a negative. 'Whom, then, do you choose?' The names of Mamiani and his still more obscure colleagues were proposed, declared to be accepted, and forced on the Pope.

From this time the person of Pius was no longer safe; he was but a prisoner and a hostage. The gates of the city were guarded by the conspirators. The cardinals had hitherto been a shield around him, or rather, we should say, a target against which were aimed those popular attacks which henceforth would be directed immediately against the Pope. The arrest of the cardinals he heard with much alarm and with real regret. The liberation of some he found means to procure immediately; others, more obnoxious, he sent to invite to the Quirinal Palace, promising them protection beneath his own roof. The instinct of respect in some cases prevailed, and the civic guards suffered the princes of the church, before whom they were wont to kneel, to escape from their custody. Some, among whom was the honest and high-minded Lambruschini, rejected the Pope's invitation with disdain. Cardinal Bernetti replied with characteristic liveliness that he was obliged for his kind

intentions, but that he felt as safe in his own house as in that of his Holiness. Prince Rospigliosi, the colonel of the National Guard, was sent to the Cardinal by the Pope to urge the invitation, and to afford the support of his presence and authority. He presented himself in full regimentals, but the sentry at the palace door opposed his entrance by pointing his bayonet against the breast of his general. Prince Rospigliosi resigned his command. The new ministry soon gave way to another, who only plunged deeper and deeper into the abyss of anarchy. At length the eyes of the most determined reformers—of all such as were not at heart anarchists—were opened to the magnitude of the danger, and an attempt was made to re-establish order.

Count Rossi, the late ambassador from France, had remained at Rome since the revolution in his adopted country, and the ruin of the government by which he had been favoured. Intimately acquainted with the different parties that disturbed the peace of the Roman States, moderate and cautious, as well as resolute, he inspired great hopes in the well-disposed by his promotion to office; and for a time those hopes were not deceived. The new constitution had been promulgated, and the assembly was about to meet; he had restored tranquillity to the streets—he imposed decency on the clubs, he repressed the license of the press—and had appealed, it was hoped effectually, to the honour and fidelity of a portion at least of the troops. The most riotous part of the population had been dispatched on the crusade against Austria, but the Swiss unfortunately had been suffered to depart on the same errand. On this measure the demagogues had insisted, and the government had weakly yielded in the hopes of preventing a collision between the people and those faithful mercenaries. The appearance of returning tranquillity and recovered confidence inspired the Republicans with serious fears that the establishment of the constitution which they professed to desire might not be so impossible as they had supposed it; they knew a vast majority of the people to be favourable to the Pope; they believed in the fidelity of the carbiniers; and in the firmness of Rossi they had an ever present cause for apprehension. The death of this minister had, soon after his nomination, been decreed in the clubs and secret societies—the moment of consummation approached. It was not at Rome, however, that the plan was matured; at least it is the general belief that the ultimate decision was taken when some of the leading Liberals, one of them on his way back from exile, met in a

steam-boat in the port of Leghorn. A man of princely title, and many others of inferior note, are accused by public opinion at Rome of having been early acquainted with the scheme. Mystery still hangs over the transaction; the newspapers of the day, all in the hands of the demagogues or in terror of them, either never mentioned the crime at all, or spoke of it only with praise. It is certain, however, that many were in the secret of the plot, and that some of them incautiously revealed their knowledge: one, in a coffee-house at Bologna, drew forth his watch, and observed that it had struck 12 o'clock, and that by this time the minister Rossi had been assassinated. Bets were laid, in as well as out of Rome, that he would not see the opening of the chambers; and the unfortunate man himself had warnings of his doom. Before proceeding to the Chamber, he attended at the Quirinal Palace to take the Pope's commands. In mounting the stairs he had received a note from a lady acquainting him with his danger; and he showed the paper to the Pope, who entreated him not to brave a fate which seemed but too probable. He replied with spirit that when he accepted office he accepted with it its risks and dangers. He proceeded to the Cancellaria, accompanied by his colleague Righetti. It is believed that three poniards were ready, and placed in successive ambush—at the foot of the stairs, at the top of them, and at the entrance of the chamber: but the mob had closed round him before he began the ascent, and the first of the assassins did the deed. The three ruffians are publicly named in Rome: nay, one of them accepted the honours of a triumph; he was carried on the shoulders of his partizans, preceded by the bloody knife, while 'young-eyed massacres'\* sung patriotic hymns around him.

The first act of the bloody drama was closed; the following morning opened with the second. A petition was to be presented to the Pope, entreating, or rather demanding, the appointment of a democratical ministry, together with other measures which the government had hitherto resisted. The doors of the palace were closed on the importunate petitioners, and the Swiss body-guard opposed itself resolutely to their violence. The native troops betrayed their trust, and joined the mob in their attack on the doubly conse-

\* The '*Speranza dell' Italia*' was composed of boys under fifteen years of age. Perhaps the establishment of such a regiment was the very worst act of revolutionary Rome. The depravity and ferocity which these unhappy children learnt may be imagined—they could not bear to be expressed. The effects of this horrible corruption will not speedily disappear.

crated person of their sovereign. A person of high title, and enjoying some reputation in the pacific realms of science, volunteered to go and bring up two pieces of ordnance. The gates were assailed with fire and with cannon, and the bullet that was destined for the Pope himself, reached the breast of his secretary. He escaped the successive volleys that were fired on his bedchamber, and disappointed part of the plot by his submission to popular dictation. He prohibited all resistance; but the Swiss on duty, with that obstinate fidelity which forms so striking a part of their national character, and redeems so many of its defects, refused to obey the order, and ranging themselves (they were but sixteen in number) in order of battle, prepared to die at their post. Several of them fell before the orders of the Pope were obeyed. It was an affecting spectacle to see the chaplains and the household attendants of the palace placing themselves before these self-devoted soldiers, and tearing from their hands the weapons with which they were struggling to perform their last earthly duty.\* The Pope, deserted and alone, received the commands of the mob. His murder had been determined—no hand, perhaps, had been deputed to strike—perhaps no tongue had uttered the fatal word—

‘But they understood by signs,  
And did in signs again parley with sin.’

The Republican sect, who now exercised unlimited authority, resolved on a fresh stroke of audacity—the Pope must at least be deprived of his temporal power—and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly was the means by which this object was to be accomplished. The Quirinal was again assailed on the 24th of November—the mob broke into the Pope’s bedchamber, whither he had already retired for rest, and extorted his consent to this fatal measure. The next day the consternation was general on learning the flight of Pius; it was some time before his place of refuge was ascertained, and there is to this hour some doubt as to the manner in which his escape was accomplished.

It was now that the most desperate of the original agitators rose to power, and none of these exercised a greater or a more fatal influence than Sterbini, on whom a Peer of

England (Lord Beaumont) has pronounced an eulogium in his place in Parliament. A native of the Roman States, a lawyer and a poet, but equally unsuccessful in both callings, he first became a conspirator and then an exile. This man was long the director of the revolutionary committee at Marseilles. Restored by the amnesty to Rome, he became the editor of the ‘*Contemporaneo*,’ a newspaper remarkable even in Italy for its hypocrisy and profligate disregard of truth. Unrestrained by moral scruples, or by any check excepting that of fear, he became the soul and centre of sedition, the moving principle of evil, and held the place of first conspirator, till Mazzini himself appeared upon the stage.

The flight of the Pope was the signal for the departure of those cardinals and nobles who had lingered on in Rome; some few indeed of these last, unable or unwilling to move, purchased their security by a mean compliance with the exigencies of the democrats, by the bribes which they paid into ultra-patriotic hands, and by the sacrifice of all principle and independence.

Till the Constituent Assembly could be elected, the government was carried on in the name of the Legislative Chambers, and was conducted by the ministers, all members of the revolutionary list—Mamiani, Sterbini, Sturbinetti, Galletti, with others hardly less unworthy, and even more obscure. All were ‘men of literature’—poets, pamphleteers, journalists;—like those worthies who published liberty and fraternity at the Luxembourg, they added the petulant vanity and the mean malignity of petty authorship to the rapacity and violence of a more masculine ambition. Socialists in principle, and the enemies of all religion, they found it convenient to cover their purposes with a mask of devotion. The doctrines of the Communists are in direct opposition to those of Christianity, upon which they profess to be grounded. Christianity inculcated subordination, and never promised equality upon earth. The Socialist demands for all men that immediate equality of ease to which the immutable laws of Providence are opposed, and in the pursuit of which the whole social frame is broken. So specious, however, are these theories, that religion only can combat them; and in proportion as religion diminishes, their baneful influence must increase. In France they have long been inculcated in every varied form of repetition—in essays, speeches, poems—in novels, in histories, and in sermons: to a certain degree also they had been familiar in Italy, even before the revolution gave currency to the wildest speculations, and

\* While the Republic lasted, these faithful soldiers refused every offer that was made them: they lived in abject poverty and in perpetual danger. We have pleasure in learning that they have now resumed their charge of the papal palaces, and, in their picturesque uniforms, new and brilliant, recall the remembrance of the ancient and peaceful days of Rome.

placed their propounders in situations of power and responsibility. Socialism is a delusion singularly agreeable to the vanity of obscure and half-educated scribblers. In Italy there had now started up a host of these, to propagate the most extravagant doctrines, and to abuse to the uttermost the newly acquired liberty of the press. The language of moderation was rejected as cold—even that of mitigated hostility as tame; and both were soon stigmatized as treasonous. In the hands of the new government the press became the most formidable engine of tyranny, the most effective instrument of private revenge. It did not supersede the use of the dagger, but was its ablest assistant and boldest apologist. The 'freedom of the press,' it is hardly needful to add, meant the most unbounded license in one direction—in all others the most abject thralldom. A lawyer, a man of retired and studious habits, was preparing a volume of original documents illustrative of the history of noble families—he received an intimation to discontinue his aristocratic labours if he placed any value on his life. The Padre Ximenes, editor of the 'Cassandrino,' a newspaper which supported the Papal cause, was murdered as he returned to his dwelling, and his body was found near the Church of the Jesu. He had previously conducted the 'Labaro,' but had resigned it to the care of another priest, who met with a similar fate. It was the fatal influence of the press that had hurried on the war with Austria, that doomed Rossi to death and the Pope to deposition, and which now promoted the open confiscation and the secret murders with which Rome was filled.

The British public is still, we believe, in utter darkness with regard to what happened during that melancholy period. Those who abetted this revolution, or who constituted themselves its champions, would shrink with horror from the cause they espoused, could they know one half of the crimes by which it was supported. It is not in the nature of Englishmen of decent conduct and regular habits to conceive the iniquity of men long exiled from social ties and domestic affection, and relieved from all the restraints of public opinion. The unanimity of which the demagogues boasted—impossible, under similar circumstances, in a really free state—should have opened the eyes of the intelligent to the true condition of the people, which was simply the submission of fear. If they took up arms, it was in the dread of violence from their own defenders. The Romans, accustomed to obedience and now drilled into slavery, dared not raise a voice against the oppressor—nay, to such an ex-

cess did terror influence, that the injury itself was denied: as the patient wife of some brutal husband conceals her bruises and stifles her cries. In proof of this unanimity the press cited the sums extorted from the timidity of wealth and from the helplessness of poverty, and vaunted them as the spontaneous offerings of patriotism. The assassinations were concealed or denied, and those who complained, or who mourned the dead, saw their names posted up at the Caffè delle Belle Arti (Palazzo Fiano) as doomed to a like fate. Two youths (brothers) who, united by an instinct of humanity, rushed forward to staunch the blood of the dying Rossi, were denounced for this crime; and the firemen who repaired to the Quirinal Palace to extinguish the flames by means of which the mob had accomplished their entrance, were warned that their lives were forfeited to the just indignation of the people.

Bribes poured in on the demagogues, and money disappeared in proportion as silver was carried to the mint. The quantity of precious metal robbed from the churches and extorted from the people was enormous. In Italy, though few families even of the highest distinction can display the quantity of plate that will be found in English houses of much less consequence, the possession of a few articles of silver is far more generally diffused. The hotels and coffee-houses all have articles of value; the humblest families—raised above actual want—are provided with a few silver forks and spoons: when we consider that all these were seized, and that jewels and gold-plate were also confiscated largely, the computation that this usurping violence gathered in to the value of a million of ounces is probably not an exaggerated one. It is certain that under these circumstances the precious metal in currency should have been incomparably greater than it had ever been in the most prosperous periods of the papacy: nevertheless, not one dollar was seen to circulate. There was coining enough—but not for any of the usual purposes. The government had taken the precaution of using the die of Gregory XVI.—consequently, wherever it might go, the new coinage could not be traced nor the possessors challenged. Copper disappeared no less than silver, and saucepans and coffee-pots followed spoons and salvers, yet copper money became equally scarce, nor has it yet returned into circulation. The issue of paper by the democratic government far exceeded the amount of specie which was usually in circulation—and to this paper they gave a forced currency. If the patriots wish to clear themselves of the imputation that rests

on them, let them explain all this mystery. Much money (paper money, we mean) was spent in corrupting the people; the government spared some cash to salary sedition at Florence and at Venice—though it also levied a forced contribution under the name of fraternal assistance to the Venetian rebels;—the Parisian agitators had their share of the gold; it is understood that every motion on Italian affairs in the legislative chamber was a severe drain on the exchequer of the Roman republic. Making every allowance for these payments, however, and admitting that large sums are still secreted in Rome and in the provinces, we cannot think the public voice has greatly erred in assigning 100,000 dollars as the share of each of the principal demagogues, or in supposing that their active subordinates were hardly less successful. Garibaldi, who to his native instinct added the experience of South America, is commonly said to have appropriated half a million of dollars; and if so, as he did not appear till the eleventh hour, it must be allowed that his gleanings denote the richness of the previous harvest.—We are glad to mitigate our censure where we can, and we cheerfully admit that the regenerators of Roman glory showed discretion and judgment in their method of collecting contributions. Practical and utilitarian in their views, they laid hands on nothing that did not possess intrinsic value, or that could readily be claimed or easily traced. The sale of pictures and statues would have been difficult, perhaps impossible; and the possession of such articles would have been worse than useless. There is, we admit, a very general impression that the Vatican library has been plundered of some of its most portable treasures; but the terror which the late government still inspires imposes silence on the guardians of that establishment, and there has as yet been no distinct proof from remoter quarters.

The mere rapacity of the demagogues, however, was their most venial fault. The revenue officers, or *Financieri*, the worst and lowest description of government officials, men accustomed to smuggling, extortion, and robbery, were now organized into a corps in the immediate service of the Triumvirs—their ranks having been recruited with the robbers, pirates, and sicarii who had been brought from the Marches of Ancona and from Romagna, where the race has ever flourished. The extent of crime committed in these districts had alarmed the conscience of many patriots 'very far advanced in liberality'—to borrow an expression of Lord Minto's—and they remonstrated with one of the Triumvirs upon the impolicy of employ-

ing such agency in the capital. He was reminded that one hundred and seven persons were supposed to have fallen by the assassin's knife at Ancona alone, while Bologna, Ravenna, Pesaro, and other cities of Romagna each presented lists of slain and missing hardly less numerous. The Triumvir affected to pay attention to these observations. A member of the Constituent Assembly, one Orsini, was sent to Ancona with authority to seize the murderers of that district, and to convey them as prisoners to the Castle of Spoleto. When they arrived at Foligno, however, they were all set at liberty by order of the *Circolo Popolare* of that city, and were recommended to proceed to Rome, where large pay and employment awaited them. The Triumvir, when reproached with this breach of promise, replied that he had reflected on the case—that such men were necessary to preserve the vigour of the *sect*, and that as faithful members of it he was not at liberty to punish them. This Triumvir was a man eminently fitted for the task which he had assumed; every quality he possessed excepting courage, and in that particular he resembled some of the most admired heroes of the French revolution. In explaining his principles of government to a trusted confidant, he observed that he must adapt his policy to the country and the times in which he lived:—'what Robespierre could do in open day, he must accomplish in secret: while the former could command the service of the executioner, he must deal the blow by the hand of the assassin.' The man he spoke with was as far advanced in liberality as himself; he spoke without witnesses and at midnight, the light of a single lamp casting a hue yet more cadaverous over his fallow features—but his confidence was betrayed—the confidants of such counsel can rarely be faithful.

A great part of the wickedness now perpetrated from motives of private vengeance, and falsely attributed to public principle, must for ever remain unrevealed. No search was made for the criminal; no one dared to denounce the crime. The sword of Damocles was suspended over every man's neck, and by a submissive endurance of every injury each hoped to escape the fate of his less prudent neighbour; patient as sheep they awaited the preliminary operation of shearing, and were led with dumb submission to the slaughter-house. The weight of republican persecution fell principally on the priesthood—they were the most exposed to suspicion, and, to their eternal honour be it spoken, they exhibited throughout a courage and a resolution of which no other class gave an example, and in which they had no

imitators. The principal scene of these cruelties was S. Calisto in Trastevere, a Benedictine convent, from whence the inmates had been ejected. It was here that Zambianchi, the captain of the Financieri, established his head-quarters. He was a native of Bologna, and had been released from prison, where he lay under the charge of seven homicides: grateful to the great men whom he regarded as his benefactors, and largely trusted and supported by them, he became the most useful instrument of their designs. Terror was to be struck into the 'retrograde party,' now stigmatised as the *Neri* or *Oscurantisti* (Blacks, or Lovers of Darkness); and those on whom the children of Light affixed this reproach—not less fatal than the *incivisme* of the French Revolution—were despoiled of their property and inveigled to the gardens of S. Calisto, which they never left alive. Between forty and fifty bodies, in different states of decomposition, were discovered in one pit dug in those premises; and more recently, in turning the earth beneath a fig-tree near the same spot, the remains of seven others were brought to light. The desecrated convent of Sta. Sabina on Monte Celio, where a detachment of the Doganieri was quartered, was the scene of similar outrages, of which similar proofs have been found. To give a list of all the crimes committed during this period would be as difficult as it would be revolting; we select a few instances from among those most generally known, or which were perpetrated with the greatest publicity. The Abbate Maccioli, a canon of S. John Lateran, being seen by four Financieri, who were driving by in an open carriage, was captured and conveyed to S. Calisto, where he was stripped and robbed of a large sum which belonged to a public office; his life, however, was saved by the opportune intercession of powerful friends. A priest, driven by anxiety, or some impulse of irresistible curiosity, repaired to the walls during the siege, and was carried before one high in military command, who, while affecting to treat him with contempt, exchanged significant looks with the guard: the poor man left his presence full of hope, and was the next minute shot for a French spy. The curate of Monte Mario was murdered by the mobilized guard for having received in his parsonage the French soldiers, whom he possessed no means of keeping out of it. A priest, who was attending the sick and dying at the hospital of the Trinità dei Pellegrini, being found with a passport for Gaeta (whither he was obliged to proceed on account of a cause he was pleading before the Papal council), was shot on the spot. The

curate of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, in company with four other priests, was shot at S. Calisto, Zambianchi amusing himself by forcing them to walk in the cloisters of the convent while he fired on them with his rifle. The minister Galletti, in the course of a military promenade round the walls, seized three peasants, who he asserted were disguised Jesuits, and, carrying them with him into the town, he abandoned them to the fury of the mob, who murdered them on the bridge of S. Angelo; an eye-witness asserts he saw the assassins lick the bloody weapons with their tongues. We are sorry to shock the sensibility—perhaps to provoke the incredulity—of English readers with this disgusting recital. We wish we could hold out any hopes that the accounts which we have given are exaggerated. Truth cannot long be stifled; and when the minute history of this melancholy period is known, it will be seen how much the picture we have given falls below the fearful reality. But we have been drawn somewhat out of the order of events. It was not till after the Republic was proclaimed that these enormities were perpetrated.

The Legislative Chambers, in whose name the government was conducted after the flight of Pius, possessed neither power nor influence. The upper chamber had virtually abdicated, and the lower was subject to the mob that shouted at its doors, and to the spectators in the tribunes, who for ever brandished naked daggers in the eyes of refractory members. The real power lay with the demagogues who had conspired the death of Rossi, and were masters of the clubs and the crowds. The election of a Constituent Assembly by universal suffrage was now announced, but the people took little interest in the farce that was played before them, and no election would probably have taken place but for the efforts that were made to secure returns. The names of the candidates to be elected were written on a card and given to the voters with a sum in paper-money varying from a dollar to one-half of that amount: few of those not actually belonging to the sect, and who were raised above the acceptance of such a bribe, gave any vote at all—while, on the other hand, many individuals voted at every polling-place in each town; but notwithstanding all the urgency of the chiefs, and all the falsifications of the returning officers, the number of voters was very small. In Rome the National Guard amounted to above 12,000 men, of whom not 300 could be brought to the poll.

On the 4th of February, 1849, the Constituent Assembly was convened. On the



9th of the same month its President pronounced the temporal power of the Pope to have ceased in fact and by right, and a Republic, purely democratic, was announced as the future government of the state; an executive committee of three persons was named, as well as the ministers by whom the public service was to be conducted.

In spite of the varied and incessant efforts of the Triumvirate, there can be little doubt that their rule, originally unpopular, soon became intolerable, and that, if Rome, had been left to herself, a few weeks or possibly days would have brought it to a close. Mazzini had arrived at Rome to take the prominent place hitherto reserved for him; he had repaired to St. Peter's, and seated himself in the chair of the Pope to hear the *Te Deum* that was sung by a cowed apostate in honour of the proclamation of the Republic. But the priests, outraged, disgusted, and scandalized, were labouring slowly and dexterously in the cause of order; and persecution could hardly check their zeal, nor terrorism conceal its efficacy. Neither Mazzini nor any of his colleagues had faith in the duration of their power, or in the possible existence of the Roman Republic. Italian vanity did not so far blind them to the estimation in which they were held as to induce them to believe they were to remain in permanent possession of the Papal throne. Under these circumstances the attack of the French was an unexpected stroke of good fortune. They were subsequently defeated, however, in their treacherous schemes of selfish aggrandizement planned with the French agent Lesseps; and *then* no course was left open to them but a loud appeal to the patriotism of the Italians, and as they profanely boasted, a firm reliance on the favour of the God of battles. It was not that they deemed a successful resistance possible—but the weight of failure would not fall on them—the defence of the walls would devolve on other hands, and they were doubly safe in their reliance on foreign protection, and in the moderation imposed on General Oudinot by the peculiarity of his position. It was in the midst of these cunning and cowardly intrigues,—it was while making the arrangements for *this* defence—that Mazzini represented himself and his colleagues as seated on their curule chairs in the palace of the Consulta in an apartment mined with gunpowder, holding the match in their hands with which they would fire the train should the modern Brennus presume to invade this last sanctuary of liberty.

It is very generally admitted that the French invasion was a political error, and

has had the effect of injuring the military reputation of the country. It will stand recorded in future annals that for two months the crumbling walls of Rome withstood the siege of thirty-five thousand Frenchmen, conducted by the skill of the best engineers and backed by the well-known gallantry of that nation; and the pompous bulletins by which the invading general strove to throw dust in the eyes of his countrymen will but serve to attest the strength of the resistance he encountered. All this tends to inflate the national vanity of the Italians, and the siege is appealed to in proof of the awakened valour of the Roman people. The truth, however, is behind; the length of the siege is to be attributed even less to the incompetence of Oudinot than to his political timidity and the weakness of the government that employed him. His efforts were paralysed by the attacks of the Parisian press, and the intrigues of the Parisian demagogues, who held a secret correspondence with those of Rome, and encouraged their resistance to a French army. He could feel no certainty that the new Assembly at Paris might not order him to support the usurpers he had been commissioned to overthrow—and under such circumstances he could only negotiate, temporise, and spin out the time, while every hour that he wasted diminished his own strength and added to that of his enemy. While he was negotiating beyond the walls, and M. Lesseps was intriguing within them, and while his troops were languishing in a pestilential climate, defenders poured into Rome from every quarter—Poles, Germans, Lombards, Piedmontese, Tuscans—in a word, Garibaldi. The Romans, instead of having cause to boast of their long defence, should rather blush at it as the last of their degradations. They suffered themselves to be pillaged and slaughtered by hordes of foreign adventurers, who entered the city without their consent, and forced them by threats and blows to help in manning their own walls against an enemy for whose success they were secretly panting.

Garibaldi, whose first appearance with his truculent train of outlaws, the sweepings of all nations, excited the alarm of the citizens and the jealousy of the national guard, had been, to get rid of him for a time at least, sent to the Abruzzi—with the order to guard that frontier against the expected invasion from Naples. He had since lived in this district at free quarters, permitting every excess to his followers, and recruiting his forces by the promise of unrestrained licence. The dread of him had not diminished among those who had anything to lose

at Rome—but he could no longer be dispensed with. The indisposition of the national guard was perfectly well known to the Triumvirs. Besides their avowed dislike to fighting, they were generally inimical to the republic, and it was necessary to collect some force to overawe them, and at the same time give them an example. The troops of the line were totally disorganised, and were, perhaps, even more averse than the national guard to the idea of an armed resistance. Garibaldi therefore was recalled to Rome, when the invasion was first threatened, but with a force whose nominal amount was not to exceed six hundred, though its effective strength was not less than two thousand. The day on which he re-entered the capital was warm for the season, and the citizens who flocked to the gate were struck with new terror as they gazed on him and his now augmented banditti—a savage crowd dressed in every variety of costume, the raggedness of their general apparel presenting a grotesque contrast with some rich ornament or article of dress—armed with every description of weapon—women disguised in male attire—bearded cut-throats masquerading as women; some mounted on horses they had stolen, others on asses they had picked up on commons; some seated on cars, carriages, and whatever conveyance they could press into the service—the coach of the bishop of Rieti bringing up the rear, filled with drunken volunteers, roaring at the top of their voices, and with legs protruded from the windows. No order was attempted in the march—an air of studied confusion and of affected ruffianism was purposely contrived to add to their naturally wild and forbidding aspect. Many were intoxicated; muskets and pistols were fired in the streets without any regard to the risks incurred, and menaces and curses mingled with songs of ribaldry and blasphemy.

The managers of this hideous melodrama had ordered everything with the view of inspiring terror. These desperadoes were intended to overawe the inhabitants of Trastevere, who, in spite of what had been done to corrupt them (and far too successfully), still it was feared entertained that partiality to the cause of the Pope which the priests might excite into actual resistance. It was not judged prudent to march the bandits at once to their destined quarters, and in the meantime the convent of S. Silvestro in Capite was appointed for their barrack. S. Silvestro is a convent of female Benedictines, and as the volunteers entered the gates, the nuns were forcibly ejected. No place of asylum was assigned to them; no preparations had been made for their reception; and military

billets on the public-houses were tauntingly offered to them, when they entreated to be informed whither they were to go. It is not the least disgraceful chapter of this disgraceful history that the cruelty to which these recluses were exposed excited the derision of the crowd that pressed on their sad procession. Without protection and without a determined destination, the timid troop were driven along—the youthful novice about to pronounce her vows, the aged votaress who for fifty years had never strayed beyond the convent garden; tottering, staggering, they looked bewildered around, in hopes of seeing some symptom of pity, some touch of manly feeling; but hard eyes watched, and ribald jeerings mocked, their prolonged humiliation. Their situation at length became known to some other religionists not yet exposed to persecution, and a temporary asylum was found for them amongst the various convents still remaining in Rome.

It was not till after nightfall and in perfect silence that the removal of Garibaldi's head-quarters to Trastevere was accomplished. On the very evening of his arrival there occurred an act of severity that was destined to strike terror into the retrograde party. While sitting with a few followers in a neighbouring *osteria*, a priest of the parish church of Sta. Maria in Trastevere was brought before him, charged with having abused the Republic. Garibaldi listened to his defence with attention: the poor man alleged that it was true he was a faithful subject of the Pope, but that though he did not love the Republic, he had expressed no opinion on the subject. Garibaldi, with an air of solemnity and gravity that never deserted him, remarked that in a republic all opinions were freely permitted, and ordered the liberation of the prisoner. Two rank and file escorted him, and when they arrived at a convenient spot he was stabbed to the heart. The next morning the altar was prepared and the congregation assembled for the mass he should have sung. The news was whispered that his dead body had been found in a neighbouring street, but no one ventured to inquire after the murderer.

Though the direction of public affairs was no longer in the hands of the Triumvirs, they did not the less continue their negotiations with the French, their intrigues with the chiefs of every party. Mazzini is now accused by the Romans of having been all along in the pay of Austria; this we do not believe—but we quote the opinion as illustrative of the Italian character, and of the sort of reputation this noted demagogue has left behind him. The terror that the Re-

publicans still inspire, the impunity that has been secured to their crimes, and the dread of the knives of the sicarii, all conspire to conceal the truth and to suppress evidence. Enough, however, has come out to convince us that a more complicated web of treachery it never fell to the lot of an historian to unravel. Meantime the Romans saw their hopes of deliverance vanish. A little spirit on the part of the Roman people, a little vigour on that of the French general, and a capitulation must certainly have been signed which would have saved the city from the ruin of a siege and the French from the disgrace of such a victory. It was otherwise ordained; and the people, under the influence of terror, were compelled to resist, while the leaders, having secured their own ultimate retreat, were content to accept the reputation of heroes, which was thrust upon them. Committees were formed for the management of the various departments—a committee of defence, another of barricades, a third for enforced loans, and a fourth for voluntary contributions. The devastation of the suburbs and of their beautiful villas belonged to the first. This measure originated, doubtless, in the desire to occupy the populace, to excite their enthusiasm, and to furnish an excuse for keeping them in the pay of Government, but it would be injustice to the contrivers to suppose they had no other motive; whoever had a cherished grudge against a wealthy or arrogant neighbour had now but to denounce his possessions as an impediment to the national defence, and his woods were instantly levelled and his house thrown down. That belt of cultivation which surrounded the city like a fence against the desolation that lies beyond it, is now encumbered with a mass of crumbling ruins. The Milvian Bridge, its parapets overthrown and its arches broken, presents a spectacle of destruction such as eighteen centuries and countless invasions could not achieve. The road, cut up by barricades, leads to a suburb in which fire has been employed as the quickest means of effecting a wide-spreading demolition. The Villa Borghese, the haunt of the gay and the place of 'common recreation for the Roman people,' decorated by the taste of successive generations, abounding in grateful shade, in lakes, and sparkling fountains, diversified with meadows, woods, and lawns, and decorated with temples, statues, and casinos, the realization of all that the fancy can suggest for refined and luxurious enjoyment, has been consigned to utter desolation. The villa to which Raffaëlle retired, and which his genius had adorned with a fresco-painting in which it has been affirmed M. Angelo

himself was surpassed—this sacred spot, which, with a well-considered taste, had been left in its venerable simplicity, was involved in the common ruin to which were doomed the possessions of the wealthy owner who had first espoused and then deserted the cause of the revolution.\* The whole circuit of the walls presents similar scenes, nor has the wayside chapel or humble dwelling of the peasant fared better than the casino of the noble. This havoc is the more lamentable, inasmuch as it was wholly useless; no attack was expected from that side of the city, nor, if it had, could the defence of the city have been facilitated by this devastation.† In Rome itself, besides the injury done to its antique walls, and that which barricades and fortifications accomplished in the streets, much has been inflicted in the mere wantonness of malice. Convents have been pulled down in hatred to the occupants, and round the Castel S. Angelo whole streets are levelled. A subaltern officer in the Papal army, a fellow of loose and dissolute habits, having been refused assistance by Torlonia, now saw his opportunity of revenge; promoted to a high rank, implying full right of demolition, the Torlonia theatre, the property of that banker, fixed his aim: he made considerable progress in levelling the adjoining street—but as to the theatre itself, the surrender of the city disappointed him—as it did many others in similar projects of patriotism.

Meanwhile the foreign consuls protested against the injuries which the *French General* was inflicting—injuries for which he was in no degree responsible, unless by his inactivity he may be said to have given time for their perpetration. It was by the Aurelian Way that he had advanced upon Rome, and here those skirmishes took place which French exaggeration and Italian vanity have

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\* This noble villa, though adorned by the munificence of the Borghesi, was held by them on condition that it should be open to the public; a vast sum was yearly expended in preserving it in repair, and it is said that the revenues of the prince will be materially benefited by this public loss, since he will now bring those grounds into productive cultivation, by which he will realise more money than he before expended in preserving them in splendid inutility.

† The lovers of the picturesque have no greater misfortune to deplore than the loss of the row of trees that edged the path between the arches of Severus and that of Titus. Yet the few avenues of elms that lined the roads beyond the Porta Angelica and the Porta Portese are losses nearly as great: trees of any size are rare in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, and the loss is irreparable. The last piece of destruction was accomplished under the pretext of the defence of the town; but in truth no better reason can be assigned than the five dollars a piece for which the trees were sold.

swelled into important battles. What can hardly be exaggerated, however, is the amount of damage done. Bridges broken down, crops destroyed, walls levelled, and tenantless houses perforated with bullets and tottering to their fall, prepare the traveller for the more extended ruin which the city presents. The Villa Pamphili-Doria, and the cluster of fine casinos that surround it, were alternately occupied by the French and the miscellaneous hordes of Italian allies; and while Oudinot's troops observed the exactest discipline, and abstained from all unnecessary mischief, the other party seemed to take a malicious pleasure in wanton destruction. The principal casino in the Villa Pamphili has been sacked, the gardens trodden down, and the marbles and fountains broken and choked up. Less extensive than the Villa Borghese, but more beautiful in position and more elaborately decorated, it was sometimes preferred to that delightful spot—the rivalry in future must be confined to the extent of their ruin. To catalogue the outrages performed would fatigue the reader, and would perhaps add little of reality to the picture his imagination will supply—the appearance of this part of the city and environs may furnish no imperfect idea of Lisbon after the great earthquake.

The conduct of the defence was committed to Garibaldi, who took up his quarters in the Villa Savorelli, and afterwards in the Villa Spada, both within the walls. During the armistice with the French, he made a sortie from the town, and occasionally annoyed the rear of the retreating Neapolitans; he generally avoided their encounter however—and was better pleased to gain those shadowy victories which were celebrated in Rome, and perhaps credited in Paris, than to seek the reality in the battle-field. But however small the harm he did to the Neapolitans, the misery his progresses created in the Roman States is no fiction. The convent of S. Silvester, on the Alban Mount, was sacked—those of the monks who were discovered were murdered—and the building was saved from destruction only by the influence of one of the party somewhat better disposed, who persuaded the soldiers to get drunk in the refectory in preference to burning the library, which had been their first project. Their buccaneer chief returned from these expeditions loaded with spoil, and, the newspapers assured us, with glory.

This adventurer is in nothing, if we except his costume, the melo-dramatic hero that the newspapers have represented him. He is between forty and fifty years of age, of the middle size, with an active figure and well-knit limbs. His countenance, which expresses resolution without ferocity, gives charac-

ter to features rather striking than handsome. His hair is of a light reddish colour, and, descending on his shoulders, is trimmed in conformity with a thick and bushy beard of a shade or two lighter. In his dress he consults the picturesque: his cap was of scarlet cloth, ornamented with gold lace and a plume of black feathers; he wore a tunic, or blouse, of the beautiful scarlet cloth which the Sultan presented to the Pope; and besides his sword he carried a dagger in his belt. His personal and favoured troops were dressed in most respects like himself. With a certain ease and natural grace in his motions he mingled that air of sober and stately dignity which is essential to those who desire to exercise authority over Spaniards or their descendants. In South America he had acquired the Spanish manner as well as tongue, almost to the exclusion of his own. Adored by his own band, he found the art of making the miscellaneous swarm of licentious Italians obey him. Scrupulously polite in his language, he was inexorable in his deeds; he would order the execution of a dozen deserters with the same breath that he asked for a cup of wine. A sort of Claverhouse among the brigands, he affected the same devotion to what he called his duty; and while hating the Republic and despising the Republicans, and intending to establish himself on the ruins of both, he blazoned an unflinching zeal in their cause, for which he was ready to sacrifice every thing. While taking the greatest care of his own person, he did not expose his proper followers to unnecessary danger. He forced the convicts to work in the trenches, and the volunteers he seemed to take a malicious pleasure in exposing. Well acquainted with the national character, he affected to doubt the courage of those who presented themselves before him, and when they protested their anxiety to fight, he used calmly to point to the breach, where he directed his own Myrmidons to yield them the precedence, with secret instructions that no retreat should be permitted. We do not mean that this man, 'a robber by land, and a pirate by sea,' was deficient in the common courage of a common soldier, but that he was not animated by a chivalric love of glory or by the romantic daring which seeks excitement in danger. Nor do we believe that, though utterly indifferent to human life, he had a positive pleasure in shedding blood.

He turned out to have no military skill beyond that which guerilla practice teaches. The fortifications raised on the side of the besieged were all constructed by French or Polish officers. In the absence of science he entertained extravagant fancies and wild schemes for the destruction of the enemy;

it was not till after repeated experiments and much injury of property and waste of time, that he was induced to renounce his project of suffocating the French army with the water of the Pauline aqueduct!\* Had he possessed the tact or enterprise that had been attributed to him, there is little doubt that he could have destroyed the French army in its consternation after the first repulse, or forced it to capitulate. General Oudinot had exhibited such signs of weakness as seemed to invite an attack; but the moment of victory was lost, and the reinforcements dispatched from France made ultimate success certain and resistance hopeless.

While, however, Mazzini was aware all along that the future hopes of the republicans depended solely on the events in Paris, and close observers detected this, Garibaldi showed no want of confidence in his resources. His operations were conducted with an air of authority that imposed on his troops, and with a rigour that insured submission from all others. The Papal soldiery, who had to a man deserted the Papal cause, were among the most noisy, at least, of the republican army; their pay was raised to the extravagant sum of seven pauls a-day—nay, some favoured corps received three times that sum. We can hardly think they earned their wages however, since their principal occupation consisted in driving about the town in strings of thirty or forty carriages,† their muskets garnished with red pocket-handkerchiefs, and their faces glowing with heat and intoxication, bellowing obscene and democratic songs: upon these heroes the rhetoric of Garibaldi was ineffectual; they would testify their devotion in any manner but fighting—and it was to supply their place that the ‘Committee of Defence’ was obliged to *press* volunteers into the service. Those whom this Committee could persuade were dispatched with a light escort to the walls—those who resisted were urged on with blows, accompanied by shouts of derision from the mob, if they had at all the appearance or the dress of gentlemen. One instance will suffice to illustrate this method of recruiting. A quiet civilian, in the service of a noble family, was denounced by a secret enemy as a lukewarm patriot: he was summoned to the walls, and having pleaded sickness in addition to his peaceful habits of life, a mounted band clattered into

the court of the palace, and driving him before them, forced him to proceed at a running pace to the breach. If such like reluctant warriors endeavoured to escape, or if their nerves gave way when exposed to fire, they were mercilessly condemned; and if, deceived by the calmness of manner with which their execution was commanded, they burst forth into entreaties for mercy, they but afforded the inexorable condottieri the opportunity they desired of exhibiting an impartial justice.

The ‘Committee of Oblations’ was active meanwhile in securing the gleanings that the ‘Committee of Forced Loans’ had left. The nobles in general had fled, and acted wisely in so doing; their lives were not secure, and their persons would have served as hostages; the moment for resistance had passed; the most influential of their number had exhibited a timid haste in complying with the demands of the Committee at the moment when a manly resistance could have been made.\* Others had joined the movement in the hopes of obtaining popularity; others again in the abject spirit of submission. None had stood forth to resist the oppression of the democrats, or to assert the rights of their sovereign. We would not, however, be too harsh in our judgment of their conduct, since there was not one gentleman to be found in either of the legislative Chambers of France, in February, 1848, to give a better example in withstanding anarchy than that now exhibited by these inexperienced and unwarlike nobles. The Triumvirs, and their tripartite Committees—for they were all composed of three members—were anxious to infuse an air of bustle and energy into their proceedings, as well as to keep the spirits of the people alive with perpetual excitement. The requisitions were reiterated with a superhuman activity. The churches and convents which had been plundered of their plate were again visited, to discover hidden treasures.† In the search

\* A decree of the Constituent Assembly, dated 2d March, 1849, taxes every income from two-thirds to one-fifth of its amount—from an annual income of upwards of 12,000 crowns a year, down to one of 2000. Prince Borghese is much blamed for having set the example of submitting to this extravagant demand. It is believed that had he not shown so much promptitude in paying the first instalment of this fine, it would altogether have been resisted.

† The Palace of the Quirinal had been plundered; those of the cardinals were deprived of their most valuable articles—their pictures, libraries, and museums were pillaged, while the similar property of seculars was as yet spared. The Palazzo Doria had been presented to Garibaldi as a testimony of the affection of a grateful people: he had not time, however, to profit by the donation.

\* He repeatedly summoned the colonel of the Pompieri to his presence to discuss this ingenious project.

† Few suffered more by the revolution than the livery stable-keepers. They, their carriages, horses, and servants, were at all times at the disposal of patriots, civil and military, without the slightest payment either for work or damage.

great violence and brutality were exercised on the priests—their cellars were burst open, and their wine was seized, or wantonly wasted; their domestics were beaten and pricked with bayonets and sword-points to induce them to betray deposits. Horses and provender were demanded—provisions of every sort for the valorous defenders of the breach—beds and linen for the wounded patriots. Several hospitals were converted into places of diversion, where women even of the better ranks, under pretence of attending the sick, gave a vent to those loose passions which in a more orderly state of society they had been forced to repress—and the confessor was driven from the couch of the dying for fear of having to witness scenes of unbridled debauchery.

A melancholy picture of human depravity was presented on every side. Treachery and cowardice combined to exhibit the worst features of our evil nature. Servants long cherished by their masters, and pampered with every indulgence, now turned traitors, and denounced the secret hoard to the rapacious agents of confiscation. With trembling anxiety and emulous baseness they brought forth such articles as might tempt the cupidity and secure the favour of the licensed robber. These domiciliary visits had at first been conducted with an air of decency and an assumption of gravity. A catalogue was made, and a receipt offered; the forms of business were observed. We think we have read that the Arab in the desert strips his victim with a sort of apology:—‘Brother, give thy cloak; thy aunt is cold, and has need of it.’ The wants of a Republic in danger afforded a more plausible pretext. But by degrees these forms were abandoned, and pillage assumed a more downright character; the demands were still made in the name of the Committee, but the warrant exhibited was the pistol of the soldier, like that which Ensign Joyce presented to his King.

It is not the least singular feature of this singular period, that while the attack and defence were conducted with every show of animosity, the belligerent parties were all the time in correspondence. The notes and dispatches will be found in the ‘*Bollettino delle Leggi*,’ and will furnish the best materials for the future historian. The hollowness of the whole transaction is evident; but both parties felt themselves secure in their knowledge of the perfidy of the other, and in the means that each possessed to expose their antagonists. France had protected the political crimes of every country in Europe: killing was no murder, robbery no theft. Mazzini and his accomplices did not

share the danger they compelled others to brave:—even without the protection of an English passport, they deemed themselves certain of the forbearance, if not of the favour, of a victorious enemy; the people feared the cannon of the besiegers less than the knife of their defenders: hence the resolution of the one and the patriotism of the other.

It was while General Oudinot was feebly protracting the siege,—while Rome and her suburbs were thus given up to the vindictive malice of the worst and most depraved of her own citizens—and while the hopeless defence was prolonged by the foreign adventurers who had usurped the Government—it was then that the Foreign Consuls, at the instigation of Mazzini, made the protest to which we have before alluded against an imaginary bombardment and the consequent destruction of the great monuments of Rome. It might, perhaps, have been thought that the voice of the Consuls, like that of the domestic birds in the Capitol on a former occasion, would awake the vigilance of the garrison; but it could hardly be seriously supposed that the modern Attila would be scared from the walls of Rome by the apparition of the Consular body. Some of the resident Consuls refused to sign this senseless protest; others have since declared that their compliance was compelled; and all, we believe, have expressed their regret that they were ever induced to put their signatures to it. The Portuguese withheld his adhesion till he was told that the property and the lives of his countrymen were menaced, and that their national church would be pillaged by the mob.\*

\* If it is established that Consuls and Vice-Consuls are essential to the public service, we could earnestly desire that the nature of their functions, as well as their extent, were accurately defined. We are averse to suggesting reforms, which we would willingly leave to the proper authorities; but the recent events in Europe, particularly those in Italy and Sicily, have exhibited the abuses in this branch of the public service as utterly intolerable. How, we would ask, is the British traveller to derive protection in future from a British passport, when it is no longer a guarantee that he is not a foreign emissary of anarchy? In the present instance we would further ask, had Mr. Freeborn orders to give passports to the republican leaders, or did he act on his own authority? Those who do not know our country, feel certain that without authority no Deputy-Vice-Consul would have ventured on such a step. Unable to assign any other adequate motive, they pay Lord Palmerston the compliment of supposing he desires to revolutionize Europe for the purpose of obtaining some advantageous commercial treaties for England: and to this object they believe him to be sacrificing the legitimate influence of his country and the untarnished honour it had hitherto preserved. It is believed in Rome that Mazzini carried on a personal correspondence with Lord Pal-

The protest of the consuls was attended (as they themselves probably anticipated) with little effect. General Oudinot, when rid of the treacherous assistance of M. Lesseps, pursued his attacks with more vigour, and fortunately with a better result. While the patriots were endeavouring to fix the reputation of a 'barbarian' on this commander, they did their utmost to force him to commit the ravages he sedulously avoided. By mounting batteries close to St. Peter's and the Vatican palace they endeavoured to draw his fire upon those wonders of the world; yet, thanks to his forbearance, neither of them has suffered. It is true the interesting church of S. Pietro in Montorio has been seriously injured, and the annexed convent destroyed; but the fault lies with the defenders, who planted one of their principal batteries on this eminence, and who, after sacking the church and turning it into a stable, broke its finest monuments,\* and even robbed the vaults of the leaden coffins. It is also true that some palaces have been struck with balls, and the church belonging to the Priorato di Malta is sadly defaced; but we repeat that the Romans themselves, or rather their self-constituted defenders, are responsible for the far greater part of the mischief that has been accomplished.

After a siege of sixty-nine days the French can scarcely be said to have entered Rome as conquerors. The honour of their arms has been tarnished, and the besieged derived more credit from their defeat than the besiegers from their success. The subsequent policy of General Oudinot was timid

merston, and the passport of Mr. Freeborn is converted, by popular credulity, into a safe conduct from her Majesty herself, transmitted through the hands of her Chief Secretary of State. We have heard, that should Mr. Freeborn not be recalled by his own Government, that of Rome would be seriously inclined to withdraw the *exequatur*, which was firmly refused by Cardinal Bernetti when Secretary of State, and finally granted with reluctance. We must add, that however honourable Mr. Freeborn may be as an individual—and we believe him to merit that character—his position as a banker could not well fail of giving rise, in such a society and at such a time, to disparaging surmises.

Other inconveniences have arisen from this abuse of passports. The governor of Malta, Mr. More O'Ferrall, most properly refused to admit a cargo of persons furnished with such documents, while their chief, Avezzana, was only allowed to disembark with the express understanding that he would leave the island within five days. The rejected patriots, we perceive, now loudly complain that a fraud has been practised upon them, since they were not allowed to avail themselves of the protection for which they had paid the English Consulate at Rome.

\* The lovers of art will rejoice to hear that the fine fresco by Fra Sebastian del Piombo has escaped injury.

in the extreme, and denoted a total ignorance of the people with whom he had to deal. He did not exact the immediate departure of all those foreigners by whom he had been opposed—he exercised no wholesome rigour—he enforced no unqualified submission,—he effected no general disarmament; the consequence was, his troops were murdered by the dozen. After the exit of Garibaldi and his band, who should instantly have been pursued and taken, above five thousand of the Legion still remained in Rome, consisting of the very worst of the bravoes and cut-throats who had belonged to the company of the 'Financieri.' It was several days before the most noted of the demagogues left the town, and Mazzini himself, having taken sanctuary in the counting-house or the wine-vaults of Mr. Freeborn, proposed residing at Rome under the ægis of British protection. It is needless to say that this extension of consular privileges was not admitted, and Mazzini was forced to retire from Rome: he has retreated to England, where, as he writes to his admirers in Italy, he has found sympathy, affection, and succour. He will now have the advantage of a personal communication with Lord Palmerston, who will have the best opportunity 'of ascertaining the views of the leading republicans' from the fountain-head, and of communicating to them in return 'the intentions of her Majesty's Cabinet.\*'

The assassinations were not confined to Oudinot's soldiers; all those who showed any satisfaction in their presence were exposed to insult or worse. Several murders were committed the very day the French effected their entrance. A labourer was massacred by five 'Financieri' in the Piazza di Monte Citorio and his body cut to pieces,

\* Since his ejection from Rome, Signor Mazzini has written a letter—which, through Mr. Freeborn's intervention, it is said, has become public—in which he affirms that the Republic is not overthrown, and that the seat of its government is only removed. He promises to return in glory and in power, to punish his enemies, and to reward fidelity. Our readers will remember that it was to the plottings of this philosopher, when formerly an exile in England, that our late Government opposed itself; they cannot have forgotten the odium Sir James Graham incurred for intercepting his reasonable correspondence—the unwearied virulence that made Sir James's name a proverb—or his dignified conduct in scornfully to explain, until the affair was alluded to in Parliament, that in point of fact he was *not* the minister to whose department the interception fell, and that he personally had had no more to do with the matter than any one of the wise and far-sighted statesmen who called in question the right and duty of the Government to thwart noxious adventurers in conducting, on our soil, conspiracies against foreign states and the peace of Europe. At present no Secretary of State will interfere with his letter-bag.



because he was seen endeavoring to understand what a couple of French soldiers were asking him; and from the spot the murderers went into the Corso, brandishing their bloody weapons and boasting of their deed, which was rapturously applauded. A French priest, who had the misfortune to meet a band of these ruffians, was put to death simply on account of his nation and his profession. His remains were mutilated and exposed in a manner which we cannot particularize, but the shocking details of which had been learned in the pages of M. Lamartine. Another priest, who was imprudent enough to exclaim aloud, on seeing the entrance of the French, 'Rome is free!' was instantly murdered. All these crimes were perpetrated with impunity. A stop has at length been put to this open system of assassination; but the men of blood yet remain to threaten vengeance and to paralyze the efforts of justice.

Notwithstanding all that has now been stated, it is certain that the Romans *generally* saw the entrance of the French with satisfaction; it gave them present relief, and promised a return of tranquillity; but still it is equally true that neither the nation nor the mission were popular. The Papal party dreaded and disliked the former, and the republicans were justly incensed at the latter. The French, moreover, had exhibited those defects which most serve to destroy confidence, and, we may add, some of those virtues also which with the base multitude seldom inspire respect. Such was their moderation that it was found they might be insulted with impunity, and both officers and men were exposed to that description of ill-treatment which the Germans had long endured with such admirable patience in the north of Italy. There can be but one opinion of the conduct of the army since its occupation of the town. The officers have uniformly conducted themselves with exemplary delicacy, and the men bear the various privations and insults to which they are exposed with patience and good-humour. While we bear this willing testimony to the character of the army, we must again reiterate our condemnation of the policy that has been all along pursued by France, and which is still continued. That policy has neither been upright, nor rational, nor clearly defined. Shuffling and trimming have marked it in every stage—most conspicuously in the last. The tyranny of the usurpers having been abolished, the immediate restoration of the rightful government should have followed; no other course could justify the intervention. The recognition of the Pope, nevertheless, was long delayed, and, when professedly acknowledged, his authority was

paralyzed in every act. The French leaders, refusing to take on themselves the responsibility of government, yet pertinaciously interfering in it, speedily reduced the administration of affairs, which before was difficult enough, to an absolute impossibility. The relations between them and the Cardinal-Commissioners became from day to day more uneasy. Very few, if any, of the nobles have even yet returned: their continued absence is considered as a proof of *obscurantism*—it certainly is of cowardice and of extreme folly, and takes away the only chance of authoritative and effectual support for the cause of their sovereign, and the cause also of their own ultimate safety. It is understood that so far from withdrawing the whole or any part of their troops, the French are about to strengthen their Roman garrison—and the impression is universal that, on whatever pretext, they will be in no hurry to drop their hold of Italy. Their diplomacy, alike inconsistent and unexplicit, continues to increase and prolong suspicion; and we believe if the Romans were polled to-morrow, they would vote by an immense majority for the instant departure of the French, and the substitution of an Austrian army, whose chiefs should content themselves (as at Ferrara) with the military guardianship, and leave the natives undisturbed in the civil government.

It is said, and we can well believe, that the eyes of the Pope are fully opened to the folly of the course he had so long trodden. He has had fatal proof of the hollowness of the popularity on which he built, and he must now be aware that his early measures only alienated the friends of order, and rendered his enemies more powerful. Those enemies used their time to the best advantage. To men so depraved all means of corruption were familiar, and the *moral* state of the city is more dangerous to it than the material ruin with which it is threatened. Up to the month of May, in the year 1848, the influence of the Pope in the regions of the Monti and the Trastevere was unabated—in neither of those could Cicerovacchio show his face with impunity, nor could he ever have fixed his authority in those important quarters but for the weakness of Pius, who contributed to give him credit by appearing to trust and caress him, while in fact he was perfectly aware of his true character. We much fear that all the loyalty and ardent devotion which redeemed many of the defects of this primitive race have totally disappeared before the influences to which they have been exposed.

The measures of the restored government, it is true, have neither been very prudent nor very consistent; but the censures upon

it are premature and unfair, nor till absolute freedom be restored to its action do we see how it can properly be held responsible. The reduction of 35 per cent. on the value of the Republican paper-money gave serious dissatisfaction; but it must be allowed, on the other hand, that the discount on those notes had exceeded this sum before the Government ordonnance limited it. The measure itself, moreover, is said to have been of French suggestion. Whatever the faults of the restored Government may be, they certainly are not those of over-harshness. Few imprisonments have taken place, and no punishments have been inflicted; we must add that the influence of the French has been invariably exercised in protecting the guilty and throwing discredit on the Government they came to restore. A decree has been promulgated cancelling all the appointments made by the Republic—a measure of indispensable necessity, since no government can leave power in the hands of its avowed enemies, and the Republican party had shown itself equally treacherous and implacable. The army has been disbanded; but those men who bear the best characters, who wish to continue in the service, and will promise amendment, are to be re-enlisted. This reduction also was a measure of prime necessity, since that army had exhibited every quality that could make it dangerous to the country and contemptible to the enemy: it was disaffected to the core, without discipline, and without even courage. We wish we could add that these measures had been followed up by any vigorous effort towards the reconstruction of society. If this be possible, it must be the result of a series of endeavours accomplished by the will of a resolute authority, claiming hereditary respect:—not, most assuredly, of the restoration of that hastily-devised Constitution which was overthrown, as soon as installed, by an act of deliberate murder.

Early in August it was confidently reported that the authorities of the French Republic, existing in habitual dread of all true Republicans, and willing at any cost to avoid the additional odium which a new flock of Roman exiles might excite against them, would ere long proclaim a line of policy, as to Roman affairs, calculated to repair in some measure at least the damage which their military expedition had done them in the eyes of the Liberals throughout the world. It was asserted that an universal amnesty would be exacted from the Pope, with the restoration of the National Guard, the adoption of the Code Napoléon, and the secularization of every office of Government. Such conditions, however, we conceived it impossible that even French audacity could

propose—no matter with what alternative—to the sovereign in whose cause they had so lately erected their banners. To assume in the first place that the Code Napoléon is the best of possible codes, and in the next that it is suited to the Roman people—above all to impose any code at all on an independent state, and that too in the name of non-intervention—seemed extravagances unworthy to be seriously discussed. The Constitution, whatever might have been its merits, had been overthrown by the Roman people themselves, and another form of government substituted; nor could we conceive on what pretence it was now to be forced back on a prince and people who had both repudiated it. As the former unlimited amnesty granted by the Pope was the original cause of all the disturbances in his states, a repetition of the same measure—at the dictation, too, of a foreign power—could only, as we thought, be proposed in order to raise an insurmountable barrier to his return, and with the purpose of advancing some ulterior project of the French Cabinet. The National Guard had already proved itself worse than useless; and the secularization of the whole machinery of an ecclesiastical government was practically as absurd as would be the proposal to select the ministers of France from amongst the corporals of the mobilized guard.—When England and her allies interfered to prop the falling monarchy of Turkey, do our readers think their object would have been accomplished had the Sultan been compelled to name a divan of Greeks, presided over by an Armenian or Catholic vizier—to appoint a kiaslar-aga from the Jewish quarter—and to select the chief mufti from amongst the infidel Christians of the Fanar?—And could it be denied that throughout the recent convulsions in the Papal States, the priests were the class that exhibited most principle, honour, and courage?—Finally, even were all these measures adopted, what effect could they have in conciliating the movement party in Italy? If any one still believes that any constitutional monarchy, whether headed or administered by priests or by laymen, could satisfy their aspirations, we decline arguing with persons whom experience can teach nothing.

The world had never, indeed, been told distinctly by the French Government upon what conditions the Pope originally accepted the assistance of their arms—no, nor even that he had accepted it at all before their troops sailed. It had indeed been asserted with an air of authority in our own Parliament, that France had moved in concert with Spain and Austria, and that she would continue to act on principles adopted by those Powers. To this declaration we should have attached

very little weight; because we could well suppose of any mystification being hazarded by the French Republicans, and proving successful with the English Whigs; but we thought there were better reasons for believing that there *had been* a real concert between the three Powers—(and such indeed we still believe to have been the fact). We therefore considered the rumours above stated as mere rumours, until there appeared in the newspapers a very remarkable document—viz., a letter of the French President, addressed to a personal friend of his, serving on the staff at Rome, and fully setting forth the writer's adhesion to the programme of the Liberal press. This production is in all its circumstances too curious not to be quoted entire:—

‘A M. LE COLONEL EDGAR NEY.

‘Paris, le 18 Août.

‘Mon cher Ney,—La République Française n'a pas envoyé une armée à Rome pour y étouffer la liberté Italienne, mais au contraire pour la régler en la préservant de ses propres excès, et pour lui donner une base solide en remettant sur le trône pontifical le prince qui le premier s'était placé hardiment à la tête de toutes les réformes utiles.

‘J'apprends avec peine que l'intention bienveillante du Saint-Père, comme notre propre action, reste stérile en présence de passions et d'influences hostiles qui voudraient donner pour base à la rentrée du Pape la proscription et la tyrannie. Dites bien de ma part au Général que dans aucun cas il ne doit permettre qu'à l'ombre du drapeau tricolore se commette aucun acte qui puisse dénaturer le caractère de notre intervention. Je résume ainsi le pouvoir temporel du Pape: amnistie générale, sécularisation de l'administration, code Napoléon, et gouvernement libéral.

‘J'ai été personnellement blessé en lisant la proclamation des trois Cardinaux, où il n'était pas fait mention du nom de la France et des souffrances des ses braves soldats. Toute insulte à notre drapeau ou à notre uniforme me va droit à cœur. Recommandez au Général de bien faire savoir que si la France ne vend pas ses services, elle exige au moins qu'on lui sache gré de ses sacrifices et de son intervention.

‘Lorsque nos armées firent le tour de l'Europe, elles laissèrent partout comme trace de leur passage la destruction des abus et la féodalité et les germes de la liberté. Il ne sera pas dit qu'en 1849 une armée Française ait pu agir dans un autre sens et amener d'autres résultats.

‘Priez le Général de remercier en mon nom l'armée de sa noble conduite. J'ai appris avec peine que physiquement même elle n'était pas traitée comme elle méritait de l'être. J'espère qu'il fera sur-le-champ cesser cet état de choses. Rien ne doit être ménagé pour établir convenablement nos troupes.

‘Recevez, mon cher Ney, l'assurance de ma sincère amitié.

‘LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.’

Never, we believe, were matters of such moment treated in such a manner, and by such agents. The Emperor Napoleon would have dictated his will to an oppressed sovereign, in his cabinet, and through an acknowledged minister. The Turkish Sultan, in the plenitude of oriental insolence, announced his pleasure to the Divan, and communicated it by means of a firman; it was reserved for M. Louis Bonaparte, the temporary and elective President of a Republic, to prescribe the conditions upon which an independent sovereign should exercise the authority which it had been declared the welfare of Christendom requires him to possess—in a familiar letter addressed to a friend, who happens to hold an appointment on the staff of a General of Division. But the substance is as remarkable as the manner of the communication. This irregular missive makes no reference to the policy of allies, or to the interests of the Pope, or even to the opinion of the French cabinet—the sentiments only of the President are given. It must be allowed that the air of the Elysée seems as autocratic as that of the Tuileries was ever supposed to be! Furthermore, in the grandiloquent taste in which all Frenchmen delight, the President informs us that French armies have made the tour of Europe:—that this is not strictly the case, we need neither remind that magistrate nor our readers—nor can either have forgotten that the armies of Europe in their turn have made the tour of France, and even prolonged their visit into a military occupation. This fact, however, is infinitely less humiliating to that nation than their recent ‘successes’ at Rome, and was incomparably less calculated to injure their military reputation in the eyes of Europe.

On the appearance of this lofty effusion, it was classed very generally with certain freaks of the writer's earlier days, which the general decorum of his conduct since his election to the Presidency had been disposing us all to forget. Others, however, suspected something not quite so visionary; that the letter was a cunning device, at once to prepare the world for the Pope's own announcement of his intended procedure, and to persuade the Liberals that, if that announcement should not come up to their wishes, its shortcomings had not been occasioned by any lukewarmness in the cause of reform on the part of the French President, or of the Ministers whose submission to his irregularity formed so notable a feature in the novel case. And we think the latter opinion has been justified by the *Motu Proprio* of Pius IX.—‘*datum Neapoli, Suburbano Portici, die duodecimo Septembris, 1849,*

*Pontificatus nostri anno IV.*'—in which his Holiness explains to his *amatissimi sudditi* the concessions he is willing to make.

Art. I. announces a Council of State to examine and deliberate on projects of law before they are submitted for the sovereign's approval; the number of the councillors, their quality, and their prerogatives to be subsequently defined. Art. II.—A Council of Finance to determine the amount of revenue and the method of collecting it. Art. III.—Communal Councils to treat of matters of local interest: and Provincial Councils, the members of which are to be selected by the sovereign from lists presented by the Communal Councils, but whose powers and privileges are to be decided on hereafter. Art. IV.—Municipal Councils—elective bodies, the right of election depending on property, but the amount of property not yet fixed. Art. V.—Reform in the Courts of Law, both civil and criminal. Art. VI.—An amnesty for all political offences—with certain exceptions.—The exceptions are considerable—they include the members of the Provisional Government—those members of the Constituent Assembly who took part in its debates—the Triumvirs and the Government of the Republic—the heads of the military departments under the usurpation—all those who took the benefit of the former amnesty and have since rebelled again—lastly, all who, in the course of the late rebellion, committed offences against the ordinary laws of the land.

However inadequate to the '*idées Napoléoniennes*,' these concessions certainly go as far as the Pope could in reason be expected to do—and are such as, under circumstances less unfavourable, might well extinguish all schemes of revolution. But, even if no foreign influences should interfere with the experiment, we fear they would avail little in quieting the general disaffection. The country is divided between apathetical indifference to anything but material comfort, and the subversive energy of Communism. The nobles, the middle classes, and the *proletarii*, have all manifested their character and disposition. If Pius IX. can work the new scheme to a satisfactory result, it must be by firmness in his own conduct such as he has not hitherto exemplified, and by a continued reliance on the only class of his subjects who have shown qualities at all deserving of his respect and confidence. The curtain has been drawn up for another act—we shall watch the scenes with anxiety.

Whether an ecclesiastical government is, or can be made, a good one, is a question on

which we have not time now to enter. To such a government in the abstract we feel the dislike which is doubtless shared by the majority of our readers, and which confuses not a little at this moment the reasonings of our countrymen on the prospects of Rome. But communities, like individuals, cannot possess contradictory advantages; they must make their election; and a state of things which would be intolerable in one country may be the *sine quâ non* of another. This much is clear. If Rome desires to retain her prosperity, we might almost say her *existence*, it can only be as the residence of the Papal Court. Works of art and the monuments of antiquity will not infuse life into a state where the usual conditions of vitality are wanting. When Rome ceases to be the spiritual capital of Christendom, she will soon be what Agrigentum and Ravenna are—or what she herself was forty years ago, when a department of the French Empire.

The siege of Venice is also brought to a close, and the unfortunate inhabitants of that city will now be relieved from the injuries and privations their intrusive garrison inflicted on them. The story of Venice is that of Rome: both were defended against the authority to which the *people* desired to submit, by foreign freebooters who inspired more terror than the enemy. Genoa alone has made anything like a national resistance. In proof, no doubt, of the fraternal affection of the Italians, that city was bombarded by the Piedmontese, taken, and a portion of it sacked—in revenge for the obstinate defence which it had dared to exhibit. The Lombard troops, on the other hand, which had so recently formed a portion of the Piedmontese army, and in the cause of whose own rebellious province the King of Sardinia incurred defeat and exile, had marched to Chiavari with the intention of assisting the Genoese insurrection against their late General, the *ci-devant* SPADA D'ITALIA—but the capitulation was signed before these tardy warriors could draw the sword against their brothers in arms.

It is to be hoped that the last spark of resistance having been overcome, a moment of breathing time will be accorded to this unfortunate country to heal its differences and to cultivate peace. The two powerful nations on its frontiers must dispose of its destinies. As yet, it must be owned, the horizon of Italy continues sufficiently murky. We desecrate thereon, however, one bright spot. In future, we can hardly anticipate that Lord Palmerston will discover an excuse to interfere with advice, encouragement, or protection.









